Chapter 16.6: I Hate Him.

“Eugh,” I yawned. “I can’t believe Ito-kun didn’t come back to the library.”

I was heading back to the dormitory with my friends after a long study session.

“Yeah. I wonder why he and Nakamura left. Maybe it was an emergency or something,” Emi chimed in.

“Mhm,” Ayumi agreed. “But where did they go?”

I couldn’t understand what happened. Ito-kun would never just up and leave us; there had to be a reason. Maybe he got injured, or maybe Nakamura mugged him, or maybe even something worse.

Did Nakamura attack him? Nah, I doubt it. He looks way too cute to do that.

“What do you think, Honochi-chan?” Aimi asked.

“…”

Maybe he attacked him with his cuteness? I really doubt that, but there’s what happened with Aiya.

“Honochi?” Ayumi said.

I mean, he did *rape her, though the school did nothing about it, and the chairman told us not to say anything about it—what’s up with that anyway?*

Though it’s best not to question the school. Wait, what if Nakamura raped Ito…?

“Honochi-chan?!” Emi screamed, bringing me out of my thoughts. It was then that I heard my friends calling me by my special nickname, which was a combination of my surname and first name.

Honda and Chihana, respectively. I got it after I made friends at elementary school.
“Huh? Sorry guys, I’m just a little out of it,” I gave a forced smile. “I just can’t think of why Ito abandoned us.”
“I see. Well, let’s just leave you to brood… Sike, did you think we would leave you alone?” Emi said.
“Yeah, we’ll never let you suffer alone, girl,” Ayumi said.
“That’s right, Ayumi,” Aimi said.
“Yeah, cuz if you’re suffering, then we’re all suffering,” Emi said.
“Yup,” Ayumi and Aimi nodded in affirmation.
While I wanted to just listen to them, I wasn’t really in the mood and wanted to rest—not just because of Ito-kun; I was also tired from the study session.
Though I doubted they were as tired as I was because I was…the least ‘studious’ among us.
“Girls, I appreciate the sentiment, but well, I’m kinda tired,” I was implying that they should leave me alone.
“Nope, request denied,” Aimi smiled.
“Huh?! Guys, seriously, I really can’t,” I said, looking at Ayumi. She was the calmest of us, so I expected her to understand my plight.
“Sorry, but we’re not leaving you alone,” she said, her voice as calm as always.
“Eh?!”
It seemed they wouldn’t let me go; luckily, I had a trump card—Emi. She was the youngest of us, being 15 years old, and was the most emotionally attuned.

It was to the point that we often guilt-tripped her into giving us snacks that she bought, of course, only in good fun and not intentionally manipulating her. Except now I planned to manipulate her with my puppy-dog eyes.
“Emi, please try to talk sense into them,” I said with upturned puppy-dog eyes.
Yes, now I can go brood in peace—I-I mean, go and rest from all the studying I did today.
I looked at Emi with my deceptive, upturned puppy-dog eyes, but rather than succumbing, her expression showed conviction.
“Sorry to break it to you, but I’ll not fall for that.”
Are you kidding me? Where was that energy when I took your ice cream yesterday?
“I’ll never let you suffer like that, Honochi-chan,” she continued. “You know, now that I think about it, I know a surefire way to cure your sadness.”
“Sadness? I’m not sad,” I desperately protested, but realised I was fooling no one. “Okay, maybe I’m a little sad, but I’m okay.”
“Don’t worry, Honochi-chan, just allow us,” Aimi said.
I wanted to resist, but eventually gave in to their advances.
Maybe it’ll take my mind off of Ito-kun and Nakamura, though I might have to call Ito-kun later just to make sure that he’s safe.
“Then it’s settled; we’re going to the mall!!!” Emi squealed.

She was just a year younger, but it felt like it was an 11-year gap—like she was a 5-year-old.
“Why are you so excited? We go there every day.” Ayumi said in a matter-of-fact tone.
“Yeah, I know. I just love going with you guys,” Emi’s face was a bright shade of red.
“Cute,” I said.
Ayumi and Aimi nodded in affirmation. Emi really looked cute; that was another reason why I thought we were older than her, with an 11-year gap.
At any rate, we all headed to the mall, our usual hangout area. We came here every day after school.
“So which shop? I don’t have a lot of Rp, so let’s not go shopping,” I asked.
“Fu fu fu,” Emi laughed. “Who said you’re paying?”
“Huh?”
“We’re trying to make you less sad. Why would we make you blow away more Rp and become sadder?” Aimi explained. “Now follow us and don’t complain or say it’s too much.”
“Wait, that’s…”
“Shush,” Ayumi brought her index finger to my lips. “Just shut up and enjoy it, and most of all, forget about Ito for now.”
“But what if Nakamura—”
“Just let it be for now.”
I listened to them and was led to the fourth floor and brought to a spa.
“Huh? Wait, wait—”

“No complaining, remember,” Emi grinned from ear to ear.
The moment we entered, they led us to a massage room; it seemed they had already ordered a session.
“When did you…?”
“As we were using the elevator to come to the fourth floor.”
We were led to a changing room and came out in towels before we lay down so we could be attended to.
Shortly after, three masseuses came and started massaging us.
“This must…mmm…have cost you…mmm…a…mmm…fortune…mmm. How’d you…mmm…afford it?”
It was hard to talk because the massage felt too good, like really good, and honestly, quite relaxing.
The oil was warm—not too hot or sticky; it made her hand glide over my skin.
Her hands glided over my skin so easily; she found tight spots that I didn’t know existed. As she worked, I could feel the sweet relief.
Ahem.
I gave a mental cough.
All in all, it was amazing, meaning it cost a lot of Rp.
“Ayumi, Aimi, and I combined our money to do it.”
“Wait, you shouldn’t—”
“Just relax.”
Maybe she’s right. I’ve been too tense; maybe I should be thankful and just have a great time.

After the massage, we went shopping for new scrunchies and hair ties.
Of course, I got a blue one—my trademark colour. Emi got a yellow one, Ayumi got a lavender one, and Aimi got an orange one.
We bought some ice cream as we were leaving the mall and were quietly enjoying it.
“Thanks, guys,” I said.
“No problem,” they said.
I really have amazing friends. Emi, Ayumi, and Aimi, I love you guys.
Thanks for making my day—
As I was about to finish my thought, I saw Nakamura out of the corner of my eye. I immediately ran up to him, leaving my friends completely in the dust.
“Nakamura?!!”
“Huh? Uh, hey,” he said, his voice shaky. He seemed nervous to see me.
“Where did Ito-kun go?”
“Him? Oh, he’s probably in the dormitory.”
“Huh? Why didn’t he come back to the library?”
“By the time we were done with what we were doing, it was already pretty late.”
“What were you doing with Ito-kun? What did *you* do to Ito? Did you attack him?”
“Attack him? Have you seen the size difference? He’ll tear me apart.”
“No, Ito-kun is kind, so he’ll let you beat him up.”

“I think you may be highballing him a little; even Ito would have to attack someone trying to assault him.”
“What are you saying? That Ito attacks people? What kind of rumour are you trying to spread? That Ito is a hooligan who beats up people—are you trying to plummet his reputation?” I narrowed my eyes.
“No, I’m not trying to do that at all.”
“Lies,” I said, my voice growing colder. “You know, I don’t even know why I’m talking to a rapist.”
“...”
“Why are you quiet? Speak up.”
Nakamura lowered his gaze before walking away. It seemed that he was ashamed, but it served him right—why in the hell would I argue with a rapist?
Screw him!
After he left, my friends came over, and we all walked back to the dormitory.
“That Nakamura… He needs to pay.”
“What do you mean?” Aimi asked, clearly puzzled.
“I’m going to give him what he deserves. I’m going to give him the Kobayashi treatment.”
“...!” Ayumi stopped walking.
“Hmm? Do you disagree?” I asked with a smile. “If you disagree, I could always just give it to you.”
“...Why would I disagree with my solemn friend?” she smiled, though it was fake—I could tell; I frankly didn’t care.
“Good girl.”
“I knew Ayumi wouldn’t disagree,” Emi grinned.

“Yes, she’s super smart, so she wouldn’t do something so dumb,” Aimi added.
“Can I ask why, though?” Ayumi asked.
While I met Ayumi at this school, I had known Emi and Aimi since grade school. I was happy to see them here. It meant that I could *always feel at home.*
That being said, Nakamura was someone who compromised that feeling. He took Ito-kun away from everyone, from me. Didn’t he know that I even left Ito-kun for the other girls?
It was the reason why I hadn’t asked him out, yet Nakamura took him away from me; I couldn’t forgive that.
Moreover, he was a rapist and was someone who didn’t deserve to be in this school.
All in all—
“I just hate him,” I said with a warm smile, putting my hand on Ayumi’s shoulder. As I did so, I noticed a nervous sweat; it made me widen my smile.
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Author’s Note:
Hey, again. So this chapter was so hard to write because I’m a boy and I’m chronically single, so I don’t know much about girls, though I hope you enjoyed it. Hopefully, it was obvious that Ayumi doesn’t really like Chihana (Honochi) and that Chihana is an idiot.
Well, most of Class Epsilon are idiots, but yeah. Like, imagine writing an impromptu quiz and more than half of

the class getting 0—like, damn, do you even open a book?
I guess not.
Anyway, remember to comment, share, and leave a review. Thanks for reading the chapter, and see you in the next one.