

Cote 631

Chapter 631: Too Much Action

Spring Break was only a few days long, and Kaoru had initially thought he wouldn't be too busy.

However, things turned out to be far more hectic than he expected.

Although Tachibana Akane didn't live with Kaoru, she cherished their time together and stuck to him every day.

During this period, she took him around the entire school, chattering endlessly about her past experiences, including her time in first and second year.

Fortunately, Kei Karuizawa and the others understood that this was Tachibana Akane's time and didn't disturb them. Instead, they gave her these few days entirely.

The only exception was Kushida Kikyo, who muttered something about a Sound party, but Kaoru pretended not to hear.

Additionally, before Horikita Manabu left, he specifically warned Kaoru not to cause any "casualties."

Of course Kaoru had to listen to his brother-in-law.

The fact that the other party hadn't knocked him to the ground with a single punch was already an extraordinary act of mercy, and this small request was originally his bottom line anyway.

Truth be told, Horikita Manabu had considered whether to stop the relationship between Kaoru and Horikita Suzune.

He hadn't intervened immediately at the time because he thought his sister was just playing around, experiencing things without getting deeply involved.

Who could have imagined that Horikita Suzune would actually fall for him?

Knowing full well that the other person had a girlfriend, shouldn't she have just played around with him a bit?

Horikita Manabu grew anxious, wishing he could take Kaoru out of the school and away from his sister.

But it was too late.

Just by looking at Horikita Suzune's eyes, he understood - his sister of his was beyond saving.

Having just broken free from past restraints, she immediately jumped into the next trap.

Horikita Manabu didn't know what to say, feeling utterly exhausted.

After learning Kaoru's true intentions, Horikita Manabu felt both respect and admiration.

After rationally thinking it over for a while, he simply decided to entrust his sister to him.

If he could truly deliver on his promises, what harm would there be in letting Horikita Suzune continue to follow him?

Of course, the important thing was that Horikita Manabu was leaving.

He could no longer interfere in their relationship and could only leave it to fate, hoping his sister would be smart about it.

Kaoru knew nothing about these thoughts, officially seeing Horikita Manabu off as Spring Break drew to a close.

...

Sakura Airi was overjoyed.

She had taken many photos today, all of them with her friends.

Something she had always dreamed of had finally come true - it felt almost unbelievable.

She could have friends too!

She could go out and have fun with friends.

She could take photos for friends, and even group photos at that.

Is this what friendship feels like?

Sakura Airi lay on her bed, gazing dreamily at the photos in her camera.

She would look at each group photo for a long time, her legs swaying up and down behind her.

The memories of always hiding in corners, keeping her head down, afraid to meet anyone's gaze, being timid and always alone - those were gone now!

The small call she sent out to the world had been heard by someone!

"Hehehe, I did it."

Sakura Airi turned over and lay on her back, raising her camera high above her, her eyes sparkling.

"I really took photos with them!"

And what's more, they all knew about her identity!

There were no strange looks - only Hasebe Haruka teasing her a bit, treating her exactly the same as always.

Sakura Airi wanted to cherish them.

Friends who could accept both her false self and her true self - this must be the best kind of friendship.

To be honest, she had initially researched many stories about girls' internal conflicts and had been constantly worried about encountering similar situations, but nothing like that happened.

Hasebe Haruka would occasionally complain about such dramas, saying they were annoying, which was why she didn't interact too much with others and wanted to maintain a simple social network.

Perhaps something had happened before - Sakura Airi noticed she held particular prejudice against Karuizawa Kei and others, believing that Karuizawa Kei must have numerous small cliques around her.

As Sakura Airi thought about these messy matters, her mind drifted to a certain figure.

That person had brought a junior senpai along today - a Student Council member she had met before.

She felt a bit envious.

The two of them held hands as if no one else existed—one handsome, the other adorable—exactly like a scene from her dreams.

As for what happened afterward, Sakura Airi had little recollection.

She felt somewhat angry yet dared not show it, somewhat aggrieved yet only allowed herself to secretly nurse her grievances in her room.

However, Sakura Airi felt a little happy because she had taken several photos with Kaoru—just the two of them.

Looking at the photos in front of her, Sakura Airi habitually reached her hand downward, then her entire face flushed bright red.

She quickly patted her cheeks.

Damn it, she had fantasized too much—her fingers had moved on their own!

Blushing furiously, Sakura Airi put away her camera.

She couldn't keep looking, if she did, she wouldn't be able to stop herself from fantasizing.

No, she wasn't that kind of promiscuous woman!

How shameless!

Even as she scolded herself, Sakura Airi couldn't resist taking another glance.

Hehe, she and Kaoru were standing so close—just a little closer and they would have held hands!

Ding—

The doorbell suddenly rang from outside, startling Airi so much that she nearly dropped her camera.

"Airi, are you there?"

It was Kaoru's voice outside the door, making the girl's heartbeat quicken even more.

Eh?!

The very person she had just been fantasizing about was right outside her door.

Sakura Airi's eyes widened in shock, as if her parents had interrupted her in the middle of casting a spell.

"Airi?"

With a flustered cry, Airi didn't have time to tidy up.

She hurriedly jumped off her bed, hastily stuffed her embarrassing things under it, and then, red-faced, rushed pitter-patter to the entrance.

"I-I'm coming!"

As she spoke, she frantically opened the door.

However, Sakura Airi had forgotten she was currently wearing a nightgown.

Thus, Kaoru saw a pair of bouncing "white rabbits," with one shoulder strap half-slipped, revealing a small patch of smooth, fair skin.

The hem of her nightgown couldn't fully cover her thighs, giving a slightly plump impression, and her bare calves weren't wearing stockings—only a pair of white ankle socks.

"Sorry, did I disturb you?"

Kaoru restrained his thoughts, or else he'd recall what happened not long ago. "I sent you a message earlier, but you didn't seem to see it, so I came up instead."

"Eh, you sent me a message?"

Sakura Airi felt a bit annoyed—she hadn't noticed it earlier!

After saying that, she quickly invited Kaoru inside.

Kaoru caught a whiff of the girl's unique fragrance.

Though he knew it might be an illusion, every time he entered her room, he always had a similar feeling.

"Would you like something to eat?"

Sakura Airi wanted to offer some hospitality.

"No need. Actually, I came to ask if you have any photos of the school."

Kaoru sat down by the table. "I remember you took some scenery shots."

Sakura Airi felt a little disappointed. She had thought Kaoru wanted to do "that" with her again.

Although last time he had forced it into her mouth and it was a bit uncomfortable, it perfectly matched some strange things she had seen, where the plot was always like that—the male lead being rough and the female lead being pitiful.

Sakura Airi often fantasized about Kaoru as the male lead and herself as the pitiful female lead.

Despite her disappointment, Airi still felt happy and nodded eagerly like a chick pecking at rice.

"Yes, does Kaoru want them?"

"I'd like to pick a few and put them in an album to give to Akane—that is, Tachibana-senpai from today—so she can take them back as a memento."

Although the school didn't allow students to leak its secrets, Kaoru thought a few scenery photos should be fine for Tachibana Akane to keep as a souvenir.

Sakura Airi immediately guessed his meaning, because today's photo session inherently carried this connotation—Hasebe Haruka wanted everyone to have some commemorative photos.

Right after, Sakura Airi felt a bit jealous.

Chapter 632: Who Is More Shameless?

Her room was warm and cozy, and Kaoru inexplicably felt a bit restless, perhaps due to the earlier glimpse of snowy white skin, or maybe because the recent temperatures had been steadily rising.

"I-I'll look for it for you."

Although she felt quite sour about Tachibana Akane, Sakura Airi didn't show it.

Instead, she turned around and began searching through the box where she kept her photos.

The girl's back was naturally exposed to view as she knelt on the floor.

Her slender, straight calves and gradually fuller thighs, along with her perky butt line slightly lifting the hem of her skirt, faintly revealed smooth skin.

Faced with such a scene, Kaoru unconsciously held his breath.

From earlier until now, Sakura Airi had shown no wariness toward him at all.

She was just wearing pajamas and had let him in without hesitation.

Kaoru suppressed the restlessness within him, trying to shift his gaze elsewhere.

Then he spotted a few pieces of clothing that hadn't been put away in time, even catching a glimpse of the girl's small undergarments hidden among them.

She must have been choosing outfits before going out during the day and hadn't had time to tidy up.

He noticed a mirror nearby—this full-length mirror had previously been in the corner, likely one of Sakura Airi's usual tools for selfies.

And now, the girl's figure was reflected in it, fully showcasing her slim yet curvaceous body from the side, making Kaoru struggle to restrain himself again.

"Hmm, these should be all of them."

Sakura Airi held a stack of photos and turned around, bringing them close to Kaoru.

"If you like them, you can take them all—I can always take more!"

She didn't seem to have the same demeanor as before, Kaoru noticed a hint of small pride hidden between her brows.

It seemed she was gradually opening up her heart.

"I'm not a robber; I won't take them all."

Kaoru began selecting her photos. "Which one do you think looks better?"

"This one!"

Sakura Airi enthusiastically recommended her work to him. "Look, isn't the moment the snowflakes fell beautiful?"

"Yeah, it's very beautiful."

"And this one, I took it last summer—the lake surface was shimmering with light!"

"So this is what a bird's-eye view looks like. Impressive."

"Ehehe, there's more! This one is also really nice!"

Kaoru mostly went along with her, letting her chatter away as she recommended her confident works, then picked out those photos and carefully stored them away.

After this series of actions, Sakura Airi, who had been feeling somewhat jealous earlier, suddenly felt a bit embarrassed.

Because Kaoru was entirely selecting photos based on her preferences, giving her plenty of face, while she had been sulking earlier—she seemed a bit too petty.

Sakura Airi thought for a moment, then returned to her box and pulled out another photo.

"Th-this is a photo of you. Tachibana-senpai would probably like it."

The girl shyly handed the photo to Kaoru, it was the one she had used the most.

Although she was reluctant to part with it, Sakura Airi truly couldn't bring herself to dislike Tachibana Akane—the other had helped her before.

Kaoru looked at the photo in his hand, then glanced at the box she had deliberately hidden away, his expression turning peculiar.

Could she be hiding a lot of this kind of stuff?

Wait, is this a stalker idol?

"I, I just... accidentally took these... Please don't misunderstand..."

Sakura Airi seemed to know what he was thinking, but the more she tried to explain, the softer her voice became. In the end, she gave up and covered her face with her hands, "Wahh, I knew you'd suspect I'm some kind of indecent woman..."

"No, I was just thinking we already took plenty of photos during the day. Why would Airi think Akane would like this photo?"

Kaoru decided not to ask how she had managed to take his picture and casually moved past the topic.

Sakura Airi stole a glance at him and whispered, "As long as it's your photo, I think anyone would like it. You can never have too many of these things."

She didn't specify who would like them, but she herself certainly did.

Kaoru smiled playfully, "So Airi takes these kinds of photos—does that mean Airi really likes them?"

Sakura Airi's face instantly flushed bright red. A young girl's pride is fragile, and once he pointed it out, she felt so embarrassed she thought she might explode, as if steam were about to rise from her head.

"I, I didn't use the photos for anything weird! Please don't misunderstand!"

"Huh?"

"They... they've always been kept in a box... I didn't use them every day... No, no... I only occasionally... I've never used them, wahh..."

Perhaps realizing she had revealed too much, Sakura Airi was already stumbling over her words, her ears turning red.

Looking back on this day in the future, she would probably consider it an embarrassing past.

Kaoru thought for a moment and said, "Actually, I've fantasized about Airi too. After all, I'm your fan. I imagine you wearing your stage outfit... posing for a photobook, and it gets me excited."

Since Sakura Airi had already labeled him a pervert, he figured he might as well embrace it.

Sakura Airi looked at Kaoru with teary eyes, and he smiled, "Even if Airi is a pervert, I'm even more of one than you."

"Wahh—"

Sakura Airi was about to cry—she wasn't a pervert!

...

In the end, it took Kaoru a long time to calm her down.

"I'm not a lewd girl."

Sakura Airi sniffled.

"Yeah, Airi isn't."

Kaoru said, "The only pervert here is me."

Sakura Airi felt much better.

She was terrified that Kaoru would look at her differently. As long as his attitude toward her didn't change, she was relieved.

"Earlier..."

Now that her mood had improved, she immediately became curious about what Kaoru had said earlier.

But asking directly felt too forward, so she approached it from a different angle, "Do you really want me to keep being an idol?"

The reason Sakura Airi became an idol was because she wanted someone to notice her.

No matter how introverted she was, she still hoped someone would pay attention to her.

That's why she chose to debut as an idol.

But now that she had friends, continuing as an idol didn't seem to hold much meaning anymore.

On top of that, the school didn't allow her to continue her activities, to avoid exposing the school's secrets.

Her social media updates had been on hold for nearly a year.

Sakura Airi felt uncertain about her future and cared deeply about Kaoru's opinion.

"Airi is very cute. If she continues being an idol, she could easily accumulate a fanbase. In an idol group, she could serve as the visual center, and with proper resources, she could quickly gain popularity."

Kaoru wasn't lying—the girl's appearance was truly outstanding, completely fitting for the role of visual center.

Moreover, her figure was voluptuous, belonging to that type who appears pure yet exudes undeniable allure.

"Do you want me to continue, Kaoru?"

Sakura Airi felt somewhat shy from his lavish praise, but having experienced similar situations before, she was growing more accustomed to it.

"It's not about what I want, but whether you like it, Airi."

Kaoru smiled, "If you enjoy it, then continue."

Sakura Airi pouted, "The entertainment industry isn't that simple. You previously said someone of my type would find it difficult to sustain a career."

Japan's entertainment industry was fiercely competitive.

Even though Sakura Airi started with higher advantages than many, success wasn't guaranteed.

Who would have thought that some idols, who appeared pure and cute on camera, would eventually end up in adult entertainment?

Even with work opportunities, how could one avoid backroom deals?

Even if no executives wanted to take advantage of young idols, work wouldn't necessarily be consistent every day. Resources always lean toward top-tier idols because they could generate more revenue.

Even if one miraculously gained popularity, with commercial endorsements and jobs pouring in one after another, the agency would likely exploit them relentlessly—possibly working twelve-hour days.

Additionally, Kaoru found certain aspects of the entertainment industry repulsive.

Beyond the seniority culture, many idols were still viewed as unremarkable figures.

Yes, in Japanese society, idols ranked near the bottom of the social hierarchy.

Some variety shows frequently mocked idols.

For unknown idols, production teams had no lower limits for their pranks.

Kaoru's anger stemmed from a prank-focused show actually daring to invite his idols—did they think his agency only managed comedians?

Setting that aside, if Sakura Airi continued deeper into the entertainment industry, she would inevitably encounter similar situations.

Sakura Airi knew about these circumstances because Kaoru had previously explained some aspects to her, further shattering her idealized view of the industry.

Chapter 633: Backroom Deals

"Regardless of the difficulties, do you like it, Airi?"

Sakura Airi thought seriously for a moment.

She understood Kaoru was asking about her reasons for being an idol—they had discussed similar topics before.

But this time felt different.

"I like it."

Sakura Airi smiled, "Whenever I see everyone's comments, my mood improves. Although there are occasionally strange remarks, I enjoy this feeling."

She wore the mask of an idol, yet gained something she never possessed in the real world.

The first time she received validation was when her photobook was published in a magazine.

Perhaps this world was full of dark and dirty things, but some beautiful things could pierce through the darkness, allowing her to see scenery she had never witnessed before.

"I want to continue being an idol. I want Kaoru to keep liking me."

Sakura Airi had already accepted his lies as genuine feelings, "I want to become the idol you support."

Faced with the girl's sparkling eyes, Kaoru nearly choked.

Although he felt a strange sense of déjà vu, he believed her feelings were genuine.

It was a simple thought—because Kaoru had said he liked her, she wanted to continue being the idol he adored.

"D-did I say something wrong?"

Sakura Airi was sensitive. The moment Kaoru showed any unusual reaction, she would immediately grow anxious.

"Not at all. You said it perfectly."

Kaoru smiled. "As long as you like it, I think it's fine."

Sakura Airi, however, didn't see it that way.

Pouting, she said, "After graduation, I'll be eighteen. I don't know if any agency will want me."

"There definitely will be. Someone as cute as you will probably have agencies fighting over you."

Kaoru put on a serious face. "When the time comes, I'll be your producer."

Airi felt he was boasting, but it made her happy because he wanted to be her producer.

"Hehe, Mr. Producer, can I ask you a question?"

"Go ahead."

"What kind of idol do you think I should be?"

Kaoru couldn't help but glance at the girl's chest, then let his gaze fall to her thighs.

"Th-this won't do!"

Sakura Airi's face flushed bright red as she hurriedly covered her chest. "I'll only show it to you, only let you play with it!"

Without thinking, she blurted out the words, flustered beyond belief.

"Calm down. I was just wondering if you have any singing or dancing skills."

Kaoru had no choice but to tap her head to bring her back to her senses.

Airi didn't have time to process what she had just said and stared at him blankly.

"Huh? Singing and dancing skills?"

"Right. Photobooks are too niche. You'll either become an advertising model or sit on the bench until some director takes notice of you and lets you play a minor role."

Kaoru paused. "Or, you can take a gamble with me. We'll aim to become pure idols, with Tokyo Dome as our goal."

By "pure idols," he was referring to the endless stream of idol groups emerging these days.

This was Kaoru's area of expertise, and he had enough resources to push Sakura Airi forward.

"I... I don't think I can do it... Tokyo Dome..."

Sakura Airi began to feel intimidated.

"It's fine. Don't pressure yourself. It's just a goal."

Kaoru comforted her.

With a speedrunner like him, and on a second playthrough no less, there was really no need to worry.

Airi thought about it and agreed. After all, it was just her and Kaoru boasting, so she didn't mind it anymore.

However, she grew hesitant.

"Why... why do you want to be my producer?"

An idol and her producer—it was a match made in heaven.

Sakura Airi felt her heart racing, and then she thought of all the stories about producers making backroom deals with young idols.

The girl subtly tightened her legs, her pretty face slightly flushed.

Oh no, she must have seen too much and turned into a woman with nothing but lewd things on her mind...

"Because it's convenient."

Kaoru had no idea what the girl in front of him was thinking. Of course, it would be convenient for him to serve as the producer himself.

Setting aside the matter of resources, at the very least, he could prevent this fool from falling victim to backroom deals.

One shouldn't underestimate the backroom deals in Japan.

A newcomer like Sakura Airi would be targeted the moment she stepped into the industry.

"Wuwu... I knew it... it must be like this..." Sakura Airi seemed to blush all the way to her ears, mumbling indistinctly.

"N-no problem... I'll do my best... You can have your way with me anytime..."

It seemed no explanation was needed.

Kaoru thought for a moment before speaking: "Can you stand up and dance?"

"Huh?"

Sakura Airi was taken aback, then blushed, "I... I don't know how to dance."

"That's fine, you can learn later."

Kaoru said, "I'll show you a video now. Just try to imitate it. Mainly I want to see your movements, along with your body's flexibility, agility, and coordination."

Kaoru wasn't a professional dance teacher, and idols don't actually need highly professional dance skills anyway.

As long as Sakura Airi, being the face of the group, could perform decently, that would be enough.

Watching him take out his phone, Sakura Airi grew extremely nervous. Was she supposed to dance for him right here?

Eh? Wait—she realized she was wearing a nightgown!?

It was at this moment that Sakura Airi finally registered that her nightgown was very short, leaving her entire thighs completely exposed to Kaoru's view.

Earlier, he might have even caught a glimpse of her perky bottom.

Her face flushed crimson, yet she remained silent, occasionally stealing glances at Kaoru's lower body.

What he had done to her that time was something she could never forget in this lifetime.

Thus, Sakura Airi inevitably recalled the contents of her alt account, making her pretty face turn even redder.

"What's wrong?"

Kaoru was about to play the video when he immediately noticed the girl's unusual expression.

"N-nothing!"

Sakura Airi didn't dare meet his eyes, her heart pounding rapidly because she remembered—her alt account had mentioned wanting to peek under her skirt.

Combined with what Kaoru had just said, Sakura Airi could already picture the scene of him staring at her intently.

"Aww..."

The girl tightly clenched her thighs, her body squirming slightly.

The friction between her skin and clothing made her feel unbearably hot.

However, Sakura Airi didn't run away.

She was growing increasingly aware of the competition—Ichinose Honami, Karuizawa Kei, Kushida Kikyo, and others. It seemed even her senior Tachibana Akane had surpassed her.

Although no one had told her, a girl's intuition is powerful.

She could sense that Kaoru's distance with them was different—unlike the slight distance he maintained with her.

Intuition told Sakura Airi that they had likely crossed the final boundary!

Otherwise, it didn't make sense!

Sakura Airi believed her relationship with Kaoru was special—after all, she'd even helped him with those strange, naughty things.

Yet, she felt so far behind compared to them.

Without a doubt, they were ahead of her!

Therefore, Sakura Airi wanted to close the gap!

"I'll show you once, then you can try to follow along."

Kaoru said, "Don't be nervous. I'm not a professional—I just want to see you dance."

"..."

Sakura Airi didn't know how to respond to that. If anything, that made her more nervous!

The person she liked wanted to watch her dance!

Sakura Airi had no choice but to gather her courage and watch the video on his phone.

It seemed to be a relatively casual solo dance, with the main character wearing rather revealing clothing—was this the kind of borderline content boys liked to watch?

"Don't pay attention to her clothes."

Kaoru interrupted her thoughts, "Focus on her movements and her expressions." Sakura Airi didn't speak, carefully reading through the material.

"Did you understand it?" Kaoru asked.

Sakura Airi nodded: "I understand, I know what to do now."

Kaoru smiled with relief.

...

Kaoru slowly stopped smiling and furrowed his brow.

"Wahh... I'm such an idiot..."

Sakura Airi sounded somewhat self-deprecating.

What she had just performed couldn't even be called dancing - it was more like a flailing monster.

"Don't worry, this isn't the worst outcome."

Kaoru said, "At least your body's flexibility is decent, so some high-difficulty graceful movements shouldn't be a problem."

Sakura Airi felt he was comforting her. She had originally intended to seduce him, but ended up dancing so poorly that she felt utterly embarrassed.

"Really, it's fine. The choreographer will take your skill level into account and won't assign you moves that are too difficult."

Kaoru wasn't seeing this kind of clumsy performer for the first time and considered himself somewhat experienced. "But let me think about your style..."

With Sakura Airi's current level, she couldn't be the team leader. She'd have to give up the center position and be content with being the visual attraction.

However, her style needed careful consideration.

Watching him fall into deep thought, Sakura Airi unconsciously bit her lip.

"I... I can dance lewd things for you!"

At first, Kaoru didn't catch what she said, until she stood up and bent over slightly in front of him, causing something to fall.

...

Kaoru held Sakura Airi in his arms, enjoying the afterglow of their intimacy.

To be honest, he hadn't planned to take Sakura Airi so soon, as these past few days of Spring Break had been too busy.

Who would have thought that instead, Sakura Airi would be the one who couldn't hold back, boldly seducing him.

When men are tempted, they really easily lose their heads.

"Want to dance again next time?"

Kaoru kept a straight face while mercilessly teasing the girl's perky bottom.

"Wuwu... don't... don't say anymore..."

Sakura Airi's shame was about to explode. "I just thought... you'd probably like it... hiks... so I danced..."

Actually, what just happened could hardly be called dancing - she had just been too lewd.

"Don't learn things like that."

Kaoru said, "You're so cute, someone really might not be able to control themselves."

Sakura Airi murmured quietly, her lips trembling: "I... I'll only show you..."

"Showing me leads to this kind of result."

Kaoru tried to maintain his stern expression. "Who was crying just now?"

"I... I wasn't crying."

Sakura Airi felt embarrassed, her heart racing as she recalled the earlier scene. "Anyway... anyway, it's normal for producers to make backroom deals with idols!"

"Who told you that?"

Kaoru sensed something wrong - they all seemed to have these strange ideas.

Sakura Airi said righteously: "You did! You said backroom deals are everywhere in the entertainment industry, so I don't want backroom deals with anyone else. I'll only have backroom deals with you."

Kaoru fell silent. That wasn't what he had meant at the time.

"Ehehe, anyway, you have to take responsibility."

Sakura Airi beamed, tightly embracing Kaoru.

The girl knew that wasn't what he had meant, but since he'd already made backroom deals with her, he definitely had to take responsibility!

This was Sakura Airi's secret advantage - at least someone was slower than her!

Chapter 634: Reunion Once More

"You really came out!"

Tachibana Akane couldn't contain her excitement, hardly believing that Kaoru was standing before her.

"Your voice is too loud."

Kaoru took her luggage. "The cost of coming out like this - probably only a few students in the whole school can afford it."

There were several graduates on the bus who were curiously watching them.

Tachibana Akane realized she was drawing too much attention and buried her face in Kaoru's chest.

After a while, she began rubbing against Kaoru's clothes, emitting a strange giggle.

"Really, what am I going to do with you? You could've just let me leave alone."

Tachibana Akane was like a cat, so comfortable in his embrace she was almost purring. "Walk me to the train station, but no following me after that."

"Why?"

Kaoru stroked her hair. Through her thin clothing, he could feel the girl's soft body radiating a slightly feverish warmth.

Below her fair neck was her small but full chest, gently rubbing against him bit by bit.

"It's too early... I'd be embarrassed..."

Akane still remembered him mentioning visiting her parents - there was no way she'd actually let him go through with that.

"Actually, high school students can get married," Kaoru teased her deliberately.

Akane bit her lip and shot him a glare.

"Hmph, be careful or you'll get arrested for polygamy."

Given their current situation, forget marriage - they probably couldn't even get past the parental approval stage.

"I'm amazing enough that I might be able to change the laws," Kaoru pinched her cheeks.

Akane didn't believe him at all - this guy was just daydreaming.

When the bus arrived at their stop, they got off with the crowd, and the familiar Tokyo cityscape appeared before them.

"Give me the luggage," Akane said softly. "You didn't come out just for me, right? If there's something you want to do, you should go do it quickly."

Kaoru glanced toward a nearby love hotel, making the girl blush and punch his arm.

"Not that! I still need to go home!"

Kaoru said: "I just feel like I haven't spent enough time with you. We've never even been on a proper date outside."

Akane hummed a few times, already too tired to scold him: "Didn't you say you can come out every month? You can accompany me next time - it's not like we'll never see each other again."

"Did you bring the photos I gave you?" Kaoru asked again.

At this, Akane perked up.

"Ehehe, of course I brought them! I never thought you'd actually do something nice for once!"

The photos themselves weren't particularly meaningful - what mattered was everything captured in those frames: the places she used to live, the people she used to know, and the person she ultimately fell for.

Akane really loved his farewell gift - loved it beyond words.

Compared to the distant and unattainable Horikita Manabu, she genuinely preferred this person right before her eyes whom she could actually touch.

Akane looked at him, then cupped his face, stood on her toes, and kissed him on the lips.

"Mhm, this is your reward," the girl said with a slight curve at the corner of her lips. "See you next time, Kaoru."

Kaoru held her slender waist and gently kissed her back.

After a while, Akane's eyes shimmered with tenderness as she whispered softly.

"I really have to go now, dummy."

...

As dusk approached, Kaoru had already left the Honke residence.

Indeed, the reason Sakayanagi Seishiro valued him was because these financial conglomerates and nobles were also paying attention to him.

Kaoru suspected every detail about him had been dug up - after all, the temptation of returning from death was too great.

Even if it wasn't the miracle of resurrection, his current extreme youth was enough to drive certain people mad.

Kaoru didn't care.

He had originally considered using [Explosion magic] on these people, but then he witnessed an unexpected scene.

Kaguya-sama and her little maid - wishes had appeared upon both of them.

Regarding this, the Wish-Granter's explanation was that wishes would manifest at specific times and places, appearing on specific individuals, just as he had said before - once an old story ends, a new one begins.

Kaoru's emotions were in turmoil.

"It seems I can only continue forward. I don't possess complete absolute power at the moment."

Someone had already been targeting him back at the agency, and now that he had returned from death, those people were probably going insane.

Facing such blatant malice, Kaoru needed absolute power - a single [Explosion magic] wasn't enough.

In other words, if Kaoru wanted to become stronger, their rewards were absolutely essential.

Kaoru took a deep breath.

He had already accumulated over a hundred rewards, and from Tachibana Akane, Sakayanagi Arisu, Sakura Airi, and others, he had collected twenty lottery opportunities.

The reason it was only twenty was because he had used six lottery opportunities earlier to have the Wish-Granter help with chess.

Moreover, this was the result without Kaoru deliberately collecting them - most were wishes accidentally fulfilled while cooking for them.

Since certain people were filled with malice, Kaoru decided to stop pretending.

He would simply leave them with some lasting impressions while completing the conditions for the [Bloodstained Holy Grail].

Miracles beyond human capability - his [Explosion magic] would probably meet the requirements.

Just then, Kaoru suddenly felt a soft impact on his shoulder.

Before he could avoid it, he heard a surprised "Oh!"

"Sorry for bumping into you so suddenly. My apologies."

The other party apologized first, their voice somewhat familiar. "I didn't notice you earlier."

After all, they were on the street, so accidentally bumping into someone was reasonable.

Kaoru instinctively glanced over.

The person wore a baseball cap, had neck-length short hair, large sunglasses covering half their face, a black leather choker around their neck, and was wrapped tightly in a coat, yet still showed traces of a petite figure - like a tomboy.

He looked at them, and they were staring back at him.

Kaoru averted his gaze, but then his hand was suddenly grabbed.

"It's just me here, don't worry."

They held on tightly, very firmly, continuously staring at Kaoru.

"Producer."

Kaoru reached out and removed their sunglasses, indeed revealing a familiar face.

"Long time no see, Toru."

This tomboy before him was none other than Asakura Toru, who had always had the appearance of a handsome, androgynous type since childhood, often popular with girls.

Since becoming an idol, her female fans had been endless.

The reason for this disguise was probably to avoid fans - many idols tried to hide themselves like this.

Being a handsome girl, Kaoru rarely saw her crying.

"It's really you."

Asakura Toru stood motionless, her shoulders trembling, tears welling in her eyes. "I thought I was mistaken earlier... the previous letter was from you too, they always thought it was a joke..."

She had lost her former composure - the distance of death was enough to shatter even the strongest heart.

"Don't cry. You won't look cool if you cry."

Kaoru wiped away her tears with his finger. "People will think I'm bullying you."

The more he acted this way, the harder it was for Asakura to restrain herself.

She had only intended to come up and test the waters, but seeing the familiar person right before her eyes, all she wanted at this moment was to hold onto him tightly.

This time, she had to hold on and not let go. If she loosened her grip, he would run away or something.

She had to grasp this person's hand as if she were holding onto a star.

Chapter 635: A World Without You.

Tokyo had begun to snow.

Higuchi Madoka looked up at the sky, where pure, flawless snowflakes drifted down in a flurry.

The mottled sunlight tangled with the snowy hues, obscuring the once clear sky.

"It's beautiful, this snow."

Beside her, someone reached out a hand and caught a light, floating snowflake.

The snowflakes landed on Higuchi Madoka's hair, feeling slightly cool.

"Christmas has come again."

Asakura Toru turned her face slightly, her breath forming warm white puffs in the air. "Do you want to go out together?"

The chill of the ice and snow was somewhat biting. Higuchi Madoka shook her head. On such a cold day, she didn't want to leave this place.

Asakura Toru seemed to have anticipated her refusal, letting out a soft sigh. Ever since the producer's death, she had been like this.

"Although I don't mind staying here with you..."

Asakura Toru said, "We can't keep putting off the work assigned by the agency. We've already turned it down many times."

The producer was the soul of 283 Agency.

His departure was undoubtedly a heavy blow to them.

Their group had been in low spirits for several months.

Even now, everyone's morale hadn't fully recovered, and Ichikawa Hina was even considering whether to quit.

The only reason they hadn't disbanded yet was purely because of their extraordinary bond.

"He hoped we would keep moving forward, right? That's what the producer said in his final letter, wasn't it?"

Higuchi Madoka's heart ached slightly.

She had been unable to do anything, only watching helplessly as the producer's warmth quietly slipped away from her grasp.

"I... am not the person he hoped for."

Higuchi Madoka finally spoke. "From the very beginning, I never intended to become an idol."

"But it's rare to see someone secretly practicing in the dance studio, isn't it?"

Asakura Toru said softly. "Both the producer and I thought Higuchi could become an outstanding idol."

Higuchi Madoka would sometimes sneak into the dance studio to practice but was accidentally discovered by the producer.

He had even mentioned it in his final letter, praising her as a hardworking and good child.

Yet, the two of them fell into a long silence.

"I'm just a self-righteous person."

Higuchi Madoka didn't want to discuss this any further. "I'm going back to my room."

Asakura Toru watched her retreating figure with a helpless expression.

The producer was truly formidable. Even though they were childhood friends, they had lost to him, the unexpected newcomer.

The girl gazed up at the sky, where endless snowflakes continued to drift down, as if announcing the passing of yet another year.

"We used to spend every Christmas together."

Asakura Toru lowered her voice, as if seeing someone again. "If you don't come back soon, we really won't be able to go on."

There was no response. The empty sky was filled only with swirling snowflakes, not even a star in sight.

"Liar."

...

Two years later, Higuchi Madoka quietly observed this face that was exactly as she remembered—sharp, distinct features, calm eyes as deep as the night, well-groomed stubble, and a perfectly straight necktie, none of his usual sloppiness.

In formal settings, he indeed acted properly, completely unlike his usual perverted self.

How could anyone ask a girl to harshly scold them? It was something Higuchi Madoka would never understand in her entire life.

"Long time no see."

Higuchi Madoka greeted him softly.

He looked at the girl before him, his gaze seemingly lingering on her full chest.

Since they were in the girl's own room, her attire was simple, revealing her ample bust and a pair of smooth, delicate thighs.

"Aren't you going to say anything?"

Higuchi Madoka sighed. "It's precisely because of this that I really dislike you."

During their first meeting, this guy had tricked Asakura Toru into coming to 283 Agency, forcing Higuchi Madoka to interact with him.

She initially thought he was just a fraud, but who knew he was an extreme pervert!

If it weren't for considering Asakura Toru, Higuchi Madoka would never have agreed to his invitation.

Being an idol was just a job where you had to put on a fake, professional smile for others.

Every time she saw him, Higuchi Madoka wondered if she had encountered some particularly perverted scum—even scolding him felt like a reward.

Just talking to him made her want to apply to the agency for mental health compensation and overtime pay.

In short, this guy was a despicable pervert.

Higuchi Madoka intended to berate him, but strangely, now whenever she saw him, her eyes grew warm, almost burning.

So, the girl had to hold back the sharp words she had planned to say.

"Today, Hana received a prank letter."

Higuchi Madoka showed him her phone screen.

[How awful—forging the producer's handwriting and even mimicking his tone perfectly. Fuyuyu hopes this kind of person dies quickly.]

[Just asking without any ill intent, where is the person who sent the letter?]

[So disgusting.]

[Waaah, my producer waaah.]

Higuchi Madoka looked at the photo in the group chat.

Morino Rinze seemed very angry and had posted the envelope in the agency's group chat, which made everyone furious.

Even several members who had announced their retirement popped up, planning to ambush this disgusting person.

Since the envelope had no address or contact information, they inferred it was a sasaeng fan who had directly thrown it into the mailbox.

Morino Rinze said the mailbox had been pried open, and the malice was overflowing—they had to come down hard.

"But..."

Higuchi Madoka spoke softly, "This handwriting really looks like yours."

When the producer stayed up late working on plans, she would sometimes help him, even though he would harass her.

So, she recognized the producer's handwriting.

Higuchi Madoka reached out and finally touched the man before her, her fingertips brushing against his face, feeling a cool sensation.

"I'm very interested in idols. Are you the producer at 283 Agency?"

"Please don't joke about that. Stay away from me."

"So disgusting, you foot fetishist."

"What exactly are you expecting from me?" "I'm just monitoring whether you and the agency are doing anything shady."

"Haha, that part of you is really off-putting."

"Could you please stop saying such tactless things?"

"Tokyo Dome? I think it's too early to start dreaming, Mr. Fantasy."

"Don't look at me with those eyes, it's disgusting."

"Just try laying a finger on Asakura Toru."

"What's so strange about me being afraid of bugs?"

"Is it fun to peep at others practicing?"

"It's especially disgusting coming from you."

"I'm not specifically targeting you - I treat every pervert this way."

"Taking photos at the beach? Sexual harassment?"

"Pervert."

Memories flashed through Higuchi Madoka's mind like falling snowflakes, her eyes growing increasingly warm.

The Tokyo Dome she once thought was just empty promises - he had actually made it happen.

Though his compositions and lyrics were exceptionally brilliant, he insisted it was her singing that deserved credit for their soaring popularity.

He discovered she practiced secretly in the dance studio, told her not to be nervous, and helped keep it hidden from Asakura Toru and others.

Meanwhile, he often worked overtime at the agency, sometimes sleeping directly in the office.

Nanakusa Hazuki, the staff member in charge, mentioned he would pull all-nighters for several consecutive days, continuing to work even after returning to his apartment.

Though she had always been prejudiced against him, Higuchi Madoka had to admit the guy was literally working himself to death.

To help everyone gain fame faster, he somehow managed to secure numerous appearance and stage opportunities through unknown means.

As their popularity skyrocketed, many became jealous, leading to coordinated suppression attempts by top agencies and even backroom deals targeting them.

Yet he single-handedly held firm, leading them through the storm until they ultimately claimed the title of national idols.

He created a grand stage for them, with scale and impact surpassing all previous idols, making everyone feel like they were dreaming.

Higuchi Madoka still remembered his expression at that time - carrying a faint smile.

["From now on, Madoka is a big star too."]

["Haha, I don't deserve praise as a genius composer - everyone's attention is on you."]

["Even the best songs are worthless without Madoka's voice."]

["There you go again. How many idols have you said that to?"]

["At least all the songs I give Madoka are exclusively yours, specially tailored for you."]

Higuchi Madoka felt inexplicably irritated, then saw him smile candidly.

["The day has finally come. My mission is complete."]

He opened his arms to Higuchi Madoka.

["Can I have one last hug?"]

["Sexual harassment?"]

Higuchi Madoka remained as cold as ever, crossing her arms to block his view.

He awkwardly lowered his arms, probably realizing the poor impression he had made.

["This is fine too. Pity I couldn't win you over in the end."]

Higuchi Madoka stared coldly at him. This perverted producer had always been eyeing the idols under his care, and many poor girls had already fallen victim to him.

["I guess this is it. I'm a bit tired and should head back now."]

Perhaps organizing the grand stage had drained him, as he looked utterly exhausted. Higuchi Madoka had actually noticed his dark circles long ago.

Watching his retreating figure, Higuchi Madoka wanted to call out to him, but then reconsidered. It would be better to bring some gifts and visit his home the next day, taking the opportunity to care for him for a few days.

He would surely be delighted.

Madoka suppressed the smile at the corner of her lips—she needed to maintain some distance and not let this guy get carried away with arrogance.

Thus, she missed this chance for an embrace.

When she arrived at his doorstep, all she found was the producer's corpse.

...

No one truly knew what Higuchi Madoka was feeling at that time.

Everyone only knew that she became withdrawn from then on, sometimes clutching a photo of the Producer, often murmuring to herself at night.

But who would care?

Mayuzumi Fuyuko frequently sent messages to the Producer via her phone as if he were still alive, chattering away every day and sharing details of her daily life.

Chiyuki Kuwayama would occasionally stroke her lower abdomen with a strange smile, saying she should have kept the Producer locked in the basement back then so the two of them could have had a baby.

Kogane Tsukioka meticulously drew portraits of the Producer every single day.

Then, on each anniversary of his death, she would burn them all at once while cheering everyone on with an optimistic smile that seemed to bring a lively atmosphere.

She was one of the quickest at the agency to regain her cheerfulness. However, someone once saw her in her room repeatedly chanting the Producer's name while drawing identical portraits.

Amana Osaki personally sewed a doll of the Producer, holding it in her arms every day and taking it out with her, claiming she wanted to be with the Producer forever.

In contrast, her older sister Osaki Tenka seemed relatively normal, only hiding in her room each day to watch videos of the Producer over and over, occasionally giggling foolishly.

The slightly more severe cases might be people like Luca Ikaruga.

Had it not been for Hana Suzuki producing the Producer's suicide note, she likely would have quit 283 Agency on the spot.

But as things stood now, 283 Agency was practically on the verge of collapse, even with the president appointing a new Producer.

No one had the heart to continue being idols anymore.

Only a few fools wiped away their tears while practicing hard, wanting to carry on with the Producer's will and move forward.

But—

...

"Why did you have to leave?"

Higuchi Madoka stroked the photo in her hands, almost whispering to herself, "If you were tired, you could have told us. Why did you have to leave?"

Was it because of her?

Was the pressure they put on him too much?

Was it work-related issues, or was it pressure from them personally?

Even though he left a suicide note, they couldn't understand what it meant.

It had even become a psychological burden for many, filled with regrets about not having treated the Producer better back then.

They had now become a pack of stray dogs without their Producer.

Higuchi Madoka recalled his embrace back then—if she had hugged him, would things have been different?

Yes, the Producer's pressure was too immense.

There had been a period of cold war between them and him, filled with suspicion and disgust. Later, they made the Producer rein in his eccentric personality.

Some even tried to control the Producer, wanting to possess him, to make him their own, while preventing him from getting too close to others.

Gradually, their relationship became subtle, no longer just simple friendship.

Perhaps it was precisely because of this that the Producer chose to leave forever.

But—

If she had been able to accept the Producer's embrace back then, would things have been different?

If they could do it all over again, would anything change?

Higuchi Madoka quietly gazed at the person in the photo.

Death is the most distant separation—a place where even voices cannot reach, forever irreparable.

'I really want to say I'm sorry. I really want to tell you thank you. Actually, I liked you too.'

However, she knew there was no possibility of turning things back.

...

Asakura Toru encountered a strange boy downstairs at the agency. He was sneaking around, trying to stuff something into the mailbox.

Due to previous pranks, even her usually good-natured self couldn't help but feel angry this time.

Even though the producer had passed away, no one should be allowed to insult him and them like this!

"What are you doing!"

Hearing her voice, the boy seemed startled.

Without managing to stuff the item into the mailbox, he immediately turned and fled, disappearing in an instant.

Asakura Toru didn't chase after him.

They had already installed cameras near the mailbox, and the guy's face had been captured.

However, what he left behind was rather strange—it seemed to be a photograph.

Asakura Toru picked it up, and her pupils involuntarily contracted.

It was a photo of the producer, looking very young!

Another prank?

She noticed something seemed to be written on the back of the photo, so she flipped it over and saw a line of text:

Tokyo Metropolitan Advanced Nurturing High School, Class 1-A, Kaoru Mitoma.

Chapter 636: Entrance Ceremony

April 1st, on a day with cherry blossoms in full bloom, Advanced Nurturing High School welcomed yet another new entrance ceremony.

The former second-year students became third-years, and the first-years became second-years, each moving out of their original classrooms.

The first-year classrooms were left for the new students.

Not only did they change classrooms, but the school also took the opportunity to upgrade many facilities—blackboards were replaced with electronic screens, and textbooks were upgraded to tablets, with each student receiving one.

Besides the equipment upgrades, students could finally freely change seats, using personal points to purchase their preferred spots.

Thanks to this, Kaoru deliberately seated Sakayanagi Arisu in front of him.

During class every day, he could play with her hair.

Sakayanagi Arisu had no objections, allowing him to tease her while secretly planning to trip him with her cane later.

"Did something happen between you two?"

Kamuro Masumi looked suspicious, sensing a subtle shift in their dynamic.

"Well, you'll have to ask Kaoru-kun about that."

Sakayanagi Arisu smiled, "Thanks to him, I almost caught a cold. When I woke up the next day, my voice was hoarse."

Kamuro Masumi froze for a moment.

Having little experience, it took her a while to understand the implication.

"How disgusting!"

She glared at Kaoru, unsure whether she was cursing him alone or both of them at once.

Kaoru noticed the slight upward curve of Sakayanagi's lips.

Though he couldn't guess her thoughts, he decided to remind her.

"Send me photos after we get back today."

At these words, Sakayanagi's body stiffened, making Kaoru smile faintly.

"Take them in front of a mirror, with your fingers spread open."

Her fair face finally flushed red, and she shot him a fierce glare. It seemed she understood who held the upper hand now.

Kamuro Masumi pretended not to care while secretly trying to eavesdrop.

She was curious about what Kaoru had done to make this arrogant elementary schooler grit her teeth in frustration.

However, with the entrance ceremony about to begin, she felt too embarrassed to press Kaoru for details.

...

The bus slowly stopped at the school's main gate.

The girl followed the crowd off the vehicle and immediately saw a massive, majestic stone gate standing before her.

She had finally arrived at this school.

Even now, the girl could still recall that stabbing pain - how the once warm hand gradually turned cold, how the figure she once admired hung limply from the ceiling, abruptly ending her budding first love before it could properly begin.

That's why, when she learned the truth, she felt an overwhelming desire.

Here, in this place, she would personally bury one of the perpetrators, ensuring everything received its rightful conclusion.

The girl stepped through the grand gate. Other new students like her were curiously examining their surroundings.

This was a fully enclosed school, and many had no idea what to expect before entering.

Considering the newcomers' situation, the school had installed directional signs to guide them toward the classroom buildings.

"Ara ara, how strange! Why can't I find the second-year classrooms!"

Suddenly, the girl heard a loud, fussy voice.

She glanced over and saw a girl trying to flip the directional sign, accidentally bending it out of shape.

"Eeeeh! I-I didn't mean to!"

She flailed about in panic, "Uwaa! If Producer-san sees this, all my impression points will be gone!"

"Producer-san?"

The girl voiced her confusion.

"Uwaa!"

The other girl seemed startled.

Seeing a stranger, her face flushed slightly: "I-I wasn't doing anything bad!"

She appeared to be quite a clumsy airhead.

The girl smiled faintly.

"Are you a new student too?"

"Yes! I'm Komiya Kaho, just arrived to register. I'm currently looking for second-year information... for the Producer!"

Halfway through her sentence, Komiya Kaho quickly corrected herself—she had promised everyone she absolutely wouldn't reveal anything about the producer!

The girl grew even more puzzled.

Asking for information about second-year students right after arriving—could she be in the same situation as herself?

But wasn't that a bit too reckless?

Even so, she maintained her politeness and introduced herself to Komiya Kaho.

"Nice to meet you, I'm Tsubasa Nanase, a new student like you."

"Hello, Tsubasa-san!"

Komiya Kaho flashed an incredibly sunny smile, though her voice was a bit too loud.

Seeing that smile, Tsubasa Nanase froze for a moment, feeling slightly moved inside.

However, she quickly snapped out of it.

"Komiya-san, do you know someone in the second year?"

That was the only explanation Nanase could think of—being particularly interested because she knew someone there.

"Eh, how did you know?"

Komiya Kaho was surprised, though she showed no wariness. "The person I know is in Class 2-A. Do you know how to get there, Tsubasa-san?"

Tsubasa Nanase fell silent for a moment before speaking with complete seriousness.

"Though this is just my personal guess, I believe the second-year and first-year classrooms are in the same building. We can just follow the signs."

"Tsubasa-san, you're amazing!"

Komiya Kaho finally caught on. "I didn't even think of that earlier!"

"..."

Tsubasa Nanase concluded: This girl was a clumsy airhead.

"Sorry, I think I got too excited."

Komiya Kaho patted her own head and muttered quietly, "What should I do? Just thinking about him being here makes my heart race nonstop."

Nanase pretended not to hear her.

Then, Komiya Kaho suddenly smiled at Nanase again.

"Anyway, thank you!"

Nanase retracted her earlier judgment—though a bit scatterbrained, she was very polite.

Would this girl be in the same class as her?

...

The entrance ceremony was held in the gymnasium.

As an annual tradition, it symbolized the new cohort of students joining ANHS.

Even though he was only the acting chairman, Tsukishiro Kazunari still made an appearance before everyone.

However, at this moment, most eyes were drawn to another figure.

"Next, let us welcome an outstanding student of our school, Kaoru Mitoma, to deliver a speech on behalf of the student body."

As the announcement ended, Tsubasa Nanase sensed a slight commotion—it came from the senior students' section.

They seemed deeply stirred by the name 'Kaoru'.

After a brief disturbance, they quickly returned to silence, quietly waiting for him to take the stage.

In contrast, the freshmen largely remained indifferent

. Occasional whispers could be heard—student representatives were nothing new to them, hardly worth noting.

Bzzz—

A sharp feedback noise suddenly erupted from the microphone, snapping many daydreaming freshmen back to reality.

A boy stood on the stage, his features well-proportioned and refined, his expression clear and handsome—someone who would inspire goodwill at first glance.

His tall, upright stature further evoked a sense of security.

Even in a crowd, he would stand out the most, like an ancient Greek marble statue, radiating an undeniable presence.

The reason she said this was because she couldn't read any emotion in his eyes—it was as if he was looking down on everyone from above.

As the absolute Apex, he naturally had no interest in those beneath him.

Tsubasa Nanase felt puzzled.

Could someone like this really be a high school student?

Chapter 637: Won't he get himself killed someday

"Nice to meet you all. I'm Kaoru Mitoma from Class 2-A, and I serve as the Student Council President."

The other party finally spoke, the microphone slightly grating.

"On this spring day brimming with vitality, I'm delighted to welcome all new students as the student representative."

Though it was clearly a formal, bureaucratic speech, Nanase didn't sense any robotic delivery.

Instead, his excessive formality made her skin crawl.

"Last year, I stood where you are now, filled with anticipation and dreams for the future, hoping to gain something meaningful here."

His unhurried voice captured the freshmen's attention slightly.

"However—"

Suddenly, he interrupted almost everyone's train of thought.

"In just one year."

Kaoru's voice was utterly flat, "I climbed step by step to a throne that was never meant to be mine. Here, I express my sincere gratitude to all of you."

Instantly, some people's expressions turned vivid and strange noises emerged from the third year students' ranks.

Before Nanase could process what he meant by "throne," she noticed many people glancing toward a particular senior.

He was a male student with a full head of golden hair.

Though quite handsome, his face now appeared distorted, like a lion provoked, trying to protect what little territory he had left.

"The view from the Apex is indeed splendid. I understand the discussions you've had about me before."

Kaoru said, "But what I hope you'll understand more is the significance of my presence here."

A teacher tried to stop him, but Tsukishiro Kazunari intervened to prevent it.

"I know many of you harbor covetous thoughts. Over the past month, I've seen too many fence-sitters. Some have been excessively greedy toward me, as if I'd meet a dire fate if they didn't act."

"Your schadenfreude, jealousy, hatred, and greed surrounding me—I've grown deeply disgusted by them. Perhaps now, some have sensed what I'm about to do, thinking my wolfish ambition is finally revealing itself."

"Because I promised my senior not to make too many changes to the school, I'll only target those present here. Starting today, the Student Council will supervise each of you more strictly."

Tsubasa Nanase looked surprised—not because she understood Kaoru’s meaning, but because he dared to say such things during the entrance ceremony.

Not only were the teachers silent, but no senior students stepped forward either, as if the entire gymnasium had become Kaoru’s personal stage.

Being a new student, Nanase didn’t fully grasp the situation.

The seniors weren’t without opposition—they were just as stunned as she was, unable to react in time.

"If anyone dislikes me, if anyone still covets my position."

Kaoru looked toward the freshmen, "Including the new students, I welcome your challenges anytime."

Hearing this, Tsubasa Nanase had already furrowed her brows—was this person actually issuing a challenge to everyone?

Although Kaoru had left a deep impression on her, she cared more about her own goals in comparison.

Perhaps it was just a joke...

"However, if you lose your nerve because of fear toward upperclassmen, that would be too boring."

Suddenly, Kaoru interrupted her train of thought.

"Here, I hope you can be a bit braver."

Tsubasa Nanase looked up at the speaker in disbelief—what kind of mindset did this guy have to dare say such things?

At this moment, the freshmen ranks were in an uproar.

Many were seeing such an arrogant person for the first time.

[What is he doing?],

[Shameless],

[Is this a traditional welcome ceremony?],

[Who is he?],

[So handsome!],

[Is he a comedian?]...

Not just the freshmen—even the upperclassmen were stirred up.

[Oh no, he became another Nagumo],

[Even more arrogant than Nagumo],

[Damn, he must have a Hypnosis App],

[I want to punch him],

[I want to be his dog!],

[No, I'm his dog!]

...

Nagumo Miyabi's expression darkened.

Although he appreciated Kaoru's death-defying antics, saying such things was practically looking down on him!

He had previously challenged Horikita Manabu precisely because he lacked worthy opponents.

Now Kaoru was making a similar declaration—clearly, in Kaoru's eyes, he wasn't even qualified as an opponent.

"Hey hey, Nazuna, is your boyfriend going to be okay?"

A girl's voice came from nearby.

"He should be fine."

Asahina Nazuna seemed somewhat embarrassed, "Could you please stop looking at me like that?"

Hearing this, Nagumo Miyabi grew even more furious at Kaoru!

Meanwhile, the second-year section was even more lively.

"What on earth is this guy thinking?"

Sakayanagi Arisu felt her chest burning as she stared intently at Kaoru.

His words had actually excited her too.

Just seeing the look in Kaoru's eyes made her body tremble uncontrollably.

Only with such a condescending gaze would she permit this person to be her opponent.

Only then, when she personally pinned Kaoru beneath her, would she feel true pleasure.

She no longer cared about things like the "Greatest Masterpiece."

Sakayanagi Arisu licked her lips—she wanted to make this person kneel at her feet, wanted to personally shatter his confidence.

"Heh, what an interesting guy."

Ryuen was also watching Kaoru's figure.

Was he becoming this flamboyant because he'd taken over Nagumo's position?

No, it seemed more like he'd voluntarily stepped out from behind the scenes.

Ryuen Kakeru grew increasingly excited about their upcoming confrontation.

What changes would Kaoru bring now that he was no longer hiding himself?

His gaze turned toward the freshmen—was there someone here that Kaoru was paying attention to?

...

"Another self-proclaimed Alpha?"

The girl stared directly at Kaoru, a mocking smile appearing on her face as she thought of something.

Such words might carry some weight with others, but to them—the White Room Students—wasn't this like showing off one's meager skills in the presence of the master?

Did this guy have any idea what they'd been through in their past?

Even though the girl held no particular affection for the White Room, she didn't think Kaoru had any right to challenge White Room Students.

Just as she expected, several other freshmen had also noticed Kaoru.

Some displayed even more contemptuous attitudes than hers.

Perhaps some were already thinking that while taking down Ayanokoji Kiyotaka, it wouldn't hurt to teach Kaoru a lesson too.

...

"This kid... won't he get himself killed someday?" Chie Hoshinomiya's eyes sparkled with excitement, though Sae Chabashira beside her appeared somewhat uncomfortable.

'With such a student in Class A, could Class D... no, her Class C even manage to climb up the rankings?'

Chabashira, who had initially been pleasantly surprised by moving up one rank, now found herself inevitably slipping into doubt.

Could Horikita Suzune possibly defeat such an opponent?

"Shouldn't we intervene?" Tomonari Mashima asked the acting chairman beside him.

"Heh, as the student representative, he's free to say whatever he wants to the students," Tsukishiro Kazunari replied with a faint smile.

It was he who had proposed Kaoru as the student representative.

Then, Tsukishiro turned his gaze to the freshmen, spotting several familiar faces among them.

Undoubtedly, Kaoru had captured the attention of these newcomers, with some already setting their sights on this audacious speaker.

Although his mission target was Kiyotaka Ayanokoji, it was evident that the people from the White Room hadn't yet realized Kaoru's terrifying potential.

The key question was whether they could demonstrate their worth in front of Kaoru.

Recalling the events from a few days prior, Tsukishiro still felt a chill run down his spine.

The other party undoubtedly possessed the power to change everything—far surpassing that of his employer.

Chapter 638: Komiya Kaho

The entrance ceremony concluded.

Many eyes remained fixed on Kaoru.

When they saw the acting chairman summon him, some couldn't help but wear gleeful expressions.

However, had they been able to hear Tsukishiro's words, they would have been utterly astonished.

"Your speech was truly remarkable," Tsukishiro said, having dismissed those around him, addressing Kaoru with utmost respect.

"With a student like you, I believe even the most stagnant of things can experience renewal."

The fact that a chairman would show such deference to his own student would undoubtedly shock many.

"It seems you've learned something," Kaoru glanced at him dismissively.

Tsukishiro showed no offense at this attitude, instead hinting tactfully, "Word of what you did at the Shinomiya main family has spread."

Kaoru remained silent.

At the time, he had considered using [Explosion magic] on them, but thinking of his agency, he ultimately opted for [Holy Water], which had the effect of delaying the target's aging and death.

In reality, this resulted in the head of the Shinomiya family temporarily regaining clarity, likely extending his life by several years.

Consequently, the Shinomiya family's attitude toward him did a complete 180, even offering to send their young mistress to him.

As a glove for many influential figures, Tsukishiro received information the fastest.

The White Room's reaction was slower, still unaware of Kaoru's true value.

Anyone with ambition would likely not overlook Kaoru's existence.

In a few more days, the White Room should catch on.

"Have you been contacted?" Kaoru asked.

Tsukishiro listed several names, but Kaoru merely shook his head.

"They can assist you. If you agree, not only could you secure an agency, but even if you desire women, they could help cover it up—even amend laws."

The offer was tempting.

Who could resist such allure of power?

Even Tsukishiro felt somewhat tempted.

If Kaoru were to make any demands, the powerful figures behind him would readily agree, fearful only that Kaoru might be dissatisfied.

"I don't care." Kaoru's tone was flat.

His use of the [Holy Water] was more importantly for Sakayanagi Arisu.

Not only could it accumulate a miracle, but it would also reach Sakayanagi Seishiro's ears, letting him know he had the ability to help his daughter.

"You... what do you want?"

Tsukishiro Kazunari couldn't understand Kaoru's thinking and momentarily forgot his earlier respect.

"Right now I'm just an ordinary high school student."

Kaoru said, "I'm not interested in these things. If I want something, I'll take it myself."

Tsukishiro Kazunari gave him a deep, meaningful look.

However, Kaoru knew exactly what that look meant - nothing more than wanting to resort to force.

Next time he should give them a memorable impression.

"You mentioned the freshmen earlier - have you taken interest in someone?"

Tsukishiro Kazunari changed the subject, "The White Room only wants Ayanokoji, so there shouldn't be any conflict with you, right?"

He seemed to assume that Kaoru's interest in the freshmen was because of the White Room's existence.

However, Kaoru's reason for paying attention to the freshmen was simple.

Like monster red name tags, Kaoru had spotted several freshmen emitting desires from the stage at a glance.

The most eye-catching was a girl with twin tails.

Originally listless, she gradually became interested upon hearing Kaoru's voice, as if she had discovered some amusing prey.

Next was a girl eating a lollipop.

The desires emanating from her were similar to another girl with long hair, both equally intrigued by Kaoru's speech.

Additionally, there were several boys.

But their desires were too minimal, similar to Katsuragi Kohei and Ryuen Kakeru, whom Kaoru didn't particularly care about.

Through these desires, Kaoru had already gathered considerable information.

If he wanted to approach these freshmen, he certainly wouldn't take the initiative like before.

Now he only needed to issue a challenge, and naturally someone would become interested.

Once interested, these arrogant individuals wouldn't be able to resist approaching him on their own.

However, from Tsukishiro Kazunari's perspective, his understanding was that Kaoru was interested in the White Room Student.

Kaoru looked at him with a faint smile, immediately making him feel some pressure.

Without a doubt, the White Room's schemes couldn't escape this person's notice.

"I don't mind you wanting to demonstrate your value."

Kaoru paused, "However, right now I'm the Apex of ANHS. I'll do whatever I want."

Tsukishiro Kazunari was momentarily speechless.

If you're the Apex, then what does that make me as the chairman?

But dealing with someone who possessed such terrifying power yet called himself an ordinary high school student - he felt this wasn't someone he could afford to provoke.

He had already sent in the White Room Student.

Whether it would be effective or not wasn't really connected to him anymore.

...

Since today was the entrance ceremony, the school hadn't scheduled any classes, allowing students free time in the afternoon.

Therefore, when Kaoru left the gymnasium, many people still lingered nearby, including numerous freshmen.

Kaoru spotted Ichinose Honami and was about to approach her when someone suddenly blocked his path.

"I want to join the Student Council!"

Accompanied by this loud declaration, the girl's eyes shone brightly, stunning even the people beside her.

"Our Student Council doesn't raise fools." Kaoru rejected her outright.

"What do you mean 'idiot'? I'm not an idiot at all!"

She puffed out her cheeks. "I want to join wherever Onii-chan is!"

"Onii-chan?"

An exclamation came from nearby.

Kaoru instinctively turned to look and saw a girl with long golden hair.

She was quite cute, petite in stature yet possessing a figure that could rival Ichinose Honami's.

Her full chest seemed to hide a pair of white rabbits, and her slender calves were wrapped in black stockings, revealing the fair, delicate skin around her knees.

The girl's sailor skirt fluttered gently, yet there was no risk of any wardrobe malfunction.

Still, one couldn't help but notice her plump thighs, and her slender waist outlined a graceful body curve. Just one glance was enough to tell she had a nice waist-to-hip ratio.

At the same time, as if a powerful BGM started playing in Kaoru's ears, a glow of wishes appeared before his eyes.

["Tsubasa-baby, you're so big, can I touch you?"],

["Such an earnest and obedient little puppy—I have to bully her mercilessly"],

["Her smile is so adorable! I really want to see her going dark!"],

["Steal her socks"],

["Lick Tsubasa Nanase's feet until they're ruined"],

["Hang myself in front of her to trigger her PTSD badly"],

["A young boy without 〇〇, I really want to 〇〇 with her"],

["I want to be Tsubasa Nanase's shrimp-headed man"],

["Please, I'm begging you, be my little puppy"],

["Trick her into having five children"]

...

Tsubasa Nanase noticed Kaoru's gaze.

Without overthinking it, she cautiously introduced herself to him.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Tsubasa Nanase, a first-year."

As she spoke, the girl discreetly observed Kaoru's reactions up close.

From his earlier remarks, this person's personality seemed quite dominant, with very few emotional fluctuations.

Only when he suddenly encountered Komiya Kaho earlier did a fleeting look of surprise cross his face.

The most prominent and hardest-to-conceal aspects of people aren't their words, but their subconscious behaviors.

However, Nanase didn't see any unnecessary movements from him, even when facing two beautiful girls.

If anything, he had lost the aura he had on stage earlier, like a piece of jade that had dimmed, inexplicably gaining a touch of gentleness.

The more he was like this, the more alarm bells rang in Tsubasa Nanase's mind, making her suspect she had encountered a terrifying person.

"Are you two friends?"

Kaoru seemed unaware of her inner thoughts, merely showing a faint smile. "Making friends right after arriving—Kaho really is impressive."

Komiya Kaho was the youngest idol at 283 Agency.

When she joined the agency, she was just an elementary school student.

Now, she was about to enter high school, so running into her here wasn't surprising at all.

Because Asakura Toru and the others had originally planned to have Komiya Kaho come and check out the situation, but they ended up catching Kaoru just the day before yesterday.

If Kaoru hadn't reacted quickly, he might not have made it back.

Although he had temporarily calmed their emotions, as a condition, they sent Komiya Kaho over, tasking this energetic airhead with specifically monitoring Kaoru.

However, Tsubasa Nanase, standing to the side, was unaware of the inside story.

Recalling what Komiya Kaho had said earlier, she realized the senior the other girl knew was Kaoru.

"Please don't praise me like that anymore. I'm not a child anymore." Komiya Kaho became somewhat fidgety.

"I'll be sixteen soon. Choco-senpai said girls can get married at this age."

As if emphasizing her words, she proudly puffed out her chest.

Even through her clothes, Kaoru could see the full, rounded shapes trembling with her movement, incredibly alluring.

Since elementary school, Komiya Kaho's figure had developed quite maturely.

After not seeing her for years, Kaoru suspected her current proportions might have surpassed Ichinose Honami's.

She's really too well-endowed.

"So does that mean someone has grown up and doesn't watch special effects dramas anymore?"

Kaoru smiled.

Some things that were considered innocent childhood interests in the past would now count as embarrassing past memories.

Just as expected, Komiya Kaho's pretty face immediately flushed red.

"S-special effects dramas are innocent! Who says you can't watch Kamen Rider when you grow up!"

So she's still watching them.

Kaoru was somewhat surprised.

"Which class are you in now?"

"Class 1-B!"

Komiya Kaho immediately replied, then looked somewhat dejected.

"But Tsubasa-san is in Class D."

She hadn't yet realized the implications of the class divisions, simply feeling disappointed that her newly made friend wasn't in the same class.

However, Komiya Kaho quickly cheered up.

"I'm going to join your Student Council, brother!"

Wherever the producer was, that's where she would be!

At this moment, Tsubasa Nanase finally found an opportunity to speak.

"Excuse me, Mitoma-senpai, are you two siblings?"

With one being Komiya and the other Mitoma, anyone would have such doubts, so Nanase's question didn't seem particularly abrupt.

"Kaho and I aren't actual siblings. She just used to play with me often when she was little," Kaoru explained.

"Since she's younger than me, she's always called me brother."

That's a lie.

Tsubasa Nanase vaguely sensed something amiss, but Komiya Kaho immediately dispelled her doubts.

"That's right, that's right! I love brother the most!"

Komiya Kaho beamed as she hugged Kaoru, clinging to him like a koala and rubbing against him.

This motion allowed Kaoru to fully appreciate her softness.

The exaggerated size and weight pressed against him completely, the astonishing elasticity and unique texture seeming to prove she was no longer a child.

Tsubasa Nanase's face slightly reddened.

This level of closeness was definitely questionable, but remembering Kaoru's words, she couldn't help but think of one term.

'Childhood friends.'

'Did she enroll in this school because she admired her brother?'

Tsubasa Nanase couldn't help making unnecessary speculations, which then resonated with her own feelings.

"Brother?"

At that moment, another voice appeared. "So Kaoru has a sister?"

Ichinose Honami - this great angel finally couldn't hold back anymore.

With her characteristic smile, she appeared before Kaoru.

"Eh, who is this sister?"

Komiya Kaho tightly clung to Kaoru's arm, her gaze turning to Ichinose Honami. "Is she your girlfriend, brother?"

"You guessed right. Did Kaoru tell you about me?"

Ichinose Honami smiled cheerfully as she reached out to pat Komiya Kaho's head. "What a cute sister. I'd like to have a sister like you too."

Komiya Kaho grew somewhat shy, hiding behind Kaoru.

Seeing this action, Ichinose Honami slightly froze.

"She is Komiya Kaho, a grade schooler who used to play with me often."

Kaoru introduced them to each other, "Kaho, this senpai is Ichinose Honami, who's in the same grade as me and is now my girlfriend."

"Ichinose-san."

Komiya Kaho greeted her timidly.

Ichinose Honami was stunned for a moment.

She had expected the other party to send at least a seductive temptress who would steal men, but instead, it was a cute and polite child.

"Hello there, Kaho-san."

Ichinose Honami couldn't hold back—this little sister-type character was exactly her weakness.

"Would you like me to show you around the school?"

Komiya Kaho glanced at Kaoru and whispered, "I want to stay with my brother."

Kaoru was a bit puzzled.

Was this energetic airhead actually feeling shy around strangers?

"It's fine, Kaoru will come along with us too."

Ichinose Honami signaled Kaoru with her eyes, and he nodded in response.

Komiya Kaho seemed to relax, then turned her gaze to Tsubasa Nanase beside her.

"I won't intrude..."

Tsubasa Nanase tactfully tried to excuse herself, but Komiya Kaho cut her off.

"Would you like to join us, Tsubasa-san?"

Komiya Kaho seemed unaware of what she was about to say and directly invited her instead.

Tsubasa Nanase was taken aback.

She looked at the person Komiya Kaho was clinging to, her eyes sparkling.

"Thank you for having me, Mitoma-senpai, Ichinose-senpai."

Ichinose Honami had already noticed this girl—she was so adorable that it was hard not to pay attention to her.

Could she be an idol too?

Although she had looked up the agency's information in advance, this girl didn't match any of the idols, so she probably wasn't one.

So, this girl was genuinely a junior?

Immediately after, Ichinose Honami's expression turned strange.

The moment she let her guard down, had Kaoru already charmed another junior?

No, no—she had to stay alert!

At that very moment, Ichinose Honami failed to notice the faint, almost imperceptible glint in Komiya Kaho's eyes as the girl tightened her grip on her producer.

Chapter 639: PTSD.

During the campus tour, Ichinose Honami seemed to have boundless energy, meticulously introducing the school's distinctive buildings and the Keyaki Mall to both Komiya Kaho and Tsubasa Nanase.

When she learned that Komiya Kaho wanted to join the Student Council, she smilingly invited both Kaho and Nagumo to attend the club recruitment event the next day.

Since Nagumo Miyabi had changed the application requirements for the Student Council, students could now apply and join at any time, so there was no need to rush for now.

Her exact words were: "Why not check out the other clubs first before making a decision?"

However, Komiya Kaho was adamant—she insisted on joining the Student Council.

Ichinose Honami expressed full support for her idea and left the final decision to Kaoru, the council president, since the authority to approve Student Council members ultimately lay with him.

...

After the campus tour, Tsubasa Nanase bid them farewell.

"That girl seems nice."

Once Nanase was gone, Ichinose Honami whispered to Kaoru, "It seems she already knows the truth about the school. I think she's probably gone to investigate now."

Throughout the tour, although Ichinose Honami hadn't deliberately concealed anything, Komiya Kaho clearly hadn't picked up on her underlying implications, while Tsubasa Nanase had been deep in thought.

Tsubasa Nanase had just thanked her personally, indicating that he understood.

Kaoru patted Ichinose Honami's shoulder with relief and sighed, "It seems I can entrust the Student Council recruitment work to you, Honami."

"What's this? Trying to slack off again?"

Ichinose Honami shot him a glare.

As they spoke, the two had already returned to the dormitory building.

"Wow, so this is Onii-chan's dorm room?"

Hearing Komiya Kaho's voice, Ichinose Honami's movement to open the door suddenly froze—she had nearly forgotten this girl had been following them all along!

"Keep your voice down. Don't disturb the neighbors."

Kaoru was already accustomed to her tailing behavior.

Whenever she was interested in something, she would follow, often claiming it was a grand adventure.

Komiya Kaho stuck out her tongue and naturally prepared to enter with Kaoru.

"Welcome ba..."

The moment the door opened, Karuizawa Kei and Kushida Kikyo inside the room instantly froze, both looking at Kaoru in the entryway with disbelief.

More precisely, they were staring at Komiya Kaho beside him.

"There are two girls here..."

Komiya Kaho was equally startled and quickly tugged at Kaoru's sleeve.

"Did we enter the wrong room?"

"No, actually... they're kind of my girlfriends."

Kaoru struggled to get the words out. "The one on the left is Karuizawa, the right is Kushida. Just call them nee-san."

He knew at this moment, his image in Komiya Kaho's eyes must be crumbling.

How would Kaho feel, discovering the producer she always saw as a hero suddenly had multiple women?

Though several years had passed and Kaho remained the child he remembered, she was now sixteen—old enough to understand certain... unconventional matters.

This was also why Kaoru hadn't immediately returned to them—the impact was too great, and both sides needed a buffer period.

"Karuizawa-nee, Kushida-nee, nice to meet you!"

Komiya Kaho showed a bright smile and politely introduced herself, "I'm Komiya Kaho, a newly enrolled freshman! I'm Onii-chan's little sister. Please take care of me!"

"Li-little sister!?"

Just as expected, both girls in the room were shocked.

Kushida Kikyo's eyes immediately turned sharp—one named Komiya, one named Mitoma, how could they be siblings?

A newly enrolled freshman meant Komiya Kaho was their junior.

Could this be some kind of special play?

While Kushida knew it might be due to divorced parents, her mind currently filled with lewd thoughts could only jump to that conclusion—especially since Komiya Kaho seemed quite well-developed.

Karuizawa Kei wasn't as perverted, simply feeling astonished about where this sister had suddenly appeared from.

"Ahaha, Kaho-chan is a neighborhood little sister Kaoru-kun knew from before. I was startled too at first."

Ichinose Honami explained with a cheerful laugh, speaking to Komiya Kaho like the lady of the house.

"Kaho-chan, why don't you sit here for a while? Is there anything you'd like to eat?"

Since Kaoru's dorm had become their gathering spot, it naturally contained plenty of snacks—enough to host girly afternoon teas or pajama parties.

Thanks to them, the room no longer resembled a typical boy's space, with girls' belongings visible everywhere, even including clothing.

Kaoru watched as Ichinose Honami led Komiya Kaho into the room.

Kei Karuizawa and Kushida Kikyo were clearly very interested in Kaho, eagerly asking about his relationship with her.

Komiya Kaho only shared a little about him, yet Kei Karuizawa and Kushida Kikyo were already wide-eyed with excitement.

The girls were discussing things particularly harmoniously.

This kind of skill must be unique to girls.

Even though it was their first meeting, they acted like old friends who hadn't seen each other for centuries.

However, the friendly atmosphere was also thanks to Komiya Kaho.

Faced with the enthusiasm of several unfamiliar older sisters, Kaho's behavior could be considered that of a model child—polite, sweet-tongued, never difficult, good at playing along, and completely open, with no trace of the shyness she had shown earlier.

They probably sent this child over because they recognized her personality.

This energetic airhead who loves special effects dramas really does find it easy to get along with others.

Before he knew it, Kaoru found himself breathing a sigh of relief.

"What are you thinking about, Kaoru?"

Kaoru turned to see Ichinose Honami quietly leaning closer to him, her voice very soft.

Meanwhile, Kei Karuizawa and Kushida Kikyo, too curious about Kaoru's past, were still pestering Komiya Kaho.

"I was just thinking it's a miracle you haven't beaten me to death yet."

Ichinose Honami was taken aback for a moment, then couldn't help but laugh.

She raised her fist and lightly tapped his shoulder.

"Idiot."

After tapping him, the girl sat down beside him. "Why would I beat you to death? If I did, no one would compensate me with a boyfriend."

"What if I said the number might continue to increase in the future?" Kaoru said this as if he had a death wish.

Ichinose Honami frowned: "I can understand matters related to the agency... but if there are any more, I really doubt whether you can handle it."

Yes, even with the current number including agency members, she already felt Kaoru was stretched thin.

Even if he were Superman, surely Kaoru couldn't continue like this?

Even ancient emperors had to flip name plates to choose consorts.

She didn't want Kaoru to become someone who only flips name plates.

Kaoru didn't respond.

His original plan had been to have some fun and then leave—he never planned to keep them by his side forever.

The current situation had already exceeded his initial expectations.

Seeing this, Ichinose Honami blinked gently. "Kaho-chan is really cute. I thought she might be fiercer, but she turns out to be a good kid too."

"They originally wanted to send a few people over to be teachers."

Kaoru was rarely left speechless.

Were they planning to be vocal coaches?

Moreover, due to the grand stage performances, several groups from 283 Agency had joined the top ranks.

Having such big stars come to Koudo Ikusei would likely turn into a fan meet-and-greet.

Since Komiya Kaho is about to become a high school student, it was better to send her instead.

"Kaho-chan was still in elementary school a few years ago, right?"

Ichinose Honami knew a bit about 283 Agency.

She stared intently at Kaoru. "I was really surprised to see her appear. I thought they would just come for a visit at most."

Who would have thought Komiya Kaho was still in elementary school when she debuted?

Chapter 640: PTSD II

"I didn't expect it either."

Kaoru looked completely convinced. "I thought Kaho was already in her first year of high school. I didn't expect she was held back in middle school."

"Held back? Ichinose Honami recalled her previous experience of taking a leave of absence from school, her expression turning somewhat unusual.

"I'm a bit worried about whether Kaho might get exposed."

Kaoru glanced toward the group of chatting girls, "After all, she's a minor idol, someone might recognize her."

"It's fine, I'll keep an eye on her."

Speaking of this, Ichinose Honami grew curious, "Is it really okay for her to enroll here?"

Koudo Ikusei is a fully enclosed school, Komiya Kaho would definitely have to suspend her idol activities, which seemed like a losing proposition.

Kaoru remained silent for a long time, his gaze extremely complicated.

He knew, and of course they knew too.

But compared to suspending their activities, they wanted to tell Kaoru more.

As long as the producer didn't return, they would rather suspend them for a lifetime.

...

"The producer looks so young now!"

On their way downstairs, Komiya Kaho gave Kaoru an embarrassed smile.

"You should call me brother or senpai now."

"I want to call you onii-chan!"

Komiya Kaho giggled, "It's unbelievable that I'm actually at onii-chan's school, and as your junior!"

Kaoru touched his face and asked, "Aren't you scared seeing me like this, Kaho?"

"You're even more handsome!"

Komiya Kaho's eyes sparkled, "Before you were a reliable uncle, now you're a reliable brother!"

Kaoru felt her compliment skills had improved significantly. Every time he saw her starry-eyed, worshipful gaze, he couldn't help but feel inflated.

"By the way, before taking you back to the dorm, let me take you shopping."

Anyway, Komiya Kaho was now his sister, so Ichinose Honami had asked him to escort Kaho back to the first-year dormitory.

Kaoru thought that since Kaho had just arrived, she probably didn't have daily necessities, so he decided to take her out shopping.

"Great!"

Komiya Kaho happily wrapped her arms around Kaoru's, her full chest rubbing against him.

Kaoru tried his best to ignore the sensation she created as he led her toward the convenience store.

It was afternoon, and they could see many freshmen shopping.

Some were examining the free daily necessities provided by the convenience store, reminding Kaoru of his own experience back then.

Komiya Kaho didn't overthink it.

Wanting to appear mature in front of Kaoru, she claimed she could handle the shopping alone.

Watching her carry the shopping basket, Kaoru wondered if he should buy a few belts for her.

"You're the Student Council president, right?"

Someone suddenly greeted him.

Kaoru turned to see a girl standing before him with a lollipop in her mouth.

Though she appeared expressionless, her eyes carried a hint of scrutiny.

Ichika Amasawa nodded, her face impassive as she said, "I heard you seized a senpai's position and just took office."

"Freshman?"

Kaoru looked at the shopping basket in her hand, apparently she was also buying daily necessities.

It was only the first day of the new semester, so it was somewhat surprising that she had managed to gather information about Kaoru Mitoma so quickly.

Although rumors about Kaoru were already flying everywhere.

However, Kaoru merely thought for a moment before politely declining, "I don't usually give autographs."

His words left Ichika Amasawa stunned, as if she had choked on her lollipop.

Her previously expressionless face now showed a trace of disdain.

While it wasn't as intense as Horikita Suzune's gaze that made one feel like trash, this kind of expressionless contempt had its own unique flavor.

"I just wanted to ask you, senpai," Ichika Amasawa said, "In your grade, is there anyone who left a strong impression on you?"

It was strange for a freshman to suddenly ask such a question.

"Yes, there's a male student," Kaoru frowned, "Although I haven't seen him in action, my intuition tells me he's very strong."

Ichika Amasawa's eyes flickered with interest.

If she could cooperate with this man who called himself the Apex, perhaps she could make someone experience the taste of defeat.

"May I ask for his name?"

"Of course, but he's always immersed in women's embrace. I doubt he'd have any intention to take action."

"Women?" Ichika Amasawa suppressed her emotions.

Was he really enjoying his life like an ordinary high school student?

Impossible.

She wanted to make him experience firsthand the pain that should have been inflicted upon him.

"Yeah, Koenji-kun often lives off women," Kaoru said matter-of-factly.

Before him, Ichika Amasawa seemed to freeze as a question mark practically appearing above her head.

"Koenji?"

"That's right, he's in the same grade as me. They say he's the heir to the Koenji conglomerate. How enviable."

"..."

Ichika Amasawa finally realized - this guy was toying with her!

She wanted to say something, but she couldn't refute him.

After all, she was the one who had approached Kaoru, so she couldn't show any dissatisfaction.

"Thank you... for answering me, senpai." Ichika Amasawa said through slightly gritted teeth, feeling like her lollipop had lost its sweetness.

Kaoru Mitoma smiled faintly, "You're welcome, but why did you ask about this?"

The initiative in the conversation had returned to him, but Ichika Amasawa seemed to have expected this.

So she said lazily, "Because senpai is very impressive, so I'm somewhat interested in you. Is that strange?"

As she spoke, she played with her lollipop, the color of her tongue flashing briefly, reminding Kaoru of Sakayanagi Arisu's service.

"Who are you talking to, onii-chan?"

Komiya Kaho suddenly appeared, hugging Kaoru Mitoma while staring at Ichika Amasawa.

"It seems I'm interrupting," Ichika Amasawa said, sucking on her lollipop as she walked away on her own.

Komiya Kaho was very wary.

She had only left for a short while, and already another woman had approached him.

"Onii-chan, do you know her?"

"No, I don't."

Kaoru's expression remained blank.

Until she left, Ichika Amasawa hadn't even introduced herself.

Freshmen these days were really arrogant.

Komiya Kaho breathed a sigh of relief.

'It seemed to be just a stranger.'

"Did you buy everything you needed?"

"Yes, I'm done!"

"Let me help you carry them back."

When it came time to settle the bill, Kaoru naturally paid and then helped carry her things, escorting her back to the first-year dormitory.

Considering Komiya Kaho lived in the girls' dormitory, Kaoru didn't venture upstairs recklessly, only accompanying her to the elevator downstairs.

"See you tomorrow, Onii-chan!"

Komiya Kaho seemed somewhat reluctant to part, yet she still waved goodbye to Kaoru with a smile.

Even after Kaoru had left, the young girl remained standing in place, murmuring softly.

"One, two, three, four... Producer-san has gotten involved with too many girls this time, doesn't he worry at all?"

Komiya Kaho was no longer a child, she clearly understood that her producer had fallen back into his old bad habits.

Although he was an incredible hero, he was too much of a womanizer.

Everyone felt the producer was too greedy—having one would have been enough, yet he insisted on so many, resulting in strained relationships among everyone.

That's how it was, yet the scene from earlier gave Komiya Kaho a strong sense of dissonance.

But—

"Producer-san has a girlfriend now... I wonder if Juri-chan and Rinse will be surprised... and Amaha-nee, she must be really upset..."

A feeling of emptiness slowly wrapped around Komiya Kaho's heart.

Each whispered word caused a faint twinge of pain in her lower abdomen.

The producer's departure filled her with an indescribable fear.

It was as if she was seeing that black-and-white funeral all over again, her heart aching so sharply in that moment it felt like dying.

"Don't be like this... Producer-san has returned... I should be happier..."

Komiya Kaho felt her eyes grow warm, and she touched her cheeks.

"Arere, arere... I'm crying again... I mustn't cry... Producer-san has come back... I need to cheer up... If I keep crying... I'll leave a bad impression on Producer-san... I can't let Producer-san dislike me..."

She sniffled, wiping away her tears herself.

As if trying to recall what kind of smile she used to wear, she clumsily yet earnestly forced a bright smile back onto her face. She knew the producer loved her smile the most.

There was no helping it—she was already one of the quickest at the agency to recover.

Everyone else had developed severe PTSD from the producer's absence.

Her age, her personality, her energy and optimism were precisely why everyone at the agency had chosen her.