

AnimeMangaDaisuki, Kuroko no Basuke -Replace IV- novel G5 English...

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THE LEGENDARY BRAVE LEADER AKASHI

*many thanks to bellicife/LatterDayOtaku for their help thus making knb novel translation faster =3



“No matter what country, the Prince always rides a white horse.”

“I don’t know about the Prince, but Akashi’s horse is definitely white.”

Upon hearing this turn in the conversation, Nebuya knitted his eyebrows, making him look even fiercer than usual.

He stared sharply at MibuchiReo and HayamaKotarou, who were seated opposite him.

What are they talking about? Nebuya thought.

This is Rakuzan High’s basketball clubroom, and inside it sit three disheveled (though someone have fiercely protested the analogy) high school boys.

How did the word ‘Prince’ come up in their lazy afternoon conversation?

And what was the deal with Akashi’s horse?

Nebuya frowned and stared out the window. Dark clouds covered the entire sky as rain poured down in heavy

sheets. It was June, and Kyoto's rainy season had turned the region humid.

That's right, it's all the rain's fault.

Nebuya convinced himself, and turned towards the other two. "Are your brains rusted or what?"

"Don't say such foul words." Mibuchi glared menacingly at Nebuya. "The only thing that's rusted is that indelicate heart of yours."

"No, it's definitely you guys. Otherwise, why would you be talking about some Prince?"

"It's because of this." Mibuchi said as he flipped open a newspaper.

It was the school newspaper distributed by the News Club.

This week's issue featured a nearby amusement area, with a special introduction of a certain studio park. Monochrome photos of the club members were printed, with one acting as a Feudal Lord dressed in traditional regalia and a wig. They had also carefully photo shopped in a horse, compositing a horse-riding photo.

Mibuchi pointed at the photo and explained, "As we thought, after seeing this, His Royal Highness or the Prince rides on a white horse, understand?"

"How would I know?"

"Nobody asked you." Mibuchi retorted, turning to Hayama. "Putting that aside, how did you know about Sei-chan's horse?"

Hayama rolled his sparkling eyes. "Akashi mentioned that he goes horse riding on the weekends, so I asked him about the kind of horse he rides."

"I'm curious too. Why does Akashi go horse riding?" Nebuya asked, placing one arm on the table.

"Obviously it's his hobby." Mibuchi replied.

"A high school student's hobby is horse riding? That's just..."

"Nothing wrong with that! He has horse-riding grounds both at his own house and his Kyoto branch house." Hayama said.

Nebuya frowned again. "Horse-riding grounds? Is his house a farm or something?"

"Please don't display such an expression. It is unpleasant." Mibuchi rolled up the newspaper and whacked Nebuya's forehead.

Hayama grinned and said, "But the rumours about Akashi are even crazier, so this shouldn't be surprising at all."

"...True." Nebuya conceded.

"After all Sei-chan is an extreme person." Mibuchi fully agreed. Horse riding as a hobby wasn't surprising for someone like Akashi Seijuurou, who became the captain of the basketball team not long after entering high school, not to mention Student Council President as well.

"Say, I heard another crazy rumour!" Hayama leaned towards the other two like an excited puppy anxiously awaiting its master's command.

"What is it?" Seeing Hayama's expression, Mibuchi couldn't help but ask, even though he wasn't particularly

interested.

“It’s rumoured that Akashi has never lost once.” Hayama’s eyes sparkled again, as if asking the other two, ‘hey doesn’t that sound awesome?’

“Isn’t that normal?”

“Yea, considering he’s one of the GoM, being undefeated is normal.”

Hayama pouted unhappily. “It’s not just basketball! It’s rumoured that he’s never lost at anything before.”

“And anything refers to...?”

“Everything.”

Hayama’s answer rendered Mibuchi speechless.

“Don’t believe those rumours easily,” Nebuya guffawed. ” No matter what, it is impossible for him to have never lost.”

“But he’s Akashi.”

“But in this world, victory is decided by many factors. To have never lost is abit...” Mibuchi placed his long, slim fingers on his cheeks and shook his head.

“Eh? Even Reo-nee doesn’t believe it! But it was Akashi, himself, who said so.”

Hayama’s words left the other two tongue-tied.

“...Sei-chan said it himself??” Mibuchi wondered, trembling with fear.

“Of course!” Hayama patted himself on the chest.

It was at this moment that the man in question arrived.

“So the three of you are here.” Akashi Seijuuro observed as he opened the door silently.

The trio held their breath and stared at him. Akashi ignored their penetrating gazes and walked past them, placing the file in his hand back onto a shelf. “I apologize for interrupting you.” Akashi said, smiling gently before leaving.

The trio kept their eyes on him the whole time, but just as Akashi was about to close the door, Hayama opened his mouth. “Wait. Wait a minute, Akashi.”

“What is it, Kotarou?”

Akashi turned around, looking at Hayama with his mismatched eyes.

“Erm, Reo-nee and Nebuya say that your words are a lie!”

“A lie?”

Mibuchi immediately stood up.

“No! I’m not saying that it’s a lie! It’s just...”

“Just what?”

Although he was the taller of the two, Mibuchi felt like he was the one being looked down up on as Akashi stared

directly at him.

“...It just sounds a bit unbelievable.” Mibuchi equivocated as he tried to find suitable words with which to phrase his answer. He felt guilty for doubting Akashi, whom he trusted immensely. Considering their captain’s ability to arise such ambivalence, the extent of Akashi’s charisma was clear.

“Which part sounds unbelievable?”

Nebuya butted in. “Is it true that you have never lost before?”

“Oh that.” Akashi replied with a smile. “It is true. I do not know defeat.”

Nebuya and Mibuchi both swallowed nervously, while Hayama puffed out his chest in a ‘See? I told you so.’ pose.

“Not once?” Nebuya repeated.

“Not once.” Akashi reaffirmed calmly. “It can’t be helped if you don’t believe it.”

But to Nebuya those words sounded more like: “You had better believe it even if you don’t.”

While Nebuya and Mibuchi stood mute, Hayama piped up a suggestion, “Why don’t we do this then?”

Hayama pressed on naively. “Akashi, let’s have a challenge. If you win then it’ll prove your words right.”

Mibuchi frowned while Nebuya was taken aback by the sudden suggestion.

“Not a problem.” Akashi readily accepted, making the trio jump.

“Sei-chan, is it really okay? Such a thing...” Mibuchi asked, hesitantly. Akashi nodded his head in silence.

“It’s fine. I might just as well say that the real problem is continuing to allow you guys to have such doubts. No matter what, my victory is absolute.” Akashi announced.

After discussing, the trio decided on the following rules:

Nebuya, Hayama, Mibuchi will each challenge Akashi once.

The challenger will decide on the content of the challenge.

A group challenge is also allowed.

If it’s a draw, victory goes to the challengers.

“Aren’t these rules a little unfair to Sei-chan?” Mibuchi placed his hand on his mouth, a little uneasy.

Akashi replied nonchalantly, “It’s fine.”

“So, who’s first?” Akashi crossed his arms calmly and surveyed the trio.

“That would be me.” Nebuya smirked fearlessly.

Akashi nodded his head. “Sure. The challenge is?”

“This.”

Nebuya placed his right elbow on the table, and lifted his wrist while slowly opening and closing his right palm. "Arm wrestling."

"Understood."

"Eh???" Mibuchi and Hayama were surprised.

"Seriously?! Sei-chan, are you really going to arm wrestle him?"

Mibuchi asked as he leaned forward in concern. Akashi nodded his head. "Yes."

"Look at this muscles!" Hayama grabbed Nebuya's arm. His solid arm, if not for the warmth of his body temperature, was as hard as a pestle used for tea pounding.

"It would be meaningless if the challenger has no confidence in his own strength." Akashi placed his jacket on the chair, unbuttoned his sleeve and rolled it up. He was fully prepared for action.

"Don't hate me if I win."

"I could never hate Eikichi."

Nebuya couldn't tell if Akashi meant that he wouldn't hate him because they were teammates, or because Akashi was confident that he definitely wouldn't lose.

Akashi gracefully extended his right hand. Nebuya decided to stop thinking about it and grabbed Akashi's hand.

The most important thing now is to win.

Of course, Nebuya was completely confident in his arm wrestling. Just in terms of their body sizes, there was no way Nebuya wouldn't win.

He would end Akashi's legendary streak today, even if it meant letting the captain down, Nebuya assured himself.

Acting as the referee, Mibuchi placed his hand on top of Nebuya and Akashi's clenched fists and glared sinisterly at Nebuya.

"I won't forgive you if you break Sei-chan's wrist."

"I won't."

"That's right. I won't let something like that happen." Nebuya was momentarily shocked by Akashi's declaration, but he regained his confidence and smiled.

Hayama gulped as he watched from the sidelines.

Mibuchi held Nebuya and Akashi's clasped hands tightly. "Ready...GO!"

****PASHINNN*(sound of something hitting the table)***

At that moment, a sound echoed through the room.

Nebuya slowly opened his mouth. No, it was more like his jaw dropped on its own accord.

His right hand was lying on its side.

Akashi's right hand, still interlocked with Nebuya's slightly darker one, was pinning it down.

“Awesome!!”

At the sudden victory, Hayama’s eyes blazed and he exclaimed, “Akashi won?! Eh, no way! Is this for real?!”

“Everything before your eyes is real.” Akashi said as he withdrew his hand from Nebuya’s.

Nebuya collapsed onto the table, gazing at his own hand.

He hadn’t been careless. From the start he had planned to go all out, but before he could do anything, Akashi had already made his move.

It was all so sudden.

Mibuchi smiled bitterly. Even though the result was unbelievable, on second thought, it was quite normal after thinking about it.

To see through and to predict an opponent’s actions was Akashi’s ability – The Emperor Eye.

Simply put, he could have easily predicted Nebuya’s movements.

“In other words, we cannot use brute strength to win against Sei-chan.”

Their best plan just went to waste, Mibuchi sighed.

Looks like they would have to find out Akashi’s weakness before they could figure out how to win.

What should they do? Mind games definitely wouldn’t work...

As Mibuchi was lost deep in his thought, Hayama raised his hand.

“Okay~! I’m next! I’ll challenge you to a game of niramekko. The first to make his opponent laugh wins.”

“Understood.”

Akashi answered indifferently. Mibuchi and Nebuya were both startled and took a step back.

“Akashi! It’s niramekko! Are you sure?”

“I know the rules.”

“But still, niramekko! As the name suggests, you have to make weird faces.”

Mibuchi and Nebuya both stared at Akashi.

The emotionless and indifferent Akashi is going to make weird faces.

“Pfffft!”

Nebuya fell to the ground with his back towards Akashi, his body trembling as he tried to contain his laughter. The tables started wobbling from his trembles.

“What is it, Eikichi?”

Akashi questioned calmly.

“Sorry!” Nebuya squeaked as he flew out of the clubroom.

PATTAN The sound 'Pfffhahahahahaha!' could be heard outside gradually fading into the distance. It sounded like he had laughed all the way to the end of the corridor.

"What a troublesome guy." Akashi commented.

I'm the one who's troubled now, Mibuchi thought silently to himself.

Akashi playing niramekko? How absurd. They didn't even think about my feelings in this situation. Akashi making weird faces just to make someone (in this case, Hayama) laugh. If I saw something like that, my maiden heart would be shattered into a thousand pieces once the guilt and fear (of such a terrifying scene) hit me.

But at the same time, this is a good challenge for this perfect man; the perfect chance to discover his weak point.

Hayama unexpectedly turned out to be a tactician! Mibuchi shot the small forward a quick sideways glance.

Hayama caught the look and held up his fingers in an overconfident V-shaped sign.

"Leave it to me! I have total confidence in my facial muscles!"

What an innocent child.

"I will ask again. To confirm: It's my win if I make you laugh, yes?" Akashi asked.

Hayama nodded his head energetically. "Yep, that's right! And it's my win if neither of us laugh."

Hayama widened his black eyes and focused his gaze on Akashi. "Shall we start?"

Akashi stared right back and replied calmly: "Anytime."

Hayama sang, "Peek-a-boo, Peek-a-boo, let's make weird faces! Abubu!"

***GUI—NN*(sound of something being pulled)**

In an instant, Hayama pulled his cheeks sideways. True to his earlier proclamation, his cheeks were rather flexible, and his face changed shape completely.

"Pfft!"

Mibuchi quickly covered his mouth, trying to silence his laughter so as not to affect the outcome of the challenge.

On the other side, Akashi stared at Hayama with his usual composed expression. The tip of his mouth hadn't so much as twitched. Hayama panicked.

"...Abubu!"

This time around, Hayama reverted his face back to normal, then made his mouth sharp and pointy to look like an octopus. He also started to wiggle his ears.

"Ahahahahaha! Oops, sorry."

Mibuchi covered his mouth again. On the contrary, Akashi still had yet to have a reaction.

"Is that it?"

"Eh?"

Hayama removed his hands from his face and blinked his eyes in disbelief at Akashi's question.

Akashi opened his mouth again. "I'm asking if you are finished? It should be my turn soon."

"Eh...?"

Hayama looked at Akashi in disbelief. Akashi stared back with a bottomless gaze.

Akashi lifted his hands slowly, silently placing them on his face-

"No...this is it!"

Mibuchi nearly took a chair with him in his panicked escape out of the room.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Nebuya, who had just finished laughing, returned to find Mibuchi squatting near the door.

Mibuchi lifted his head grudgingly and slowly stood up.

"I'm waiting for the niramekko to end."

Nebuya snorted at the sound of "niramekko".

"You're not going to watch it?"

Nebuya asked, his stomach in pain from too much laughter.

"How could I?! If I see Sei-chan with that expression, Sei-chan...that expression..." Mibuchi covered his face with both hands and whimpered. "I wouldn't know how to face him when we play basketball."

"!!"

Nebuya scratched his head upon hearing Mibuchi's depressed reaction.

"Well, you do have a point..."

He could not let his emotions take control. Although he was terribly curious about the weird faces Akashi was making. It would be an unforgettable experience (if he were to see it), but if the impact were too strong—to the point where he would laugh whenever he thought about it, even while playing basketball it would definitely be the end of him.

"That guy...is he going to be alright?"

The two of them shuddered when the sound of Hayama's laughter came roaring from the clubroom.

"...Are you okay?"

"Eh, what?"

Hayama stared perplexedly at Mibuchi, who was inspecting his face carefully.

From the moment Hayama opened the door and said, "I lost," Nebuya had grabbed him while Mibuchi placed both hands on his face.

"What are you guys doing?"

After careful inspection, Mibuchi let out a sigh of relief and removed his hands.

“Seems like there are no after-effects.”

Nebuya, likewise relieved, released Hayama.

“Good to know that you’re still alive.”

“Eh?? What is with you guys?”

The two of them left the confused Hayama and entered the clubroom.

Once again, the four of them were gathered together.

Mibuchi was the last challenger.

“So, what do you plan to do, Reo?”

Akashi asked as he placed his elbows on the table and folded his hands.

Mibuchi considered his options, his slim fingers sliding across his lips. *Power and weakness both won't work. If that's the case, then their last chance would be to use luck.*

The last plan would be-

“That one.”

Mibuchi stood up and retrieved a box from the bookshelf.

“What is it, Reo-nee?”

Hayama asked inquisitively.

“It was put in here...” Mibuchi seemed to be looking for something in the box.

“Ah, found it.”

He removed something from the box.

“Let’s use this for the last challenge.”

“Playing cards?”

“That’s right, the four of us will play poker. How’s that sound, Sei-chan?”

“That’s fine. I have no objections.”

Mibuchi dealt the cards. Everyone looked at his hand.

“How about we change our cards twice?” Hayama pouted after looking at his cards. None of them were good.

“What are you saying? A real man only needs one round to decide on the outcome!” Nebuya retorted.

Mibuchi frowned. “Ara, then what should a lady do?”

“That has nothing to do with this. You’re so annoying!”

“What did you just say...!”

While Mibuchi and Nebuya started to bicker, Hayama ignored them, persisting in his plea. “*Ne, ne*, twice please~ ?”

“There’s nothing wrong with your proposal. Twice it is.” In the end, a sentence from Akashi was all it took to change the rules.

The game began in clockwise order: Mibuchi, Hayama, Nebuya, and finally, Akashi.

Mibuchi glanced at the cards in his hand:

3 of Clubs, 8 of Spades, 2 of Diamonds, Queen of Diamonds and 2 of Hearts.

Luckily I have a pair. Now, let’s see what I can do with the rest.

Mibuchi threw out the 3 of Clubs and 8 of Spades, and drew two new cards.

10 of Clubs and 3 of Diamonds.

Ara, what a pity to have discarded the 3 of Clubs just now. Despite these thoughts, Mibuchi faked a smile, acting as if he had gotten good cards.

Poker is a game of luck.

Getting good or bad cards merely depends on one’s luck.

Therefore, it is the most suitable thing to challenge Akashi with.

At a glance, it appeared to be a four person challenge. In reality, the chances of them winning against Akashi were much higher (since it was 3-on-1).

It was Hayama’s turn next.

“Hmm...This’ll do.”

Hayama threw in all his cards and drew 5 new ones.

“That was bold.” Nebuya was shocked.

“Can’t be helped.” Hayama answered with a pout. He fanned out his cards, and his eyes suddenly lit up. The downcast poker face from before was gone.

“It’s no fun if everything is so quiet. Let’s talk about something.” Mibuchi suggested.

“Like what?” Nebuya exchanged two cards.

“I want to hear something about Sei-chan.”

The trio’s vision naturally landed on Akashi.

“What do you want to know?”

Nebuya drew a card.

“How was Sei-chan’s middle school life?”

“I had a pleasant time in school, and I was blessed with good friends.” Akashi threw away three cards and drew

three new ones.

Hayama suddenly became interested.

“What kind of guys were the other GoM really like?”

“They were an interesting confederation, although their abilities were far too advanced and it was quite difficult to deal with them, they each have their own charm.” Akashi answered as he arranged his cards. A slight smile surfaced on his lips as he recalled the past.

“Wasn’t it tiring to be the captain when everyone was such an individualist?” Mibuchi asked as he placed his cards.

“It wasn’t so bad. There were conflicts at first, but there was quite a mediator amongst them.”

“Eh~~ What kind of guy is he?”

Hayama drew a card.

Akashi narrowed his eyes. “We’ll be able to meet him soon.”

“Yea. We’ll probably encounter him at IH right?” Nebuya replaced a card.

Akashi shook his head slowly.

“No, IH would be impossible. It will take a bit more time before we are able to meet him.”

“But schools with the GoM won’t have any problems appearing at IH right?” Mibuchi inquired.

“He is not part of the GoM. He is different from us.”

Akashi replied as he replaced three cards. “That is exactly why he has meaning.”

“Meaningful as in...”

Mibuchi became even more interested after detecting slight changes in Akashi’s tone.

“Okay! It’s now or never!” Nebuya yelled confidently. “Reveal your cards one by one.”

Mibuchi scowled at the highly motivated Nebuya, “Wait a minute, I was listening to what Sei-chan was saying.”

Mibuchi glanced at Akashi, but his lips were sealed, and the atmosphere from before had disappeared. Mibuchi gave up on asking more questions, knowing full well that Akashi would not answer any more.

“I’m first! I’m totally pumped!” Hayama revealed his cards.

Jack of Clubs, Jack of Diamonds, King of Diamonds, 4 of Hearts and 8 of Hearts.

One pair.

“Where *does* your confidence come from?” Mibuchi was astounded as he revealed his cards.

10 of Clubs, 2 of Diamonds, Queen of Diamonds, 2 of Hearts and Queen of Hearts.

Two pair.

“The two of you are so disappointing.” Nebuya deliberately shrugged his shoulders.

“What? What about you!” Mibuchi glared daggers at Nebuya.

Nebuya revealed his cards.

2, 3, 6, 7 and 10 of Spades.

“A Flush?!Awesome!!” Hayama’s eyes sparkled at the sight of the cards.

“You actually got it within two rounds...I thought the highest one could get within two rounds was three of a kind.”

Mibuchi uttered in shock. Nebuya smiled gleefully at the duo’s reaction.

“This is what I’ve gotten with such little effort...now then.”

The trio concentrated their gazes in the same direction.

Five unrevealed cards.

“You’re really gonna lose this round.”

Despite Nebuya’s taunt, Akashi’s expression remained unchanged.

He slowly closed his eyes.

The school bell rang.

“Ah...It’s already this late. My apologies, I’ll take my leave now. The first year classrooms are rather far from here.”
Akashi stood up and left the clubroom.

The sudden action left the trio dumbfounded, as they watched the door close silently.

Hayama collected himself once Akashi’s footsteps could no longer be heard.

“Eh? Eh? What was that all about? He could have told us the outcome!!”

Hayama puffed his cheeks. Mibuchi tilted his head in curiosity.

“That’s right. He could have at least show us his cards.”

“More like he doesn’t want us to see it.” Nebuya grinned slyly, a proud smile spreading across his face.

“Does that mean...”

“Didn’t the two of you notice? Akashi changed three cards twice.”

“...Now that you mention it. That’s right. Maybe his cards weren’t good?”

“Definitely. Which means...”

Nebuya stretched his hands towards the five cards.

“He ran off because he knew he couldn’t win...?”

“What?Certainly not.Sei-chan is not that kind of person...”

Nebuya flipped over the cards.

The trio froze in place, unable to utter a sound.

“...No way. Seriously? Eh?”

Hayama rubbed his eyes with all his strength, but the cards remained the same.

“That guy sure has some impressive luck.” Nebuya muttered.

“In the end, even Lady Luck favours those who are obsessed with winning.” Mibuchi smiled bitterly.

The five cards on the table were: Ace of Spades, Ace of Clubs, Ace of Diamonds, King of Spades and King of Hearts.

A full house.

“If it happened before, it’ll happen again...No, in the case of Sei-chan, victory will always find him.”

It was on this particularly afternoon in June, that the trio discovered anewfound fear and respect for their captain.

Rakuzan High School First Year, Akashi Seijuurou. He still does not know defeat.

- Niramekko (睨めっこ) is a staring game in which two people stare at each other and try to make their opponent laugh first.



AnimeMangaDaisuki, Kuroko no Basuke -Replace IV- OMAKE chapter...



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The Splendid Teikou Girls' Meeting

The Splendid Teikou Girls' Meeting

Somewhere in April, after the GoM entered second year.

The Teikou basketball team's managers, including Momoi, started to fangirl in the laundry room. Today's topic: Who is the most handsome

"It has to be Akashi-sama!"

Micchan's shoulder length hair swayed about as she covered her face with both hands.

"He's handsome, clever and gentle! Once I was out to purchase something for the team, and I bumped into him on my way back. All he said was, "Thank you for your hard work. Let me carry it instead." and took everything from me!"

"Eh~ So you got to spend some time together with Akashi-sama? That's great, Micchan." Acchan pushed her long hair behind her ear, smiling happily as if the event happened to her.

"Ehehe~ But I was really nervous the whole time, so I didn't to say anything."

"Ahh, I understand! Akashi-sama's aura is too strong that it's hard to get close to him."

"That's right! How should I put it, an air of mystery? But isn't that good? What do you think, Satsuki?"

"Uh....." Momoi tilted her head after Micchan asked for her opinion.

"If it's a feeling of mysteriousness, it should be Midorin."

"...Midorima is an enigma."

"Yes, an enigma! Even though he's a gentleman, his understanding is out of our range."

Momoi tilted her head again after seeing the duo's serious faces.

"Has being with a high-level person like Aomine for too long dulled your eyesight?" Acchan said sarcastically as she retrieved the laundry from the washing machine.

"High level? Where!?" Momoi turned to Acchan in shock.

"Aomine is a *ganguro*, a basketball idiot and he's really stupid! He even swore that he would raise those crayfish he caught into lobsters when he was in elementary school!"

"But now he's tall and good at basketball. That's so handsome!"

Acchan smiled as she replied, while Micchan went "True, true" at the side.

"And he looks super happy when he plays. Just watching him play makes your heart go dokidoki."

“A usually mischievous guy who becomes even more handsome on court? How to put it ...adorable in a contrasting way?”

“That’s right! But if it’s adorable in a contrasting way, then it has to be Murasakibara!”

“I know right! That play style combined with that kind of character is so sly!”

The two of them screamed and high-fived each other, while Momoi answered seriously, “Contrast...? If that’s the case, then Shougo...” Before she could finish her words, the duo stopped her.

“No! Satsuki! That’s not how it works!”

“Haizaki’s behaviour is just plain bad. No matter how good he is at basketball, his image will never change! Never!”

Momoi nodded her head seriously as she watched the duo deny furiously.

“This is difficult...”

“Satsuki, I think your taste is a little strange ...”

“Yeah, maybe my taste is strange ...”

The duo shrugged and placed the laundry into the basket. Even though the three of them have been friends since Year 1, Momoi has never been able to come to an agreement with their opinions, no matter what the topic is.

Maybe it’ll continue to be like this, the duo thought in resignation.

One month later.

When the trio were chatting in Acchan’s classroom.

“If someone were to ask me who’s the most handsome...it has to be that person...!”

Satsuki had an enchanted look in her eyes, muttering to herself and sighing like a girl who’s totally in love.

“Satsuki, could it be!?”

Acchan and Micchan were so moved that they covered their mouths and started tearing up, acting like mothers who were happy for their daughter’s growth.

“Who is it, Satsuki? Is it someone from the basketball club?”

Acchan asked anxiously. Momoi nodded her head furiously.

“Yep! The one who was recently promoted to the first string.”

Acchan and Micchan tried to recall whom it was that was recently promoted to the first string.

“...Could it be Kise-kun?”

“If it’s him, then you’ll have many rivals.”

“No, it’s Kuroko Tetsuya!! Ah!! I’ve said it!!”

Acchan and Micchan were both startled.

“...Eh?”

“The one who recently got his uniform! He’s so handsome!”

The duo furrowed their brows.

“...Eh? Handsome?”

“Yep! And he’s good at basketball too. So cool!”

“...Eh, good at basketball? Isn’t he always vomiting during practices?”

“But he’s a totally different person in matches, isn’t that cool! Now I understand the meaning of contrast!”

“Well that is somewhat true. But one can never tell what Kuroko is thinking...”

“That’s the point! An air of mystery! I finally understood what the two of you meant! Really! Tetsu-kun is so cool~!” Satsuki shook her body from side to side, her long hair swaying along.

“What happened to Satsuki during this one month...”

“Who knows...”

After hearing Satsuki’s fangirl rant, Acchan and Micchan could confirm one thing.

They’ll never understand Satsuki’s understanding of “handsome guys”.

And true to their words,

“Satsuki, your taste is really strange ...”