Chapter 18.1: How The Student Council Works

For context, this story takes place yesterday, on my way back from school.

As I was chatting with Kumi, I suddenly received an email that said I had been accepted into the student council, specified the position I would hold—assistant secretary—and said I should come to their office in the special building used for clubs.

I showed my phone to Kumi, and we both squealed in excitement before I promptly headed to the special building after school.

A student was waiting for me there, but nobody else seemed to be around.

“I presume no one followed you,” she said.

“Yeah.”

“Good, I’ll lead you to the real student council room.”

“Real student council room?”

“...” She didn’t say anything, simply gesturing to me that I should follow her.

I followed her, but the silence was deafening.

“Are you in the student council?”

“...”

I suppose that much is obvious.

“What position do you occupy?”

“...”

“I haven’t seen you before. Are you my senpai?”

She was obviously my senpai, as she wore a maroon shirt, though I wanted to make some small talk; however, she didn't seem like the type to like it—that didn't mean I would relent, though.
"I really like your hair. Is it natural?"
Her hair was quite beautiful. It was long, flowing hair—black at the roots and dyed pine green at the tips. Though, like I just said, it was obviously dyed pine green. No one's hair started to change green at the tips.
"Such obvious flattery is useless. Are you unable to shut up?"
"That's a bit harsh—"
"If it's so hard for you to keep mute, then let's make a deal. If I answer one of your questions, keep quiet for the remainder of the journey."
Well, I do have a lot of questions; might as well ask the one that's been disturbing me the most.
"...Oh, alright. I agree."
"Good. Now what's the question?"
"Why hide the student council?"
"Hmm? You're asking such an obvious question? I suppose it doesn't matter. It's hidden to prevent students from stealing and altering documents. In the case that a situation needs to be handled, we go to that fake office."
"Ahh, I see."
It made sense. If the location was known to all, students could alter anything, maybe even change expulsions or inflict expulsions.

“Now, let’s go.”
I nodded and followed silently, but instead of going to a special place, we headed to the library.
Huh? Ahh, there’s probably a hidden pathway.
Turns out I was right because I was led to a room hidden behind the school library in a wing reserved for administrative records.
“Whoa!”
“...” The unnamed girl eyed me like I had broken a rule. Well, I suppose I did since I said I wouldn’t talk.
Anyway, there was a large metal door that had a QR scanner, so to enter, you had to show your student ID.
On entering, I saw all the student council members with Kaneko-senpai sitting on a swivel chair and the rest on a couch, with some documents scattered on the floor.
“Welcome. We’ve been expecting you,” he grinned, his dressing casual—wearing an unbuttoned white shirt that revealed a worn grey undershirt, and his pants were loose without a belt, and of course, he wore Crocs.
That being said, I wasn’t focusing on his dressing but rather on his words.
Damn, that really sounds like a movie villain’s line
“Damn, that really sounds like a movie villain's line, right?”
He read my mind?
“By the way, I didn’t read your mind; it’s just that your expression is predictable.”
“Oh, that makes sense.”

“Anyway, on to introductions. I’m Kaneko Katsu, the president of the student council and the single best student, though you already knew that.”
I nodded in affirmation, though the part about being the single best student might be a stretch, but no one countered him.
“I’m also in my second year. Class Alpha.”
“Huh? Second year?”
“Shouldn’t the school president be a third year?” was what I wanted to say, but I got an answer even before asking.
“Grade doesn’t matter here; it’s merit that’s important.”
An elegant-looking orange-haired boy with green eyes nodded; he was quite the contrast to Kaneko, who dressed pretty casually.
“Hey, my name’s Mizumi Kazuto. I’m the vice president,” he said. “I’m also in my second year. Class Beta.”
“I’m Saito Tenjin, the secretary. I’m also a second-year student. Class Alpha,” the girl beside me said.
So she’s in the same class as Kaneko-senpai. Also, it seems I’m her assistant.
“I’m Takemine Hoshino. The treasurer,” a girl with platinum hair and vermillion eyes. “I’m also a second-year student. Class Beta.”
“My name is Kadenokoji Akito. I’m the third-year class representative. Class Beta,” a blonde-haired boy said energetically. He dressed casually like Satou-senpai. “I’m also captain of the volleyball team.”

Huh? I thought you couldn't be in a club if you were on the student council, or is it because he is a third-year? Maybe they are exempt from such rules. I'll ask later.
"The name's Sawada Hikaru. I'm the second-year class representative. Class Alpha," he said, adjusting his black hair from his eyes and focusing on his book.
Since he was my senpai, he didn't have to show respect or be polite; he simply introduced himself and went back to reading his book.
I was sure that if he wasn't a second-year student or if his senpai wasn't here, he wouldn't introduce himself.
He's so immersed in his book.
It was then time for the last student council member to introduce themselves. It was none other than my class leader, Hoshikawa Ayaka.
"I am Hoshikawa Ayaka," she said calmly. "I'm the first-year class representative. Class Alpha."
Of course she's *here.*
I didn't know she was in the student council, but it wasn't all that surprising that she was in it.
After the members finished introducing themselves, they stared intently at me, even Sawada-senpai, though his book was still in his hand.
Oh, they expect me to introduce myself like them—let's try my best.
I gave a warm smile before introducing myself in an audible tone.

“My name is Hayashi Nanase,” I grinned. “I’m the assistant secretary. I’m also a first-year student. Class Alpha—nice to make your acquaintance,” I bowed.
They all clapped monotonously, though Kaneko-senpai and Mizumi-senpai had warm smiles on their faces.
“Welcome aboard, Nanase,” Kaneko-senpai said. “Now, time to explain the positions and layout of the student council. If you will, Tenjin.”
“Yes, sir,” she replied. “The positions are as follows:
The student council president oversees everything and makes sure everything is in order. He also handles meetings.
The vice president does the same, assisting him whenever he falls short or taking over when he is tired or unavailable.
The secretary makes sure the student council president’s work is organised. Handling his schedule and helping him make better decisions.
The assistant secretary handles the documents and makes sure that the vice president is attended to when he needs aid.
The treasurer helps draft the budget for the student council and other clubs to make sure money is not wasted.
The class representatives help deal with class issues and help make the club budgets more efficient. They also act as intermediaries if a case cannot be solved by a teacher.

Of course, if the case becomes more serious, they will have to come, and we'll have a court action.
Where the student council president will help deal out punishments if necessary.
They also handle suggestions from their respective grades to help give suggestions for rule-making and possibly school activities.
That is all for the roles."
Saito-senpai paused, taking a deep breath before continuing.
"Student Council Layout (By Ranking):
The President—50%
The Vice-President—20%.
The Secretary—10%.
The Assistant Secretary—14%.
The Treasurer—13%.
The Class Representatives;
The Third Year Representative—1%.
The Second Year Representative—1%.
The First Year Representative—1%.
These numbers represent how much power each position occupies; this power is useful in voting.
For the student council to exercise power, a mandatory voting session had to occur.
For this reason, the side that agrees with the action needs at least 60% power.
This law was created by Kaneko Katsu because, before now, the student council president had absolute power.

That was what helped Kaneko become president—it aided him and Mizumi's campaign. In fact, he said he wanted to create a fair school and abolish what the president did.
He also established the roles of the class representatives."
So it was Kaneko-senpai who did all that? He was quite a person. Indeed, he helped establish equality…or so it seemed.
Yes, he made it more equal, but it was still tipped in his favour, as well as increasing his Rp passively because of how good his reputation would become.
If it was done intentionally, then it was quite the strategy; of course, I couldn't accuse him of that.
After gathering my thoughts, I nodded, showing I understood what she said.
"Ok, I think I understand, but what about the rules?"
"Rules?" Kaneko-senpai smirked. "Seeing as no one here is in Class Gamma, I can presume that we all know what to do. No offence to them, of course."
"So there is no special rule to follow."
"Well, there are, but they are quite basic. You are prohibited from showing anybody this bunker, and you are prohibited from telling them anything discussed here. Of course, breaking the other rules is not that bad, though, especially since there are no security cameras here," he winked.
"That's it?"
"Yes, so any questions?"

“Just one. You said we can’t join clubs if you are in the student council. But Kadenokoji-senpai is in the volleyball club.”
“Hmm? Yeah, but he’s my senpai, so he’s exempt.”
What kind of rule is that? So we can’t have privileges because we are his kouhai? Not that I actually want to join a club, but still.
“Huh? So if—”
“Relax, I’m teasing you.”
“O-Oh.”
“Well, you took that well. Unlike a certain Tenjin.”
She narrowed her eyes at him before quickly calming herself down.
“The real reason is that representatives are basically part-timers. Well, they and the treasurer, because they aren’t needed every day, unlike us. In fact, they came today just to welcome you. Though you don’t have to come every day.”
“Oh.”
“Anyway, that’s all for today.”
“Really?” I asked.
“Yup, feel free to leave or even ask more questions.”
I wanted to ask about the documents on the floor, but I quickly shut myself up so I wouldn’t warrant more work for myself.
I took a bow and left for the door.
“Yeah, also, please do your job. I would hate to ‘handle’ it myself.”

I suppose that was a threat that meant, ‘Don’t be unserious with your job, or you will get fired.’
I silently nodded and headed to my room for an online study session before Nakamura came and blackmailed me.
You know the story after that, and you also understand why I couldn’t help Nakamura.
I couldn’t go against Kaneko-senpai; I could get removed from the student council.
That being said, after school, I still went to the student council office because what Nakamura had as leverage was too important to me.
I-I can’t let him use that against me; however, he might still have it after the blackmail, but at least for now, the leverage will be gone.
Although he might use this *as leverage… What a drag—shit, I’m talking like that bastard.*
I snuck into the hidden bunker and quickly entered the student council office—inside, I saw Kaneko-senpai asleep.
Does he sleep here?
On the ground were the same disarranged documents from yesterday, but that wasn’t my problem for now, so I tiptoed to the documents that housed the student records and quickly searched for Class 1-Epsilon.
Luckily, it was arranged by grade and class and not by name.
Anyway, it didn’t take long to see Yoshida and Kato’s file, and I was even about to read it when—

“Hmm? Nanase? What are you doing with those files?”
Shit.
I internally cursed but quickly calmed down.
“I’m asking a question, aren’t I?” Kaneko-senpai asked, his voice a bit cold.
My mind racked for an answer that would make sense.
What could I do? What could I say? I might be screwed.
No, I was screwed.
It was then that I got an idea.
“I was arranging the files on the floor.”
Yesterday, Saito-senpai said one of my jobs was to arrange documents, so I used them to my advantage right now.
I’m so happy I didn’t do my job yesterday.
“Really? I see, I knew you were a good pick,”
Kaneko-senpai stood up. “Let me supervise.”
Kaneko-senpai walked over to me with a wide grin. As he was coming, I looked through Yoshida’s and Kato’s files, memorising what I could.
Hmm…?
Anyway, before Kaneko-senpai woke up, I planned on taking a photo, but Nakamura would have to take my word for it; in fact, I could actually just lie.
It hadn’t occurred to me because of how heavy the blackmail was.
…Though if he found out that I lied, what might happen would be too big a risk.
I mean, it’s that guy after all.

I quickly changed my mind from lying and hurriedly arranged the documents before going to my room. However, as I left, Kaneko-senpai commented, but I didn't hear him—though I probably should have.
Well, the only reason he could even say such a thing was that I was disoriented and needed to leave there as fast as possible.
"Good work. Now relay it to him."
Anyway, after I got home, I went straight to taking my bath and changing into more comfortable clothes. I lay on my bed thinking about what happened.
Talk about a heart attack. My heart is still pounding.
If I were caught by Kaneko-senpai, I would definitely be screwed. I mean, what would I use to defend myself? "Uh, I was just curious about the class Epsilon students?"—Yeah, that wouldn't stand, like, at all, especially if someone was also there.
And unfortunately, even if I mentioned that guy, he would just deny it. Luckily, there were no cameras there, so I ended up being safe.
At any rate, I sent a message to that guy—er—Nakamura.
[Me: Hey, bastard. I have the info.]
[Nakamura Eiya: I'm on my way.]
Before I knew it, Nakamura came to my room.
"So, show me the picture," he commanded.
"I can't. I have no picture."
"Wait, I'm supposed to take your word for it?"
"Think about my situation. Can I really lie to you now?"

He looked off into the distance for about 1 second before answering. “...Go ahead.”
You probably thought he was reassuring himself, right? Not quite. He seemed to drift off for a second, but I knew what he was doing—he was thinking. You see, Nakamura Eiya had this abnormal ability to think of several things at once in record time.
Of course, I’m envious of this ability.
“Ok, for Kato. She’s a triplet, but her siblings aren’t in this school; she had trouble making friends as a child, and her grandmother’s second husband is Nigerian.”
“Ok,” he looked disappointed.
I couldn’t blame him; the descriptions were barely interesting. Well, for Kato at least.
“Yoshida is the daughter of a famous baker… but I can’t remember the name of said baker; she loves dogs, she had few friends in middle school, and she is…the niece of the chairman of this school.”
I paused for dramatic effect, expecting Nakamura to react in shock, but he answered quite calmly.
“I see,” he nodded.
“Huh? Did you know this?”
“Nope, it’s very shocking news.”
“Then why are you so unreactive?”
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Author’s Note:
Anyway, remember to comment, share, and leave a review. Thanks for reading the chapter, and see you in the next one.