Yo!

How you all doing lads.

I'd like to present Chapter 16 for you all!! Enjoy it to your heart's content…. MUAAHAHAHAHAHHAHA

Start:

Ayanokouji breathed in, steeling himself once again for an experience equal to a walk of shame. He might as well draw enough breath to survive the arduous and outrageous tasks that await him.

A small part of him had hoped Horikita's next task would share a route towards their destinations. Alas, it was, of course, almost impossible.

Each student's task was to be in different places on the campus. However, upon hearing Horikita's next task would take place at the ever-so-popular Palette cafe where he had experienced the most traumatic event of his university life so far, he changed his mind without batting an eye.

He shuddered at the thought of the cafe, convinced that it might take him some time to overcome it. That's why for the sake of his peace of mind, he parted ways with her.

Although the teasing and bursts of laughter had somewhat died down to mere whispers, the cringeworthy reputation from his grueling three hour shift continued to hang over him like a shadow.

As he walked down the student-filled corridor, unfamiliar faces of curious ANU students continued to look his way. Some noticed him but minded their own business, while others didn't even give him the time of day.

But there were groups. Curious, shameless groups of mostly female students that would stare reluctantly at his face and immediately huddle into gossip.

And they were particularly, deliberately loud.

"Is that him?"

"No it couldn't be…right?"

"But they look similar!"

As the girls flicked through their phones, he inwardly sighed, quietly quickening his supposedly calm and steady pace.

But as he walked past a certain group, an incredibly cheery squeal erupted along with the embarrassment that came with the announcement.

“Bunny boy!”

Right. It was his new name. He might as well ask Matsuo to change his birth name to make it official.

As the words ‘Bunny boy’ echoed through the halls, students within earshot turned their heads to see Ayanokouji. And soon after, a mix of reactions rolled down the hallway like a wave. Some pointed fingers and laughed, while others pulled out their phones and took pictures. A few even threw obnoxious flirtatious remarks down his way.

But to Ayanokouji’s surprise, it wasn’t as embarrassing as the first time. In fact, he had once again proven how adaptable he could be in different circumstances.

Ayanokouji kept his straight-faced expression throughout the long walk, convincing himself that it wasn’t so different from a famous celebrity wading through a tough, unrestrained crowd.

His pace was still quick, but it was held in measured steps as he avoided contact and kept his firm and unyielding posture.

A demeanor that screamed ‘I don't give a fuck’. Although, maybe his dead-pan eyes alone had done most of the work. It was a visual communication, or as he theorized, would dissuade further attempts to elicit a reaction.

Soon enough his plan worked, and the once rowdy hallway trip died down to tiny whispers and giggles from the girls. It was finally somewhat peaceful. Peaceful in a way compared to yesterday. Ayanokouji was now free to walk unharassed, thanks to the universe for that.

Well, at least for the time being.

“Hey bunny boy!” a masculine voice shouted, the tone was obviously condescending.

Ayanokouji, once again, inwardly sighed. “It was nice while it lasted,” he thought to himself.

Further down the hallway was another group of students, three males wearing gym clothes. Seniors, or at least what Ayanokouji surmised from their arrogant demeanor.

They had this particular smug look on their faces along with very striking similarities to Sudo who was, if anyone would excuse Ayanokouji’s words, your textbook musclehead. They gave off the vibes of your average bully who would wait for you by the school gate after class. Ah, cliche.

They stood by the door, the one at the center crossing his arms and flaunting his bulging, though unimpressive, muscles. While the two beside him were likewise just as unappealing pair of NPCs who followed their delinquent leader.

Ayanokouji peeked inside an almost empty classroom. “Skipping classes,” Ayanokouji thought. One quick look at the sign above the doorway confirmed several suspicions at once: Class 2-D.

Of course, having a section labeled D came with a complete package of students who had nothing particularly serious or impressive to offer. It had its inevitable stereotypes or perhaps it was made solely for the stereotypical.

Anyway.

There was no way to avoid them nor was there any need to. Any detours would waste his precious time that would've been better spent in completing the next task.

Ayanokouji merely ignored them, moving forward without an inch of hesitation. As he drew closer to them, the seniors unfolded their arms as they crouched down a few inches and performed tiny little hops. They were mimicking a bunny. A clear reference and one they clearly relished with unrestrained laughter.

Still Ayanokouji paid them no mind. He knew how to handle these types well. With the same measured steps, he walked past all of them, not giving them any attention they so desperately wanted. And just like he thought, their arrogance wavered from the lack of any reaction.

Before the sounds of a school hallway set itself into a lull, Ayanokouji's trained ears heard a series of heavy steps chasing after him.

"Hey, Bunny Boy!" The voice was filled with an almost murderous rage that broke the impending peace and silence.

Oh, shoot. In just a second, he had already managed to imagine two ways to deal with their persistent bullying. First, he could face them and punch them once they initiated the fight; second, he could negotiate and make them fight Sudo instead.

But before he could even think of the third approach, their looming presence signaled and persuaded Ayanokouji to look back.

And soon enough, he saw the stupid trio a meter away from him, feet screeching against the floor as though they had hit the brakes upon seeing his face.

For a moment, Ayanokouji wondered what he looked like. But in the three upperclassmen perspective, they saw nothing in him but dark, dead-pan eyes and black smoke surrounding his tall figure.

Just like that, he didn't even need a fourth approach.

Well, unfortunately, it was a human head.

The force of the impact sent its owner stumbling backward before she crashed onto the floor with a loud, painful thud.

Kiyotaka looked down.

It was a female student.

She had landed awkwardly on one hip, with one hand planted against the floor and her long brown hair scattered messily around her face. Her short skirt had ridden dangerously high over her hips, revealing nearly the entire length of her smooth, pale thighs.

They were long, shapely, and deliciously soft-looking, narrowing elegantly toward her knees while growing considerably fuller near the top. The way she had fallen caused one thigh to press against the other, making the supple flesh spread slightly beneath the hem of her skirt.

Unfortunately, Kiyotaka's eyes did not stop there.

The woman's position presented her fat wide rump to him from the side.

Her ass was round, plump, and considerably larger than one might expect from her otherwise slender figure. The two thick cheeks filled out her skirt beautifully, stretching the fabric over their soft, heavy curves. Even while she remained motionless, the generous mounds looked incredibly plush, possessing enough weight to flatten slightly where one cheek rested against the floor.

When she shifted her hips, attempting to sit upright, her fat ass visibly jiggled beneath the strained material.

Kiyotaka stared for exactly one second longer than he should have.

His gaze then moved upward.

That proved to be another mistake.

One of her arms had instinctively folded beneath her large breasts, pushing them upward and squeezing the soft mounds together. Her blouse had been pulled tight across their rounded weight, and the loosened upper buttons exposed a deep valley of pale cleavage.

Her breasts were sizeable, full, and noticeably heavy, swelling prominently from her chest without appearing outrageously disproportionate. Each small movement made them bounce gently against one another, the thin white fabric struggling to conceal their softness.

The woman possessed the complete figure of an exceptionally attractive gyaru—a slim waist surrounded by prominent curves, with large breasts, wide feminine hips, a fat rounded ass, and long thighs carrying a mouthwatering amount of soft flesh.

And Kiyotaka's highly trained eyes had absorbed every detail within seconds.

His sense of propriety arrived afterward.

Not again.

He immediately forced his gaze toward her face.

Unfortunately, Kiyotaka Junior had already received the information.

Heat gathered below his waist as the troublesome organ began hardening inside his trousers. Kiyotaka nearly sighed. Apparently, the White Room had trained him to resist pain, exhaustion, starvation, psychological pressure, and overwhelming physical violence.

It had never trained him to resist a beautiful woman sprawled at his feet with her tits squeezed together and her fat ass threatening to devour her skirt.

A terrible oversight.

Before the growing bulge could become obvious, Kiyotaka discreetly adjusted himself beneath his trousers, directing the stiffening length upward and trapping it beneath his belt.

It was not comfortable.

But dignity demanded sacrifice.

Having dealt with the immediate problem, he stepped forward and crouched beside the fallen woman.

“Are you alright?” he asked in his usual monotone voice.

The girl finally lifted her head. The bridge of her nose and the center of her forehead had turned red from striking his chest.

“I-I’m fine,” she stammered, obviously embarrassed. “Thank you.”

Kiyotaka extended his hand.

She accepted it, and he pulled her carefully to her feet.

The sudden upward motion sent a visible tremor through her body. Her large breasts bounced heavily beneath her blouse, rising and falling before settling against her chest. At the same time, her skirt slid back across the thick curve of her ass, although the fabric remained stretched tightly enough to preserve the mouthwatering outline of both cheeks.

Her legs wobbled.

Kiyotaka moved closer in case she fell again, only for the woman to accidentally press herself against him while regaining her balance. Her soft breasts squashed briefly against his arm, while one of her plush thighs brushed against his leg.

Once the woman had steadied herself, she lifted her face fully. Loose strands of silky brown hair parted like curtains, revealing an elegant face and a pair of beautiful colored eyes—a gorgeous shade mixture of sky blue and violet.

Kiyotaka finally recognized her.

“Matsushita?” he asked, his voice conveying none of the surprise he actually felt.

Her eyes widened in equal recognition.

“Oh, it’s you, Ayanokōji!”

Kiyotaka nodded while carefully keeping his gaze above her shoulders.

He had already looked enough.

Ayanokouji quickly turned to pick up the rest of the items that scattered on the floor.

Chiaki, still processing the whole incident, looked at him with absent bewilderment. Her eyes followed the boy with surprise that melded itself into one of suspicion and caution.

The girl observed her savior slash the reason why she fell as he bent his knees.

Ayanokouji, who felt the rather unsettling gaze on him, continued with his task. He swiftly grabbed all the items on the floor with each one being interestingly different from the other.

A fresh roll of thick white wire.

A peculiar cutter tool.

A box of plastic heads with clips.

And a single white slip.

Ayanokouji took mental notes of each one and carried it in his free arm. Bracing the items against his torso and his arm, he reached for the nearby box that had toppled itself during the fall and placed them in front of Chiaki, who by now looked at him with, not bewilderment but with hostile caution.

'Surely she doesn't suspect I'm–'

"Are you one of the traitors?"

'Unfortunately she does' Ayanokouji concluded, wondering if girls were just naturally and universally suspicious and correct all the time.

"I could say the same thing about you," he answered plainly. "I was just standing here when you bumped into me." To him, it was the simplest and most logical argument he could throw against his suspicious classmate.

Matsushita narrowed her eyes, obviously unconvinced. "Well, I was thinking about a lot of things," she began, defending herself. "You were just standing there yet you didn't see me coming?"

Ayanokouji sighed and kept his expressionless face. “You said it yourself. You were absent-minded.” He glanced behind him, a now-empty hallway with no bullies in his line of sight. “There were seniors chasing after me earlier. They were calling me Bunny Boy,” he explained, despite knowing it could earn him another tease.

Matsushita’s expression softened for a moment as though his short explanation sufficed, until the last two words registered in her mind, causing her to break into a hearty laughter. It echoed in her mind like a broken recorder playing on repeat, fueling her to laugh louder and more uncontrollably.

Ayanokouji had no choice but to accept it and watch her finish exhaling all the air she could. It seemed like she was having the best time in her life, while he was losing more of his dignity.

Sighing for the ninth time, Ayanokouji spoke up. “That aside, are you alright? Do you need help?”

Chiaki clutched her stomach as she answered. “N-no I’m…” She stopped herself for a moment, visibly shaking. “I’m o-okay.”

Ayanokouji, not wanting to waste more time, extended his hand towards the evil woman. “You might as well take this before you go to the Computer Room.”

In the blink of an eye, the white slip containing Chiaki’s next task flew from his hands. Panic crossed her colorful eyes as her lips parted slightly, seemingly searching for words to say. But when none came, she simply rolled her eyes at him.

“Nosy Bunny Boy!” she scoffed, shoving the paper inside the box in her arms. “You might really be one of the traitors…”

Ayanokouji kept his blank facade, finding no point in arguing with someone like her. He knew for himself that he wasn’t a traitor, and there was no need to prove it to her.

His eyes traveled to the beads of sweat slowly forming on her temples, then to her lush, gleaming chest rising and falling heavily, before he finally broke his brief silence. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll go now.”

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Ayanokouji had entered one of ANU’s gymnasiums. It was a wide, spacious facility and had a ceiling so high that it mimicked the size of a small hangar.

He simply nodded to the group of girls that greeted him, all of them were wearing tight leotards, gracing their form with such immaculate elegance as it snug tightly like a second skin. They waved at him and giggled to themselves.

Without delay, he rushed to the nearby men’s lockers to change his outfit and hide the monster that continued to sneak its dastardly head from its hiding place.

On his way out, he suddenly felt a sharp sting of hostility boring into his back. Instinctively, he cast a subtle, curious glance toward the all-female club, only to find a pair of eyes shooting daggers at him.

Hidden behind a group of very well-endowed gymnasts was an individual of humble proportions. She had short, light-blue hair, a height similar to Horikita's, and a chest that almost gave off the impression of a brick wall.

Her gaze was unrelenting, suspiciously so as Ayanokouji had never met her personally, but something about her gave him a sense of familiarity.

He had taken mental note of her short stature, the tomboyish blue hair cut short just before the bottom of her ears, and the hostility in her eyes that radiated confidence as if she had the skills to back up her non-vocal threat.

Ayanokouji did not linger long. It was suspicious, unsettling even as traitors could be anywhere to sabotage him. But as the looming deadline and the severe punishment of expulsion drew closer, he had to set these suspicions aside.

His mind flew back to the words written in blank ink, indicating his second task.

'Assist the gymnastics club with their afternoon practice for two hours. Report to the teacher in charge for specific instructions.'

Simple enough to understand but vague enough to give the teacher-in-charge the leeway to give the appropriate task for the student.

For this task, the teacher-in-charge was Hoshinomiya-sensei. She had plastered herself on the benches, with her head against the railing, and was currently half-awake. She was rubbing her temples, doing her absolute best to keep herself upright.

According to the gymnastics club members, she had too much to drink again the night before. The gymnastics club were in a bind until they were informed that someone else would be assisting them with practice. They were glad to have a reliable person, for once, to assist them with their daily club practice.

The all-girls club was way too comfortable to have a boy as their assistant, but it seemed that the little stunt at the Palette cafe, and his infamous reputation, marked him as dependable by the gymnastics club members.

Despite the embarrassing three-hour shift that practically disintegrated whatever shred of dignity he had, it gave them a positive impression that he had the guts to do what was asked of him. He even heard a student refer to him as “the man who had slay’d.”

The gymnasium was in full preparation, crowded with women whose limber and flexibility shone with such grace as they adorned themselves with tight leotards that embraced their figures. The fabric had so much strength that one could wonder how it held such fierce-looking shapes, practically bursting out from some more well-endowed individuals in the club.

They ran simple warm ups to prepare themselves for the upcoming intensive training. Some had already begun their floor routines, stretching themselves in different positions with almost inhumane flexibility, while others performed their much simpler routine with such practiced grace.

It was a sight to behold for any male to witness, but Ayanokouji knew better not to stare longer than necessary as his excalibur might give them a standing ovation. Instead, he shifted his focus on the task at hand.

Ayanokouji was asked to set up the gymnastic equipment. His tasks ranged from simple mats and safety foam to a rather daunting balance beam where its length and size could intimidate anyone not familiar with it.

Included in the group of equipment were bars in different shapes and heights that could be pushed around through the aid of its specifically installed wheels and lock. However, the beams, on the other hand, had no such things and required extra effort and attention to be set up.

This was, of course, not done alone. With the number of gymnastics equipment and the sheer bulk of each one, It would take the whole afternoon to be built by someone on their own. That's why thankfully, another person was also tasked in the same location.

"A bit to the left, Sotomura." Ayanokouji stared blankly, heaving an inward sigh.

His one and only extra pair of hands was Hideo Sotomura, whose attention was definitely not at the task at hand. The cause of his distraction was, unsurprisingly, the nearby club members busy flaunting their well-molded physique.

A quick look at his face was scandalous enough to conclude that he was treating the place as his own version of heaven, his eyes seemingly ready to burst out of its sockets and shatter the lenses of his glasses.

"Sotomura," Ayanokouji called again, snapping his fingers to catch his attention but to no avail.

Perhaps one of the gymnastic club members felt the uneasy stare of Hideo and looked their way, noticing his lust aimed straight at them. Soon enough, the rest of the club members became aware of the unwarranted, uncomfortable gazes, collectively stopping their routines.

Their expressions immediately turned sour in disgust, anger beginning to shadow their faces.

“Hey boys! The equipment?” shouted one of the girls, hips on her hand as she demanded their full attention.

This finally made ‘The Professor’ snap back to reality, his lustful gaze turning into one of surprise and fear.

As he turned his head away, he saw Ayanokouji looking at him with empty-looking eyes, drastically changing his mood in an instant.

Just like that, he was angry and vengeful again.

‘Fucking bastard,’ Sotomura shouted in his head, his fury spiraling through his mind.

He meant every word, harboring ill intentions and wishing him dead for all he could care.

‘My Goddess was not enough, huh? He fucking wants all the girls to himself’. He continued to curse him in his mind, remembering how Ayanokouji’s lips touched Kushida’s. ‘It should’ve been me!’

He almost spat out the bitter disgust in his mouth. He felt so much hatred towards him that he could almost bend the metal he held and skewer it against the man before him.

“Can you lift that part to the left, Professor?” Ayanokouji asked again. This time, he forced himself to use the magic word.

Sotomura’s glasses gleamed against the light. He was stuck in his own fantasy world, where a man named Kiyotaka Ayanokoji did not exist. However, the word “Professor” had reached him. There was something with the title that gave him a sense of pride.

Evidence, a rightful evidence that Sotomura was better. Miles better than what this aloof under-achiever, brown-haired boy could never hope to reach.

“Well if you ask me with such thoughtful words, how could I not?” Sotomura answered, flashing a satisfied smile.

And so the beam was finally lifted…to the left. Slightly. To Kiyotaka, it was the best achievement they had within their precious ten minutes.

Setting up the rest of the equipment took much longer than expected as Sotomura continued to prioritize his lustful desires, calling his shameless gawking at the leotard-clad beauties as “witnessing the pinnacle of feminine solidarity and athleticism.”

The girls were quick to shoo the ‘four-eyes pervert’, as they nicknamed Sotomura, each time he was caught by them.

When it seemed that there was no helping it, by the immeasurable time he was caught, Hoshinomiya-sensei had to step in. Possibly sobered up from her own hell, she kept an eye on the progress, to which Ayanokouji was much thankful for.

Sotomura had suddenly lost his rare chance of real life fan service, but thanks to Hoshinomiya-sensei's incredibly mature figure, he found a new beauty to feed his imagination.

He had snuck a few glances whenever the teacher had let her guard down for a moment and whenever she looked his way, he would immediately act like the very symbol of helpfulness and duty.

Ayanokouji knew that it shouldn't continue or he'd fail his task watching this rather insane cycle of 'hide and peek.'

Occasionally, he would tug and nudge Sotomura to capture his attention, breaking his perverted sight-seeing. It was the only thing he could do at the situation, considering how helpless of a case the bespectacled man was.

Although, the headaches didn't stop there. Their shirts began to stick to their skin and their palms would slip against the metal. Ayanokouji was doing perfectly fine, but the professor was not as fit as he was. He asked for a break every now and then, visibly melting from the effort of carrying out physical labor.

On the other side of the gymnasium, the girls had finished their warm up routines. However, some of them had complained about the slow progress of their equipment when in fact, they could've started already with the equipment that had already been set up.

Such complaints appeared to be just excuses.

Because just as Sotomura had a feast watching the women of the gymnastics club perform insane acrobatics with their tight leotards, the same women had been watching them as well.

But just to be clear, they weren't watching the professor to catch him in the act again. No, they had a much more tantalizing individual to choose from.

Ayanokouji's face might look empty, flat, and could be easily forgotten, but his body has so much to offer. And they were saying it without much exaggeration.

His toned arms and abdomen pressed tightly against his shirt, emphasizing every inch of his muscles as he moved. Their gazes followed the sweat soaking through the fabric from collar to seams, taking every chance to examine him like a specimen beneath a microscope.

They were mesmerized, some were even drooling, at the sight of his well formed body.

"Hey, you should try calling him…" Ayanokouji overheard one of the girls offer the idea to her equally interested friend.

"What!? Why me? Why don't you call him!" the friend replied as her cheeks flared up with embarrassment.

“Damn, like, are there any boys like that in our class?” another girl chimed in, her voice laced with disappointment.

“I doubt it. All of them are perverts like that fat one,” commented another as she scoffed at the sight of the Professor.

‘

Many more conversations had gone like that but it seemed that they weren’t aware that their voices echoed across the gym. The subject of their gossip overhead most of their conversations and looked their way, much to their delight.

Whenever his head snapped towards their direction, the girls would wave with endearing smiles. One of them even dared enough to wink at him and blow him kisses.

It was at this moment that all the eyes of the club members were all on Ayanokouji—and this angered Sotomura who had caught on.

Back at the other side of the gymnasium, Ayanokouji’s attention was elsewhere for the first time in a while. He could not look away, mostly because the women of the gymnastics club were very much a looker.

He looked at each individual athlete with such trained eyes, and he was never once called out for it. One of the girls had thick, luscious thighs worthy of praise and worship, paired with a well-sculpted physique that could make anyone’s knees go weak, if such a reaction weren’t completely out of character for him. Another had massive, earth-shattering breasts that her leotard seemed to be fighting for its life to keep everything contained beneath its thinning fabric.

Each jiggle of her large mounds paired with her fat, bubbly ass could actually start an earthquake.

It was heaven for a growing man like him, and somehow, he realized why Sotomura was distracted. Each member was just absolutely stunning in their own merit.

A loud clap boomed across the gymnasium. As everything hushed to silence, a single voice replaced it. All eyes turned to the only teacher, Hoshinomiya Chie with her hands still locked in a clasp.

She spoke up with a small, tipsy smile. “A little fun and games are good every now and then, but I’d like to remind everyone that we can’t stay in the gymnasium forever.” She crossed her arms, pushing her fat, heavy breasts upward. “Especially both of you Ayanokouji and Sotomura…”

She then turned to face the gymnastic club members. The once giggling bunch were now as strict and quiet as a soldier trained for war. Hoshinomiya-sensei, despite her almost always drunken impression of an adult, was surprisingly fully capable of acting the part when she needed to.

“Ibuki,” she announced over the group, her voice retaining its authority. “Mio Ibuki,” she repeated.

A girl with short, blue hair and a short stature stepped forward. Her figure was immediately obvious from the rest. She *was* small. As in small everything. Breasts as flat as any wall, hips that barely protruded out of her leotard, and thighs that had less mass than any other gymnast beside her.

It was easy to compare how lacking she was in every shape or form while she stood beside even the “smallest” in the club.

Ayanokouji recalled the moment he laid eyes on her as she gave off the impression of a… “Rectangle…”

The words escaped out into the open. For that moment, a hint of worry crossed his empty eyes. But fortunately, he realized that the voice was not his but of another. Thankfully.

He turned his head towards the only other male in the gymnasium: Sotomura.

His eyes were covered by the white sheen of his glasses. His expression was so calm and composed that it mirrored Ayanokouji’s. However, the damage was done as a tomboy named Mio Ibuki had already looked their way, her eyes piercing both Ayanokouji and Sotomura with such murderous intent.

“Professor,” Ayanokouji said, “I think she heard you.” He was just so relieved that it wasn’t him who had offended the girl.

“Surely not!” Sotomura answered, sweat forming on his head “...Right?”

Kiyotaka could only sigh.

The girls had begun their routines on the equipment. Everyone was an athlete of their own right as their skills clearly shone throughout their routines. As their legs stretched beyond what was usually humanly capable, as they twisted and turned in the air and landed on the ground with

such controlled precision, one couldn't know they managed to pull it off with such well-endowed breasts.

Mio Ibuki was among them. Although she was not a gymnast, she was able to perform the most basic routines. She was not limber, but had the physical capacity to keep trying.

Hoshinomiya-sensei explained each step with precise instructions, her voice was strict but carried care and attention.

After the long, exhausting drag, all the gymnastics equipment had been finally and fully set up and ready for the upcoming routines.

However, that didn't mark the end of their tasks as Hoshinomiya had asked both of them to stay beside the bars and prepare the large foams just in case the gymnasts were to accidentally fall. It was for their safety purposes, and Kiyotaka had nothing to complain about.

"It's simple in practice," Her words were soft but serious, "but it needs your quick reflexes and judgement."

Sotomura argued at first, he reasoned that the task should end once the equipment was set up as it was too laborious for two students to do, and they still had a task left for the day to accomplish.

"I'm sure the girls would appreciate someone to save them in case they fell off the bars by accident," Hoshinomiya-sensei retorted with a smile, cute and seductive enough to stop Sotomura from his arguments.

The professor immediately agreed, throwing his previous argument out the window. According to him, it was up to him to ‘take this great opportunity to save these precious athletes from such a fate’ or so he said.

The time went by, and without Ayanokouji realizing it, the training was already nearing its end. Hoshinomiya-sensei announced the time to everyone in the gymnasium, continuing to call the girls individually to perform a specific routine.

“Mio Ibuki,” the teacher called to the next person in line. “You’re up.”

The tomboy definitely looked out of place, but her confidence simply radiated. She might have seemed nervous, but she had courage. She stretched her arms and legs, closing her eyes as she took one deep breath.

Fluttering her eyes open, she exhaled in a controlled manner, the fear and hesitance leaving her face.

Physically, she was not behind the girls. In fact, she was miles beyond them. The strength in her legs and arms was evident for everyone to see.

She raised herself high above the bars, legs outstretched horizontally before slowly rising upwards until she merged into a single vertical form.

Everyone in the class was genuinely surprised by her topnotch skills, clapping their hands in awe and pride.

Ibuki held her form before she finally swung down, doing it twice before spinning as she switched her grip and paused mid-air. Slowly, she stretched her arms and legs into a vertical form again, and continued until the bars made an eerie shriek.

Ibuki did one final swing before the bars gave away.

Everyone held their breath, watching her lose control as she spun mid-air, far from the area with safety foam.

Sotomura was too stunned to act, but Ayanokouji, gripped the safety foam in his hands and raced after Ibuki.

In his mind, he knew the foam would not be enough to break her fall. Ibuki was not a gymnast to properly stop herself and safely land.

His mind panicked for a split second, before he finally decided to throw the foam beneath her before he himself jumped after her.

By sheer luck or by some incredible miracle, he had managed to reach her, immediately embracing her body to counter her momentum before they hit the ground together with a resounding thud that echoed across the gymnasium.

Sharp gasps and terrified shrieks washed over the facility as crimson blood began to drip on the cold, hard floor.

End.

Hope you all loved the chapter!

It’s going to be even more interesting in the next few chapters so make sure to stick around!!

Take care lads.

Peace.