**Hey lads!!**

**It’s been a long while I know.**

**To make up for the absence with this story, I made the chapter 8.5k words long, so make sure to enjoy!**

## Start:

Those were merely three words, but the weight they carried sounded as though he had just been sentenced to death. There wasn’t even a hint of hesitation in her voice.

Ayanokoji watched Mio Ibuki’s troubled expression for a moment, allowing the silence to engulf the space between them as he waited for her to elaborate on her warning further. It lasted for over a minute, and unsurprisingly, he was able to endure it.

His eyes drifted down to the fingers tightly tugging at the hem of his sleeve, the knuckles turning white from how intensely she was gripping it.

“Damn it!” Ibuki suddenly cursed, finally letting go of his shirt. “I don’t even want to talk to you again!” Her voice echoed through the narrow stairwell connecting the first floor to the clinic above, lingering beneath the concrete steps.

The space was the perfect spot for a confrontation. It was dark, isolated, and almost abandoned. But more importantly, there were no cameras around.

Ayanokoji could hear only Ibuki's ragged breathing and the distant thumps of footsteps from the floor above.

"You dragged me all the way here. You might as well spill how I'll be expelled," he said, shifting his weight as he quietly scanned the tomboy from head to toe.

Now that he had gotten physically closer to her, he could actually tell that she wasn't as rectangular as he had initially thought. In fact, her barely visible bosom had very humble curves that could reasonably be considered still under development. Or probably, considering her age, they were simply underdeveloped.

However, given her physical prowess and flexibility during gymnastics, he was convinced that the universe wouldn't just give you everything. Although, the universe might have gotten a little carried away with fairness, considering it didn't seem particularly generous to the blue-haired woman.

When he lifted his eyes back to her face, he saw her glaring right at his soul.

"Just to make it clear before you assume anything…" She exhaled sharply. "I'm not doing this to help you. Everything I'm about to say is for the sake of repaying your heroic stunt or whatever you did back there to crush that skull of yours." The way she uttered each word made it sound as though her tongue was getting burned.

Kiyotaka simply nodded, understanding all her rambling. "Well, I'm still alive," he answered flatly. "And I appreciate it," he continued, sincerely acknowledging her efforts to express her gratitude.

However, as far as he could remember, she had already thanked him earlier. She must have a split personality or something equally reasonable for her to be this moody.

Ibuki scoffed and crossed her arms. “You wouldn’t have had to save me if the beam wasn’t broken,” she said sternly, a hint of sarcasm in her voice. “And with that, you might want to investigate it before the gymnastics club and faculty reach a conclusion.”

Ayanokoji remained silent as he began analyzing what she just said. Well, it wasn’t hard for him to understand. It was just that, he didn’t think he had to go as far as investigating the incident.

“What kind of conclusion are we talking about here?” His face showed no emotion, but interest suddenly sparked within him.

He didn’t want certain words to come straight out of his mouth. He had to be careful.

Far greater seriousness crossed Ibuki’s purple eyes. “After you were rushed to the clinic, everyone tried to check the broken beam,” she started, taking a look around before fixing her gaze back at him. “It turns out the tension cable was broken. It snapped. It was a malfunction.”

Ayanokoji slowly nodded. “It was a malfunction,” he repeated in conclusion. It was what he initially thought.

Ibuki’s brow arched. “Sure. It could be possible. But why did such a thing happen when the two of you set it up?” There was a palpable accusation in her tone. “I refused to believe it was just a malfunction. It didn’t even sound like normal wear and tear anyway. I’ve encountered countless equipment failures throughout my entire sports journey… and it didn’t sound like one.”

He shifted his weight and heaved a light sigh. “So, you’re suspecting us, am I correct?”

A brief silence settled between them before Ibuki decided to break it. “Most of the gymnastics club find it strange that it snapped, myself included. Now, they’re trying to get to the bottom of it to prevent something like this from happening again.” Her low, sharp voice was laced with warning.

“They’re looking into the possibility that it was deliberately tampered with. The tension cable didn’t simply snap. It was cut.” Her jaw visibly clenched, frustrated with her own revelation. “You see, no matter how important this special exam is, the school won’t want to get involved in a controversy like this, especially when students have already been hospitalized. Worse, someone could have died.”

Ayanokoji slowly nodded. “I understand.” His low, flat voice reverberated across the abandoned space. “But believe it or not, I didn’t do it.”

It was true. He had no reasonable intentions to do it, and no reasonable person would’ve thought of something as grave as that.

“Exactly. That’s why you need to investigate it before they start pointing fingers at you and expel you. Hoshinomiya-sensei has been busy gathering information all day. They even closed the gym for a thorough investigation,” Ibuki replied immediately.

If they were indeed conducting an extensive investigation, then they’d easily find out that he had nothing to do with it.

He understood that Ibuki might just truly want to help him. However, he didn’t want to be careless. This could be some other trap and he wanted to balance everything, no matter how complicated it could be.

“But do you actually believe I didn’t do it, now that you suspect me?” There was a subtle hint of challenge in Kiyotaka’s casual tone.

Ibuki scratched her head vigorously before letting out a sigh. “Look… It’s not like I’m only blaming you. There could be countless people who could be responsible.” A faint frown crossed her face. “But if you really wanted to cause a problem like this, why would you save me from the fall? I refuse to believe you’re that sick in the head that you’d cause such a mess just to play hero afterward,” she responded, her tone pointed, with a hint of sarcasm.

“Well, point taken. Thank you for informing me, Ibuki. I thought the situation had already been resolved.” Ayanokoji paused, his gaze lingering on the girl’s troubled expression. “I’ll find Hoshinomiya-sensei and ask her about the details.”

The tomboy clicked her tongue, her purple eyes narrowing. “Now, I hope we’re quits. I don’t want to be indebted to you,” she said firmly.

The way she had said it in so many different ways was enough to show just how much pride she had.

But perhaps, Ayanokoji thought, it wasn’t really about merely repaying a debt. If he remembered correctly, Matsuo had called it kindness returning. He found himself rather glad to experience it firsthand, even if he had never considered his help to be an act of kindness in the first place.

“Well, you’re welcome. This is more than enough. After all, I trust the power of female intuition,” he said confidently although it didn’t reflect much on his naturally flat tone.

Sharp air immediately escaped through Ibuki’s nose, feeling her eye twitch. “Are you being sarcastic? Huh?” She stepped forward, looking like she was more than ready to punch him.

“No…” Ayanokoji raised his hands in front of her face as though surrendering. “I’m just trying to be friendly…”

Ibuki sighed resignedly as she turned on her heel, leaving Ayanokoji without another word. She believed she had done more than enough, considering that was the extent of what she could do. She didn’t want to interact too much with first-years from another class, especially since Ryuen could be watching everyone’s actions.

Ayanokoji watched Ibuki’s retreating figure in silence until she disappeared from his sight.
His mind remained occupied with the possibilities, as well as how easily they could be used to falsely accuse him.

Suddenly, Horikita came to mind.

She had even told him to check in with Hoshinomiya-sensei when he had the time. And he hadn’t done it.

But from the most logical perspective, he had simply assumed everything had already been resolved. He had completed setting up the equipment with Sotomura and remained there to make sure everyone was safe.

He had even been allowed to draw another task after his stay at the clinic without a question. There hadn’t been any report or notice saying that he had failed his previous task. It was reasonable to assume that Hoshinomiya-sensei had considered it completed. After all, he had fulfilled his duty.

Help with setting up the equipment. And keep the girls safe.

Was his broken nose not enough for that?

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As far as Ayanokoji could remember, there had been no visible signs of damage on the uneven bars they had set up. Everything had looked completely fine, although there had obviously been a serious problem with the equipment.

He hadn’t noticed anything unusual, nor had he suspected that the equipment was damaged. He wasn’t an expert. He had simply carried out his task to the best of his ability.

However, considering everything that was possible, he could still be pinned down and falsely accused, eventually leading to his expulsion, just as Ibuki had warned him.

He also had to look at it from the perspective of the special examination and the fact that he was from Class 1-D. A failed task could result in immediate dismissal. Whether they concluded that he had deliberately interfered with the equipment or that he had simply done a poor job setting it up and failed to notice the damage, either could provide plausible grounds for expulsion.

And either way, that was something he wouldn't allow to happen.

Still, Kiyotaka doubted Hoshinomiya would be so inconsiderate, especially given the circumstances surrounding his injury.

His mind was filled with countless possibilities, and he was more than willing to get to the bottom of the situation. At the very least, he wanted to understand how this could have become something serious enough to threaten his expulsion.

He wanted to inspect the equipment first, but Ibuki had told him that the gym had been closed because of the incident. For now, he could only clarify the situation with the teacher in charge. He believed he wasn't too late to do that.

He cast a brief glance at his wristwatch. He had less than an hour to resolve the matter before the exam period ended.

Fifty-three minutes, to be exact.

As he walked through the wing toward the administration building where the faculty offices were located, he saw a familiar, bespectacled student approaching him.

He was staring blankly ahead, his mind seemingly preoccupied with overwhelming thoughts. He wasn’t paying attention to his surroundings, his shoulders sagging for reasons unknown.

Kiyotaka maintained his pace, hesitating over whether to call out to him or not. But when the guy didn’t look his way and simply passed by him, he could only give him a sidelong glance.

Having the chance to see him up close, he was able to confirm that it was indeed one of his classmates.

His sharp memory couldn’t mistake him for someone else. His name was Wataru Ijuin.

He proceeded with his goal, nearing the administration building. As he finally reached the place, he climbed to the second floor, where the teachers’ offices were located.

Surprisingly, there were no students in the corridor. There was less than an hour left before the exam ended for the day, so most of them had probably already finished their tasks.

As he approached the door nearest to the first-year instructors' cubicles, he immediately came to a halt when the very same door opened, revealing someone he hadn't seen for a while.

The air-conditioned breeze subtly escaped through the doorway along with her, lightly brushing against his skin. He didn't get a chance to check whether Hoshinomiya was inside, as the door immediately closed against the frame with a gentle thud.

He was left standing alone with the student who had just stepped out of the office.

Her shoulder-length, lilac, wavy hair swayed with her subtle movements. Her bangs, however, remained perfectly in place, while a black beret sat elegantly atop her head.

As his eyes drifted toward her amethyst eyes, he immediately noticed the confidence lingering within them.

"Oh, it's the handsome Bunny Boy…" she greeted softly, her watchful eyes etched with amusement.

"Sakayanagi-san…" he politely greeted back, ignoring her teasing remark.

By now, he had gotten used to that nickname. As much as he hated how cringey it sounded, there was nothing else he could do but deal with it.

Ayanokoji briefly allowed his eyes to wander over her petite figure before returning to her face.

Arisu Sakayanagi was a name that the students knew like it was a legend they had to always remember. Her name carried the weight of someone from a high-class background, a noteworthy presence that anyone couldn't simply disregard or disrespect.

Because the woman, despite her small stature, which could easily make her seem vulnerable, was one of the most intelligent students in the university. And she was indeed from a high class, as she belonged to Class A—the creme of the crop. She was also the daughter of the chairman of the university, giving her the leverage and influence of someone of significant importance.

But perhaps what made her particularly outstanding was not simply her background and undeniable intelligence.

Because she was incredibly beautiful and hot as well.

Standing at five feet tall, Sakayanagi had feminine breasts that prominently protruded beneath the fabric of her uniform. Her twin peaks were modest in size, far from being as enormous as those of some of the other girls her age, such as Kushida's or Ichinose's. They were round and firm-looking, yet certainly plush and soft.

She also had a slender waist that she could almost wrap her own hands around, creating a huge contrast with the flare of her wide, fully rounded hips, which were perfectly highlighted by her buttoned uniform vest.

Beneath her hips were her equally captivating ass, massive and heart-shaped, something worthy of an intense squish and a strong slap against them. Every careful step she took caused

the mass beneath her white skirt to bounce gently and hypnotically, catching the attention of anyone behind her for longer than they needed to look.

Her thighs were also in competition when it came to voluptuousness, the pair so thick that they pulled the fabric of her white high socks taut across her shapely legs.

Her body was molded as perfectly as it could be, all those curves and thickness compressed into her five foot one frame.

In merely three seconds, he had already taken in enough details to her blessed, bountiful body.

Sakayanagi shifted her weight, adjusting the black cane in her right hand. It produced a familiar sound as its tip tapped against the cold, hard floor.

“I’m afraid the teacher you’re looking for isn’t inside,” she spoke softly, though her voice carried certainty. “Although, if it’s Chabashira-sensei you’re looking for, she’s there. But I doubt she’s the one you need at the moment.”

Her words immediately caught his attention. She seriously had no reason to lie. But how did she know who he was looking for?

*‘This girl is more observant than I thought,’* he mused, noticing how quickly she had figured out why he was there.

“I wonder if you’re right,” he answered, staring directly into her purple eyes.

Arisu let out a soft chuckle. “My, my…” She smiled playfully. “I’m always right, Kiyotaka. I’m certain you’re looking for Hoshinomiya-sensei.”

Casually mentioning his given name caught him by surprise. Throughout his time at the university, people had always called him by his surname. Although it was quite unexpected, he effortlessly concealed his surprise.

“What made you think that?” he asked plainly, lowering his head slightly to keep his eyes on her face.

She immediately chuckled, her melodious voice echoing elegantly across the silent hallway. “I happened to overhear that Hoshinomiya-sensei has been busy investigating the incident at the gym all day,” she said in an amused, graceful tone. “Though I suppose that’s something you’re already aware of, considering you were the biggest victim.”

Ayanokoji paused for a moment, his eyes settling on Sakayanagi’s knowing smile as he considered his next approach.

He glanced at the closed door behind the beret-wearing woman before finally making up his mind.

“If that’s the case, then I’ll take my leave,” he said politely, his gaze meeting Sakayanagi’s. “Thank you for informing me, Sakayanagi-san.”

Women kept appearing out of nowhere and informing him about things he wasn’t aware of. First, Ibuki. And now Sakayanagi. Somehow, he had been receiving more useful information from unexpected sources than he had anticipated.

“You're so formal, Kiyotaka-kun…” Arisu tilted her head, amusement dancing across her plump lips. “Just call me Arisu.”

Knowing it would take him a while to get used to it, he still nodded, hoping to end the conversation as quickly as possible. “Alright. I'll do it,” he replied shortly. “Goodbye… Arisu.” There was a slight hint of hesitation in his voice as he said her name.

Without another word, he turned on his heel and began walking away from the office.

However, a few seconds later, he heard a series of approaching footsteps accompanied by the familiar tapping of a cane against the floor.

“Are you going to find Hoshinomiya-sensei?” Sakayanagi asked, catching up to him at an elegant pace.

He glanced at her as he took another step. “Yes. I need to talk to her as soon as possible.”

The Class A leader's smile widened with confidence. “Then I might know where she is.”

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Ayanokoji couldn't help but think that he might have been falling into a traitor's trap or getting tangled up in someone else's problem that had nothing to do with him.

However, if he took Ibuki's warning seriously and considered the possibility that the bar had been tampered with, then he had to understand the purpose behind it.

If Ibuki had been the target, then the timing had been impeccable because there was no guarantee it'd break during her performance. However, if the incident was meant to happen regardless of who happened to be performing there, then the only reasonable conclusion was that someone had deliberately damaged the equipment, most likely to sabotage his task.

Or Sotomura's.

Now that he had thought of him, he had to find that guy and gather some information. If there was someone else who could be responsible for this predicament, it would certainly be the Professor. No one else handled the equipment aside from the both of them.

"Where do you think Hoshinomiya-sensei is?" Kiyotaka asked Arisu as they left the building, taking a glance over his shoulder at the woman who had been lagging behind him.

Sakayanagi maintained her graceful pace, every step measured and deliberate. "The most logical place for her to be right now would be the gym." She chuckled softly. "Or perhaps she's trying to drink these problems away."

It was certainly a possibility, but he could hardly picture the drunkard teacher being that irresponsible.

"The gymnasium has been closed since the incident for an investigation," he said flatly.

“Hmm,” she hummed, her knowing smile remaining. “Then she might be there for the investigation.”

Ayanokoji slowed his pace for a moment, considering Arisu’s suggestion, although he genuinely didn’t think she needed to be considered much further.

“Then I’ll just wait for her outside.”

Arisu briefly turned toward him before looking ahead again. “Or you could save yourself the trouble and enter the gym without having to ask anyone for permission.” Her voice was persuasive and confident. “That way, you could find out immediately whether she’s inside.”

“That wouldn’t be allowed, I’m afraid,” he said. “But if you have another suggestion, I’ll gladly consider it.”

The playfulness faded from her expression. “Acting Chairman Tsukishiro has stationed two members of the staff at the main entrance. They’re checking every student who enters.” She paused for a moment. “But yes, I know another way you can get inside.”

Ayanokoji glanced at her with interest as the gym slowly came into view. “From where?” he asked.

Arisu didn’t answer right away. Instead, she took a detour toward the pathway on the right rather than continuing straight ahead.

“I’d suggest using the single door on the right side of the gym. It’s near the equipment storage area,” she answered after a moment, leading him the way.

Ayanokoji trailed behind her, a few unspoken questions playing in his mind. “You seem rather knowledgeable and well-informed about such things.”

Perhaps it was because she was the daughter of the former chairman. Someone like her would probably have access to information that most students didn’t. It might be unfair, but it was an advantage that no one would willingly turn down.

“Oh, don’t fret.” Arisu smiled lightly. “It’s because of my task. In fact, I’m heading there to make sure I completed my last task of the day properly.”

Ayanokoji nodded. “So, your task was at the gym.”

“Quite. But not just the gym.” She tilted her head slightly. “Every facility inside the university.”

Ayanokoji’s gaze travelled down the constant tapping of her cane. “That must be exhausting,” he said, trying to sympathize, although his tone came out dry.

As much as he wanted to ask about the full details of her task, he had chosen to end his interest at that point. He didn’t want to be questioned about his task either.

“It’s all right. I find it… rather convenient, despite the physical demands.” Her knowing smile deepened slightly. “You know what they say. When you’re too close to something, it’s easy to miss what’s right in front of you. Sometimes, a little distance is all you need to see clearly.”

Ayanokoji's brows furrowed a bit, didn't quite understand the sudden remark. "But are you officially done with it?" he asked, remembering the remaining time before the exam period ended.

"My task was to ensure that all the CCTVs were turned off," she muttered after a while, the amusement in her voice never fading. "Convenient, isn't it? The students wouldn't have a source to prove whether they had officially sabotaged someone or whether they had been sabotaged." Her voice was playful, tinged with both sarcasm and enthusiasm.

Kiyotaka furrowed his brows slightly, surprised by the information. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Although I doubt there are no hidden surveillance cameras around…" she continued, ignoring his question.

Ayanokoji considered that it was indeed convenient for the school. They wouldn't have to deal with students rampantly requesting recorded footage. However, the existence of hidden cameras was still possible. He didn't think the university would be careless enough to put its students at potential risk, especially when there would be no other CCTV footage to review if an incident occurred.

But if Arisu was truly telling the truth, then that made his situation more complicated. It would be difficult for the university to properly accuse someone, and, in turn, difficult for him to defend himself if necessary.

As they made their way towards the gymnasium, Arisu quickened her pace and stepped in front of Kiyotaka, making him stop in his tracks. Because of it, he once again noticed how their height difference, as well as how prominently her figure stood out beneath the pleats of her skirt.

"Let's go this way," she said without looking at him.

The double doors at the main entrance of the gymnasium weren't fully open, but a small gap remained between them. Just as Arisu had said, two staff members were standing in front of the entrance.

For once, the lack of cameras might actually work in his favor.

There were barely any students around, each busy with their own business. Only distant footsteps and chatter could be heard from where they stood. The atmosphere felt normal, nothing out of the ordinary.

With casual steps, Arisu and Kiyotaka headed straight toward the right side of the gym. A small flight of stairs leading to an elevated single metal door slowly came into view.

Sakayanagi sauntered toward it, her wide hips swaying with every movement and distracting the brown-haired man every now and then.

Reaching out his arm, he attempted to help Sakayanagi climb the stairs, but she ascended with ease, leaving his arm hanging in the air.

Ayanokoji quietly withdrew his arm, watching Arisu discreetly open the door and enter the passage. He immediately followed after her, noticing the stillness of the barely lit gymnasium, the only source of light filtering through the high windows of the facility.

He gently closed the door and observed his surroundings.

Opening the door on the right didn't do much to brighten the place, given that this part of the gym was filled with equipment.

They stood behind multiple racks holding different kinds of balls and six-foot-high metal baskets containing other equipment.

No sports club members were around, leaving the whole gym empty and currently unused. There wasn't also Hoshinomiya-sensei in sight.

As his gaze continued to wander, his twenty-twenty vision spotted a familiar man through the gaps between the displayed balls on the rack.

Hanging around a few meters away from their location stood Hideo Sotomura at the opposite end. He was alternately standing and crouching in front of the broken bar, which was still in place, a flashlight in his hand.

His head would occasionally turn toward the beam and then toward the floor, seemingly looking for something. His movements were small and careful, making it obvious that he was trying not to be noticed by the staff outside.

Just like them, he was sure Sotomura had snuck in.

"Oh… we aren't alone," Sakayanagi said teasingly, noticing the same man. "Right. You two might be the suspects of the incident as you both were handling the equipment."

He could only sigh as his gaze remained fixed on Sotomura. "I'll go talk to him," he said decisively before turning to her. "Where's the part you have to check?"

Arisu stifled her laugh. “You sound rather impatient, don’t you? It feels like you want me gone from here. Are you feeling extra conscious when I’m around?” She looked up at him with a teasing smile on her face. “Well, I’ve already checked what I needed to. It seems like everything is in place. So… I’m heading out now.”

Ayanokoji lowered his gaze, his suspicion and confusion growing deeper. It hadn’t been two minutes since they had entered the gym.

The girl was obviously playing mind games with him, but he couldn’t figure out what she would gain from it.

On the other hand, she might have genuinely wanted to tag along and simply didn’t want to appear nosy. Either way, he appreciated her help.

He subtly scanned the area where they stood, spotting a surveillance camera mounted on the wall a few inches above his head. It was almost concealed by a ball beside it.

If his estimation of the distance was accurate, the camera could only capture around five to ten meters, considering how it was positioned directly toward the equipment racks.

“I didn’t say that. I’m just curious,” he replied after a moment. “Have you turned that off?” Ayanokoji inquired, pointing a finger toward the camera.

“Yes. I already did.” She turned around, her body facing the closed door. “I’m going out now.”

Before Kiyotaka could step aside and make way for her to exit the gymnasium, Arisu's cane slipped across the floor and hit one of the racks, causing the balls on the lowest row to roll outward.

Ayanokoji quickly took a step closer to her, grabbing her right arm before she could even fall. However, at the same time, a ball rolled beneath his feet, making him miss his footing and lose his balance.

His back landed against the closed metal door as he fell into a seated position, creating a loud clang that reverberated across the gym.

But that wasn't what he should have been most worried about.

Because as he fell to the floor, his hand gripping Arisu's arm pulled the woman all the way down with him, making her land directly on his lap, sitting backward.

He grunted as he felt the forceful impact of her uncontrolled landing, his lower member receiving the most impact.

But it wasn't painful. It was more of a shocking sensation he couldn't put into the right words. Her massive butt cheeks were resting on his lap, squeezing his groin between them. His Junior felt as though he were being strangled… in a nice way. Their size was so overwhelming, spreading across his trapped thighs.

They were so enormous, so soft and squishy, that he could feel the comforting yet mind-freezing warmth enveloping the lower parts of their bodies. It was embarrassing beyond words.

*‘Why does this keep happening to me?’* he thought, knowing there was no one else who could answer him, not even himself.

Arisu moved and tried to stand up, her booties caressing his pinned pelvis. It was then that he realized where his hands were. His right hand was on her curvaceous hips, while the other was resting beneath Arisu’s left butt cheek, inside her skirt.

He could feel the warmth of her skin, his hand directly touching the underside of her rear. He had always been certain they were soft, but holding it against his calloused hands only proved how tender it was.

Sakayanagi’s head turned toward Ayanokoji, her ears and cheeks burning red against her pale face. The teasing and confidence she usually carried were subtly shunned by the equal embarrassment she felt.

And not only that, she could feel the massiveness of Kiyotaka’s sword, something so big that the rumors about how large his bulge was were a complete understatement.

She softly moaned as she felt his big hand moving beneath her, trying to escape, but it wasn’t helping at all because it was trapped underneath by her rounded mass.

She quickly held her tongue as the moan that came out of her mouth seemed so out of character, so outrageous for someone had already established such an untouchable reputation.

“This is an accident,” Ayanokoji said, uncertain of what to explain to the woman atop him.

He had become accustomed to countless erotic misfortunes, yet he still didn’t know what to say. It almost felt like the universe had chosen to embarrass him every single time.

“Hm…” Sakayanagi slowly fixed the skirt that had ridden upward. Both her eyes and Ayanokoji’s were drawn to her exposed lavender panties, stretched tautly across the deep valley between her gigantic ass, the fabric swallowed by its sheer size.

Ayanokoji could no longer endure the embarrassment and awkwardness of the situation.

He forced his way out from beneath the boulder of her ass, holding Sakayanagi’s sinfully slender waist and pushing her upward with his arms. Without a doubt, Sakayanagi was as light as a feather, if not for the curves of her body.

Sakayanagi cooperated, standing back on her feet as her skirt finally went back to its proper place, her legs trying to regain their strength and balance.

She then felt cold metal nudging her hand and saw that it was her cane, which Ayanokoji had skillfully grabbed from a distance and handed to her while still seated.

“Thank you, Ayanokoji-kun…” she said, holding her cane as she tapped it against the floor. “I hope nothing hurts…” Her cheeks were still rosy pink.

Ayanokoji sighed, using one hand against the floor to stand back up. When he finally rose, he looked at her with deadpan eyes. His embarrassment wasn’t showing, but he couldn’t act as normal as he could.

“Are you unharmed?” he sincerely asked, his eyes drifting down to her legs.

Sakayanagi's cheeks remained flushed, amusement running across her amethyst eyes. "I am quite fine," she answered shortly. "Although my mental state probably couldn't say the same. It has been damaged by this… unfortunate accident. I don't think I could ever forget about it."

His lips remained pressed together for a few seconds before he finally spoke. "I'm sorry."

The lilac-haired woman's grin grew wider. "It's alright. There's no need to apologize. I'll preserve this memory…" she responded teasingly, "no matter how damaging it could be."

Sakayanagi reached for the doorknob behind Ayanokoji, who politely gave her enough space to exit the cramped area.

Now that they were both facing the door, Ayanokoji could finally breathe after the humiliating experience he was thankful no one else had witnessed.

However, just before Sakayanagi could fully turn the doorknob, Ayanokoji's other foot betrayed him as it landed on one of the scattered volleyballs. He stumbled forward, and his entire upper body crashed against the door.

His head slammed into the metal door, producing a loud bang and sending a sharp impact through his forehead.

He would have crushed his entire face against the door if he hadn't quickly planted his palms against the walls on either side of it. It was only then that he realized Sakayanagi had been caught beneath him, squeezed between him and the door.

Unfortunately, the loud sound hadn't come from his head alone.

He immediately pulled himself away from the door despite the excruciating pain from the impact, gently turning the poor girl toward him by holding her shoulders.

For a moment, he almost saw stars.

He scanned her entire face. “Are you okay, Sakayanagi-san?” he asked, a hint of urgency evident in his voice. “I’m sorry.”

Obviously, Sakayanagi didn’t seem quite okay. The amusement on her face had faded. She looked at Ayanokoji with an almost expressionless face, then at his hands on her shoulders, before looking back at him.

He couldn't quite take her expression seriously, especially now that he could see the red mark in the middle of her forehead, partially revealed beneath her disheveled bangs.

“Never mind, Kiyotaka-kun…” she replied, a faint smirk appearing on her face. “With that impact, I might have just forgotten about everything.”

“I’ll take you to the clinic,” he replied immediately, checking her nostrils to make sure there was no blood.

Arisu chuckled softly and pointed a finger at his forehead. “No thanks. You might need it more than I do.”

Without another word, Sakayanagi wasted no time. She promptly opened the right-hand door, left the gymnasium, and closed it behind her as though she had never been there for those three minutes.

Ayanokoji heaved a sigh, loosening the tension in his shoulders as he tried to push the embarrassing scene from his mind. The image of Sakayanagi landing on his lap and the ridiculous red mark on her forehead were difficult to forget, especially since he had caused both.

He shook his head slightly.

He shouldn't be thinking about that. More importantly, he should properly apologize the next time they met.

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Ayanokoji stayed hidden behind the racks as he watched Sotomura try to locate the source of the noise.

The bespectacled man continued looking around the storage area, but he occasionally stopped himself from wandering too far, clearly trying to keep his movements small out of fear of being caught by the staff outside.

Kiyotaka observed him for about five minutes, his mind suddenly filled with thoughts. Not about the incident itself anymore, but about the very man who had been involved in it with him.
By the looks of it, they had been thinking about the same thing.

They were both curious about the equipment.

He had entered the gym to look for Hoshinomiya, but his initial plan of checking the damaged equipment was now more feasible.

Once again, he carefully observed Sotomura. He looked rather… restless.

There was something about him that Kiyotaka couldn't quite pinpoint. Perhaps his head had been hit hard enough to knock a few useful senses out of him.

He licked his lips, his eyes never leaving Sotomura.

He had to take a closer look at the bar before making any assumptions.

With that in mind, he stepped out from behind the racks.

Emerging from the darker part of the gym, Ayanokoji casually walked toward the uneasy Sotomura.

Hearing the gentle squeak of shoes against the floor, Sotomura snapped his head toward the sound and saw the ever-expressionless Ayanokoji.

His eyes widened when the realization fully sank in, and his body seemed to turn cold.

“Ayanokoji…” he muttered his name as though he had seen a ghost. “How did you get in?”

Hideo had so many questions to ask, but he remained frozen in place as he watched Ayanokoji approach. He swallowed hard.

The brown-haired man stopped about two meters away from him, taking a glance at the broken uneven bars before looking back at him.

“I entered through the right door of the gym. How about you?” he replied flatly, returning the question.

Ayanokoji narrowed his eyes as he stepped closer to the damaged part of the equipment.

Needless to say, it was definitely broken. Just as Ibuki had told him, the tension cable had snapped.

But this was the first time he had seen exactly which part had broken. Now that he had confirmed it for himself, his earlier suspicions no longer seemed as baseless as he had thought.

Satisfied that he had confirmed the damage, he turned back toward the bespectacled man.

There was evident disdain in Sotomura's eyes, but he managed to hide it behind a smile. “I heard they were investigating the equipment. I thought I could help.”

Ayanokoji simply nodded. “I also planned to check the equipment and clarify the details with Hoshinomiya-sensei,” he replied. “But I can't find her.”

“She must be busy with something else,” Sotomura said, a smirk appearing on his lips as his eyes subtly scanned the floor.

Ayanokoji easily noticed where his eyes wandered. He also noticed how Sotomura deliberately lowered his head, seemingly trying to conceal the grin forming on his lips. “Are you looking for something?”

Sotomura didn't budge from his position or the facade he was trying to maintain. “What do you mean?” he asked, knowing exactly what the deadpan-looking man meant.

“I noticed you've been searching the floor for something. You seem to be having trouble finding it.” Ayanokoji's tone remained casual. “Perhaps I could help you.”

“No. I was just checking whether anything had been left behind,” he answered in a dismissive tone.

“Left behind?” Ayanokoji curiously asked.

He shrugged. “Equipment. Tools. Anything that might explain what happened,” he responded casually.

Ayanokoji looked toward the uneven bars. They appeared almost exactly as he remembered them. “I heard they were investigating whether someone had intentionally tampered with it or whether it simply snapped on its own.”

Sotomura shifted his weight and crossed his arms. “I heard that, too. But I doubt that's what happened,” he stated confidently. “Malfunctions happen. And I don't want people to blame you for something that could happen naturally.”

Ayanokoji immediately raised an eyebrow. “Blame me?” he repeated, his mind drawing a conclusion closer to the truth than he had expected.

Beads of sweat formed at Hideo's temples, but he kept his head up, maintaining his composure.

“I mean, blame us. I'm worried about us.” Sotomura tried to add concern to his voice. “I even wondered why they would put the blame on you… on us, considering that you were even hospitalized.”

Ayanokoji turned his back to Sotomura again, crouching down to take another careful look at the snapped tension cable as he tried to recall everything that had happened during his task.

“But you know what? I'm more worried about you, Sotomura,” he said, standing upright and finally facing his classmate fully.

Sotomura's brows furrowed. “What do you mean?” He didn't like Ayanokoji's tone.

Ayanokoji pointed toward the snapped tension cable.

“They could put the blame on you more,” he began. “You were positioned on the left side when we were carrying the bar and setting it up.”

The little patience Hideo had left for the person he hated most finally ran out. “Are you saying that because I was on the left side…” He pointed toward the same part Ayanokoji was indicating “I'm also responsible for the left tension cable that snapped?”

“Why not? That could be a more plausible conclusion in this case.” Ayanokoji paused. “And again, I only said it out of concern. You might not have taken it into account while you were too busy looking… for other things.”

“What’s with that tone and choice of words, Ayanokoji, huh?” Sotomura snapped. “You're implying something…”

“I am not.” Ayanokoji's expression remained unchanged. “I seriously am not, because I doubt you would use a sharp object to deliberately cut the tension cable.”

Knowing Ayanokoji was finally catching on, Sotomura cleared his throat and kept his expression guiltless. “Of course I wouldn't…” He adjusted his eyeglasses and the straps of his backpack.

Ayanokoji slowly nodded. “It's just unfortunate that we can't prove our innocence. I heard the CCTVs are having problems.”

Sotomura stifled his laugh. “Well, even if there were CCTV cameras, the incident wouldn't have been captured.” He shrugged, casting a glance at the ceiling. “There isn't a CCTV camera covering this part of the gymnasium.”

Ayanokoji looked at him, eyes narrowing.  “I'm surprised you're aware of the positioning of the cameras.”

Sotomura's expression stiffened. “What’s with that tone again, huh?” His frustration finally broke through, grabbing Ayanokoji’s collar. “You've been implying this whole time that I did it! Go ahead, then! Find some proof that can pin me down!”

Ayanokoji wondered if he had gone too far. Had his words really made such an impact on him? Everything he had said seemed harmless enough unless…

They were guilty.

And for his final attack, a verbal one, because he refused to engage in such needless barbaric acts that might disappoint Matsuo, he had to say that word. It was safer… and perhaps required less effort.

“Don’t worry…” Their breaths brushed against each other with how close their faces were. “I’ll make sure we won’t be blamed or expelled. I can’t just leave Kikyo here alone. She would be very… very… very… lonely without me—”

“You piece of shit!” Sotomura’s grip tightened around Kiyotaka’s collar, his warm, unpleasant breath brushing against Ayanokoji’s recently healed nose. “How dare you mention the name of my Goddess Kushida?! You lowly, empty-looking jerk! You’re a pervert! How dare you kiss my goddess?! She won’t be lonely when you’re gone! You deserve to be expelled! And I made sure of that!”

Kiyotaka smiled inwardly.

He knew it.

Some of his classmates… and even some from other classes had been holding that incident with Kushida against him. And fortunately and unfortunately, Sotomura was among them.

“You made sure of that?” he echoed his words.

The anger in Sotomura’s eyes didn’t falter. “Yes. I want you gone from here! What are you bragging about, huh? That average face of yours—”

“Okay…” A feminine voice echoed across the room, interrupting Sotomura’s outrage. “I think I’ve heard enough.”

Like getting scorched by the heat, Sotomura let go of Ayanokoji’s collar, his head snapping toward the direction of the voice.

Ayanokoji, meanwhile, glanced at his now-creased collar. One hand was massaging the bridge of his nose after how violently Sotomura’s breath had assaulted it.

It felt like his nose had just been injured again.

Looking toward the source of the voice, a petite, curvy woman emerged from the shadows. Her brown wavy hair swayed as she moved, her fully rounded hips moving like a pendulum. Her large breasts lightly jiggled with her strides beneath her coral-pink top, while her rounded, soft booties followed behind, strained against her fitted green skirt that hugged her hips and ass tightly.

“Hoshinomiya-sensei,” Kiyotaka said, his gaze remaining on Sotomura, “I formally identify Hideo Sotomura as one of Class D’s two traitors. He used his traitor privilege to approach me, tampered with the apparatus, and attempted to make me fail my assigned task.”

“H-Hoshinomiya-sensei…” Sotomura uttered, seeing another ghost he had been hunting a while ago.

The usually drunken teacher smiled at him, extending her palm. “Kindly hand me the cutter you used for… the incident.” The teacher managed to glance at Ayanokoji and give him a playful smile before showing the piece of metal inside a ziplock in her other hand.

Hideo’s eyes widened as he recognized it. The blood drained from his face as panic set in when he saw that the very thing he had been looking for was in his teacher’s hand.

It was the broken part of his black ratcheting cable cutter.

He firmly shook his head. “Ayanokoji didn’t complete his task! He was a few minutes short of the two-hour requirement! His hospitalization was proof of that! Remember? You said we can’t leave until you said so!” He panted hysterically. “Not only that! Even if he completed the task, he still failed to set it up!”

Chie stopped in her tracks, her sharp exhale causing her twin peaks to bounce. “You’re wrong, Sotomura-kun. Ayanokōji-Kun checked in with me at twelve twenty-two. The apparatus collapsed shortly after two twenty-four. He had already completed the required two hours before the accident occurred. I simply hadn’t submitted his verification because I was dealing with two injured students.” she answered with utmost patience and care. “And your statements are enough to conclude that you tampered with the equipment, sabotaging not only Ayanokoji but also putting the lives of the gymnastics members at risk.”

The bespectacled man’s jaw clenched, betrayal and rage dripping from his eyes. “You’ve got to be kidding me, Sensei… You all plotted this!”

The teacher kept her smile. “You dug your own grave. You’ve been careful until you allowed Ayanokoji to get into your head.” She inched closer to Sotomura. “I was hoping that this wasn’t the case as I stayed here and observed you. It turns out, I just felt worse when I heard those words come out of your mouth. I can’t believe something as grave as this happened during my watch.”

Ayanokoji watched as Sotomura froze, his eyes staring blankly ahead as the teacher in charge gently took hold of the strap of his bag on his shoulder.

“Open it and hand me the cutter where this broken piece came from,” Hoshinomiya said in a tone that didn’t sound like a warning at all, waving the ziplock.

Sotomura felt as though his life had collapsed. He felt cornered, trapped, and shame heavily weighed on him.

With his trembling fingers, he opened his bag and took the cutter out. Covered in a white towel was the broken cutter he had used to partially cut the tension cable earlier.

He unwillingly removed the towel and handed it to the teacher, knowing there was no way out.

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The delayed setup. Sotomura repeatedly taking breaks. The task slip that had conveniently placed him in the same location. Their responsibility, assigned by Hoshinomiya-sensei, to protect the gymnasts from a failed landing.

And then there was something he had been careless about. A very small, seemingly insignificant detail that had convinced Kiyotaka even further that there was only one person who could be responsible.

There were specific ways for a traitor to be exposed, but apparently, Sotomura had managed to expose himself without a civilian having to do much at all, and with a teacher getting involved as the incident was too alarming to simply turn a blind eye to.

He seriously had to thank Hoshinomiya-sensei for that.

The news of Sotomura's sabotage being exposed and his subsequent expulsion caused an uproar. The students couldn't believe that he had gone as far as sabotaging the gym equipment and endangering the gym club members just for the sake of sabotaging Ayanokoji.

The university saw the incident as alarming, with the faculty carefully looking into what had happened and considering additional precautionary measures. While they were letting Sotomura go, they still wanted to give him a chance to restart his life. He was referred to a mental health institution, not for confinement, but for checkups and counseling. They heavily considered the deeper reason behind why he had targeted Ayanokoji for something so… shallow.

Although, to Acting Chairman Tsukishiro, Sotomura's expulsion was simply a matter of eliminating a defect from the campus early on, and he was more than proud to have done so on only the second day of the special examination.

Ayanokoji took his time on his way back to their classroom, trying to reflect further on what had happened.

Only then did he realize that a man's greatest weakness could be a woman. Kushida's name had worked like magic. But he wouldn't tell her that. She might think he owed her another favor,

and Kushida could be rather scary when she wanted to be—something not everyone was aware of.

Moreover, he had only become more curious about the traitor's task and a probable hidden clause about their role.

He was certain that they had some unannounced privilege when it came to targeting civilians. It was probably related to being assigned the same tasks as them, because there was no way Sotomura could have coincidentally been assigned to the same location as him.

And that was something he had to take note of and remain wary about.

Just as he was nearing their classroom, his phone vibrated inside his pocket, hinting at a new message.

He swiftly reached into his pocket and took out his phone, checking the message he had received.

Much to his surprise, it was from an unknown and unsaved number. A photo was attached.

He stopped walking and clicked on the picture, immediately recognizing himself sitting on the floor of the gym with Sakayanagi on top of him.

They both looked… rather aroused.

But the photo had been taken from a bird's-eye view, slightly tilted and slanted. Its angle… It was possibly taken from the CCTV.

The supposedly… turned-off surveillance camera.

Then, he read the message.

*A masterful piece of photography with the Masterpiece.*

Ayanokoji brought his eyes back to the photo, his gaze fixed on the lilac-haired woman.

It turned out he shouldn't only be watchful of the remaining seven traitors who could try to sabotage him.

There was also a particular someone he had to be wary of…

Someone who was aware of his long-forgotten nickname and the past he had tried his hardest to carry to his grave.

Sweatdropping, Kiyotaka placed his phone back in his pocket, only for it to vibrate suddenly, sighing, he pulled it out again and stared at the screen, reading "Correct Traitor Identification Reward: 2,000,000 private points.".

## End.

**What a chapter, eh!**

**It's been a while since I wrote like that, and with this many words.**

**But again, I had to make it up to you all since I haven't been updated this in a while.**

**I might be slightly rusty with the tone of the story, but I plan on improving continuously, so next chapter will be even better!**

**Anyway, that's all for now.**

**Take care lads.**

**Peace.**