

A Wonderful Dream



This Story is set 1 Year after Magical Girl Raising Project
This Story is set before Magical Girl Raising Project: Restart

Spread all over the area were a group of black-suited men, a girl in the center. The men pulled out their machine guns all at once.

"This is the end for you! Say your prayers!"

"I'm sorry, but I don't believe in God"

"Then die... Fire!"

The henchmen fired their guns according to their leader's signal. They destroyed the wooden boxes, piercing the concrete walls, broke the glass windows, the bullets flew across the 10 meter-square room in all directions, and one of them pierced the leader's thigh, he screamed, blood leaking out of it.

"Stop firing! Stop! Stop!"

The leader held his thighs and rolled down as he gave his instructions, the men stopped firing as he instructed. In the sunny weather of the winter, even the outlines of these people became light like dew.

"I may not believe in God, but I believe in my own justice! I am Masked Wonder! As long as justice exists, no bullet shall harm me!"

Bullet shells rolled on the floor, her cape was flowing in the wind, and this girl was standing high, no scars on her body at all.

"D-Damn you! You're some kind of monster, woman!"

"Surrender quietly now, if you resist, you're gonna get hurt"

As soon as she said those words, it only took her two seconds and a half to defeat all the men who had brandished their knives, instant kill. Among the room where all the men had collapsed, she exhaled her breath, as she heard a clapping noise. It was from a girl outside the window, she was applauding very hard.

"Awesome, that was great! You're like a superhero!"

"Thank you"

The girl nodded as many times until she was satisfied. Konomi... Masked Wonder, also nodded.

It's been a month since she began her training. When she looked back at herself from before her training, she was almost like a different person.

Before she began her secret training, Konomi Mita was a person devoted to manuals. What does she mean by manual? It means the successes of predecessors that were already proven to work from trial and error. From painful hard labor, these people have created methods that would be the most efficient at doing something. She may have the creativity to solve those problems herself, but in order to execute it, she needed her predecessors fruits of labor. Not to mention, it takes time, so it was better to follow what had already been laid out by the people that came before her.

That was reasonable. Konomi liked things that were reasonable and weren't wasteful.

Just as firms that were failing always decide to cut down and do things rationally, she too would eliminate wastefulness and emphasize efficiency, finding shortcuts to do things easier. Everyone respected things that were fixed, they were compliant, and when executed, they were reliable, that was the most rational thing that Konomi could think of.

When she was in kindergarten, her friends didn't obey the school rules. They didn't wash their hands, they didn't rinse their mouths, which resulted in an infection that spread throughout the entire kindergarten, causing it to almost be shut down temporarily. Nobody died, and after the whole thing, people laughed about it, but to those kids who had painful stomachs for days, Konomi couldn't bear to see it as a laughing matter. They panicked, they were in trouble, they cried, they were shocked. The sight of her friends going through hell were firmly engraved in her heart.

You could say that the basic foundation for Konomi's personality was formed then, since she didn't disobey her teachers, she didn't get sick. Since she wasn't sick, she was able to enjoy things at home.

Following the rules wasn't a mistake. She memorized everything that was written in her textbooks, whether they were math formulas or history years, she didn't forget. She

accepted whatever was told to her, she abstained from selfish acts, her exams were always full marks, and her parents and teachers praised her as well.

Konomi was also proud, she thought to herself that she was doing the right thing.

Konomi knew that she'd been talked about behind her back, calling her a bookworm and someone who was addicted to scores, but she didn't mind. The manuals that Konomi had to remember kept piling up. Not just textbooks, but reference books, question books, past exams, and a variety of other things, textbooks kept pouring towards her like rainwater. She memorized them carefully, she had to study them, she couldn't worry about her friends insulting her. She had no friends, but Konomi didn't need any.

Her parents weren't especially thrilled about her education, but they didn't stop her. They generously gave her what she asked for. "Wanna watch a movie together?" "Wanna try ice skating?" "Want us to buy you a manga?" "Let's rent an Anime DVD". Her parents had asked her a variety of things, but Konomi rejected them all, eventually, they stopped suggesting entertainment altogether.

What Konomi wanted was to study rather than entertainment. Reference books and quiz books were useful.

Her parents were both born to well-off families, and in their leisurely disposition, they didn't think their child was wrong, they simply thought, "That's just the kind of girl she is". They knew that she liked being alone, and had no friends, but they still let her do as she wanted. They even joked that Konomi might just be the good seed born from bad roots.

She proceeded to a private school in middle school, and even there, she was badmouthed as a bookworm. She couldn't make friends as usual, so Konomi went back into studying.

How Konomi became a Magical Girl, the circumstances, all of them were quite vague. It should've been the biggest event in her lifetime, and it should've been enough to satisfy her heart, but why didn't she have any memories? She couldn't remember. It might just be because she was too surprised at the incident.

Why did her form change into a different person? How can she overcome the limits of human abilities? How can she transcend such laws as the conservation of mass and basic laws of physics?

When she asked those questions, the answer was simply, “That’s just how magic works”. The only basic rules she was taught was “Hide your identity and help out the public.”

She had no textbooks or reference books, and she didn’t even have a teacher. The manual loving Konomi was forced to proceed without any kind of manual.

And so she was dismayed. For Konomi, this was impossible.

She didn’t even know what a Magical Girl was in the first place. She knew that there were TV shows about them, but when she watched TV, she usually watched the news with a notepad ready to write down current events in case they might come up in an exam, she didn’t know anything about what a Magical Girl was supposed to do, she couldn’t take a step forward, she borrowed and watched some Magical Girl DVDs, but there were no hints. There was a huge difference between different shows on what Magical Girls are supposed to do.

They told her that she transformed into her ideal form, but did she really want a form as wild as this? It seems as though she just thought “Yeah, this is what I had in mind” and materialized into it.

She had a mask, a cape, rich blonde hair, a plump bust, well protruding hips, where has she even seen something like this before? She’s never seen anyone like this before, despite feeling like she has. Either way, despite being something she chose, she didn’t really seem to like it, she actually thought if there was a way to change how she looked.

She sent texts to the Land of Magic asking for a manual, but there were no replies, like she’s talking to a brick wall. The difference between what she should and shouldn’t do were too vague, so she couldn’t act on them. Yet, doing nothing also means that she’d be violating her “Help people” rule.

Time continued to pass as she settled into self-confusion.

She had no friends she could talk to about this, she couldn’t ask the teachers at school either. If she asked her parents, “What should Magical Girls do? What are they like?”

her parents would just be happy and say “So Konomi likes those kinds of things now.” She watched everything from old Magical Girl Anime to Drama and Movies, but there was nothing to reference, and her troubles never got resolved.

Konomi began to think. She became a Magical Girl when she was in first year middle school. Currently, she’s in her second year. The preparation for her exam had already begun. This was now the most troubling part of her life. A Magical Girl’s activities were like community service, so she should do it in between her school activities. Meaning she should wait until high school before making her Magical Girl debut.

She felt like she was just making excuses for herself, but she did have a good reason for it. Konomi sealed off her transformation into a Magical Girl, focused on her entrance exams, and entered a brilliantly difficult high school.

Her high school uniform had sleeves, mirroring her new self, so she remembered that it’s now the time for her to become a Magical Girl. She was confused again, what should she do? She still couldn’t solve it.

She kept on worrying as she curled up on her bed, studying for her tests made her tired too, and before she knew it, she fell asleep.

Konomi was inside her deepest dreams. White clouds were spread like rugs, continuing on endlessly. There was neither a horizon between land, nor was there a horizon between water, everywhere she looked, all she could see were clouds.

Dreams really were dreamlike, she said, lucid dreaming. On her feet was a DVD player, and a DVD rack as well.

She didn’t do anything to it, and she didn’t even know where the power socket was, but the television and the player turned on, and the DVD disc floated towards a player, and set itself on it. In front of the TV set, there were some clouds that formed a sofa, so maybe she should sit on it.

Konomi sat on the cloud sofa, the DVD began to start. Since she’d only been thinking of Magical Girls, she thought the DVD would be about Magical Girls, but apparently she

was wrong. The DVD was an old Tokusatsu hero series, one that aired before her father had even been born.

There was a young man that was captured by an evil organization, remodeled, strengthened, and brainwashed, but he managed to escape. Using his modified body as a weapon, the youth stood against the evil organization.

Konomi continued to watch the DVD. After it was done, a new DVD was inserted into the player, and when that last episode ended, and the credits rolled, Konomi was back to her waking self once again.

After she woke up, she forgot all about her dream. What did she dream about? She only had vague memories, yet she still had those memories within her, and when she slept later that night, she arrived at the same location again.

The DVDs were Anime, Tokusatsu, and a variety of other shows, Konomi sat on the sofa as she watched the shows. A man with a scarf riding a bike. A group of colored heroes, with different colors per suit, fighting together. Aliens who fight giant monsters. Cyborgs fighting underground black markets. When she saw the heroes from American comic book movies, Konomi remembered what she transformed into.

Her studies had obviously moved her. Being able to do something you couldn't do before, knowing something you didn't know before, those were all something to be celebrated.

But she's never cried when she studied before. She's never felt sad, nor felt joy, she just moved on to the next study session without shedding any tears, and the next one, and the next one.

She wondered what she felt just now.

She remembered the suffering that those kids had when they didn't follow the rules, as long as she continued to do rational things, she'd be safe. The protagonists of those stories didn't follow any of those rules at all. Although she laughed and called them stupid, they were actually doing things for the sake of others. Risking their lives for the sake of protecting other people, using only their courage, they fought enemies that they couldn't hope to surpass.

It wasn't the life Konomi wanted. Konomi only did whatever she could, watching from the sidelines most of the time. Yet, she wondered how she would feel if she did something else.

Now, she was a *Magical Girl*. She had the power. She stood on the same level as those protagonists, not inferior to them at all. She had a rare opportunity.

As Konomi finished watching the DVD, she began to clap. And another applause overlapped with hers. She turned around, and she saw a girl holding a pillow in her armpits, wearing pajamas, clapping both hands.

"Who are you...?"

Who was she? That's what she wanted to ask, and the girl stopped. She pulled out a Heart-Shaped Magical Phone from her pillow, the same one Konomi had.

"Is this DVD yours?"

"Yep, maybe"

"Maybe?"

"I don't really remember"

The pajama girl scratched her head, her hair decorations floating as she did.

"I'm sure there's a special reason that something like this is here... But uhh, I don't remember"

She rocked her head left and right, now her decorations began swinging. As if agreeing with her movements.

"I can't do what I want in dreams anymore, and I guess my Magical Skill's become weaker, but I haven't been able to get out of this dream yet... But y'know, I know you need something right now, right? Somehow, I know that you do"

Konomi was slightly confused at this girl who pointed at the DVD set, she shook her head as if to clear away her confusion, then nodded.

She explained everything to the pajama girl, and the girl replied, "I don't really get it, but I think I can help you." She had no basis, but somehow she believed in her.

Her name was Masked Wonder. Identity unknown. She fought for justice. She faced evil. She is a hero of heroes who will reach out to the weak. She had an S-Rank ability that allowed her to manipulate the weight of any object. She was an old friend of the President, she'd been called over not once, not even twice, but many times to save the country from danger. No matter how difficult the task was, for Masked Wonder, 'impossible' was not a word in her dictionary.

"...Do I really need that kind of backstory?"

"You absolutely *do*! When the pentagon, or the FBI, or the Vatican contacts you, this would just be a plus for you!"

When she got up in the morning, she'd forget about her dreams and her backstory entirely. However, when she was in class, she was able to write down everything she had dreamed of on paper. She was glad that no one noticed, as Konomi stroked her chest.

"I'm Masked Wonder. I will defeat my enemies"

"No, no, no! You sound like a formal English textbook person! You need to be bolder!"

"I'm... Masked Wonder?"

"Don't be nervous!"

"M-My name is Masked Wonder! I shall not let evil out of my sight!"

"More American Comic Book-y!!!"

"I am Masked Wonder! Evildoers beware!"

“That’s it! That’s the spirit!”

There were a total of 10 men in black, all of them had machine guns, their muzzles pointed right at her.

“Um... Isn’t this a bit dangerous?”

“It’s alright, we’re in a dream”

“...Right”

“I’ll increase their numbers every time you beat them okay, alright then guys, have fun!”

“Roger, leave it to us. We’ll kill Masked Wonder!”

“Hey, you asshole, don’t underestimate me!”

“Because of you, our organization has had an uncountable amount of damage... just thinking about it makes me angry!”

“Are you sure this’ll be okay...?”

The girl wearing a ten-gallon hat, in gunman style, with a high degree of exposure on her clothes smiled.



“Hmhmhm, my name is Calamity Mary. A pleasure, little miss Wonder”

“Okay then, let’s start the sparring match, 30,000 matches against Beautiful Calamity Mary”

“Beautiful...?”

Sometimes, they visited another Magical Girl’s dream.

“Usually I used to be able to go in and out of people’s dreams. I kinda remember bits and pieces, but for now I can’t seem to do that. So if we let this go to waste, we might not be able to do this again”

A Magical Girl dreaming as their Magical Girl self was rare, if they looked into her dreams, she’ll most definitely have some rare things to share as well, they silently walked into this girl’s dreams with suppressed footsteps.

A large forest, there was a girl sitting underneath a tree, meditating. She had a beautiful face, with her outfit dressed all in blue, if this weren’t a Magical Girl, then what is? Is this what’s known as Zen meditation? She looked like an enthusiastic monk.

The blue Magical Girl suddenly opened her eyes, looking at Masked Wonder who was behind a tree.

“Huh? Are you just like me?”

The tree didn’t seem to bother the blue Magical Girl at all, as she approached Masked Wonder, she took her hand and grasped it. *What should she do?* She thought as she looked behind her, but the pajama Magical Girl was gone.

“This... isn’t a dream, right? You’re a *real* Magical Girl, right? Maaan, my mentor didn’t tell me that there’s other Magical Girls who could move within their dreams other than me! You’re a friend, right? A friend! I know you don’t usually remember these things when you wake up, your body won’t forget. It’s weird, right? It’s a kind of... sleep learning, huh”

She somehow started to act as if she was already familiar with her. Truthfully, Masked Wonder didn't really want to go against her, since she's eavesdropping on her dreams, Masked Wonder continued to be pulled by the blue Magical Girl until her legs couldn't move and she tired herself out.

She remembered her backstory, she developed a heroic behavior, she trained in battle, not to mention she's also used her Magical Skill on a variety of objects in order to improve her powers.

When she awoke, she'll forget all of her experiences in her dreams. Yet, her body will still remember. Her body, and deep down, her heart, will still remember.

What should she do as a Magical Girl? Somehow she understood. She helped get drunkards on their feet, cleaned up garbage, and cleared off graffiti.

She took out some mixed trash from its cans, placing it on her palm, and by controlling their balance with her weight-altering powers, she was able to crush the steel can as she blinked, rolling it into a 2 cm diameter sphere. She didn't really know how she learned to do this, but she threw the garbage into the garbage burner anyway.

There was only one unsatisfactory thing, she didn't have anyone to fight. The protagonists of those stories always moved on to the next "Showdown with Fate", but in the real world, those things didn't exist.

One time, and really only one time, there was a chance. There was a high schooler who had just gone back from cram-school, surrounded by some other young looking men. She knew the face of that crying boy, it was a classmate of hers.

First, Masked Wonder climbed up a telephone pole, from there, she jumped off, making a heroic entrance. Without even giving them half a second, she had already punched them all in the jaw, leaving the boy dumbfounded as she left. It seemed like she was some sort of phantom, but inside, she had been deciding a gutsy pose to do. Sure, Magical Girls were supposed to not really be known, but surely they wouldn't mind a pose or two?

And then, the next day, she went to school as always, there was a crowd of people in the classroom, and in the center was the boy from yesterday. He was talking about what happened to him.

“There was this slutty woman”

...*Slutty woman?*

“She just showed up, and ran off!”

“Wow, that’s super weird”

“She looked awesome though. I didn’t think she’d go out in a getup like that”

“Was she pretty?”

“Uh... I don’t remember. I know her boobs were big. I was too busy looking at that to see her face”

“Dude, you serious?” said the other boys as they laughed. “Oh you!” said the girls as they laughed. Everyone laughed. Konomi quietly returned to her seat.

...*I’m not slutty! I’m not! I’m totally not slutty!*

He didn’t tell them that she saved his life, he just used her outfit as the butt of his joke. She’ll never be saving *him* again anytime soon, she said quietly to herself.

“That’s not very good”

Her dream teacher had said to her, as Masked Wonder reported on her activities, folding her arms around her chest as she showed her concern with an adorable frown.

“Magical Girls shouldn’t appear so sexualized”

“That’s exactly what I want to do. Besides, being a superhero isn’t about *boob size!*”

Masked Wonder bit her lip. She always got into character after she transformed.

“Still...”

The pajama girl stared at Masked Wonder’s chest. As if she wanted it.

“They really do look good”

“I can’t do anything about that”

“Well, that’s true... Hmm...”

She suggested binding it with a cloth strip, or wearing clothes that are looser to hide them, that was pretty much it. The girl laughed. She clapped her hands.

“My name is Masked Wonder! I am the Embodiment of Justice! A Magical Girl!”

Left hand on chest, right hand stretched out, one leg curled, one leg stretched out, and then.

It had good emotion, her form was perfect, and more importantly, it pressed down her breasts, keeping them from jiggling.

“Amazing! What a useful pose too!”

“At least people won’t call me a slut or anything like that”

Masked Wonder practiced some more victory poses, but her breasts jiggled in the last one.

“You didn’t properly bend your arm there”

“Yeah... I messed up”

“Your concentration will vanish if you get sloppy. Remember that”

The girl clapped her hands

Masked Wonder felt her dreaming eyes fading, she was about to awaken once more.

“So, this is goodbye”

“What?”

“Just remember to become a great Magical Girl, okay?”

“Huh? But there’s still so many things I gotta learn, I-”

“I’m kinda sleepy... and tired”

“But I... Will I ever see you again?”

“Don’t worry, you’ll do fine. I know you will! You’ll remember everything you’ve learnt here. Use them to help others, no matter what.”

Masked Wonder nodded.

“No matter what. Okay...”

She would help justice. She would help those in need. No matter what people thought, no matter what people told her, she won’t back down from anything, and her ideals will never be broken.

With the last few moments in her dream, the pajama girl smiled as Masked Wonder said goodbye.

Konomi woke up, her right arm gripping nothing, and as she woke up, she rubbed her eyes. Tears were streaming down her face.

“Konomi, are you awake? Get ready, we’re going to be late,” said her mother from downstairs.

“Yeah, I’m coming.”

Today was the one-year anniversary of her cousin's death. The long week that she's been having, the emotional stress. The whole family was visiting her cousin's family to offer them solace.

Her cousin had died in her 20s, a sudden heart attack. When she heard about it last year, she was surprised. How could she die so young?

Her name was Nemu Sanjou.

For some reason, Konomi felt something when she woke up that day. She felt closer to her cousin than she could before.

She wanted to help her, but she knew there was nothing she could do. Now, she'll use her powers to help others.

Her dreams were hazy, she could barely remember any details now. She still remembered her muscle movements and the things she had been taught.

What kind of dream did she have?