Chapter 17: Sweet and Necessary Revenge—Or So She Says.

Swoosh, Swoosh, Swoosh.

I heard a weird sound that immediately woke me up from my dream. In the dream, I was playing a volleyball match, in which I was dog-walking the enemy team.

What's that sound?

I abruptly woke up to that weird sound and lay in bed with confusion written on my face.

I was confused until I realised what it was and went back to sleep. What initially woke me up was the sound of my alarm. It was the sound of a flowing river.

Damn, I can't get back to that dream. Maybe if I try harder.

I closed my eyes and eagerly tried to return to sleep, but while my alarm started peacefully, the thing about my alarm was that the longer it rang, the louder it became, so it was getting increasingly harder to ignore it.

However, I was too tired to pick my phone up—I kept it a long distance from me, so when I woke up, I would have to exert myself to get it.

I tried to hold out to try and manage; however, it got to the point where sleep was impossible.

I stood up from my bed, my very amazing bed, might I add—being a racer bed and all—and walked to my phone and turned off my alarm.

"Finally peace," I sighed.

I was finally free from the loud noise; however, it seemed I couldn't just go back to sleep anymore.
"Talk about annoying."
Might as well just get started then.
I brushed my teeth and put on a black T-shirt, a red tracksuit, and black and red sneakers before leaving my room for a morning run.
I always woke up around 5 AM so I could do an early morning workout before going for volleyball practice with my club.
My workout routine wasn't anything special, but it involved running around the school sports field 10 times. The school sports field included the football field, the basketball court, the tennis court, the baseball field, and the track field, all being the standardised length.
They were all packed in a big rectangle, each having its own area—of course, some fields were oval-shaped, but each was the standard length used in professional games. It was an attestation to how amazing this school was.
At any rate, whenever I came in the morning, there was also someone training; well, since we were all in athletic clubs, it wasn't unexpected.
"Hey," I said, running past someone but quickly slowing down to match their pace—I was on my 10th lap.
"Hey, Innō. You're really diligent about exercise," he sighed. "You really shouldn't overwork yourself."
I'm sure you noticed that I didn't add his name, and that is because I have no idea what it is.

We had been doing this routine since the first term, yet he recently learnt my name during a match of mine, and I haven't had the chance to see any of his. I didn't even know the sport he played.
And yet we talked like friends. That was because we were friends. You might ask how we can be friends, and I don't know his name.
I suppose it's something only a boy would understand.
"Yeah, but I mean, how else am I supposed to be optimal at volleyball?"
"Doesn't the volleyball club do a group exercise and practice session at 6 AM?"
"Yeah, we do, but it's not enough, y'know."
"Sure, dude, though you're really something else, huh? You must be built differently or something. Or maybe you might be a glutton for punishment. Well, you do you."
"I guess so," I said, increasing my pace to finish my run.
When I was done, I immediately went to the next part of my exercise because I had only 15 minutes until 6 AM. The next part of my workout involved going to the gym to lift weights—I worked on my triceps, biceps, and quadriceps.
After I was done, I hurriedly did 20 push-ups, sit-ups, squats, and jumping jacks—with 5 sets each.
With enough speed, I managed to arrive by 6:11 AM, the time I normally arrive. You see, we had practice in the gymnasium—it was divided into 3 sectors.

One sector was for the swimming club, one sector was for the gymnastics club, and one sector was for us.
But it was, of course, not only used by us but also by the dodgeball club because, unfortunately, we didn't have a court, and neither did they, though occasionally the ping pong club also used it.
Upon arrival, I only saw the captain of the team. Both our coach and teammates were nowhere to be seen.
"Uh, Kadenokoji-senpai, where's everyone?"
"It seems I was right," he grinned.
"Huh? I'm confused."
"You see, our coach was sick and said I should take over training for today, but I said everyone should rest."
"Not to be that guy, but do you have the power to do that?"
"Ha ha ha," he put his hand on my shoulder and then laughed.
Kadenokoji-senpai can be really weird sometimes.
I sweated nervously because his laugh didn't stop for a while. I was wondering if he wanted me to join in on the laughter.
"It seems you're still confused."
I nodded in affirmation.
"Let's forget the fact that I disobeyed the coach's orders for now. You see, I said in the chat room that we weren't having group exercise and morning practice. But I expected you not to see it and just come here, so I decided to wait for you to come."
"Oh."

“Anyway, you should freshen up.”
“Uh, ok.”
Since we didn’t have volleyball practice, I took a bath and wore my uniform before going to school.
It was the earliest I had ever been to school.
Normally, all sports clubs ended morning practice by 6:50 AM. Well, except for the tennis club and ping pong club.
They both didn’t have practice, but for different reasons.
The tennis club had a requirement that you had to be in Class Beta and above.
Meaning that you were above practising because the students in those classes were not only talented but were also extremely cooperative, so it meant that they could train individually, but their teamwork still wouldn’t be hindered.
And as for the ping pong club, they just played casual ping pong. I mean, they had matches, but they weren’t as competitive as other athletic clubs.
Anyway, the walk to school was peaceful. I considered calling Inoue so we could walk together, but I reconsidered it when I realised that his bum ass wouldn’t be awake.
It seems like I’ll be alone for a while.
The day seemed like it would be boring for a while until I entered class and saw Honochi and her friends pouring trash under Nakamura’s desk. They were putting stuff like chewing gum, banana peels, etc.

Since the dustbin was cleaned in the morning when the people who were cleaning came to school, it wasn't shocking to see trash still there; however, what was shocking was to see Honochi and her friends put it under Nakamura's desk.
"Hey, what are you doing?"
"Hmm? Oh, it's just Innō."
They continued what they were doing, briefly affirming my existence.
"Stop it. Why are you doing that?!" I raised my tone a bit; maybe now they would stop.
"Why? Oh, it's because I'm enacting my revenge," Honochi voiced casually, like she was talking about the weather.
As Honochi was finishing her sentence, Matsumoto entered the class.
"Huh? What are you all doing here at this time? Wait, Honochi, what are you, Ayumi, Emi, and Aimi doing?"
"Eugh," she sighed in faint annoyance. "Why the hell are you and Innō so interested?"
"You're trying to pour trash under someone's desk; why wouldn't we be interested?"
"Wait, wait, wait," Honochi stopped pouring the trash before breaking into a hysterical laugh as she grabbed her stomach.
She laughed while pointing at Matsumoto and me before wiping her tears. "Wait, let me get this straight. You guys are trying to protect Nakamura."
"That…"

Matsumoto and I were silent.
“When he was getting expelled, where were you guys, hmm? Or when people gossiped, where were you? No answer, right? I mean, it’s not like you’re actually siding with a rapist.”
“That’s—” I was about to speak up.
“That’s what? Is it because he didn’t get expelled that you all of a sudden trust him? Are you calling Aiya a liar?”
“No, I’m not, but—”
“But what? Nakamura is someone who deserves this; he really does. I can promise you that. He’s going to get the Kobayashi treatment—the full extent of my revenge.”
“Revenge?”
“Forget about that. It’s personal between him and me.”
“Regardless of what he did, you know the consequences if you’re caught,” Matsumoto finally spoke up.
“Yes, she’s right. The anti-bullying rules won’t allow you to just do whatever.”
“Perhaps you’re right; however, there’s one crucial detail you’re forgetting. Ayumi, please enlighten them.”
Ayumi just stared blankly at the floor.
“Ayumi?”
“Huh? Oh, right. You guys forgot about the selective accords.”
“But do you believe the class will side with you?”
“Is that really a question? Who’ll side with a rapist?”
“Alleged—”

“You see, I don’t really like what you’re saying, so I want to just know what side you’re on. Feel free to tell me so I can act accordingly,” she grinned from ear to ear.
Basically, she was telling Matsumoto and me to pick a side. Of course, it wasn’t a question of which side we would choose.
“Just go easy on him, okay?” I said.
Matsumoto just wordlessly went to her seat; it was also her way of saying she was on Honochi’s side.
“Sure, no problem,” Honochi grinned.
Of course, that’s obviously a lie.
I couldn’t really be sure if it was the truth or a lie, but I leaned toward it being a lie.
Maybe because of pity or something, I waited till it was 7 AM before leaving class as if I were going for a walk, then headed to the special annexe building so no one would overhear me.
I called Nakamura and waited until I got a response. I knew there was a possibility he wouldn’t pick up; I mean, after all, I didn’t reach out to him in his time of need.
Of course, that was because I wasn’t directly sure if he did or didn’t rape Aiya.
I still wasn’t sure now, but I just didn’t want to be a bystander again—especially after what happened last time.
That was right; I wasn’t doing this for Nakamura but for my conscience that still nagged me.
Anyway, after 4 missed calls, he finally picked up the phone.

“Yeah?” he asked, his tone showing his apparent distaste.
“I know I might not be the person you might want to be talking to right now, but I have something to tell you.”
“Uh huh. Ok, go on.”
“I doubt you’ve heard of this, but do you know about the Kobayashi treatment?”
“Nah.”
“Ok, then listen to this carefully. You might want to sit down for this because it will take a while.”
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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.