Chapter 17.2: Bullying Sucks.

“...I see.”

Innō just finished briefing me on what happened last term.

He also helped me understand what the first term was like. However…

Who’s Honochi?

I didn’t want to stop Innō while he was just flowing, so I was silent.

“So, uh, Innō, who is Honochi?”

“Huh? You don’t know her?”

“Yeah.”

“How? She followed you to stop the Class Beta case.”

“Is it the girl with the blue scrunchie?”

“Yes.”

“What about Ayumi?”

“Do you know anyone?”

“Well…”

“Ayumi is a friend of Honochi; she wears glasses.”

“I see. Anyway, um, about what you told me, are you allowed to tell me that? Y’know, because of what the school president said about withholding information from me.”

“Shit, I forgot about that,” Innō swore. “Well, can’t help it now. Also, I think it should be fine now, right?”

“What makes you so sure?”

“I don’t remember when Kaneko-senpai said we could stop, but that only matters to those in the faction, which I am not—we just helped those who were because it

helped the class in general—Wait, I think I remember; yeah, he only said we had to hold on till Monday… The day you get expelled."
So, they helped the rest because if they didn't, people in Epsilon wouldn't be in the faction anymore.
That, of course, wasn't my main question since I knew it was till Monday, as Kagura told me. I had another one. This question stemmed from the fact that I didn't understand Innō's reasoning for telling me about Kobayashi because when I was falsely accused, he didn't say a word, and he didn't say anything afterwards when I came back.
"So, why did you tell me this?"
"..."
"You gonna answer or what?"
"There was no reason," he said, cutting the call.
Hmm.
I wanted to call him back but figured he wouldn't answer since he obviously didn't want to tell me his reason.
I put my phone on my bed before getting ready for school.
After putting on my uniform, I ate my breakfast—some microwaved leftovers of yesterday's dinner.
After I finished my meal, I took my bag and headed for school, though before leaving, I looked over at my food supply and saw that my food supplies were running low. What I had wouldn't last me much longer, and unfortunately, I had no Rp left.
"What am I gonna do now?" I sighed as I left the dorms.

The main issue was that despite the fact that my expulsion was pardoned, the impression my classmates had of me hadn't changed in the slightest.
I couldn't just change their impression, especially since Suzuki didn't tell them the truth and left them with lies. However, even if she wanted to, she couldn't because if she admitted her lies, then she would lose a lot of Rp.
So we're both on check regardless of how you look at it.
At any rate, I arrived at school earlier than when Ito and I normally came—I happened to remember the time we walked together even though it always ended with me being chased.
Though after that I would meet Suzuki… Well, I've completely lost such a luxury.
Anyway, on entering school, I went to my shoe locker to change into my indoor shoes but noticed it wasn't there.
"Huh?"
I thought it was pretty weird because our names were engraved on our shoe lockers, so it was hard to mistakenly confuse someone's shoe locker for yours.
I wanted to investigate it further but realised that I wouldn't be able to do anything for a while because of classes.
Moreover, for me to even investigate, I had to make a certain decision.
So the choice in front of me was to either walk to class with my dirty outdoor shoes or walk with my white socks.
I chose the latter; I didn't want to give extra work to the janitors and those who cleaned the class.

I put my outdoor shoes in the shoe locker and walked to class with my socks.
To be completely honest, this was very embarrassing, but luckily, I was the only person in the hallway.
I've never been so thankful to be the only person in the hallway. That being said, I wonder how many weird looks I'll get when I enter class.
I walked into class bracing myself for the weird looks I was about to get.
However, if it was just that, then it would have been better, because after I entered and closed the door, a bucket of water fell on my body.
Splash!
"Huh?" I grimaced as my wet clothes stuck to my skin.
"Good morning, Nakamura," Honochi greeted me as if I hadn't just had a bucket of water dropped on me.
I was surprised that she was here this early; in fact, it wasn't just her—more than half of the class was already there—but what was more shocking was, of course, getting wet from a water bucket.
"..."
I was still silent out of confusion, but Honochi, realising I wasn't going to reply, went to her seat. I also headed to my seat; however, under my desk, I saw trash.
It was then that it clicked. I looked over at Honochi and saw her and her friends laughing hysterically.
I looked around to see everyone just minding their business as if nothing had happened.
Selective Accords.

It explained why almost everyone in class was here—Honochi wanted to convince them to join her cause, so she asked everyone to come here early.
While her social status could make almost everyone come here, I presumed you couldn't force someone to agree with the Selective Accords.
So she had to appeal to the emotions of the class by making them appear physically—she used Ito's tactic.
Honochi seems smart.
While most questions were answered, there was still the question of why she did all this.
Wait, now that I think about it, is that really a question? She's probably doing it because she thinks she's avenging Ito. Damn, I take what I said back; Honochi is stupid.
"Hey Nakamura-kun," Honochi said as she arrived at my desk.
"...Why are you bullying me?"
Of course I knew the answer, but it was still a question I had to ask in the situation I was in.
"Me? Bully you? I wouldn't think of such a thing. I came here to help, and yet you blame me without proof. You're quite heartless, Nakamura-kun," she said, her tone condescending.
"..."
"But of course, out of my kindness, I will help you regardless."
Huh?

She stood me up, and we both carried my desk outside to clean it and dropped it back in class.
Through it, I looked at her blankly; I thought that she was the one who started this, so why was she helping me?
Weird.
After we dropped the desk, we mopped up the water, and as we dropped the mop back at the janitor's closet as well as the bucket, we saw my indoor shoes in the schoolyard.
After we got them and walked to class, Honochi stopped walking.
"Innō told you about selective accords, right?"
Huh?
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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.