Chapter 18: A Bad Morning To You Too.

I watched silently as Nakamura left my room. I had just been blackmailed by him and had to follow his orders.
I had originally planned to use mutual destruction to counter his blackmail by using ***there*** as leverage. However, I didn't have the slightest clue what that was. Obviously, it was a place, but that was about all I knew. I happened to think that in such a place, there was something Nakamura wanted to hide, but I couldn't be sure.
He could have made it up just so he could have blackmailable information.
I couldn't tell, and even if it *was* real, I couldn't get the information from anywhere I knew. Maybe I could, but for now, I had to focus on getting what he wanted.
The question was whether I was able to do that, considering I recently joined the student council. Unfortunately, Nakamura wasn't kind enough to consider that.
That guy really knows how to annoy someone.
I looked at the time and realised that it was quite late, so I took my bath and dried my hair while using my phone. I had no new messages.
I promptly dropped my phone before my eyes darted around my room. I noticed the family picture that I took. It was an old picture; I took it when I was still in elementary school.
I saw someone in the picture, someone I hadn't seen in a while—it was my twin brother.

He wasn’t with me anymore because… he died.
I miss you, Shou.
He died while we were still in elementary school—Shou was pushed off a cliff. The killer was apprehended, but… He was just another student—a local bully and my former crush. However, he said someone made him do it or, rather, led him to do it. His exact words were:
“It wasn’t me, it was—”
La La La La.
It was my notification—a simple one-note melody.
Weird, right? I was trying to do something different.
Anyway, it was a friend who sent me a message.
[Kumi: Girl, I hope you’re not using your phone after that study session. Well, I guess you won’t notice this message unless you are. Anyway, head to bed, like right now.]
I smiled at the message. Kumi was the first friend I made after coming here and was the second person I talked to.
She wanted me to rest because I had joined the student council and still came to the class’s online 4-hour study session.
“Though I don’t feel that tired,” I said to no one in particular. “I suppose she might be right about me not knowing when to rest.”
I sighed, looking at the picture before I promptly turned it around.
I think that’s enough reminiscing for one day.

I slipped into my pyjamas and went to bed. I had a short dream. In it, I was running with Shou, but I overtook him; when I looked back, he was nowhere to be found.
After he was gone, I just sat there crying alone till I woke up to my alarm.
“Ugh!” I slammed at my alarm to turn it off. “Same thing, huh?”
I had this dream every night.
…And I really hated it, though I had had it for over 5 years, so now I wake up without a reaction, but before, I woke up crying like it was right in front of me.
The dream expressed my powerlessness and intent on changing that—I’d prove that I wasn’t that little girl who would let her brother die.
“Hopefully.”
I quickly got out of bed, had my bath, and wore my uniform. Unlike what Nakamura wore to school on his first day, I dressed like an actual student, wearing everything the school provided, including the blazer.
I happened to notice that most students in Class Gamma and below dressed like hooligans (with Class Epsilon dressing the most unstudent-like), though I couldn’t really blame them.
It was their financial situation that forced them to do so.
Anyway, after I finished packing my bag, I went to the convenience store and got a sandwich with a soda.
“That will be 425 RP.”
“Ok, thanks,” I said curtly.
“Come again.”

I left the store and walked to school using the Class Alpha pathway.
Not because I didn't want to interact with people from other classes, but so I wouldn't have to see Nakamura… (and also because of my "fans").
If I see that guy this morning, I might get a migraine.
"Nanase!"
"Oh, good morning, Kumi."
"What's up? Did you sleep well?" Kumi said, running up to me.
"Yup, thanks for your concern."
"No prob."
"Yo!" A boy with purple hair and green eyes came between Kumi and me. "What's up, ladies?"
"Hey, Tadano," I greeted him. "What's up?"
"... Guys, there might be an issue," Tadano looked grim.
"Hmm?"
"What happened…?" Kumi asked, though I could already guess.
"I-I-I think I'm in the midst of angels!!!" Tadano exclaimed, clutching his sides while moving in a wormlike manner, like a weirdo.
So cringe.
I suppose an introduction is needed. Tadano was the person who sat next to me; he was… something. Despite how he acted, he was apparently someone capable because, well, everyone in my class was quite capable.

To be honest, I was very surprised that Nakamura wasn't in this class, though I was thankful that he wasn't.
Or is he not like before?... I doubt.
"Anyway, did you guys hear about the supposed missing records of Class Epsilon?" Kumi quickly moved past Tadano's antics; it was a normal occurrence after all.
"Nope," I replied. "Though how'd you even hear about it?"
"From friends."
Yeah, that checks out.
Kumi had lots of friends. While you couldn't say she was popular, she was friends with popular people.
That's why I even met up with Yoshida when she confronted Nakamura—I was waiting for Kumi, who had just introduced me to her and left to buy food from a convenience store because it was selling her favourite snack.
"I heard that some people thought it was Takagaki, but the rumour got snuffed out."
"Hmm… Must have been their class mastermind. What class is he in?"
"He's in Class Delta."
"Yup, totally their class mastermind," I replied—my classmates were like an unlimited well of knowledge concerning things about the school.
I happened to learn how compassionate and intimate the students of Class Delta were some time ago—they thought of themselves as a family to the point that dating within the class was seen as "incest"—so I came to the

probable conclusion that the mastermind most likely snuffed the rumour.
“What was the timeline of the rumour?”
“It barely lasted a day.”
“So, Class Delta has that amount of power, huh?”
“Hmm… I don’t think that’s exactly right. I believe it was probably done under constraining methods.”
Yeah, it was also possible that it was done by very restrictive methods, as most would try their best for their family.
“That alone showed high amounts of cooperation and teamwork.”
“Yeah.”
“...”
Tadano remained quiet during all this. It must seem weird when he was just so energetic.
It was because of a single reason.
“Why are you talking about the lower classes?” His expression seemed calm, perhaps even indifferent, but his tone dripped with exasperation.
Tadano had a hate for the other classes. Well, maybe saying ‘hate’ was too harsh, but unlike other people who generally just didn’t like Delta and Epsilon (not that I was part of such a group), he had a distaste for everyone not in Class Alpha.
“Uh, sorry about that,” Kumi apologised. “I just found it interesting.”
“Interesting? Those worthless cockroaches? I suppose their useless squabbles are somewhat amusing. I even

conversed with Takagaki. Of course, in a few seconds, I could tell why he was Class Delta.”
Tadano was an elitist. Not that he didn’t talk to those in lower classes; in fact, he had ‘friends’ from those classes.
Of course, I use the word ‘friends’ very loosely—they were more like slaves.
Well, that word might be a bit too extreme, but he kept them around by offering the prospect of giving them Rp. Their greed kept them there, and Tadano kept them to fulfil his whims—of course, still within the school’s rules. Then again, with this school, those rules could more or less be bent.
“You talked with him?” Kumi asked.
“Yeah, he wanted to be my friend but realised what that meant and quickly backed down like the coward he is,” Tadano smirked. “Anyway, back to you, angels.”
The conversation went back to being light-hearted; it showed how little Tadano cared about the lower classes. I didn’t really like how Tadano acted, but… I mean, it wasn’t really that bad anyway.
At any rate, we arrived at school and began having our study session.
Unlike other classes, we had study sessions during classes because we had more or less finished the syllabus for this term.
Though it didn’t really matter, as we could continue learning regardless.

However, our class leader said otherwise, saying we should focus on revision for the special test.
It made sense, however…
We study wayyy too much.
Everyone seemed fine with it, so complaining would seem weird. I couldn't even sigh because everyone would hear, so I simply looked out the window.
No one directly made us study because everyone acted accordingly.
We dressed well, didn't talk during class, everyone understood the syllabus, and our class was always clean, with everyone being cooperative and helpful.
We were, all in all, a perfect class. It was why we had so much Rp, because with how arranged and structured we were, we were bound to have good reputations.
After all, this was Japan that we were in.
But that same structure also makes us so boring.
But I couldn't really complain, so I simply stared at the clouds and began to think about the mission I was sent on by Nakamura.
That guy.
And I became angry again. Nakamura didn't understand the structure of the student council and how it worked.
He forgot that today was just my second day.
Even after lunch break, I was still angry.
"Uh, Nanase, did something happen?"
"Nah."
"You sure?"
"Yup."

“Well, ok then.”
Of course, Kumi noticed, but I quickly brushed it off and went back to continue studying (staring out the window) even though lunch break hadn’t ended yet.
I was in perpetual boredom until I noticed our class leader walk into class.
Not that her presence ended my boredom, but it caught my attention.
Like always, she was just like that.
Unlike other classes, we had only one class leader, not a president but a leader—sometimes, the mastermind was different from the president, but for us it wasn’t.
Our mastermind was also the leader; she led an entire class of talented individuals with relative ease. I’m sure it’s pretty obvious she was a genius.
Anyway, she didn’t come to class in the morning like always, as she said that it was better to study alone than with people.
Not that we even made noise, though.
However, she could do such bold actions not just because of who she was in school, but because of who she was outside of school, too.
Her father was Hoshikawa Takemitsu, the head of the Hoshikawa Group.
The largest conglomerate in Japan, it operated in finance, shipping, tech, and real estate.
Hoshikawa Ayaka was the only child of Hoshikawa Takemitsu and was the sole heiress of the conglomerate.

This meant that she always carried a prestigious air—not to mention her straight jet-black hair and her emerald eyes, the trademarks of any Hoshikawa.
She even swayed people in Class Alpha because, even though we feared expulsion, she was an obvious exception.
Even if she got expelled, she was still the heiress, so she could easily still remain in a wealthy position. It made everyone try to butter her up; however, she kept a calm and indifferent aura, showing that she couldn't be flattered.
Even after all that, she was still a good leader because her cool head made her good at making decisions.
She was so amazing that I, a new student, could appreciate her.
However, despite all this, I had to focus on actually getting the information for Nakamura.
The main issue was how the student council worked; though, I suppose, to understand what I meant, I would have to tell the story of when I came yesterday.

***

Author's Note:
If you're wondering, the next chapter is the story.
Anyway, remember to comment, share, and leave a review. Thanks for reading the chapter, and see you in the next one.