

Cote 721

Chapter 721: Want to try a massage ?

What did "after a little more time" mean?

At first, Kaoru did not know.

Later, Asahina Nazuna shyly revealed that she meant a safer day for her.

After hearing that, Kaoru found his heart beating much faster than usual.

He actually started to feel nervous and expectant, and there were moments when he could not calm down at all.

Maybe that had been Nazuna's plan from the start.

Maybe she had said it on purpose just to tease him.

Normally, Kaoru could have stayed composed.

Even if Nazuna was teasing him, he could always go back and take his frustration out by arguing with Kushida Kikyō instead, so there was no need to be too impatient.

Compared to Nazuna, Kikyō was far more deserving of being taught a lesson.

Recently, Kaoru and Nazuna had been spending a lot of time together, and their dates had no intention of staying hidden.

They walked openly through campus and around Keyaki Mall, appearing in front of other students without trying to avoid anyone's gaze.

Kikyō soon caught wind of it. With a perfectly serious expression, she told Kaoru that being completely honest with each other was the fastest way to break the ice, and she even suggested that he bring Nazuna along to join the others sometime.

That very night, Kaoru gave her a stern "lesson" for filling her head with ridiculous ideas, leaving Kikyō with no strength left to keep teasing him.

Ichinose Honami also heard about Kaoru and Nazuna's situation.

She secretly tugged on Kaoru's sleeve and told him to keep trying his best, urging him to win Nazuna over properly as soon as possible.

With his girlfriend reacting like that, Kaoru honestly had no idea what kind of expression he was supposed to make.

He wanted to bring Honami along too, but she blushed and refused him.

Since she spent so much time with Kaoru in the Student Council room every day, Honami was somewhat guilty herself.

When it came to sneaking time with him, she might actually have been even bolder than Kikyō or Karuizawa Kei.

Speaking of Kei, she had seemed a little resentful for a while.

But after Kaoru spent a whole day with her, that small resentment quickly disappeared.

Soon afterward, she secretly handed Kaoru a small box of protection, probably something she had just bought, and emphasized that he had to be careful.

She did not want to use it herself, yet she was thinking of giving it to him for someone else.

That little thought of hers left Kaoru speechless for a while.

Kaoru pushed all these messy thoughts aside and slowly spent these peaceful, beautiful days with Nazuna.

...

Nazuna was nervous.

After bringing Kaoru into her room, her mind went completely blank.

"I-I'm going to take a shower..."

The girl stumbled over her words, but the moment she said it, she immediately regretted it.

What was she saying?

Did that not sound like she was implying something?

"Sure. I'll join you."

Kaoru answered out of habit with his usual shameless teasing.

But when he saw how embarrassed and flustered Nazuna looked, he immediately realized that she was far too nervous.

He blinked and changed his tone. "Or should I just sit outside and listen to the water?"

"I'll kick you out!"

Nazuna knew he was joking, but she still could not help feeling embarrassed.

When girls were embarrassed, they sometimes became fierce instead.

"No listening, no peeking, and you're sitting right here without moving!"

"Fine, I'll sit on the bed."

Kaoru obediently lay down on her bed. As soon as he closed his eyes, a pleasant scent surrounded him.

Her blanket and pillow carried the faint, clean fragrance that belonged to her, soft and subtle, enough to make his thoughts wander.

Seeing him like that, Nazuna's cheeks grew even hotter.

This was clearly her own room, yet for some reason it suddenly felt like a hotel room, and the boy lying on her bed looked far too relaxed.

Nazuna lightly slapped her own cheeks.

What was she thinking?

She had definitely been studying too much of the wrong kind of information lately.

For the past few days, she had been trying to prepare herself, and now her head was full of strange thoughts.

Holding her clothes, Nazuna secretly glanced at Kaoru and saw that he had not opened his eyes.

Only then did she calm down a little.

But immediately afterward, another thought appeared in her mind.

What if he really barged in later?

Should she lock the door?

But if she locked the door, would he think she did not trust him?

Nazuna felt that she needed to maintain the composure expected of a senpai.

She deliberately closed the door gently, wanting to see whether Kaoru would react.

Kaoru did not move.

For some reason, Nazuna felt relieved, but at the same time, she was a little annoyed.

He really had no reaction at all?

Carrying both irritation and nervousness, Nazuna finished her shower while puffing her cheeks.

She had originally planned to change into proper clothes, but after thinking for a while, she changed her mind at the last second and only wrapped herself in a bath towel before walking out with forced calmness.

Kaoru looked up.

Nazuna stood there wrapped in a towel, her shoulders still damp from the shower, her skin glowing softly under the light.

She looked clean and fresh in a way that made her usual sweetness seem even more striking.

Her face was red, and although she was clearly embarrassed, seeing the stunned look on Kaoru's face made her feel a little proud.

As expected, she did have an effect on him.

Who told Kaoru to tease her all the time? Now it was her turn to tease him.

"I'll dry your hair for you, Nazuna," Kaoru suddenly said.

Nazuna had just finished bathing and was completely bare-faced.

Under the light, there was not a single visible flaw on her skin, and the freshness around her made her seem softer than usual.

Her hair was still damp, with a few strands clinging near her ears.

Since she had been trying to prepare herself properly, she must have washed it carefully too.

"Eh?"

Nazuna's heart jumped several times, and a small smile unconsciously appeared on her lips.

"Are you planning to take advantage of your senpai while you have the chance?"

"If you agree to it."

Kaoru smiled.

"Hmph. You're doing this on purpose, aren't you? You know I'm only wearing a towel."

Even as she said that, Nazuna still walked lightly over to Kaoru and sat down in front of him with her back facing him, carefully holding the towel in place.

"I can even give massages. Want to try one?"

Kaoru picked up the hair dryer, tested the temperature, then began drying her hair.

His fingers slipped gently through her damp hair, still able to feel its smooth softness.

"Is it a suspicious kind of massage?"

Nazuna spoke as if she understood everything. "Don't think I don't know. The moment I agree, you'll definitely start getting carried away."

"So Nazuna will eventually agree?"

Kaoru looked at her back.

Even though she was trying to act composed, the nervousness in her posture was obvious.

"I won't."

Nazuna giggled. "Only an idiot would fall for that. You can look, but you can't touch!"

Kaoru paused for a moment. Then, after thinking it over, he finally decided to be honest.

"Nazuna, you're making it really hard for me to stay calm."

Nazuna's smile froze.

She went blank for a second.

Wait, wasn't he drying her hair right now?

Why did he suddenly say something like that?

No, more importantly, how could he say it so openly without getting embarrassed at all?

The atmosphere fell silent for a while before Nazuna whispered, "Really?"

She wanted to pretend she was calm, but her body had gone a little stiff, as though some dangerous beast had set its sights on her from behind.

Inevitably, some of the things she had learned over the past few days flashed through her mind.

"Really. You're too cute like this. How am I supposed to stay unaffected?"

Kaoru continued drying her hair.

The low hum of the dryer, the warm breeze, and the gentle movement of his fingers made her feel strangely comfortable.

She was clearly enjoying his gentleness, yet Nazuna felt like a foolish rabbit that had voluntarily walked right up to the big bad wolf.

"Then what should we do?"

The moment Nazuna asked, she felt even more foolish.

Why was she asking the wolf what to do?

"Turn around for me?"

Kaoru treated the foolish rabbit very carefully.

Nazuna obediently turned around.

The moment their eyes met, she froze again. Kaoru really had not been lying.

"I-I didn't do anything... why..."

Nazuna stammered, her face completely red.

She had not done anything yet, so how had the mood turned like this?

"Men are like that. You're underestimating your own charm." Kaoru answered honestly.

Looking at his expression, Nazuna realized he was not as frightening as she had imagined, and for some reason, that made her feel much more at ease. Her nervousness gradually turned into curiosity.

"Is it uncomfortable?"

That was probably a question many girls had wondered about at some point.

"It's hard to explain. It won't kill me, at least."

Kaoru gave a vague answer.

"You look really calm. Are you sure it's okay?"

Nazuna blushed.

No matter how she looked at it, she knew that this reaction had happened because of her.

"Drying your hair helps distract me."

Kaoru paused. "If this keeps going, though, I can't promise what kind of expression I'll make."

Nazuna felt guilty. The truth was, both of them knew what tonight might lead to.

Perhaps because of that, she felt she should not back down now.

"Can I... understand it a little more?"

Nazuna wanted to at least know what she was dealing with, so she would not panic later and lose the dignity of a senpai.

She silently encouraged herself.

He was just one underclassman. He should not underestimate his senpai!

Kaoru originally wanted to act more gentlemanly, but after thinking about it, she was already being this brave.

If he refused too much, would that not make things awkward and hypocritical?

So he silently accepted Nazuna's attempt to take the lead.

Rather than calling it taking the lead, though, Nazuna clearly had no idea what she should do.

She watched him cautiously, her pretty face slowly moving closer, her breath warm and nervous.

She looked less like someone in control and more like a small animal trying to figure out whether it was safe to touch something unfamiliar.

Kaoru took a deep breath.

"You being this cautious hurts my feelings a little."

Nazuna blushed. "I-I'm being careful..."

She had a little temper too.

She was the senpai here.

How could she be afraid?

Chapter 722: We can do it again!

A short while later, Nazuna finally calmed down a little.

Her fear faded, replaced by embarrassment and curiosity.

The mood in the room grew warmer.

Kaoru could tell that Nazuna was trying very hard to be brave, but she was still inexperienced and nervous.

He did not rush her. Instead, he held her hand, spoke softly to her, and let her decide the pace.

At some point, Nazuna leaned closer on her own.

The rest of the night unfolded slowly, with awkwardness, laughter, whispered reassurance, and pauses whenever Nazuna needed them.

When she finally chose to close the distance between them, Kaoru made sure to ask again.

"Nazuna, are you sure?"

Her face was red, but her gaze did not waver.

"I'm sure."

That answer was quiet, but it was firm.

So Kaoru kissed her.

The room gradually fell into a deep silence, broken only by soft breaths and the occasional embarrassed complaint from Nazuna whenever Kaoru teased her too much.

For Nazuna, it was frightening, unfamiliar, and embarrassing.

But it was also gentle.

At least, Kaoru made sure it stayed that way.

...

When Nazuna woke the next morning, the sunlight filtering into the room made everything feel unreal.

For a while, she stayed curled up under the blanket, her mind still hazy.

Then she noticed the faint warmth beside her and slowly remembered what had happened the night before.

Her face instantly went red.

Kaoru was already awake and quietly picking up the clothes scattered around the room. He seemed to be preparing breakfast.

The ingredients were simple: eggs, bread, and milk from Nazuna's fridge, which he could heat up for her.

Maybe his movements woke her, because the bed soon gave a tiny rustle, followed by Nazuna's soft, sleepy hum.

She sounded like a small animal waking up, rubbing her eyes in confusion.

"Eh? Eh!"

A moment later, Nazuna clutched the blanket tightly and stared at Kaoru with a bright red face.

"Want me to help you wash up?"

Kaoru smiled. "It's time to get up. Breakfast is ready."

Nazuna seemed to remember everything from last night, and her face turned even redder. "Turn around. You're not allowed to look!"

She had not changed yet, and even though they had already crossed that final line, waking up like this still made her unbearably shy.

"Okay, I won't look."

Kaoru obediently turned his back to her. "Your towel is beside you. There's hot water in the bathroom, so you can wash up first. Or you can eat breakfast first."

Nazuna was surprised by how cooperative he was, but then she puffed up her cheeks again.

This guy was too experienced. Just how many girls had he done this with?

After waiting for a little while and confirming that he really was not going to turn around, Nazuna crawled out from under the blanket.

She paused slightly, still feeling the lingering soreness from the night before.

She quickly wrapped herself in the towel and climbed out of bed.

Where had she put the clothes she prepared yesterday?

Only after she sneaked into the bathroom did Kaoru finally turn around, amused.

They had already done something so intimate, yet she was still this shy.

Before long, the sound of running water came from the bathroom.

Kaoru waited patiently. By the time the milk was almost cooling down, Nazuna finally came out.

This time, she had tied up her hair so it would not get wet. She was no longer wearing the towel either, but a loose, homey short-sleeved shirt and a small skirt. The white fabric was a little thin, but still covered enough to leave everything proper, only hinting faintly at her soft figure underneath.

"Sorry to keep you waiting."

Nazuna looked embarrassed. When she saw the breakfast on the table, her stomach immediately growled.

"It's fine. Next time, just invite me to shower with you."

Kaoru smiled faintly. "Want me to feed you?"

"No way."

Nazuna had been about to sit down, but Kaoru patted his lap.

After hesitating for a moment, she obediently walked over and sat close to him.

The freshly bathed girl carried the familiar scent from last night, and Kaoru had to force himself to stay composed.

"Are you reacting again?"

Nazuna noticed almost immediately and looked stunned. Did men recover that quickly?

"It's a morning thing. Just a normal reaction."

Kaoru tried to brush it off.

Nazuna did not believe him at all.

"If you really can't help it... we can do it again."

Her voice was tiny. "Anyway, I'm not going to school today. If you can't hold back, I can stay with you."

Kaoru paused. "Doesn't it still hurt?"

"If you hadn't gone on for so long last night, it wouldn't hurt!"

Nazuna puffed up her cheeks. "I'm already mostly fine. Don't underestimate your senpai!"

Why did that sound so familiar? Did she and Tachibana Akane both have a strange obsession with acting like proper senpai?

Kaoru wrapped his arms around her waist.

"Nazuna, eat first."

"Eh?"

"You're hungry. We'll eat first."

For once, Kaoru did not push his luck.

Nazuna blinked, then a soft sweetness rose in her chest.

"...You're surprisingly considerate sometimes."

"I'm always considerate."

"You're shameless too."

"That's also true."

Nazuna could not help laughing.

If someone ignored the complicated relationship between them, the morning scene was actually warm. Kaoru fed her small bites of breakfast, and Nazuna occasionally fed him back while pretending she was only doing it because he was being annoying.

After breakfast, Nazuna leaned against him for a while.

"Nazuna, was breakfast good?"

Kaoru asked softly near her ear.

"Don't get too smug. I'm your senpai."

Nazuna puffed her cheeks. "Who eats breakfast like this?"

"So senpai hates it?"

Kaoru looked disappointed on purpose.

"N-no, that's not what I mean!"

Nazuna hurriedly explained. "I'm just... embarrassed. It was my first time being with you like that, and you acted like it was the most natural thing in the world."

Kaoru blinked. "So Nazuna doesn't mind continuing to be with me?"

Nazuna almost nodded, then immediately realized she had fallen into his trap.

"You tricked me again!"

She turned around and sat facing him, her face red but her eyes bright. "Fine. Today, I really need to teach you what it means to respect your senpai."

Kaoru laughed and let her do as she pleased.

...

May gradually slipped into summer.

The cherry blossoms from earlier in the season were already gone, replaced by azaleas, tulips, peonies, photinias, and all sorts of other flowers.

The trees had dressed themselves in fresh green, bright and full of life.

On Sunday evening, tall trees swayed gently in the wind.

A cool breeze carried the faint fragrance of flowers, and the shadows of the streetlights trembled slightly.

"No way. If I go over there, I definitely won't be able to come back."

Nazuna puffed up her cheeks. "Little Honami and the others really haven't been corrupted by you?"

Kaoru had told her that Honami and Kikyō were very warmly inviting her to come over sometime.

But Nazuna was not stupid.

How could she not understand what that invitation might imply?

"No, they really do want to get along with you."

Kaoru realized that this senpai of his was genuinely wary of any overly bold situation, so he had to explain properly.

"Think about it. You only really know Honami and Kikyō, plus Suzune, Kei, and Airi. Have you ever properly talked with them?"

"Really?"

Nazuna looked suspicious.

"Really."

Kaoru gave her his assurance, though Sakura Airi had already been drawn into things before.

"I'll barely believe you this once."

Nazuna thought about it and figured Kaoru's room probably could not fit too many people anyway.

Maybe she had been overthinking it.

Aside from that, she did feel a little embarrassed.

This past month, Kaoru had spent most of his time with her. They were practically dating every day.

Ever since crossing that line, Nazuna had realized that she had become far too attached to Kaoru.

Sometimes they spent time in her room, sometimes in the Student Council office, and sometimes they even found quiet corners around Keyaki Mall.

Whenever Kaoru coaxed her a little, she always ended up half-resisting and half-giving in.

Today had even been in the school gym storage room.

Just thinking about it made Nazuna want to cover her face.

Someone had passed nearby!

She was losing more and more of her sense of shame!

"Nazuna, tonight I want to..."

"No!"

Nazuna glared at him. "You want that every day. Anyway, not tonight!"

"I won't do anything. I just want to stay with you."

As he said that, Kaoru realized he really did sound like a scoundrel. "Fine. I'll just walk you upstairs."

Nazuna looked at him for a while, then lightly bit her lip.

"I'm not rejecting you. I want to be with you too, but you've been spending too much time with me."

If one person took up too much of his time, someone else would naturally get less of it.

Kaoru fell silent for a moment. "Honestly, I'm a little worried you might regret it. Regret not being with Nagumo instead."

Nazuna froze briefly, then smiled.

"I like you."

She looked at Kaoru and added, "I hope you'll keep liking me too, so I can feel that my choice wasn't wrong."

Then she closed her eyes.

At a time like this, no words could compare to that gesture. Kaoru understood what she meant, so he gently kissed her.

A lot of the time, liking someone was an answer all by itself.

Nazuna liked Kaoru, and Kaoru liked her too.

That was enough.

Regret?

She did not think she had ever considered it.

Still, she knew why Kaoru had asked.

During this month's special exam, Kaoru had specifically instructed Kiriya Ikuto, Tonokawa Sōsuke, and the others to prepare a May surprise for Nagumo Miyabi.

Miyabi fought desperately. This time, they still did not take him down completely, but they managed to drain a considerable amount of his private points.

Kaoru roughly estimated the damage at around five million.

Without the support of the entire year level feeding him resources, Miyabi's recovery speed had become very slow.

Only a portion of Class 3-A was still barely holding him up, and the swing factions that had originally been watching from the sidelines had basically given up on him.

The reason was simple.

The conditions Miyabi had promised them were now very unlikely to be fulfilled.

Many students had supported Miyabi because they hoped that by risking themselves for him, they might eventually transfer into Class A.

But after Miyabi repeatedly lost huge amounts of private points and even failed to protect his position in the Student Council, it was hard for anyone to believe he still had the ability to fulfill his promises.

This conflict was especially intense inside Class 3-A. Some people believed Miyabi was no longer suited to lead the class.

Under Tonokawa Sōsuke's instigation, those students had begun looking for a new way out.

They did not care what Miyabi had done.

They only knew that their class was currently in a dangerous position, and that they had been dragged into this storm because of the fight between Kaoru and Miyabi.

As long as that fight ended, Kaoru would stop. The alliance among the other classes would also collapse.

Perhaps they could even use Nazuna's relationship with Kaoru to get him to help them deal with Kiriama.

Their plan was very loud and obvious. Even Nazuna had heard about it.

Miyabi's defeat was approaching.

"My feelings for you aren't the kind of feelings I had for a childhood friend."

Nazuna whispered by Kaoru's ear, her breath slightly uneven.

"My feelings for you..." Kaoru hesitated at the crucial moment. "I think I need a little time to think about how to say it."

Nazuna pinched him in annoyance, then laughed again.

She leaned close and whispered, "From now on, let's only be reckless on safe days, okay?"

In the end, the protection Kei had prepared had not been used.

This senpai of his was far bolder than she looked.

Chapter 723: Unreasonable Demands

Lately, Kaoru felt his life was fulfilling.

He didn't miss Tachibana Akane's birthday, and he made a habit of taking Karuizawa Kei and Ichinose Honami out together.

Sometimes, he would go out alone and return to 283 Production.

Since his return, the very soul of the agency seemed to have returned with him. The idols who had been clamoring to retire or quit found their pillar of support.

They followed behind him without a word; wherever he went, they followed.

They had probably stalked him, as they already knew about Tachibana Akane's existence.

He decided to just bring Tachibana Akane over, making her the first girlfriend to meet all the idols of 283 Production.

As expected, Tachibana Akane was shocked, looking back and forth between them and Kaoru.

You perverted harem maniac!

Tachibana Akane seemed to lose her mind.

She couldn't understand why someone would have so much energy. Even an entire agency wasn't enough to satisfy Kaoru; he was actually eyeing these schoolgirls too.

Tachibana Akane was angry.

She felt Kaoru would die at the hands of women sooner or later, but then she heard that not a single one in the entire agency was his girlfriend in name.

So they were all just a bunch of former losers who couldn't even keep their man.

Despite this, Tachibana Akane gritted her teeth and accepted Kaoru's past.

At the same time, she felt dissatisfied with his actions, believing his sudden departure in the past was irresponsible.

Kaoru had to listen to her scolding for a long time. Upon returning, his head was filled with her voice, leaving him in a daze.

"President!"

Nanase Tsubasa had to call out again, "I said I've made my decision. Did you hear me?"

Kaoru finally snapped out of it.

He was in the Student Council office.

Ichinose Honami had just stepped out, leaving only him and Nanase Tsubasa.

Today, Nanase Tsubasa wore her neat student uniform as usual. Her modest chest plumped up her shirt, lacking much of that green, immature feel; her full and alluring figure could rival a mature woman's.

A small section of snow-white thigh peeked out from under her skirt, and the curve of her calves outlined by black over-the-knee socks caught the eye.

She radiated the vibrant energy of youth.

Her serious gaze gave Kaoru the fleeting illusion of facing a large dog, its tail wagging in anxiety, ready to break off its leash at any moment.

"I heard you, but have you thought this through?"

Kaoru said, "I have no confidence in my self-control. With a cute junior like you wandering around me, I might subject you to the casting couch."

His gaze lingered on Nanase Tsubasa.

He seemed unscrupulous, disregarding her feelings. In the past, such a lewd gaze would have put her on high alert.

However, Kaoru's candidness, coupled with him mentioning the casting couch every day, made the girl feel accustomed to it.

"If I quit the Student Council and try to deal with Ayanokoji-senpai, will the President stop me?"

Nanase Tsubasa stood before him. Regardless of his gaze, she maintained a serious demeanor.

He couldn't scare her with talk of the casting couch. She didn't believe Kaoru would do anything to her; this was a school, after all.

"No. Sometimes I wonder if it would be better to have Ayanokoji expelled."

Kaoru shifted his gaze from her thighs. "The school was doing fine, but then a few White Room students sneaked in, acting like the whole school is their stage."

Nanase Tsubasa felt her intuition was correct. She keenly sensed that Kaoru's relationship with Ayanokoji Kiyotaka was fragile, though she couldn't yet understand why Kaoru was helping him.

"Do you want to quit?"

Kaoru asked again.

"No, I want to stay."

Nanase Tsubasa's attitude was resolute. "Since the President is cooperating with Ayanokoji-senpai, and my identity is exposed, it will be difficult for me to take action against Ayanokoji-senpai in the future."

She had a decent reason, but it sounded like a proactive surrender.

Believing she couldn't handle Ayanokoji Kiyotaka surprised Kaoru. He didn't know if she was self-aware or overly cautious.

"If the President can let me meet Ayanokoji-sensei, I am willing to follow you."

Nanase Tsubasa clenched her fists. Her mood was far from calm. "So, I've made my decision. I want to stay here."

"Even if I subject you to the casting couch?"

Kaoru smiled. The topic had circled back.

Nanase Tsubasa fell silent. She didn't know if her decision was correct, even though she had reassured herself that this was a school and Kaoru wouldn't want to do anything to her.

If Kaoru made an unreasonable demand, she could refuse him. Nanase Tsubasa felt she could hold her bottom line at the critical moment.

"If it's not unreasonable..."

Nanase Tsubasa appeared hesitant, stammering her words. "I can... I can agree to it..."

"What defines unreasonable?"

Kaoru asked in an offhand manner.

Many images flashed through Nanase Tsubasa's mind. She opened her mouth, holding it in for a long time before speaking in broken sentences: "Unreasonable... unreasonable means we can't do..."

The more she spoke, the harder it became to articulate. Kaoru found it amusing. It was his first time seeing this reaction from her, a stark contrast to her usual serious demeanor.

"I can't hear what you're saying."

Kaoru paused on purpose. "If I want to look, does that count as unreasonable?"

"Look at what?"

Nanase Tsubasa felt confused.

Kaoru thought for a moment, then said, "For example, I want to see white thigh-highs. Could Nanase-san wear white thigh-highs for me to see?"

Nanase Tsubasa breathed a sigh of relief. He just wanted to see that; it was simpler than she had imagined.

"Yes, that's not unreasonable."

"What about a gym uniform and a sukumizu? I wouldn't make you wear them outside, just for me to see. Is that okay?"

"I, I suppose so."

Despite sensing something amiss, Kaoru's demands did not exceed Nanase Tsubasa's psychological tolerance. She hesitated for a moment, then agreed.

It was a pity the girl did not know this was called custom cosplay. Today it was a gym uniform and a sukumizu; tomorrow it might be a bunny girl or a catgirl.

"Good."

Kaoru nodded in satisfaction. "Besides looking, what else can Nanase-san accept?"

Nanase Tsubasa became alert. Just as she was about to warn Kaoru, she heard an unexpected sentence.

"Can you roleplay a persona I want?"

"Huh?"

Nanase Tsubasa was stunned for a moment, then she became angry. "President! Eiichiro is not a persona I'm roleplaying!"

Matsuo Eiichiro was her childhood friend. She wanted revenge, which was why she... Wait, why did this sound like chuunibyou the more she explained it?

Nanase Tsubasa glared at Kaoru in embarrassment and anger. If his gaze weren't so strange, she wouldn't be acting like this!

"Okay, okay, he isn't your persona."

Kaoru pacified her. "I just want to know how good your roleplaying skills are."

Anger aside, Nanase Tsubasa was a calm girl. She couldn't understand why Kaoru cared about her roleplaying.

Did he take a fancy to her acting skills?

She didn't know what Kaoru wanted to do to her, but Nanase Tsubasa found her confidence. As long as Kaoru needed her for something, it was fine.

"What does the President want me to roleplay?"

Nanase Tsubasa puffed up her chest. She wanted Kaoru to realize she wasn't just eye candy.

Soon, her expression froze.

"Can you roleplay a little loli calling me a 'zako' loser with every breath?"

Facing Kaoru's expectant gaze, Nanase Tsubasa couldn't hold back anymore.

"President! Please take this seriously!"

"I am taking this seriously right now. It would be perfect if Nanase-san could step on my head in white thigh-highs while calling me a 'zako'."

"Unbelievable. Are you a pervert?"

"That look works too. A face full of disgust. Could you lift your skirt now?"

"Go die, you pervert!"

Nanase Tsubasa had never been this angry. Her full chest heaved. Her face flushed red. Her sanity nearly crumbled. She thought she finally had a chance to prove her worth, but this guy was just a pervert!

"You can't even do this?"

Kaoru frowned, carrying a hint of blame, as if to say this didn't even count as the casting couch.

Nanase Tsubasa felt her sanity breaking and gritted her teeth. "I am not your plaything. Please tell me, what can I actually do right now?"

"I don't need you to do anything. I can give you whatever you want."

Kaoru shook his head. He could leave the school at any time now; the White Room and such were no longer threats to him.

Nanase Tsubasa suppressed her irritation. She knew she had overreacted.

"What about Nagumo-senpai? He is close to certain first-year students and might pose a threat to you soon."

"I know."

"There are White Room students in the first year. Acting Director Tsukishiro is also an enemy."

"I know."

Nanase Tsubasa felt an indescribable sense of defeat, like punching cotton.

No matter how she racked her brain, Kaoru responded with a nonchalant phrase, as if he didn't care about the threats she mentioned.

"I've said it already. As long as you agree, I can help you achieve what you want."

Looking at the girl's defeated expression, Kaoru smiled. "Don't fret. You want revenge, that's fine, but don't rush it."

To him, Nanase Tsubasa rushed to prove herself every time. Her nerves were taut. It seemed like the moment she relaxed, she would be at a loss.

"I know you want to prove you are qualified for revenge, because you don't want to trade your body with me."

Kaoru paid it no mind. "It's fine to relax occasionally, even if you think it's easy for me to say."

It was strange coming from him.

After all, he had just been thinking about the casting couch, wanting Nanase Tsubasa to step on his head in white thigh-highs.

It made one suspect he had schizophrenia.

However, after spending time together, Nanase Tsubasa found she could understand him.

This guy talked about the casting couch every day, yet he had done nothing to her.

Knowing he was a pervert, it was hard to treat him like one. Nanase Tsubasa suspected she had been duped.

Was it because her expectations of him were so low that seeing his normal remarks made her feel pleasantly surprised?

Nanase Tsubasa didn't know how to describe her feelings at this moment, looking at him with complex eyes.

"Thank you."

Kaoru felt surprised. "Thank you" instead of "pervert" left him at a loss.

"I think I should be the one saying thank you. With Nanase-san here, the Student Council has gained another beautiful girl."

Kaoru laughed. "Are you not going to do what I asked earlier?"

Nanase Tsubasa's face darkened. "President, do you want to get scolded?"

"You can't just let me look, can you?"

Kaoru said in dismay, "Having a beautiful girl by my side, only able to look but not touch, I'm at a disadvantage."

Nanase Tsubasa shot him a sideways glance. Why was he chickening out now? Didn't he want to invoke the casting couch?

"If you want to be scolded, I can scold you every day."

Nanase Tsubasa didn't mind doing that.

"The reward is too small."

Kaoru said subtly, "Can I touch?"

Nanase Tsubasa hugged her chest by reflex. This action proved the girl's stance.

"I meant holding hands and touching your feet."

Kaoru added, afraid she would refuse.

Nanase Tsubasa blinked. She understood holding hands, but what did touching her feet mean?

"And if I refuse?"

"If you refuse even this, I will have to give up on you."

Kaoru spread his hands. "You have something I want. I want to collect some interest."

Making her wear white thigh-highs, gym uniforms, and a sukumizu, or roleplaying a bratty loli, was not Kaoru's fetish. Kaoru just wanted to fulfill her wish.

Nanase Tsubasa fell into a dilemma.

Compared to other things, Kaoru's demands were not unreasonable.

Considering Kaoru had frankly expressed his desire for a casting couch dynamic, holding hands and touching feet were simple requests.

She had prepared herself for worse. Holding hands was within her acceptable psychological range; touching her feet was just weird.

What was there to touch about her feet?

Nanase Tsubasa remembered there was a type of pervert called a foot fetishist. Could Kaoru be a perverted foot fetishist?

Thus, Nanase Tsubasa looked at Kaoru with a strange gaze.

"If it's just touching... it should be fine..."

The girl accepted Kaoru's demand in the end. She felt she could make the right judgment at the critical moment; if things went wrong, she would reject Kaoru.

Nanase Tsubasa believed in her judgment, unaware her bottom line was yielding.

Once a gap appeared in a bottom line, things would spiral out of control, making it hard to maintain any boundaries at all.

Fortunately, Kaoru harbored no malice towards her; he just wanted to fulfill the wish.

"Can we hold hands now?"

Kaoru smiled, reaching out his hand to her.

Nanase Tsubasa moved closer, holding his hand with a straight face.

The two looked at each other, shaking hands like successful people in a TV drama, giving off a businesslike vibe.

Of course, this was just her feeling. Kaoru felt the girl's small hands were soft, as if he could break them with a bit of force.

"Do you want to touch my feet too?"

Nanase Tsubasa couldn't hold back her question.

"If possible, I'd like to touch your legs too."

Kaoru looked at the legs under her skirt.

Thick black tights wrapped around the girl's calves, and the small section of exposed, fair, smooth thigh skin formed the perfect absolute territory.

Knowing this was wrong, Nanase Tsubasa hesitated before nodding in agreement.

Kaoru had her sit on the desk. The girl pressed down on her skirt hem, legs close together, shifting her gaze in embarrassment.

Her calves swung, as if indicating she harbored no ulterior motives towards him and was just satisfying his request, nothing more.

However, her cheeks flushed with a blush.

A girl's feet were considered a private area, even if they couldn't compare to other parts.

Feeling ashamed watching Kaoru's gaze rest between her legs, Nanase Tsubasa felt her face burning.

There had to be something wrong with her head.

Chapter 724: Busted

Nanase Tsubasa sat on the desk, looking slightly nervous as she stared at Mitoma Kaoru in front of her.

Her slender legs were pressed together, and both hands rested near the inside of her thighs, holding down the hem of her skirt in case anything showed.

It was only when Kaoru took hold of her ankle that Tsubasa finally realized just how ambiguous this position was.

Why had she agreed to his request?

Unfortunately, it was already too late to regret it.

Kaoru removed one of Tsubasa's small leather shoes, revealing her neatly covered foot beneath.

The thin fabric of her sock wrapped snugly around it, making the line of her ankle look even more delicate. T

here was a faint flush to her skin where the sock met her leg, and her toes curled slightly in embarrassment.

Pretty girls always seemed to have pretty feet too.

Maybe it was simply because they were naturally well put together, though some people also said that looking pretty did not necessarily mean there would be no awkwardness involved.

After all, wearing socks and leather shoes all day could make even a cute girl worry about whether there was any strange smell.

Kaoru did not notice anything unpleasant, nor was there some legendary faint fragrance.

There was only the clean, ordinary scent of fabric, nothing that made him uncomfortable.

If there had really been a strange smell, Kaoru might have had to reconsider whether he wanted to continue fulfilling this particular wish.

He gently supported her foot and found that it fit neatly in his hand. Her foot was not large at all. If she wanted, she might even be able to stand on his palm.

Without quite realizing it, his hand moved from her rounded ankle up toward her calf.

Even though he could not see her bare skin clearly beneath the dark sock, the curve of her leg was still smooth and delicate to the touch, enough to make him reluctant to let go.

"That's enough, right?"

Tsubasa's face was red.

She felt Kaoru's hand slowly moving upward, and the feeling of being touched by a boy was completely different from anything she was used to.

Wherever his hand passed, a strange shiver seemed to rise across her skin.

"It's too smooth. I don't really want to let go."

Kaoru looked up at her and saw that she was guarding her skirt with complete seriousness.

Only a small glimpse of her pale thigh could be seen.

"How about you scolds me a little?"

A normal insult would obviously be unpleasant.

But if it came from a pretty girl who was forcing herself through intense embarrassment while her face was bright red, then the feeling became strangely interesting instead.

Tsubasa, however, could not understand that way of thinking at all.

She already felt that accepting this ridiculous president's request was unbelievable enough.

"Are you... serious?"

"Otherwise, is Tsubasa willing to let me touch her thigh?"

"President... you really are... unbelievably disgusting. Do you not feel embarrassed at all?"

"You can be a little harsher."

As Kaoru spoke, he suddenly stood up and leaned closer to Tsubasa. "For example, whispering insults next to my ear."

His sudden movement startled Tsubasa.

Looking at Kaoru's face so close to hers, feeling the warmth of his breath brush faintly near her lips, Tsubasa's heart gave a sudden jump.

"Please behave yourself. If you keep doing this, I'll... I'll..."

Tsubasa's face turned red all the way to her ears.

She instinctively tried to push Kaoru away, only to realize that her strength was not enough to move him. Instead, Kaoru caught her small hand.

"What should you call me right now?"

Kaoru looked at the panic beginning to appear in her eyes. "Also, make your expression a little fiercer."

Tsubasa looked confused for a moment before her anger surged up again, turning her face crimson. "Do you really want me to call you a pervert that badly?"

"Because you can't say it naturally, so I find it interesting."

Kaoru smiled. "Or we can change the condition. Can you change your voice?"

Tsubasa finally understood why Komiya Kaho sometimes muttered that she wanted to punch him.

Right now, she truly wanted to land a punch squarely on his face.

"You want me to switch into some childish voice and call you a loser?"

The girl stared at him blankly. "President, the way you describe your interests is really indirect."

"At least I'd get to see Tsubasa's excellent acting ability."

Kaoru smiled and released her hand before sitting back down in the chair.

He really was shameless. Tsubasa felt that she could never reach his level.

From childhood until now, this was the first time she had met a boy like him. He made her completely unsure how to react.

If she stayed around him too long, Tsubasa suspected that sooner or later, she would be worn down by his nonsense.

"You can't say it?"

Kaoru touched her ankle again.

This time, he removed her other shoe too. With both feet placed together, when his fingers brushed lightly against the underside of her foot, Tsubasa trembled and curled her toes.

Tsubasa had originally been unable to say anything, but after being teased like this, something seemed to break through the embarrassment inside her. She suddenly wanted to just go along with it so this could end faster.

"L-Loser president... You only know how to bother girls..."

"Your voice isn't very clear. Can Tsubasa put a little more effort into it?"

"L-loser! Gross! Asking a girl to do this kind of thing... you really are a perverted president!"

"Just scolding me isn't quite enough, Tsubasa."

"Ugh... I-I know... You want to touch my leg, don't you? Too bad, President. Someone like you is far too suspicious, so I won't let you touch it."

Under Kaoru's instructions, Tsubasa endured her embarrassment and forced herself into a smug smile. She lifted her leg slightly and placed her foot against Kaoru's chest with exaggerated confidence.

"President, wanting a girl to do something like this really is disgusting."

Kaoru had not expected her to actually act it out so well. With a little adjustment, she could even change her tone convincingly. He might have underestimated her ability to perform.

"Does President want to play with my foot that badly?"

Tsubasa stretched her toes and lightly tapped Kaoru's chin.

If one ignored how red her face was, she really did give off a strangely irritating, smug impression. "It's right here, you know. Do you want me to—"

Before she could finish, a familiar voice suddenly came from outside.

"Onii-chan, I came over with Shiina-senpai!"

Tsubasa froze in place.

Her foot was still lightly touching Kaoru's chin, her hands braced against the desk, and her brain went completely blank.

Kaoru turned his head slightly and immediately saw Komiya Kaho and Shiina Hiyori standing at the doorway.

"Pro... Onii-chan?"

Kaho's expression was extremely colorful.

Honami was not even here, yet Producer-san could still end up doing something like this?

Beside her, Hiyori was completely stunned and unconsciously took a small step back.

"S-sorry! I-I-I interrupted!"

Hiyori panicked. She slowly moved her stiff body back, escaping Kaoru's line of sight little by little, not daring to meet his eyes.

This pure-hearted girl would probably need quite some time before she dared come to the Student Council room again.

Then again, anyone who saw Kaoru and Tsubasa in that position would likely react the same way.

Bang!

Tsubasa jumped down from the desk with a face red enough to steam.

She lowered her head deeply, looking as though smoke might rise from her hair.

"Ahem. Kaho, actually, I was helping Tsubasa with a foot massage just now."

Kaoru was very considerate toward the girl and immediately came up with a reasonable excuse for her.

"She's been tired from PE lately, so I was massaging her feet."

Before Kaho could say anything, Tsubasa raised her fist and hit Kaoru several times.

It hurt.

A lot.

Chapter 725: Losers

After that, Tsubasa ran a few steps toward the door without saying a word, then rushed back again to pick up her small leather shoes.

She tried to put them on, but after several failed attempts, she ended up hopping on one foot in a flustered mess.

After struggling for a while, she only managed to put on one shoe, and she even snagged her sock, tearing a small line that exposed a tiny patch of fair skin at her calf.

"Should I help you put it on?" Kaoru asked carefully.

Tsubasa glared at him.

Then she simply gave up, grabbed the remaining shoe, quickly brushed past Kaho, and ran away without looking back.

"Will Nanase-san come back?"

"Probably."

"If I were seen like that, it would become a lifelong black history."

"..."

Kaoru felt somewhat awkward.

Fortunately, he had been through many trials already, so he was not too shaken by Kaho's faintly resentful gaze.

"Did Shiina come here with you?"

"Yes. She wanted to discuss the writing contest with Producer-san, but then Producer-san was too much of a pervert and scared her away."

"...People might hear you."

"Oh, so Producer-san does care what other people think."

Kaoru had nothing to say. Kaho's gaze was far too resentful.

So he kept his distance from her, but played weird roleplay games with another underclassman?

Thankfully, Kaho did not keep clinging to that topic. She closed the office door, then turned around and walked toward Kaoru step by step.

She was also wearing her school uniform today, though she had not put on the blazer. Instead, she wore a vest with a short-sleeved shirt, revealing a stretch of smooth, fair arms.

Her skirt swayed lightly as she moved, and her white socks gave her whole appearance a clean, cheerful look that was pleasant to the eye.

"Kaho, nothing strange has happened recently, right?"

Kaoru tried to redirect her attention. "As an idol, you always need to pay attention to your safety."

Kaho was the youngest idol at 283 Production.

Although she worked very hard, her presence could not quite compare to her seniors at the agency.

On top of that, her unit was not the strongest group under 283 Production either.

At best, it could be considered a second- or third-line idol unit.

Even so, her popularity was not something to underestimate. After all, she belonged to an agency that had held major stages before.

Her value had also risen with that, and she would naturally receive more resources.

The fact that her identity had only been exposed now was probably a matter of luck.

Kaoru could not expect every student to be interested in idols. Most likely, only a few happened to recognize Kaho.

As for everyone else, they were probably just watching the fun.

"With Producer-san here, I'm definitely safe."

Kaho walked up to Kaoru. "Aside from a few small troubles, like people asking me for autographs sometimes, I haven't met any haters."

Then Kaho very naturally moved close to Kaoru and leaned against him.

She sniffed lightly for a moment, and after not noticing anything strange, she smiled.

"Producer-san really does like feet. You haven't changed at all."

Although Kaho had never personally experienced anything like that, she had been at the agency long enough to know plenty about Producer-san's preferences.

"Was Nanase-san just now Producer-san's next girlfriend?"

"She isn't."

Kaoru himself was not sure what exactly he was denying.

"And yet Producer-san would rather go after my classmate than the girl already right in front of him?"

Kaho looked up at Kaoru with a pitiful expression. Clearly, there was an extremely cute younger idol standing right here.

"What kind of person recommends herself like that?"

To be honest, in Kaoru's impression, Kaho had once been a much younger girl.

Even though that was no longer the case, the impression was still difficult to erase.

"If I don't recommend myself, Producer-san is going to run off with someone else."

Kaho slowly puffed up her cheeks. "Who told you to be so amazing? In the blink of an eye, even Nanase-san ended up playing weird games with you."

In truth, she had faintly heard the repeated "loser" insults from outside.

The voice had sounded especially exaggerated, so she had deliberately called out to warn Kaoru.

As for what happened afterward, that had nothing to do with her.

"There are special circumstances with her. Because I care about Kaho, I'm trying to treasure Kaho properly."

Kaoru gently held the girl in his arms and spoke warmly.

However, just as she had said before, Kaho had grown up more than he remembered. H

olding her made Kaoru unable to stay completely calm.

"Producer-san always tricks people like this. The same move won't work on a Saint twice."

Despite saying that, Kaho still buried her face in his chest with some embarrassment.

It was full of the scent she liked.

The scent of her Producer.

Kaoru gently patted her back, originally intending to comfort her.

But the soft figure in his arms already had a clear, grown-up shape to it, and he had to use a great deal of willpower to suppress the impulse to tease her.

Kaho shifted slightly in his arms, pressing close to him with complete trust.

"Producer-san?"

She began to smile mischievously. "You're reacting to me again. That's strange. You never used to react to me like this."

Kaoru's face darkened. He said irritably, "You said it yourself. That was before. What kind of grown girl still sits this close to a man? Didn't they tell you to keep some distance from men?"

"Ehehe. Of course I keep my distance from other people. But Producer-san is different."

Kaho smiled so brightly that her eyes curved like crescent moons. "What should I do? Thinking that Producer-san sees me differently now suddenly feels a little dangerous."

"I should send you back."

Kaoru's face went expressionless.

Kaho immediately puffed up her cheeks and hummed, "So stingy. It's not Producer-san's fault for liking cute girls. Producer-san should like cute girls!"

Preferably, someone cute like her.

Not only was she adorable, but she had also worked hard to grow more mature.

She could not think of any girl in the world who fit Producer-san's preferences more perfectly than she did.

After all, Producer-san had noticed her back when she was still much younger.

That meant Producer-san definitely liked girls with a cute, youthful charm.

So, no matter how much Hiori and Tōru-senpai kept scoring points like crazy, they were still...

Still...

Losers.

Quietly, of course.

Ahem.

Anyway, that was how it was!

Chapter 726: Mature

Komiya Kaho was a cheerful and lively girl.

Every time Kaoru saw her pure, angel-like smile, even he found it impossible to act carelessly around her.

Perhaps because she had been so young back then, the wishes attached to her had been few, nowhere near as intense as Asakura Tōru's.

She had been the type who almost faded into the background.

So much so that even the wishes surrounding her were far more normal than the others.

There were not many strange ones, mostly simple things like wanting a pat on the head, wanting someone to play along with her tokusatsu jokes, or pretending to fight aliens together.

Even so, Kaoru had still failed to maintain a completely proper image as her Producer in front of her. After all, seeing the Producer she admired being stepped on by one of her respected seniors had been far too shocking for her young heart at the time.

If Kaho had not been so innocent back then and had actually understood what she was seeing, she probably would have wanted to run away on the spot.

The little girl from those days was now a high school student. Not only had she grown more mature than before, but perhaps because bad company rubbed off on people, she had also learned a few things she had not understood back then.

"Producer-san, do you like feet?"

Kaho asked with an innocent expression, looking as pure as she had when she was younger.

"No."

Kaoru did not think he counted as someone with that kind of preference. Some people who had that interest were into things he absolutely was not into, so in his mind, he could not be counted among them.

"Really?"

Kaho blinked. "Then what were you doing with Nanase-san earlier?"

"I was just checking her foot. Nothing else."

Kaoru lightly tapped her and said, "You're asking too many questions. Hurry up and get down."

That habitual motion made Kaoru pause slightly.

Kaho had grown. She was no longer the little girl from his memories, and the sense of her weight and presence was different now.

Kaho slowly puffed up her cheeks. Instead of getting down, she shifted restlessly in his arms and held onto him even tighter.

"I don't even mind, so why does Producer-san mind so much? If Producer-san likes girls' feet, there are two right here too!"

As she spoke, her legs kicked lightly as if announcing their existence.

Her white socks disappeared into her black loafers, and Kaoru instinctively pressed down on her leg to stop her from moving around.

"I know. Producer-san definitely likes feet. Rinze, Juri, Hiori-senpai, Asakura-senpai, all of them said Producer-san is a super suspicious foot-lover!"

Kaho sounded especially righteous, and also especially upset. Kaoru seemed willing to mess with everyone except her.

"What is a high school girl doing talking about that so confidently?"

Kaoru said irritably. "And it's not like I like everyone's feet. What if Kaho knocks me out with the smell?"

"No, no! They don't smell!"

Kaho immediately grew anxious. She took care of herself every day, and her socks were breathable too. There was no way there would be any strange smell!

"Is anyone supposed to offer herself up like this?"

Kaoru rubbed her head.

Speaking of which, she was taller than Kei and the others now. Her legs looked long and healthy, giving her a bright, youthful kind of charm.

"Did you grow taller again?"

Kaho giggled and proudly held up two fingers. "One hundred sixty-five centimeters! I grew a whole two centimeters!"

Fine. Kaoru took back what he had just thought. Maybe it had simply been a while since he last saw Kaho, causing him to misjudge her.

Even so, plenty of girls would probably envy her height. Sakayanagi Arisu was only about one hundred fifty centimeters, Karuizawa Kei was one hundred fifty-four, and even Ichinose Honami had not passed one hundred sixty.

That was just how things were in Japan.

Kaoru remembered that some boys were not even one hundred seventy centimeters tall. Kaho could definitely be considered a tall, beautiful girl.

"Praise me! Hurry up and praise me!"

Kaho shook Kaoru, her eyes sparkling. "It's not just my height either. I've grown in other ways too. Does Producer-san want to check?"

Kaoru could already tell that she had grown up a lot compared to before. Beneath her thin vest, the shape of her body had become far more mature than the elementary school girl in his memory.

From twelve to sixteen, Kaho had clearly grown more than most girls her age.

"No checking."

Kaoru tugged lightly at her cheek. "I'm not so shameless that I want to touch every cute girl I see. Have a little faith in your Producer."

"Uu... I definitely have faith in Producer-san... but... but Producer-san reacts to me now!"

Kaho blinked with innocent-looking eyes. "Kaho doesn't understand anything, you know. I don't know why Producer-san gets so tense around Kaho now."

Kaoru was momentarily speechless. At this point, it was almost a conditioned reaction.

After all, his physical condition was stronger than most people's, and he was at an age where his body reacted easily.

Even if he had no such intention, his body sometimes moved ahead on its own.

"Producer-san, what's this?"

Kaho curiously shifted a little, teasing him with a bright, mischievous expression. "Are you hiding something? Is it a Kamen Rider belt?"

Kaoru's face darkened.

He tapped her nose. "Stop moving around. Don't think I won't scold you just because you're acting cute."

This girl had even learned to be sly. She wore the same pure, innocent expression as before while deliberately teasing him.

"Ehehe, I won't move!"

Kaho laughed craftily and rubbed her cheek against Kaoru's chest.

Whether or not it was a Kamen Rider belt did not matter to her. Even if she knew she was doing something naughty, like a bad child, Kaho did not really care.

As long as she could be with Producer-san, that was enough.

She liked the days she spent with him. She missed the life they used to have, but that did not mean she had not grown up.

Kaho had already learned many things.

From the day she joined 283 Production, and especially from the day Producer-san disappeared, the once naïve little girl had become a high school student.

She knew that Producer-san had complicated relationships with girls.

She did not mind.

If Producer-san became close to her one day, she would probably accept it, because she wanted to keep being with him.

If Producer-san did not become close to her that way, she could accept that too. Whether their relationship changed or not was not the most important thing to her. What mattered was whether Producer-san stayed by her side.

Just lying in Producer-san's arms like this was already enough to make Kaho feel satisfied. The teasing from earlier, and the way Producer-san reacted to her, were things she treated as a little game between the two of them.

It was just that before, she liked playing tokusatsu with Producer-san.

Now, there was a tiny bit of grown-up mischief mixed in too.

Kaho did not know whether this counted as serious dependence. In any case, she just wanted to stay with Producer-san.

"Hey, Producer-san, when are you going back?"

"Back to the agency?"

"Everyone is waiting for Producer-san. Without Producer-san, everyone is becoming more and more unhappy."

"..."

"I want Producer-san's grand stage too. We haven't had our grand stage after school yet."

"Okay. I'll make it up to you all someday."

"Rinze cried several times. If you don't go back soon, she'll cry again."

"..."

That felt a little heavy. Kaoru did not know what kind of expression he should make.

He remembered Morino Rinze, that girl who had once told him with complete seriousness that she would follow him for the rest of her life.

What kind of face had he made back then?

Kaoru thought back to the scene when he returned to the agency.

That expressionless young lady had run toward him in small, hurried steps, so fast that even her wooden sandals had slipped off.

If he had not supported her in time, she probably would have fallen badly.

Chapter 727: Ex-Girlfriend

"Next week, we'll go back together."

Kaoru patted Kaho on the head.

They were supposed to be NPCs he had abandoned, people he had run away from because he could no longer squeeze wishes out of them.

"I wrote new songs for you all. I'm also getting in touch with the people from before. The president seems very happy to see me return."

He had thought they would care about his return from death. He had even wondered whether they would be afraid that he was no longer human.

But he had been wrong.

Even the timid Ōsaki Tenka had bravely hugged him, let alone the others.

Well, Mayuzumi Fuyuko had cursed him out especially harshly. Kaoru had no idea what she had learned while arguing with haters online.

"Producer-san, are you not going to school anymore?"

Kaho's eyes brightened. If Kaoru stopped studying, she would immediately drop out too.

The corner of Kaoru's mouth twitched.

Why did she make it sound as if he was about to drop out of high school?

Although, to be fair, he really was too lazy to keep attending.

"No. I still have to stay here for a while."

Seeing the light in Kaho's eyes dim little by little, Kaoru softened. "Actually, I planned to go back before Christmas this year. Now that I have the right to leave campus freely, I can go back and see everyone whenever I want."

Every time Kaoru said "go back," Kaho felt a little happy.

At the very least, in Kaoru's heart, 283 Production still meant home.

"So troublesome. This place doesn't let outsiders come in."

Kaho puffed up her cheeks. "If Producer-san wants to date high school girls, why didn't you just transfer to a normal school?"

Kaoru was about to explain, but then he froze.

He had never thought about transferring.

No, transferring would not solve the problem either.

He knew very well that the real issue was that he could not properly take care of both sides at once. One side was the girls at the agency, and the other was the girls here.

After thinking for a while, Kaoru decided he still had to find an opportunity to let both sides formally meet.

...

"Kei, I want to talk to you."

That evening, Kaoru decided to test Karuizawa Kei's thoughts.

"Talk about what?"

Kei was wearing a camisole-style nightdress, lying on Kaoru's bed with a fashion magazine in her hands. As the gyaru of the class, she always needed to keep up with the latest trends.

"Did you ever date anyone before?"

Kaoru looked at her legs as she casually swung them up and down. Her nightdress only covered part of her thighs, leaving a large area of pale skin exposed.

Every time she swung her feet, her small, rounded hips shifted slightly with the movement.

Though petite, she looked soft and lively enough to make him want to tap her lightly just to tease her.

However, when Kei heard Kaoru's question, she clearly froze.

Very quickly, Kei scrambled upright in a fluster, her voice rising several pitches. "I didn't do anything with Hirata-kun! I still had my first kiss and everything!"

She admitted that she had dated Hirata Yōsuke for a while, but back then, she had only been looking for a reliable boy who could protect her.

She had not been approaching it with real romantic feelings.

Throughout that entire relationship, nothing had happened between her and Yōsuke.

Her first kiss had been with Kaoru. The first person to touch her affectionately was also Kaoru, and even the first person to make her feel truly safe and wanted had been him.

"That isn't what I meant."

Kaoru realized what she had misunderstood. "I just wanted to know whether Kei had ever properly dated anyone before."

"Of course not!"

Kei relaxed, then immediately became a little smug. "Hehe. Happy now? Your girlfriend has only ever had a real romance with you."

"I'm happy. Kei is so cute that I thought you must have dated before, but it turns out I'm your first love."

Kaoru placed a hand over his chest. "It feels like winning the lottery. My heart is beating fast."

"Ehehe, be proud of yourself. I'm sticking with you for life!"

Kei hummed a few times, her voice carrying a hint of spoiled sweetness.

"That's fine. I'll support you."

Kaoru opened his arms toward her, and Kei immediately understood, throwing herself into his embrace.

"Having such a cute girlfriend like Kei, gentle and thoughtful, must mean I saved the world in my past life."

"You and that sweet mouth of yours!"

Kei smiled so sweetly that it was obvious how happy she was.

Girls in love liked hearing things like that. No matter how cheesy he sounded, she still loved listening to it.

"No, I really do feel like I've been unfair to you. Kei is this cute, but I..."

Kaoru paused. "I still want to keep everyone."

Kei pressed her lips together.

Her face was buried in Kaoru's chest as she said in a muffled voice, "So what? I'm the one who came to you back then. You rejected me several times, and I still went to you anyway."

"I still care about it a little. I don't want you to ever wonder whether things would have turned out better if you hadn't accepted me."

Kaoru knew Kei got jealous of everyone.

Even Honami had not moved into his room, yet Kei was the only one who had wanted to.

"I won't."

Kei shifted a little in his arms. "If you're that worried, then just don't give me a reason to think that. If you go on one date with someone else, you have to go on two dates with me. If you spend time with them once, you have to spend time with me twice."

As she said it, even she became embarrassed.

"Okay. I'll agree to all of it."

Kaoru lightly tapped her hip in a teasing, threatening way. "Then tonight, no complaining, or I'll punish you."

"No tapping!"

Kei left his embrace at once and covered herself defensively, her cheeks a little red. "Every time you do that, it feels weird. You can't just hit a girl there."

"I don't believe you. Let me try."

Kaoru smiled.

"Pervert!"

Kei refused to let him and hurriedly hid from him. "You can go tease Kikyō instead. Kikyō would definitely like it."

Whenever Kushida Kikyō was not around, Kei always thought of pushing trouble onto her.

Kaoru could not tell whether Kei was jealous or not jealous at all.

"Ahem. I won't tease you tonight."

Kaoru naturally sat down by the edge of the bed. "I still want to talk to Kei for a while. You never dated before, but I think I did."

Kei, who had been hiding off to the side, immediately perked up.

She knew Kaoru had definitely wanted to reveal something to her. How could she not understand what her own boyfriend was planning?

"How many?"

Kei asked, not sounding sour at all. "You're not allowed to only tell me about one. You have to tell me everything!"

Kaoru fell silent for a moment. "What if there really was only one?"

"Don't try to trick me. How could only one girl have liked you?"

Kei scoffed.

Her boyfriend was this amazing. If no one had liked him, those girls must have been blind.

Kei felt that Kaoru must have had several ex-girlfriends at the very least. Otherwise, how could anyone explain how experienced he was at dealing with girls?

A few days ago, he had handled five girls' teasing at once, and Kei absolutely did not believe he had no experience.

Chapter 728: Shameless

Kaoru did not know whether the girls from back then could really be called his ex-girlfriends.

He had run away too quickly. At the time, he had not thought about taking responsibility at all.

Perhaps it was precisely because of that guilt that Kaoru had become so cautious now.

He did not want to let down Karuizawa Kei and the others, but he also could not leave the girls at the agency waiting for him with desperate eyes.

To be honest, he had already fallen into a difficult position.

If he did not return to the agency, several of the idols would definitely go half-mad and come running after him.

The fact that they had let him return to Advanced Nurturing High School at all, only sending Komiya Kaho to watch him and make sure he did not disappear again, was already the greatest compromise they could make.

But if Kaoru truly returned to the agency and left Kei and the others here, that would be another kind of extreme.

In Kei's eyes, would that count as abandoning his current girlfriends and happily running back into the arms of his exes?

Because of that, Kaoru had been hesitating all this time, unsure of how he should handle the matter.

How was he supposed to balance both sides properly?

Laying everything bare was one option.

Ichinose Honami and Sakayanagi Arisu both knew about his past.

They knew he once had a group of idols around him, and that his relationships there had been complicated.

If Kamuro Masumi was included, then it should count as two and a half people who knew.

Kaoru now planned to test Kei's reaction and see just how much she could accept.

A few exes and a double-digit number of exes were not the same thing at all.

There were more than he could count on both hands.

"Fine. I did have quite a few ex-girlfriends."

In the end, Kaoru defined them as his girlfriends. In a way, that was also an acknowledgment of their identities.

None of them would be allowed to run away.

Kei crossed her arms and gave a small hum. "How many is 'quite a few'?"

"If it's more than five, will Kei get angry?"

Kaoru asked quietly.

Kei calculated for a moment.

There was herself, Honami, Kushida Kikyō, Horikita Suzune, Tachibana Akane, Asahina Nazuna, Sakura Airi, and the others. Even now, the number was already close to double digits.

"A little."

Kei could not really criticize him too much. He already had more than five now, so it was likely that things had been similar in the past too.

"Does first-year Komiya count as your ex too? I feel like she really cares about you. She definitely likes you."

The look in someone's eyes when they liked another person could not be hidden. Kei was very certain of that.

No matter what excuse Kaho used, even if she framed it as a younger sister caring about her older brother, that girl was absolutely secretly in love with Kaoru.

And the reason was simple.

Kaho mentioned Kaoru all the time. Her eyes often drifted toward him, and the moment the topic became Kaoru, she would become especially energetic, as if she had endless things to say. Her eyes practically filled with stars.

And besides, what kind of "younger sister" was so enthusiastic about bringing lunch for her "older brother," especially when the two of them had clearly stated that they were not related by blood at all?

Was that not basically proof?

Kei even felt that Kaho was not bothering to hide it properly.

The only reason she kept using the title of "younger sister" was because it gave her an excuse to stay close to Kaoru.

"She doesn't count. Back then, I really treated Kaho like a younger sister."

Kaoru shook his head, though now Kaho clearly had thoughts toward her so-called older brother that were not quite pure.

Kei curled her lips. She did not believe Kaoru would never end up accepting Kaho. After all, this was an adorable little sister figure practically delivering herself to his door.

"And? Who else? Who are they, how did you get together with them, and why did you break up?"

Kaoru thought for a moment.

Lying was definitely not an option. The truth would be exposed sooner or later, and he did not want to lie to Kei.

So he could only speak a little tactfully.

He did not immediately reveal the existence of 283 Production. Instead, he briefly introduced the girls like Asakura Tōru in a vague way, even blurring their names.

But before Kaoru could finish, Kei interrupted him.

"They're all idols from the agency, aren't they?"

Kaoru froze.

The girl's eyes were clear as she looked at him, and the sudden question caught him completely off guard. It was like a carefully prepared performance had suddenly had its backstage exposed, leaving him unsure what to do.

Had Honami already told her the truth?

That thought inevitably surfaced in Kaoru's mind, and for some reason, he even felt slightly relieved.

"Kei already knows?"

"Mm... not really. Honami told me a tiny bit. And Komiya exposed her identity herself, didn't she? She's an idol from the agency, and she's your 'younger sister.' The Producer looks exactly like you, has the same name as you, and even Kikyō was guessing whether you had an equally shameless older brother."

At this point, Kei already sounded very dissatisfied.

She had thought Kaoru had, at most, fooled around with a few young idols.

She had not expected it to be over a dozen.

"I didn't mean to hide it from you. Coming back after dying once is a little frightening to explain."

Kaoru grew awkward. He had spent so long preparing himself, only to find that they had already guessed more than half the truth.

"Coming back after dying once?"

Kei tilted her head in confusion. "Oh, right. I almost forgot. The news said you died. Was that just a cover-up?"

She did not think Kaoru had any supernatural powers, so in her mind, it was probably a cover story he had used to hide his identity before infiltrating this special school for some secret purpose.

Kei thought about it for a long while, but she could not figure out what kind of secret purpose Kaoru might have.

Could his target have been her?

"This is hard to explain. I really did die once, but that isn't the main point."

Kaoru did not notice that Kei's cheeks had gone a little red.

He took a deep breath several times. "I used to be the Producer at 283 Production. I had complicated relationships with more than ten idols there. Now I plan to take responsibility for them. That's what I wanted to tell you."

The moment those words fell, the air in the room seemed to sink into silence.

Kaoru knew this was sudden, but he could not control everyone's thoughts. Both sides would meet sooner or later. If he did not say it now, the girls from the agency would eventually show up in person.

Kei's reaction would determine what he did next.

"So... you're leaving?"

For some reason, Kei's voice trembled slightly, and a misty sheen appeared in her eyes.

Kaoru froze, then instinctively denied it. "No. I'm not planning to leave right now."

Immediately after saying it, he realized he had phrased it badly and hurriedly tried to correct himself.

But in the next moment, Kei threw herself onto him.

"No! I don't want that!"

The girl clung to Kaoru with all her strength. "If you have to leave, then you have to take me with you! I'll drop out with you! Wherever you go, I'll go too. You won't get rid of me!"

Clearly, Kei had understood his words as him wanting to return to those girls' side and stop staying at school.

Chapter 729: A New Way

Feeling the strength with which she held onto him, Kaoru found it a little funny, but mostly painful.

"I'm not planning to drop out. I might need to leave school for a while, that's all."

Kaoru struggled to explain. "I just want to take responsibility for them. That doesn't mean I don't want you. It doesn't mean I don't want Kei. Every single one of you, I want all of you."

"I don't care. I'm following you no matter what!"

Kei refused to listen to his explanation.

She buried her face deep in his chest and hugged him even tighter, as though she could keep him there by force.

"I don't want to be separated from you. Don't go back, okay? I really like you. I don't understand anything about Producers or agencies. I just want to stay with you."

Perhaps a girl's intuition really was frighteningly sharp.

She could sense some of Kaoru's thoughts, and her heart resisted them fiercely. She was afraid that if Kaoru left, he might never come back.

Kaoru had no choice but to hold her and gently stroke her back, soothing her in a soft voice.

"I won't separate from Kei. No matter who asks it of me, I won't give you up."

"Liar."

Kei's voice was muffled.

If he was the Producer of an idol agency, then he must have been surrounded by beautiful idols all the time. And those idols must have willingly accepted him too.

Girls who could perform on stage, whether in looks or figure, were not enemies Kei had much confidence in defeating.

Compared to a plain, ordinary high school girl, bright and glamorous idols were surely more fun.

"Then let's get married."

Kaoru held her shoulders. "If Kei doesn't believe me, then let's get married."

Kei stared at him.

"Wah!"

By the time she reacted, her entire face had turned bright red. "M-m-m-married?! We can't! Little Honami was first, and... and... can we really do that?"

Kaoru ignored her incoherent panic and continued, "From a legal standpoint, Kei is old enough to marry. Why wouldn't we be able to? If you're worried about your parents, I'll take responsibility for convincing them."

"That's not what I mean!"

Kei desperately argued back. "S-suddenly talking about marriage like this... what about little Honami and the others?"

"There can only be one marriage certificate, but there doesn't have to be only one wedding."

Kaoru smiled. "Polygamy might be illegal, but it's only a problem if we get caught."

Given his current situation, there probably would not be any tactless person foolish enough to come looking for trouble.

No matter how many he wanted to marry, it would be fine as long as nobody outside knew.

If there was a real issue, it would be whether he could convince their parents.

"I... I... uuu..."

Kei stammered for a long time, unable to form a proper sentence. Her cheeks only grew redder and redder, until she looked painfully embarrassed.

Seeing her like that, Kaoru could not resist lifting her chin and kissing her lightly.

"As long as Kei is willing, I can hold a wedding with you anytime."

Kaoru lowered his voice. "I know I've done a lot of things badly. I like you, but I also like other people. I even want all of you to accept that. It's selfish and unfair... but I can swear this much. I won't give up on Kei. I will never leave you."

His breath was close.

Kei's eyelashes trembled faintly. As his voice reached her, half the strength seemed to leave her body, and instinctively, she wanted him to kiss her again. Her damp lips moved slightly without her noticing.

"Mm."

The ending note of her voice was soft and sweet. In truth, her mind had already gone hazy.

"Marriage is too fast. Can we go a little slower?"

"Why?"

Kaoru brushed aside the hair near her cheek and gently touched her soft, delicate ear. "Does Kei think Honami will be unhappy?"

"Mm. Little Honami should be first."

Kei whispered, "I believe you now. Marriage is just... too fast."

She felt that she still was not mentally prepared. Although Kikyō joked about these things all the time, now that the moment had actually arrived, Kei was suddenly at a loss.

"Too fast?"

Kaoru lowered his voice. "Fine. Then we'll talk about it next year. Don't worry about Honami. When the time comes, I'll take both of you."

Kei's ears turned red.

Was he talking about a wedding with two brides?

"The ring from before can count as an engagement ring. Later, I'll buy you all proper wedding rings."

"Uu..."

Kaoru gently pressed Kei down onto the bed and held her hands.

She only stared up at him with a completely flushed face, not even trying to resist.

Kei seemed difficult to handle on the surface, but once Kaoru found the right way to reach her, she became surprisingly soft. In a sense, he was taking advantage of her insecurity and deep dependence on him.

Kaoru felt guilty about it.

But this was the only way he could give Kei the sense of safety she needed.

"Ah..."

As the girl bit her lip, the last of her resistance faded away. She accepted the reassurance Kaoru offered her with her whole heart.

...

Nanase Tsubasa could not sleep.

She felt as though she had no face left to meet anyone.

Everything that happened today would become a dark stain in her personal history.

The first time she had ever been in such an awkward position with a boy, someone had walked in and seen it!

"Ugh..."

Tsubasa rolled around on her bed. Every time she remembered it, her face burned fiercely. She felt both humiliated and furious.

What kind of stupidity had possessed her?

No. She definitely had to find a chance to correct Kaoru!

Tsubasa had no intention of obediently cooperating forever. She had her own thoughts too.

Right now, she was merely enduring humiliation and satisfying some of that ridiculous president's strange demands.

Once she fulfilled her wish, she would immediately draw a clear line between herself and that pervert!

Holding onto that thought, Tsubasa rolled around in bed for most of the night. By the next morning, she even had dark circles under her eyes.

She had just been about to head to class when she received a message that made her mood sink all at once.

Not long afterward, Tsubasa appeared in the Acting Director's office.

"Sorry for calling you here so early."

Tsukishiro Tokinari spoke with a hint of apology. For an ordinary student, that might have been enough to make them feel flattered.

"May I ask what this is about?"

Tsubasa wore a polite smile and added, "If it's about Ayanokōji-senpai, I'm currently thinking of a way."

"No, no. We won't be talking about Ayanokōji-kun today."

Tsukishiro shook his head and looked at the girl meaningfully. "Have you been getting close to Suzuki-kun lately?"

Tsubasa fell silent.

She realized that all her actions were under the other party's surveillance.

The fact that he had deliberately called her here at this time likely meant something had exceeded his expectations.

Was it because she had been getting close to Kaoru instead of approaching Ayanokōji Kiyotaka?

"My relationship with Mitoma-senpai is an ordinary senior-junior relationship."

Tsubasa instinctively did not want to reveal the true situation between herself and Kaoru.

"Ordinary?"

Tsukishiro pondered for a moment. "If I give you a few months, can you win him over?"

Tsubasa froze.

Had she heard that correctly?

Tsukishiro wanted her to win over Kaoru?

"You want me to win over Mitoma-senpai?"

The girl asked tentatively.

Tsukishiro frowned slightly, showing a trace of displeasure, but still answered, "That man likes young, attractive women. You have a good chance. Your previous mission is canceled. Ayanokōji-kun is no longer your target. Your current mission is to win over Mitoma-kun."

There was no way around it.

Kaoru's value had already surpassed Kiyotaka's.

At this point, it was not only Ayanokōji Atsuomi who had his eyes on Advanced Nurturing High School. Almost every major figure was paying attention to this place.

It was not only the head of the Shinomiya Group considering whether to send their family's young lady here. Even the Prime Minister was thinking about how to maintain a connection with Kaoru.

As Ayanokōji Atsuomi's representative, Tsukishiro naturally understood the principle of acting first.

Since the other party liked beautiful girls, then he would simply send him one.

Tsubasa was a very good choice.

Chapter 730: She counts as half

In fact, it wasn't just Nanase Tsubasa; Tsukishiro Tokinari also told Amasawa Ichika about this mission.

Amasawa Ichika was the test-tube baby of a certain VIP. Because the other party wanted to cultivate a genius, Amasawa Ichika was handed over to the White Room.

The results satisfied the other party. It was just a pity that Amasawa Ichika was a daughter, not a son. Her future was either to marry into another prominent family or to have a portion of the family business handed over to her to manage.

As a daughter, Amasawa Ichika could not inherit all of this VIP's assets and family name.

Regardless, the White Room's training results satisfied the other party, and a son was sent over later. This one was the child who possessed inheritance rights.

Otherwise, Tsukishiro Tokinari would not have dared to dispatch Amasawa Ichika.

However, with Kaoru's existence, this VIP took a sudden interest in Amasawa Ichika. Learning that Amasawa Ichika was also at ANHS, he planned to send his daughter over.

After all, this VIP had never even seen his biological daughter, so making this kind of decision was normal.

Tsukishiro Tokinari merely informed Amasawa Ichika of the other party's decision. Whether she wanted to comply was her freedom. The White Room's only requirement for her was to defeat Ayanokoji Kiyotaka.

The White Room's current situation was awkward. They had just sent Yagami Takuya and Amasawa Ichika in, only for Yagami Takuya to be kicked out in no time.

He had to leave. Even the Prime Minister didn't dare offend Kaoru. One must know that ANHS was one of the current Prime Minister's political achievements; this was his territory.

The White Room could only accept reality with bitterness, while trying to contact Kaoru to test the waters. If you can't beat them, join them. Perhaps a powerful alliance could give Ayanokoji Atsuomi a chance to approach the Prime Minister's throne.

Therefore, Nanase Tsubasa was the White Room's choice.

Looking at the girl's silent demeanor, Tsukishiro Tokinari spoke with coldness, "As long as you can do it, we can give you whatever you want."

Kaoru was a lustful guy. Anyone who learned of his situation would make this judgment at once.

Since he liked beautiful girls, prescribing the right medicine was not a difficult decision. If Ayanokoji Kiyotaka were a beautiful girl, Tsukishiro Tokinari suspected his employer could come up with a hundred ways to heat up their relationship.

Nanase Tsubasa stayed silent for a while before asking the question she had been dwelling on: "Who exactly is Kaoru-senpai?"

To make Tsukishiro Tokinari issue such a bizarre mission, what kind of status and ability did Kaoru possess?

"That is not something you should ask. Just execute the mission."

Tsukishiro Tokinari refused to speak further, appearing wary. "Do not expose our relationship. Continue faking your identity. You are an avenger, your childhood friend is Matsuo Eiichiro, and your goal is to take revenge on us."

A flash of annoyance crossed Nanase Tsubasa's eyes. Then she realized she was getting too into character, treating Matsuo Eiichiro as her childhood friend.

"Good, that's the look."

Tsukishiro Tokinari nodded in satisfaction. "From now on, report your progress with Kaoru to me. Use any means necessary. Once you gain his trust, do nothing extra and wait for my orders."

Nanase Tsubasa knew she would get no answers from Tsukishiro Tokinari. She was just a tool for the White Room, the convenient type.

"I understand."

"Go back. Don't let anyone find out you were here."

"Understood."

...

Meanwhile, in the Class 2-A classroom.

"Masumi, if I had over a dozen exes, would you be angry?"

Kamuro Masumi cast a glance at Kaoru. Even if this guy had over a dozen exes, what did it have to do with her?

"No, I'd praise you for being amazing enough not to die by their hands."

Kaoru couldn't quite tell if she was being sarcastic, so he turned to look at Sakayanagi Arisu.

"I would be angry, Kaoru-kun."

Sakayanagi Arisu blinked at him. "You keep saying you want everyone now, so why would there be ex-girlfriends?"

Though Sakayanagi Arisu asked despite knowing the answer, she hit the crucial point. Kaoru thought for a moment and replied, "I made mistakes in the past, and I plan to repent."

"I see, but that has nothing to do with us, right?"

Sakayanagi Arisu tilted her cheek. "Can Ichinose-san and the others accept your past?"

Kaoru wanting to take responsibility for the idols was his own business. Neither Sakayanagi Arisu nor Ichinose Honami knew these people, so why should they accept these so-called exes?

Not forcing Kaoru to make a choice was their greatest tolerance.

"If it were me, I would wait here for them to come knocking."

Sakayanagi Arisu pursed her lips into a calm smile. "What's mine is mine. If they want it, they can come and take it themselves."

Kaoru was left speechless. He had to admit, while she was small in certain places, she was quite confident.

"What are you guys talking about?"

Kamuro Masumi couldn't hold back. "Does he really have over a dozen exes from his past?"

It had to be a joke. She had considered that Kaoru might have a few exes, but wasn't over a dozen too exaggerated?

"Masumi-san, never let your guard down around this man beside us."

Sakayanagi Arisu said in earnest, "He hasn't talked to us about any exes before, yet he brings it up now. Who knows, his exes might show up in front of us with children in the next moment."

Kaoru couldn't listen anymore.

He reached out and pinched her cheek, saying in exasperation, "I didn't realize you were so good at talking nonsense. If I really had a child, you'd be the first to get pregnant."

"Hehe, so you really had this bad idea in mind. How annoying."

Sakayanagi Arisu lowered her head in shyness. "Dame yo. If I get pregnant, Kaoru-kun must marry me, a proper formal marriage."

A proper formal marriage meant she would be the main wife, while Ichinose Honami and the rest would only be considered little mistresses.

"We'll talk when you're pregnant."

Kaoru remained expressionless. She was just taking advantage of her poor health to talk big. When it came down to the real deal, she would probably be the first to act docile.

Sakayanagi Arisu smiled without minding it. She felt Ichinose Honami definitely couldn't handle the agency's idols. When the time came, she would step in herself.

What could a group of former losers achieve? They were just relying on having met him earlier, hoping to make Kaoru change his mind.

Anyone who understood 283 Production would gasp at their producer. A born workhorse, doing the work of ten people alone—practically a high-yielding sow.

In terms of work, there was nothing to fault Kaoru for. Although he was a bit of a pervert in private, rumored to have once collected worn black tights.

Even so, Sakayanagi Arisu had nothing to say. The crux of the matter was that they fell for Kaoru later, but didn't think to care for him, instead driving him to hang himself.

Sakayanagi Arisu didn't know the real reason behind it. She guessed even if she asked, Kaoru wouldn't answer.

But they somehow managed to lose a guy who could even win over Ichinose Honami. It left Sakayanagi Arisu speechless.

For someone like Kaoru, who responded to persuasion but not coercion, choosing to give up on 283 Production likely meant they made the wrong moves on certain routes.

In other words, the producer captured the idols, but the idols failed to capture the producer in time.

Sakayanagi Arisu wanted to meet them, curious about how they operated back then.

Komiya Kaho was a good target to understand the situation. However, she could never catch her. The girl seemed full of vigilance toward her.

"Hey, is that Komiya your ex?"

Kamuro Masumi seemed to realize something. She knew a bit of Kaoru's past, but only a tiny bit.

"She counts as half. I didn't lay a hand on her back then."

Kaoru replied.

Kamuro Masumi's face darkened.

If someone as proactive as Komiya Kaho only counted as half, didn't that mean there were dozens of women with whom he had ambiguous relationships?

"When do you plan to lay a hand on her?"

"I never said I was going to."

"Hehe."

"Alright, suppose there are about twenty other girls like Kaho. Masumi, would you be disgusted with me?"

"Do you realize what kind of scumbag remark you're making?"

"I can't help it. Only in front of Masumi do I expose my true nature."

"Disgusting enough."

Seeing Kamuro Masumi show her usual look of disgust, Kaoru felt satisfied. Even after learning there might be dozens of exes, only her attitude toward him remained unchanged.

"What's with that expression?"

Kamuro Masumi said with dissatisfaction, "Have you told Ichinose? She's your girlfriend. What's the point of telling me this?"

Yes, even though Kaoru had pinned her to the bed before, she still didn't consider herself his girlfriend, remaining stubborn and refusing to admit she liked him.

"Because I want to know what Masumi thinks and if she'd be angry with me."

Kaoru didn't give a direct answer. "I know I like too many people, and it's lust at first sight every time. But I also like Masumi, and I don't want Masumi to think I haven't considered your feelings."

Sakayanagi Arisu reached out and poked his sleeve; there was another one right here.

"How troublesome. It's not like I'm your anyone."

Kamuro Masumi turned her face away for some reason, muttering something. "I don't care how many girlfriends you want. I'm not Ichinose."

"I think Masumi is also my girlfriend."

Kaoru said with righteous confidence.

"In your dreams."

Kamuro Masumi sneered.

"The fact is, everyone knows Masumi and I have an ambiguous relationship."

Kaoru smiled. "In their eyes, you are my girlfriend. Not to mention the Masumi in my heart. Even if you hate me, I will continue to like you."

Kamuro Masumi stayed silent, as if disdaining to retort.

Or rather, she felt she had retorted earlier, so there was no need this time, letting him say whatever he wanted.

Sakayanagi Arisu coughed a few times, reminding them in a soft voice, "Kaoru-kun, Masumi-san, if you two want to flirt, please pay attention to the setting. I am still here."

Kaoru looked at her, speechless. Even Kamuro Masumi beside him had a dark expression.

Usually, it was clear who was flirting with Kaoru. She didn't get angry when her cheek was pinched just now, yet now she was accusing her of flirting with Kaoru.

She figured Sakayanagi Arisu was holding a grudge from the last time she pressed her down.

Kamuro Masumi didn't care about this elementary schooler's grudge.

At worst, they'd do it again. Who asked her to be so stubborn, clearly liking Kaoru but insisting on provoking her instead.

Kaoru thought for a moment, then told Sakayanagi Arisu, "Come over on Sunday night."

His Holy Grail was prepared. It was time to fulfill the promise he had kept all along.

However, Sakayanagi Arisu's expression turned somewhat unnatural. Could he be preparing to condition her again?

"Don't overthink it."

Kaoru could guess what Sakayanagi Arisu was thinking. "I can fulfill the promise I made to you before now."

Though he spoke with ease, the amount of information revealed was astounding. Sakayanagi Arisu parted her lips by reflex. Certain thoughts circled her mind for a long time.

After a moment, she seemed to remember the kind of smile she should wear.

"I will look forward to it until then."

Sakayanagi Arisu blinked. "It will be just the two of us this time, right?"

Some words were best saved for when they were alone. There were too many eyes and ears right now, with Kamuro Masumi pricking up her ears to eavesdrop next to them.

She didn't want anyone to disturb her, like Ichinose Honami or Kamuro Masumi before.

Even if they were going to do bad things, it should at least just be her and Kaoru.

Sakayanagi Arisu watched his expression. Seeing him give a slight nod, her eyes curved into a smile, yet her chest felt tight as her heart raced.

...

After school in the afternoon, Kaoru originally planned to visit the Student Council.

But thinking of Nanase Tsubasa yesterday, who had experienced social death, he feared he might not see her for a few days.

Kaoru thought about it and decided to catch Shiina Hiyori; otherwise, he wouldn't be able to fulfill the wish.

Of course, he also had to deal with a problem.

"Ibuki-san, if you tail me again, I will drag you to the Student Council."

Kaoru looked at Ibuki Mio not far away. He didn't know what was wrong with this girl, but she had started tailing him in broad daylight again.

"Who is tailing you? Can't we be going the same way?"

Ibuki retorted, "Is the school path only for you to walk on, and I can't?"

"You're right, but where are you going?"

Kaoru sized the girl up and down. Her short hair looked sharper than Horikita Suzune's, giving off a tomboy vibe.

"I don't want to tell you."

Ibuki didn't move.

Since she didn't move, Kaoru didn't move either. The two stared at each other.

As he stepped forward, she followed. When Kaoru stopped, she stopped.

"You are following me, Ibuki-san."

"What's strange about that? I'm just walking normally."

"If I go to the restroom, will you follow me too?"

"Don't flatter yourself."

"If you care that much about what happened last time, you can come over and kick me a couple of times."

Kaoru offered his suggestion because most of the wishes on her were bizarre.

Like hoping she would beat him half to death, wanting her to choke him with her thighs, or enjoying the girl's breasts while being beaten.

Not exactly lewd, but extremely hardcore.

Sometimes, he couldn't understand what kind of perverts were making these wishes. Even Kaoru found it perverted.