

Takamura-kun is Cursed - WN Chapter 01-08

Table of Contents

1. [Chapter 1](#)
2. [Chapter 2](#)
3. [Chapter 3](#)
4. [Chapter 4](#)
5. [Chapter 5](#)
6. [Chapter 6](#)
7. [Chapter 7](#)
8. [Chapter 8](#)

Chapter 1

Teaser chapter. Short-ish series by the same author as RKO. Charm point: a bit of mystery surrounding the curse. Gender bend.

It wasn't stated clearly in this chapter, but the 'ouji-sama' she has to kiss isn't some royalty, but *her* Prince Charming. Any (lol) is translated from kakko warai or (笑).

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Previous Chapter | |

Takamura-kun wa Norowarete Iru.

[Chapter 1](#) – Takamura Mahiro Becomes Male (1)

It was during the birthday when I turned 17.

Even though I say 'birthday', it's still a weekday so I had to attend school. At 6.30am, I rubbed my sleepy eyes and got up. Absentmindedly hitting the head of the alarm clock, I cracked my neck. I slowly rose from the futon and just as I sat on the bedding, I finally became distinctly aware that something is out of place. I realised something is strange.

To begin with, regarding my body, it's different from usual. The joints of my fingers are higher and blood vessels could be seen protruding from the back of my hand. My feet are also too large, and the usual thighs were nowhere to be seen. Touching my head, the medium-length hair I had, had turned very short. When I tried feeling my chest, it was completely flat all over. Coming to this point, I finally understood that I had transformed, as I looked at the lower half of my body in fear.

When I ran to the full-length mirror, an unfamiliar figure of a boy was reflected. It was a boy wearing pink pajamas. Visually, he appeared quite creepy.

“Ack—!”

Unable to accept my present condition, I panicked and screamed in a voice

that sounded like a frog being killed. Soon, I heard approaching footsteps from the corridor. It's definitely the sound of my parents running to my room.

"Mahiro! What happened— — Ah, so that's it~"

"Gosh, geez Mahiro, you scared us. Letting out such a loud voice."

Even though I became male, my parents only laughed "ufufu". They didn't appear even an iota surprised, and were going "kyahkyah ufufu", being all lovey-dovey in front of my room door.

"What do you mean 'so that's it~'! My body is, strange. For some reason I became like this when I woke up this morning..... I can't believe it."

"No worries, it's normal. It's the curse that women of the Takamura family have."

"Curse? What are you talking about?"

Smilingly, mum stroked my head.

"A curse was cast onto the Takamura family. Although I don't know the reason, since some hundred years ago, daughters of the Takamura family turn male on their 17th birthdays."

Deep creases emerged between my brows from the outrageous explanation.

"What, is that....."

"If you still haven't kissed the ouji-sama by the time you turn 20, you'll remain male for the rest of your life but, well, there shouldn't be any abnormality in your body. I also became a guy when I was 17 years old but I turned back into a girl when I kissed Yuu-kun at 18. Right, Yuu-kun?"

"Ah. I was shocked to hear that Riko was a girl but whether she's a boy or a girl, I love Riko all the same. Mahiro has to find your ouji-sama and return to being female too."

I think I'm quite pitiful for having such carefree parents.

Didn't everything go wrong the moment I, a girl, transformed into the figure of a boy?

That my carefree parents anticipated that I would turn into a man at 17 years

old, completed the procedures for my transfer to Hitotose High School, which was out of the prefecture and on top of that even prepared my school uniform. To allow me to live alone, they rented a nearby apartment and told the neighbours and people from my previous school that I went to study abroad. Their preparations were so meticulous that it's admirable. But at the same time, rather than that, I wanted them to tell me about the curse earlier.

“No..... what ouji.....”

It's not like the inside of my head is like a Märchen dreamy girl's, and something like kissing a ouji-sama in this era is just somewhat outlandish. My mother, the epitome of dreamy females, hit my shoulder as my mind drifted off.

“It'll be OK—! Mahiro is cute so it'll be OK!”

That's not the problem, but I know it's no use even if I say anymore. I know how unreasonable my parents can get, so I'll just obediently transfer to Hitotose High School.

That I relatively readily accepted such a huge development of becoming a guy after waking up in the morning was because a sense of reality hasn't sunk in. If it was something like my parents divorcing, or that someone died, perhaps there will be a greater sense of reality.

If regardless of anything, no matter what, this is a curse of the Takamura family, I don't have a choice but to accept it.

From now on I'll be a guy, and my life as a guy will begin. And that first step will be my 17th birthday.

I've to accept that to return to being female, I've to kiss a ouji-sama (lol). And if I can't do that, I'll have to live as a male for the rest of my life, it seems.

“Mother will cooperate with you so, work hard okay!”

And thus, the moment when I became male on my 17th birthday, thanks to the meticulous preparations my parents made, there wasn't anything troubling at all except for the transformation into a guy. I wonder if they understood how ironic this was.

While wearing a black gakuran[1] the me who turned male will, as you know,

transfer into Hitohose High School. For someone who became a 2nd-year in Hitohose High School in an odd timing like May, you can say that my life these few weeks went pretty well.

Regarding my body's outer appearance, many of the people around me whom I know were bewildered, but it wasn't so troubling once I got used to it. That's why I started to have the easy-going notion that I might as well remain a male for the rest of my life, but the thing called 'life' doesn't always go the way you want it to.

This begun on the last day of June.

“Takamura—, on the way back, can we drop by Tsutaya[2]—?”

Black hair with glasses, this boy with picturesque mediocrity was Kosaka Arata. He sits in the seat beside me and is currently my closest friend.

“Sure, but what are you going there for?”

“Somehow—, I suddenly felt like watching the live DVD of Bakumatsu Shishi Girls—. Which faction are you in, Takamura? As expected, for me it's probably Katsura Koharu.”

Bakumatsu Shishi Girls, an idol group, is the latest fad. It's a 5-person group consisting of the orthodox faction's Sakamoto Ryou, the loli Katsura Koharu, the tomboy Takasugi Sakura, the onee-san Yoshida Shouko and the tsundere Hijikata Chitose. Their singing is not quite there, but the showiness of their clothes and dance direction allowed them to boast of an explosive popularity among high school boys.

“Kosaka, huh. You've quite the loli preferences. It's probably Sakamoto Ryou for me, since she's the center[3]. I also think she's cute.”

“Don't be fooled by the media. It's a mistake to think she's cute just because she's the center.”

Kosaka started explaining exactly how cute Katsura Koharu was.

Half-listening to his words as I put the textbooks away into my bag, the silhouette of a girl with short build reflected in the corner of my vision.

She was a bishoujo with pink-coloured medium length hair. While thinking if I know this bishoujo, she fidgeted as she gave a bashful smile.

“Takamura-kun! About the work for the library committee.....”

“..... I’m a library committee member?”

“So you really forgot. We were told to organise the library after school today, right?”

Now that she brought it up, I think something like that was mentioned during the morning SHR[4].

“I see, sorry. Umm.....”

“It’s Sena. Sena Tsugumi.”

I’ve heard the name ‘Sena Tsugumi’ several times after coming here.

Apparently she’s the cutest girl in the school. Pink medium length hair tinged with brown, large eyes of the same colour, straight nose bridge and soft voice, fine neck, delicate body accompanied by long, well-proportioned limbs. All of which were well-balanced, she’s so cute that no one will be able to direct hostility at her.

An impartial cheerful personality and tender atmosphere. There’s a bit of natural airheadedness but it seems she’s popular among the female students and, of course, the male students. Just looking at her, you know that she has many friends.

It’s only been a few weeks since that upheaval so I didn’t hold much of an interest, but indeed she’s cute and seems like a good girl.

“Then, Sena-san, please take care of me.”

“Un, please take care of me. Takamura-kun. And Kosaka-kun, I’ll borrow Takamura-kun for a bit, okay. I’m sorry.”

Certainly, her face as she smiled sweetly was fairly cute. Kosaka beside me who heard her words turned bright red as he nodded again and again.

“Kosaka, it’s okay if you return first.”

“No, I’ll wait! I’ll wait!”

Usually at such times he'll return first, but with Sena here he acts like this. Somehow I feel like sending him flying but I'm not against him waiting for me so I'll let it go.

"Erm, then..... let's go to the library?"

She bashfully grasped her skirt, and I watched her tilt her head as her cheeks become dyed. I wonder if my life would be in an 'easy mode' if I was a girl as cute and cunning as her.

The term tests are close by so there's a fair number of students studying in the library. It's about time for me to start too, but I don't like studying.

"Then, I'll handle this side, so can I leave that side to you, Takamura-kun?"

"Alright."

'Organising the library' simply referred to placing the returned books back into their original positions. We'll finish in a jiffy if it's just that. I want to hurry up and end such a chore and return home.

"Takamura-kun, have you gotten used to school?"

"Well, relatively. Ah, Sena-san, can you reach that? I'll put it back."

"Unn, I'm fine. I'm used to this!"

Sena became desperate, trying to replace the book on the top shelf of the bookcase.

Although Sena's using a stepladder, the upper shelf was too high for her who's around 150. The feeling isn't very strong but I couldn't bear to look as Sena perilously stood tiptoed on the stepladder.

Watching her fearfully, as expected, she swayed and lost her balance.

I caught her just right before she hit the floor, and gently lowered her from the stepladder.

"See, I told you so. It's faster for me to handle the upper section, there's no need for Sena-san to overdo it."

"Ah, thank you, Takamura-kun....."

Sena's cheeks became slightly dyed and she averted her gaze.

Even looking at her closely, Sena is cute. Fair-complexioned, large eyes and lips that were somewhat light pink. This would be dangerous if I'm a guy, huh. *I'll fall in love with you*, just kidding.

“Let's quickly finish this and leave. Besides, it's not safe to stay too late. Your fans will probably get mad if something happens.”

“Wa, I totally don't have things like fans. Instead, Takamura-kun is much more cool and seem like you've lots of fans. Everyone's talking about it. That 'Takamura-kun is super cool'.”

I gave a wry smile to Sena who spoke frantically while going “awawa”.

Even though it's just flattery, it'll be a lie to say I'm not happy. Turning into a guy and being called 'cool' by such a cute girl, is something that will never happen in normal circumstances. Feeling like I've profited somehow, a smile unconsciously surfaced.

“Thank you. It's okay even if you don't speak so desperately, though.”

“Da..... un, sorry.....”

“Then let's quickly finish up. Sena-san please do the bottom, I'll do the top.”

The work was completed about 30 minutes later.

This incident didn't inconvenience me at all. Rather, I can consider myself lucky to be able to hold the waist of a cute girl.

However, a hellish event was lying in wait after this.

[1] [Gakuran](#): A type of school uniform guys wear

[2] Tsutaya: Bookstore in Japan.

[3] [Center](#): A prominent position in the group.

[4] SHR: Short Homeroom (period)

Chapter 2

Last teaser chapter for TiC.

Masahiro (真宏, guy's name) corrected to Mahiro (真宏 マヒロ, girl's name).
Random tidbit: '真' in the protagonists' names of this author's works: Makoto 真琴, Mahiro 真宏, Maki 真希.

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Takamura-kun wa Norowarete Iru.

[Chapter 2](#) – Takamura Mahiro Becomes Male (2)

With that incident in the library as the impetus, Sena and I have come to chat a lot. She's just like my first impression of her, a cute girl who's kind and bright without prejudice.

Love did not sprout and I don't think of indecent things since I'm a girl at heart, but it triggers suspicion in the people around us who sees me as a guy.

Hence the sight of Sena and I who suddenly got along well became somewhat of a rumour.

"Hey, Takamura, honestly, are you dating Sena-san?"

"We're not dating. I don't look at Sena-san that way."

"But, Sena-san is cute~"

Sena is indeed very cute. She may be cute but I'm a girl, and must obtain the ouji-sama's kiss (lol). It might be possible to turn back into a girl from Sena's kiss, but I'm not into homosexuality, and I think the chances of Sena liking my female self is low.

"She *is* cute."

"Ah—, Takamura is an ikemen after all. You can choose whoever you want, huh—."

“I’m not really ikemen.”

As someone who doesn’t like to stand out or be lauded, these few days were first-rate troublesome.

Even today I was called out by members of the Sena Tsugumi Fanclub. There weren’t any lynching, but I was persistently asked things like whether I’m going out with Sena or whether I like her.

“Takamura-kun, that is, can I have some of your time?”

Just as I was thinking of her, Sena came.

Sena’s cheeks are dyed pink and she was fidgeting restlessly. Her lowered long eyelashes cast shadows on her white skin. There’s a sly contrast between her sailor uniform and high socks.

“Sure, what’s up?”

“You know—, I made some sweets in home econ. If you’re fine with it, I’d like Takamura-kun and the rest to eat them.”

“Ah... thank you.”

Naturally I’m very happy to receive the cutely-wrapped cookies, but at the same time I feel it’s troublesome.

Not much time had passed since the SHL before school release ended. The classroom itself still has quite a number of people, and in particular the male students are staring at us. These cookies will probably stoke the flames. This time I really might get punched or kicked.

However, receiving good will from someone is definitely not a bother, rather it’s a joyous occurrence.

Just as I thought it’s been put to an end, as Kosaka looked over like he’s earnestly envious, I read the atmosphere and opened the wrapping. Picking one of the cookies from within, I threw it into my mouth.

“It’s delicious. So Sena-san’s also good at cooking.”

“Thank goodness..... my heart was pounding like crazy.”

Perhaps she’s relieved, Sena smiled like a flower in full bloom.

Although I've completely no idea what drove her to show me good will, it's really a thankful thing to receive it from such a cute girl. But receiving good will from the school's idol while stared at by so many people, I've nothing but worry for my school life after this.

“What are you eating—?”

The one who suddenly appeared behind Sena was Sunohara Chiharu.

Glaring like a child, large light brown eyes, straight nose bridge and light lips. His dark brown hair seems soft. Even though he's slender, he properly has muscles, and his tight waist might be the result of Karate club activities.

As expected of one who's admired by girls going “kyah kyah”, he has a very well-chiselled face. But he leaves a peculiar impression for some reason, because the corner of his eyes isn't laughing

“I'm eating Sena-san's cookie.”

Sunohara probably, likes Sena. He can't forgive that Sena is showing me good will.

I understand his feelings, but I feel troubled too if he directs his spite at me. If you like Sena, just hurry up and confess to her or whatever instead of being hostile to me. Despite having the outer appearance of a manly ouji-sama, Sunohara's unexpectedly effeminate, causing me to give him a cold look.

Sunohara seemed to have noticed my feelings, for a moment he appeared cold, making a face like he was forcefully trying to calm down his anger. Even then, he immediately grinned, producing a shady-looking smile and inclining his head unnaturally.

“Good for you, huh, Takamura-chan's so popular— .”

“That's not true.”

Sunohara was looking into my eyes. Thinking that our eyes won't meet again if I avert my gaze here, I fixedly stared back at Sunohara's eyes. Perhaps the pigment is light, he had eyes like light brown marbles. His eyes were glistening like the hero of a shoujo manga.

When asked what kind of person a ouji-sama is, 8 out of 10 will likely say it's

someone like Sunohara. However, those who are on the receiving end of his hostility would quickly realise. They'll realise that's an underside to his ouji-sama exterior.

“Hey, Takamura-chan, let's talk for awhile, two of us.”

Even before I could reply, Sunohara grabbed my arm and pulled.

Kosaka and Sena quietly listened and never spoke a word till the end. As I left, Kosaka exchanged a look with me, sending an apologetic gaze and gesture. If you feel bad, please say something so I don't get kidnapped by Sunohara.

With my arm still held by Sunohara, we walked through the corridor and passed the gate, I was being abducted all the way to the rear garden.

I wonder what he's going to do to me in the rear garden. Though I don't want to be beaten or kicked, being a victim to violence, the time will come if it comes. Sunohara is apparently rather strong in the Karate Club, but even so I doubt he'll give a serious blow.

Absentmindedly following him while thinking such things, I didn't realise we arrived. I ended up colliding into Sunohara's back from the momentum of walking.

“Ah, sorry.”

“Hey, what does Takamura-chan think of Sena-san? You realised I've been aiming for her, right?”

“So it's like that. I didn't know.”

More importantly, thinking of wanting my arms released from Sunohara's hold, I lightly shook them but whether he noticed or not, there's no sign of him letting go.

“Hey, what do you think?”

“That Sunohara doesn't harbor any suspicious feelings.”

“About Sena, you don't like her, right?”

I replied Sunohara with a deep nod.

“Then, cooperate with me. Support my love.”

“Eh, I don’t want to, though.”

“Why—! Since you don’t like her, cooperate with me.”

This guy, on top of being effeminate, he’s a bothersome fellow. In a normal situation, he’s the type I’ll never want to have as a friend.

He’s the type of guy who thinks everything’s good because he has good looks. He’ll definitely not be favoured by women if he’s ugly. I can affirm that. At the very least, I won’t fall in love just because of outer appearances, or even want to be friends.

Sunohara strengthened his grip on my arm. He pulled me with a jerk and my feet staggered.

“Because, it’s troublesome.”

“Even if it’s troublesome, cooperate with me.”

Sunohara’s encroaching-like order irritated me.

Good face, good manners, even the way he carries himself is skilled. Laughing cutely and speaking a little stronger, people listened to him no matter what he said, that’s likely how this attitude came about.

Living this way, his life up until now must have been on easy mode. Even for me it definitely wasn’t hard mode, but it can’t be helped that I feel envious.

That’s why I don’t mind if he thought that my words bore some thorns of jealousy.

“If you can’t do something about it yourself, then don’t start a relationship. It’s a bother.”

I shook my arm with all my strength, glaring.

He probably never had his request rejected before. I moved past Sunohara who’s feeling shaken after being cut off by me in one go, returning to the classroom.

Just as I was thinking in a corner of my mind that I might have said too much, something charged at me from behind. I thought it was a wild boar, but it turned out to be Sunohara. *Squeeze*, clinging to my abdomen, I grew discomposed from

the situation that made no sense.

“Sunohara.”

I called his name but there’s no reply. It’s like he’s just a corpse.

“Don’t—wanna—, cooperate with me—! Takamura-chan!”

“Hah? No way. Didn’t I say it’s a bother?”

“For consultations! It’s okay if you help me with just consultations!”

I tried to move but he held on so firmly he didn’t even budge.

He likely has no intention of letting go unless I give him a positive reply. I gave a very deep sigh.

“I understand. I understand so can you let me go? It’s just for consultations, okay. I definitely won’t accompany you to your date or other troublesome things like that, got it?”

“Un! Thank you, Hii-chan.”

“.....Hii-chan?”

I looked at Sunohara with an eye that says, “who’s that?”

“Mahiro so Hii-chan. Or do you prefer Maa-kun?”

“No, why are you suddenly calling me by a nickname.”

“If I get along well with Hii-chan, I can get along better with Sena-chan. Hii-chan, too, call me ‘Chiha’, okay?”

The person called Sunohara Chiharu was the type 10 times, 100 times more irritating than I thought.

And I’m extremely bad with people like this.

“No, Sunohara, I’m not close enough to call you by your nickname.”

“A—a—! I can’t hear a thing! If you don’t call me ‘Chiha’, I can’t hear a thing!”

It’s tiresome to retort, I’ll silently return to the classroom.

However, Sunohara who’s stronger than expected pulled my arm and hindered my movement.

“Hii-chan, don’t ignore me.”

“It’s your fault for saying things that make others want to ignore you. Speak normally. All your talk progressed too quickly, I can’t catch up.”

“Un, I understand.”

Making a despondent expression with the ends of his eyebrows lowered, Sunohara continued to pull at my sleeve.

Seeing him look so downhearted, I felt that I did something extremely bad. As expected I might have went too far, while putting on an apologetic smile I gave a perfunctory apology.

“It’s okay as long as you understand. I also went too far.”

“Then, from now on we’re close friends okay! Let’s go and play this coming Sunday—!”

“..... Eh?”

I became dumbfounded at Sunohara who smiled broadly, as though his downhearted look just now was a lie.

Is the relationship of close friends something you can obtain with just a declaration? If I’m not wrong, a person only has a number of close friends in his life, it shouldn’t be so easy to become one.

“Then we’ll meet at the East exit of Umibukuro[1] Station on Sunday at 11, okay.”

“E-eh.”

“You know the East exit? It’s where Sunshine and stuff are. Let’s go to the aquarium.”

I don’t know anyone who’s this pushy, so I really have no idea how to deal with him.

Ignoring me as I remained silent from uneasiness, Sunohara rapidly carried on with his arrangements. While I was still taken aback, the plan set up and pushed onto me was to meet at Umibukuro station at 11 this Sunday, and go to the Sunshine Aquarium after having lunch.

Not understanding what Sunohara wants, I stiffened after staring at him for several seconds.

“Hii-chan? In the first place, do you know Umibukuro station?”

“Of course I know, but..... Forget it, I understand.”

I must find a ouji so that I can return to being female. It’s not the time to support someone else’s love. And yet, the point I reached after being swept by the current, was a friendship that made no sense. Moreover, supporting his love.

Still confused, I returned to where Kosaka was and he gave me an inquisitive look.

“Takamura, did he issue a declaration of war that he won’t hand Sena over—? Or perhaps you got beaten up?”

Kosaka half-ran to my side and shot questions like a machine gun.

“He invited me to play.”

“Eeh, Takamura and Sunohara? Why?”

“I’m the one who wants to ask.....”

As I thought, I really am cursed.

[1] 海袋: Lit. sea sack. Parody of Ikebukuro (池袋: lit. pond sack). There’s a Sunshine Aquarium in Higashi-Ikeburo, Toshima, Japan.

Chapter 3

Teaser chapter.

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Takamura-kun wa Norowarete Iru.

Chapter 3 – Takamura Mahiro Becomes Male (3)

And then, Sunday morning. Not to mention ‘slightly’, I ‘seriously’ did not want to go, yet I can’t possibly ignore it since I already promised him. A white cut-and-sew, jacket and jeans, I arrived before Umibukuro Station sporting a so-called rough look. While it’s 5 minutes before 11am, Sunohara was already waiting in front of Umibukuro. He was clad in a collared white shirt and navy cardigan, along with black pants. Even though it’s mass-produced university student fashion, he definitely looks good in it because his face and figure are good.

“G’ morning, you’re early.”

“Of course, right. It’s not cool to make the other party wait on a date.”

“Date.....”

It’s the first time I saw a guy wink.

“Thenn, let’s have lunch first. Hii-chan, what do you want to eat?”

“Something with meat.”

“So Hii-chan likes meat—. Although, not to mention vegetables, you’ve a face that looks like you only eat herbs.”

Certainly, I agree that I indeed have a ‘herbivorous’ face.

Both my nose and my lips are thin, and my half-opened eyes are sleepy throughout the day. The colour of my skin is pearl white[1], and can’t be called healthy-looking even as flattery. The muscles on my body are virtually nil and my figure is too thin. There’s no civility on top of that, and there you have it. I’m

aware of it but it can't be helped that it's unfixable.

"Is it bad for me to eat meat?"

"That's not it, I say—. It was just unexpected. Since Hii-chan wants to eat meat, then let's do so."

Sunohara casually held my hand and started walking.

"Why are you holding my hand?"

"Because Hii-chan is cute! Ah, of course subsequent to Sena-san though. But if Hii-chan's a girl, I think you'd be my type—."

"I'm *so grateful* I can be your type that I think I'll cry."

As a matter of fact, Hii-chan is indeed a girl, but since I can't say that, I gave a vague smile and left the issue alone.

As we continued talking at cross-purposes, while holding hands, in one way or another we made our way out of the East exit of Umibukuro Station and crossed the intersection outside, walking straight to Sunshine Street.

"I'm just being honest though. Both your short hair with a tinge of blue and large eyes are pretty, aren't they. Sena-san's much cuter, but I think Hii-chan's not bad too. Ikemen ikemen.

"Thanks."

I've not been praised for my looks when I was female, not even once, however I've the impression I've been randomly praised for my looks now that I'm male. Are my looks something that becomes more attractive if I turn male? Or are everyone from Hitotose good at flattery? I've a feeling it's the latter between the two.

At the suggestion of Sunohara who claimed it's a date at Umibukuro Station, we decided to have our meal at a family restaurant that's a few minutes' walk from the East exit. I ordered a hamburger set as previously declared, while Sunohara ordered omurice.

"Hii-chan, this may be abrupt but, can I get into the main topic—?"

As he ate omurice, Sunohara looked at my face and smiled faintly.

I, who was silently eating hamburger, slowly raised my head at that voice.

“What kind of guys does Sena-san like? I wonder if I become like Hii-chan, will Sena-san come to like me?”

Which part of me Sena likes, such a thing, *I'm* the one who wants to know.

The impetus was probably that one incident in the library, however is it really so easy to be fond of someone? I definitely can't be said to have an abundance of experience in love, hence this is only a speculation. But including the incident in the library, my face or my atmosphere or things that like probably just happened to be her type. It's simply various fortuity upon fortuity creating a slight momentum, causing her to hold good will towards me.

“I don't know such a thing. But what's the point of Sunohara becoming me, huh.”

“But, I want Sena-san to like me.”

“Compared to me, Sunohara's fancied by various people, so it means you're plenty charming the way you are. Only, it just happens that both Sena-san's and my preference differs.”

With those looks and amiable personality, Sunohara's popular with the girls. It's undeniable that because of that he feels slightly conceited[2]. Nevertheless, from his open personality that doesn't discriminates, he seems like he also has many male friends.

I just happened to be Sena Tsugumi's type, but I don't have as many friends as Sunohara and neither am I popular with girls. That's why even if you don't go to lengths imitating me, while I won't admit it, Sunohara can be said to be the more charming person in the eyes of the masses.

“Ehh, Hii-chan doesn't like me too?! I can't overlook that you know!”

“Sunohara, noisy.”

“Hii-chan's so mean. No matter how much time passes, you still won't call me 'Chiha'.”

Ignoring Sunohara who pouted with a *hmp*, I resumed eating my hamburger.

“Noisy-hara, shut up and eat quickly. We're going to the aquarium right.”

“Eh, Hii-chan, what do you mean by Noisy-hara?! I’m Sunohara!”

I unconsciously laughed at Sunohara who came snapping frantically.

Honestly speaking, Sunohara’s a noisy and peerlessly troublesome guy. He’s someone I’d definitely not think of making friends with ordinarily, the type I’m bad with. Nevertheless I did think he’s a way better chap compared to my first impression of him. He comes at you insistently but he’s a guy you’ll never be bored with.

I was moved enough to think it isn’t too bad to be friends with a guy I’m bad with, in the middle of this rare experience of turning male.

“Just joking. I don’t hate Sunohara.”

Sunohara appeared like he’s surprised.

He stroked my cheek gently with an absentminded face. I turned my face away from the ticklish feeling and lightly closed my eyes.

“Call me, ‘Chiha’. Hii-chan.”

“You sure are persistent.”

“Please, Hii-chan.”

Sunohara will probably continue to coax me until I call him ‘Chiha’.

To him who has all his wishes fulfilled, he’ll likely press me until I listen to him. Already finding it troublesome to reject him, letting out a small sigh, I then took a breath.

“Chiha.”

Sunohara stroked my cheek once again.

Next, a smile floated up, one that would put Sena’s sunny smile to shame. I unconsciously looked away as I felt it became awkward. However I didn’t expect him to be this overjoyed just because I called his name. Such a smile is unfair.

“I’m happy. One more time, call me one more time, Hii-chan.”

“Why’d you want your name to be called so badly.”

Shaking off Sunohara’s hand that was stroking my cheek, *welcome binge eating*, I stuffed my mouth with hamburger.

“Because I want to hear my name called in Hii-chan’s voice.”

I shuddered at his icky voice that seemed as though a heart was attached at the back of his sentence.

Perhaps if a Märchen dreamy girl heard that, she’d be overjoyed, but I’m a girl who’d rather live the rest of her life as a boy because she found the kiss with a prince (lol) troublesome. *A pick-up line and whatnot from a childish idiot ouji-sama I don’t even like, it’s so cold that I can’t stand listening.* — — was my unabridged feelings which I bet showed on my face. By the time I realised, Sunohara was pursing his lips. It’s the thing called Chun Expression[3] that’s trending recently.

“Sorry. It’s not like I particularly thought it was cold or something.”

“You *did* think so. Hii-chan’s too honest[4].”

“Sorry. But I don’t hate the cold Chiha. It’s amusing to make fun of.”

For him to make noise when I jab him a little, honestly speaking, it’s amusing. Because he won’t break even when I make fun of him, and would instead approach persistently, I can abuse him with no concern. To think he could light a fire in my hidden S heart, this Sunohara’s a pretty capable guy.

“..... Hii-chan hang on, that’s so cool. Hug me.”

“Disgusting. Hurry up and eat your food. I’ll leave you behind.”

It was a mistake for me to check out his condition because I was worried about his trembling.

He suddenly tried to hug me from across the table, and I reflexively made him eat my palm strike. Fortunately, his sharp nose remained safe. At the same time I thought *thank goodness his nose didn’t break*, I also felt a twinge of regret. I wanted to try smashing that sharp nose.

Perhaps because it’s Sunday, there’s a considerable number of visitors at the aquarium. However they’re mostly parents with kids or middle school couples. It’s about only us who came as two guys, so it feels slightly unpleasant somehow, yet it’s also true that I’m looking forward to it since I don’t dislike aquariums themselves.

“Hii-chan, is this your first time coming to Sunshine?”

“It’s not my first, but I don’t come here much.”

Putting Sunshine aside, I don’t even come to Umibukuro much.

The school I originally attended in my hometown was out of the city, and there weren’t many opportunities to go to urban areas. Even when I hung out with friends, it was always out of the city. To me, Umibukuro or the Kawanote Line[5] area, are places where one has to dress very fashionably, and braces oneself with a “LET’S GO!” before heading there.

“Then let’s start by seeing what Hii-chan wants to see. Where shall we strike from? It seems like there’s animals like penguins, too.”

“Chiha, I want to see the armadillos.”

The pamphlet I received stated that there’s also land animals.

While I do want to see penguins, axolotls and so on, what really held my interest was armadillos and ring-tailed lemurs. They might not be aquatic animals, but I want to see them so it can’t be helped.

“Armadillo?! Hii-chan’s really interesting. Sure, let’s go see the armadillos.”

“Nn.”

Isn’t it fine to look at armadillos in an aquarium, isn’t it fine to only look at humans in a zoo? Isn’t it fine to sleep in cinemas? After all, this is a world where there’s such a thing like a curse which turns females into males.

However, perhaps the armadillo wasn’t used to being looked at, it slept comfortably with its stomach in full display. For some reason my heart throbbed furiously at this armadillo which forgot too much of its wildness. Dammit, aren’t you a cutie.

“Hii-chan, is it interesting to look at sleeping armadillos?”

“Interesting. I think they’re cute.”

“Are they? For me, penguins or clones are better—”

As I stared at the unmoving and sleeping armadillo, Sunohara seemed to have gotten bored and he rubbed his forehead against my back. I was irritated but as I

learned my lesson that he'll just get carried away if I stand up against him, I decided to not take issue with him.

"I'll be looking at the armadillos so, Chiha, you go look at the penguins then."

"Since we finally came together, let's go around together. I'm, a rabbit-chan so I'll die of loneliness."

For a 17 year-old young man to say "rabbit-chan" and such, I'll die from freezing.

Perhaps a more mature ane-sama would be able to accept it, but something like this is honestly off-putting to a girl of the same age. My face turned grave. Sunohara noticed my grave expression, and tried to bring my spirits up in a panic.

"It's a joke so please stop making that face."

"Ah, is that so. I was thinking of using German Suplex on you if you meant that seriously."

"Were they words so sinful?!"

After 3 hours of going around the aquarium, I even bought an armadillo stuffed toy as souvenir. It's quite embarrassing to board the train carrying an armadillo stuffed toy, but it's only about 25 minutes from Umibukuro to the apartment I live alone in, so it's still alright. It's the armadillo's fault for being too cute.

Sunohara purchased a mechanical pencil in the shape of a spotted garden eel. I think Sunohara has no right to say anything about other people's likes.

"Hii-chan, well then, see you tomorrow. Let's go out again, okay?"

"I'll consider it."

"Un, do consider."

Honestly, it was quite fun so I'll definitely go if he invites me again. He'll definitely get carried away if I say such a thing, so I'll never give voice to it though.

About a 10 minutes' walking distance from the station laid my rented apartment.

When I casually lifted my head and took a look, I realised the lights were on in the room I rented, and got incredibly flustered. Don't tell me it's a burglar? If it's a burglar, how should I deal with this? Call the police first? However, what if it's someone I know and I raise a false alarm?

Various thoughts crossed my mind. Thinking to at least check who's there for now, I braced myself and gently opened the door.

The instant I confirmed who the person standing there was, I thought: "Ah, I shouldn't have opened it."

[1] 真っ白 *masshiro*, lit. pure white. This may sound frightening, but if you've been reading a lot of Chinese, Japanese and Korean novels, you'll find that white skin with no blemishes is something often associated with beauty.

[2] Original – 天狗になって *tengu ni natte*: becoming a [tengu](#) (a creature in Japanese folklore). Tengu are associated with vanity, egotism.

[3] チュン顔 [chun gao](#) or ちゅん顔: slang. Translated portions from [coitopi](#) – “an expression whereby one absentmindedly looks at the other party with defenseless eyes, opening the lips a little with the image of slightly verbalising the ‘chuun’ sound.” “a sexiness you want to protect”

[4] Should be referring to how Mahiro's thoughts show on his face rather than being sarcastic.

[5] 川手線 *Kawanote Sen*: lit. River's Hand Line. Parody of 山手線 *Yamanote Sen*: lit. Mountain's Hand Line, a train line which passes through many of Japan's urban areas. Including Ikebukuro.

Chapter 4

I guess I might as well finish what I started. TiC is no longer under teasers, a.k.a. I'll try to complete this series. Try. Your follows, comments, thoughts, and likes helped me make this decision and continue to motivate me. Thank you.

I feel like I'm accumulating a bunch of seriously random knowledge from all this researching.

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Takamura-kun wa Norowarete Iru.

[Chapter 4](#) – Takamura Mahiro Continues to Attract (1)

What I saw after opening the door was, Takafumi humming a song in the kitchen as he prepared Mapo Eggplant.

Natsuka Takafumi — he's my cousin and also, while it's embarrassing, my first love. It's completely a story of the past now, but I used to like this person.

At 21 years old, Takafumi is older than me by 4 years, and is a 3rd-year student at the National University in town. Perhaps because of his droopy eyes the area around his eyes appear kind, and the corners of his mouth are slightly raised, creating an overall gentle image. Takafumi's cream-coloured hair is soft and suits his kind atmosphere well. His height is 176cm, slightly shorter than the current me.

That I still feel he's dependable even though I think he's smaller and more delicate than the current me, is it because he's the onii-chan I've always been with since we were young? Or am I made to feel this way by the kind-feeling atmosphere he has?

“Yo Mahiro, welcome back. You're late.”

“Please leave.”

Even if he's the onii-chan I used to like, this and that are different matters. Kicking off my shoes by the entranceway, I briskly approached Takafumi, *tug*, I pulled his clothes as I tried to drag him to the entrance. But Takafumi grinned broadly like a father watching over his child's mischief as he watched my movements.

"It's pointless~. 'cos my luggage was already moved in. We'll be living together from now on, so let's get along well."

"—Live? Together?"

"Huh, haven't you heard? Riko-san requested me because she was worried about you."

I didn't hear about that at all. So this is what a bolt out of the blue means.

"Don't know, haven't heard."

I was neither informed nor told, but it does seem like something that carefree mother would do.

Was the "Mother will cooperate with you so, work hard okay!" she said on the day I turned male, referring to this? Is she suggesting that I tie the knot with the man I used to like and receive the ouji-sama (lol)'s kiss?

Sheesh, her method of cooperation is so sloppy that I'm getting a headache. Certainly, I did think a 2LDK[1] was too big for a person living alone, but I didn't expect it to become like this.

"Still, that's how it is. Mahiro, are you hungry? Mapo Eggplant, you like it, don't you? You'll eat it right, you'll eat it right."

"I'll eat, but. Even in the eyes of society, it's not good for people of the opposite genders to live under one roof."

"The current Mahiro's male, aren't you. No problem, no problem—"

Mapo Eggplant, rice and miso soup are arranged on the 2-person table in the center of the kitchen dining space.

"Well, I'm a guy now, but....."

"It's been a while so get along with onii-chan. My campus will be the one over

here beginning from this year, so it's very helpful if I can live here."

I can't reject him strongly when he smiles so kindly like that.

Even for me, it's not like I hate Takafumi. Besides, his cooking's very delicious and he'll surely settle all the housework. There's definitely a lot of merits for him to live here.

"I got it. If Takafumi says so."

"Thanks. Mahiro's a good child as I thought—"

Somehow it's terribly embarrassing when he rubs my head from across the table.

There's not the slightest bit of romantic feelings now, but I certainly hold good will towards him as my cousin. I'm weak to this broad smile of his that reveals his teeth. It's pathetic of me to listen to him against my better judgement, but only towards Takafumi, I've never been able to treat him coldly[2].

I randomly stuffed my mouth with eggplants and rice to hide my embarrassment. My appetite gets increasingly bigger ever since my body became like this. My height increased by more than 20cm, so it could be that I need more fuel to sustain it.

"I, was worried when I heard Mahiro turned into a boy, y'know. Well, it might be something that can't be helped as a girl born into the Takamura family though."

"Does Takafumi know about the Takamura family's curse?"

"Only a little."

For the cursed person in question to be the only one who doesn't know about the curse, this is pathetic beyond comparison.

At the end of the day, I haven't heard anything other than my mother saying that it's a curse females of the Takamura family gets.

"It's okay if it's just what you know, but can you tell me about the curse? I've a feeling I'm the only one who doesn't know anything."

"Even if you say just what I know, I'm from the branch family. Speaking of what

I know, it's only that girls of the Takamura family turn into boys on their 17th birthdays, and that they've to exchange a kiss with someone they love reciprocally by their 20th birthdays."

"As expected, that's the only way to remove the curse....."

I get the goosebumps at the mention of something like an ouji-sama, but I've a feeling I might as well remain like this all my life if I've to force myself to love someone just for the sake of removing the curse.

This may just be sugarcoated words, but I don't think such behaviour is the act of coming to like someone. The feelings of holding someone dear should be more sincere. Perhaps I'm also quite a starry-eyed maiden for thinking this way.

"Ah, come to think of it, when the girls of the Takamura family became boys, it seems that there were many cases of their looks changing into those that easily attracts others.

"Is it?"

To have even added a mechanism to ease the removal of the curse despite having cast the curse, what an unfathomable, moreover troublesome, curse. I don't know who for what purpose cast this curse, but is it strange of me to feel that if he has the time to beautify our appearances, he should just remove the curse?

Still, the mystery is solved with this. It's thanks to the curse that I was randomly praised for my looks.

"Mahiro, enter the bath once you're done eating. It's already prepared."

"Sorry for having left it all to you. I'll do the clearing up."

"Don't be so strangely accommodating, I say. Besides, we'll be somewhat akin to family from now on. Rely on me properly, ya."

Takafumi *pat pat*, rubbed my head several times. He smiled happily when I bobbed my head.

But I wasn't calm inside. Because while I don't have romantic feelings towards Takafumi at the moment, I felt that even now, I still like this kind and caring onii-san in terms of familial love.

When I stepped out of the bath and returned to the living room, Takafumi had finished clearing up and is watching TV. It's a marine soap opera anime that comes on air at 6.30pm on Sundays. There's such an exceptional destiny with fishes today[3].

"Oh—, it's my turn to go bathe now. Let's eat ice cream when I'm out of the bath."

"Ice cream..."

"Your eyes are shining too much. Still, don't eat them first okay—"

I decided to wait as I hugged the armadillo stuff toy and watched the marine soap drama. Eating the food Takafumi made, entering the bath and eating ice cream after bathing. Before I knew it, it completely became Takafumi's pace.

I feel incredibly edgy when I think that I'll live like this everyday from now on. The area around my heart gets jumpy and I start feeling strange. In order to counter the overflowing unknown feelings, I buried my face in the armadillo and squirmed.

Hence, I've completely wiped Sena Tsugumi and Sunohara Chiharu off my mind, but.

The next day, the rubberneck Kousaka approached me excitedly. He wanted to hear about the Sunday with Sunohara. I managed to splendidly ignore Kousaka's onslaught of questions until it was finally end of school, but he who was long-established to be persistent, did not give up.

"He~ey—、Ta—ka—mu—raa—"

"I'm on counter duty for the Library Committee today, so."

"Are you gonna run, Takamura—!"

I headed to the library while shaking off Kousaka who clung to my waist.

To this Kousaka who went full-force with his rubberneck willpower, *how I hung out with the school's ouji-sama (lol) Sunohara Chiharu and what kind of counterattack did he use on me who stole Sena*, are probably topics that interest him. I might also hold a fair amount of interest if I was looking from the

sidelines, but it's nothing but trouble when I think that I'm the person involved.

We reached the library as I continued to ignore him. When I sat at the counter, Kousaka calculatively sat beside me, carrying *The Wild Rose of Versailles*[4] shoujo manga. This guy, could it be, he's going to sit here until my shift's over and dig more information out of me when we leave school? Seriously a persistent fellow.

There's only a scant few who're studying for their exams in the library. There weren't anyone who came to borrow books. The state of disengagement from reading nowadays is grave. Indeed, even Kousaka is reading manga.

"Heyy, is Takamura in the Pascar faction? Audré? It's Natalie for me I guess. She's cute.[5]"

"Natalie?"

"Ah, could it be you've never read *The Wild Rose of Versailles*?! Seriously—. Are you serious—"

While I don't understand why I've to be insulted like this just because I've never read *The Wild Rose of Versailles*, I gave him a push on the shoulder because he incurred my wrath.

It was at about the same moment. Noticing that a shadow was cast on the counter, I looked up, only to find a tall guy who's easily over 180 looking down at us. It's a fair-complexioned guy with short, messy, purple-ash-brown hair and cold eyes. He has a long and thin figure like a straw. Bean sprouts, probably refers to people like this. Rather than cool, you can say his appearance is more like that of a beauty's.

"Um, you're noisy you know."

"Yo, Hiwatari—. You sure are cool as usual."

"Kousaka-san, club activities are starting soon."

He appears to be Kousaka's acquaintance. If he says he's a comrade from club, then is he also from Basketball Club? That he has a tall stature also coincides.

"Seriously—? Did Hiwatari come to fetch me?"

"Coach asked me to fetch you. Don't do something like reading manga, please

hurry up and come.”

“Eh—”

This guy, did he intend to take an unwarranted absence from club activities? I pushed Kousaka’s shoulder again, chasing him away from the counter.

“Kousaka, go for your club activities.”

“I’ll go, but let’s go home together—. I’ll finish at 7pm so wait for me.”

“I got it, so go, I say.”

Kousaka thrusted *The Wild Rose of Versailles* to me as he stood up from the seat.

“Hiwatari, go home with us too—?”

“Eh, no thank you.”

Seeing off the two’s back views as they left the library while playing around, I picked up Volume 1 of *The Wild Rose of Versailles*.

I ended up finishing the entire volume as no one dropped in to borrow books by the closing time, after all. As a fellow comrade who lied about being male, I found myself thinking that I’d find it worthwhile if I also had such a noble reason[6]. Something like *I’m waiting for a kiss from the ouji-sama* is too ridiculous, and something like *actually, I’m a girl* is too embarrassing that I can’t quite bring myself to say them.

Having lost all hope for the future, I lay sprawled on the counter.

Sheesh, I really was born under a strange star. Good grief.

[1] LDK stands for Living, Dining, Kitchen. 2LDK would be an apartment with a living room, dining room, kitchen and 2 bedrooms.

[2] Original – 塩対応: lit. salt treatment. Treating someone coldly or like they’re unwelcomed. Like when you throw salt at your doorstep after an unwelcomed visitor leaves your house. Salt is said to have cleansing properties and can prevent evil spirits from coming.

[3] Mahiro went to the aquarium with Chiharu earlier in the day.

[4] Parody of The Rose of Versailles. Super famous 'classic' shoujo manga.

[5] Parody of [characters](#) from TRoV. Pascal -> Oscar, André -> André, Natalie -> Rosalie

[6] Referring to TRoV's main character, Oscar, who was raised as a boy so that she can succeed the the head of the Imperial Guard's position.

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Chapter 5

The names of Bakumatsu Shishi Girls members are based on actual people from the [Bakumatsu](#) period.

Sakamoto Ryou – [Sakamoto Ryouma](#)

Katsura Koharu – [Kido Takayoshi](#) (Katsura Kogorou)

Takasugi Sakura – [Takasugi Shinsaku](#)

Yoshida Shouko – [Yoshida Shouin](#)

Hijikata Chitose – [Hijikata Toshizo](#)

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Takamura-kun wa Norowarete Iru.

[Chapter 5](#) – Takamura Mahiro Continues to Attract (1)

“Ooi, Takamura—. Wake up—.”

Lifting my head from the counter, the surroundings were already pitch-black. I reflexively looked at the clock. It says 7.30pm. Apparently I slept for about an hour in the period when I was despairing for the future.

Did I fell asleep in an awkward position? I can’t avoid getting these joint pains in my body then.

“Sorry, it seems I felt asleep. Are your club activities over?”

“Un, sorry to keep you waiting. Leggo—.”

Behind Kousaka was the straw a.k.a. Hiwatari from just now. He’s looking at me with an incredibly unhappy face.

Perhaps Kousaka became conscious of the fact that Hiwatari is unhappy. He gave a shrug and hit Hiwatari’s waist. Hiwatari had an unpleasant expression on his face as he furrowed his brows, but Kousaka ignored him.

“Ahh, this guy is a kouhai from my club. He’s called Hiwatari Shuu. Even though

he's severely tsundere, he's a good kid so do be friends with him."

"Are you his guardian!"

I unconsciously retorted at the introduction made from an unknown standpoint.

Hiwatari Shuu gave me a fleeting glance as he snorted.

Not to mention being severely tsundere, my heart feels like it's about to break from his attitude that seems like there's only tsun.

"Hiwatari—, this is Takamura Mahiro."

"I've heard rumours about Takamura-san. You're dating Sena-san, right?"

"We're not dating."

Has the rumours of Sena and I spread to even the 1st-years? Moreover it was even exaggerated that we're dating.

Certainly, Sena is cute. Both her face and personality are incredibly cute, but I can't date her. I hope you understand. And by all means do let me know who's the one who spread such strange rumours. There's an immediate need to use the Giant Swing move on him.

"He—eh, is that so?"

"Yes it is. So feel free to approach if you like Sena."

"I wouldn't. 'Cos I hate that kind of cunning women."

The one who came snapping at the words that were fired nonchalantly was obviously not me, but Kousaka who worships Sena Tsugumi and Katsura Koharu, two so-called acclaimed cunning people.

"Hiwatari! Are you seriously sayin' you don't like Sena-san? What kind of girl would be your type then? Who'd it be if it's the Bakumatsu Shishi Girls?"

"I don't know Bakumatsu Shishi Girls well, so."

"If you don't like Bakumatsu Shishi Girls either, then what do you look forward to in life....."

It seems that "don't know Bakumatsu Shishi Girls well" was quite a bombshell statement for Kousaka who's a minor idol otaku. He collapsed right before

Hiwatari's eyes.

“Don't think that everyone likes Bakumatsu Shishi Girls. Who's the one being fooled by the media?”

“But Koharu-chan is super cute you know?”

'Koharu-chan' probably refers to Bakumatsu Shishi Girls' Katsura Koharu. As you know, she's Kousaka's bias.

Katsura Koharu's atmosphere resembles Sena's. Cute and slightly airheaded, a girl with a soft and sweet atmosphere like a marshmallow. Despite seeming like they can't survive if they aren't protected, from how they entrance people to save them with their cunning atmosphere, they actually do bear a bit of craftiness too. Kousaka's preferences are so congruous that it's exceedingly easy to understand.

But it's not like I really wanted to hear about Kousaka's preferences until the school's closing time, so I didn't give any particular response. Hiwatari also remained silent as he walked next to me.

“Stop ignoring me. You guys have similar personalities. Doesn't it seem like you can get along?”

It's exceedingly upsetting to be regarded on the same level as a cold guy like Hiwatari. I treat Kousaka much more kindly.

Giving Hiwatari a scrutinizing glance, his expression was more unpleasant-looking than mine. He looked like he swallowed a bitter pill. I'm technically a senpai he met for the first time, so can't he be more mindful about it? It's not like I particularly want to get along with him, or that I felt hurt, but somehow I feel kind of gloomy.

Walking to the front gate as I listened to Kousaka's talking for the most part, the school's ouji-sama (lol) was there. Fiddling with his phone, he was leaning on the gate in a stylish pose as he acted cool. *Is he waiting for someone?* I wondered as I tried to walk pass him, but my arm was firmly grabbed so I had no choice but to stop.

Sunohara grinned from ear to ear.

“Ohhhh—! Hii-chan! Isn’t it such a coincidence? Let’s go home together.”

“..... Coincidence?”

“It’s not like I waited for Hii-chan but, well, since we happened to meet here? Let’s just go home together.”

He clearly appeared to be waiting for someone, but was it not so? Nonetheless, who would *just happen* to be leaning by the schoolgate until this late hour? I don’t understand the city boys living in the 23 wards[1].

“I’m going back with these two afterwards.”

“..... Eh.”

“Does Chiha want to come along too?”

For an instant he had a crestfallen look, but his expression immediately brightened up as though light was beaming out when I invited him. Could it be, this fella wanted to leave school with me very badly?

Why doesn’t he frankly say that he wants to go home together? It’s not like I’ll reject him if he spoke up frankly, but I wouldn’t even know if he doesn’t say it properly.

Sunohara’s restless gaze alternated between Kousaka and Hiwatari before it fell on me again. With the ends of his eyebrows lowered and after a few seconds of being in a fluster, he nodded solemnly. Was my invitation something that invites so much bewilderment?

“Is Chiha on the way home from club activities?”

“Well, yeah. I basically have club activities everyday except Sundays, you see. That’s why I just happened to have club activities, I really just happened to have them.”

“I see.”

You don’t have to repeat ‘just happened’ so many times. No particular conversation came up, so I stared at the backs of Kousaka and Hiwatari who walked in front. Kousaka seemed to be talking about something,

but Hiwatari seemed to find that annoying as he fended it off.

Because I was walking while looking at those two, we reached Hitotose High School's Moyori Station before I knew it. Kousaka and I take the same descending[2] train line, Sunohara takes the ascending one and Hiwatari uses the private railway, so we'll be going our separate ways here.

I tried to go through the faregate as we moved to wait for our respective trains, but Sunohara held the hem of my clothes silently. Sensing something exceedingly troublesome from his action, I felt a huge urge to go home.

"Hii-chan, ask me "What's wrong?"! Haven't I been giving out an aura like I wanted to talk?"

See? I told you something troublesome was coming. Sunohara puffed his cheeks into a pout and looked at me with sullen, narrowed eyes. This fella is the annoying sort of cunning guy. Suppressing the surging tiresome feelings, I let out a sigh.

"I won't understand if you don't say it clearly."

"I'll say it clearly then. Listen to me. Hii-chan, listen to what I have to say!"

"I got it. I got it, so don't speak so loudly."

It's bad enough that Sunohara has sparkly-ish looks that attracts the eyes of people. But we stand out even more with him speaking so loudly like that.

This is what I get when I lend him a listening ear once. It's because of this that guys who're used to having people listen to them are troubling.

"Sorry, Kousaka and Hiwatari, go back first. I'll go after listening to what Sunohara has to say."

"Gotcha—. See ya tomorrow."

I waved my hand lightly at Kousaka who gave a wry smile. I then wanted to wave to Hiwatari who stood beside Kousaka like he's dumbfounded, but the expression he had was more awful than I expected, so I stopped. It's like his thoughts of *"Is this guy right in the head?"* are keenly transmitted. I'll likely have the same expression as Hiwatari if I were in his position.

“See ya too, Hiwatari.”

“Do your best.”

“Aah, un.”

I totally don't want to do my best, but this matter will become much more troublesome if I ditch him, so I've no choice but to do my best.

After seeing off the two who passed through the faregate, I looked in Sunohara's direction apprehensively only to find him on the verge of tears. Why. Why, are you about to cry, now. The one who wants to cry is me. I felt so unsettled that I stood stock still. Stupefied, I continue to stare at his pretty face.

“Hii-chan, I was rejected when I asked Sena-san for a date. Apparently, “I can't go out alone with a guy because I have someone I like”, she says.”

Is that sarcasm towards me? No matter how you think about it, isn't the person Sena likes, me?

Normally speaking, would you say something like that to the perpetrator of you getting rejected for a date? It's troubling even if you tell me head-on about something that I can't help with. Will it be fine if I tell Sena. “I can't answer your feelings”, in this situation where she hasn't even confessed to me?

With a disconcerted mind, I simply looked at him as he sniffed with teary eyes.

“It's troubling even if you say something like that. I've said it again and again, but I don't like Sena-san. However, I don't feel like cheering Chiha's feelings on either. Because it's bothersome.”

“I know. I'm not blaming Hii-chan. It's just that I felt very sad, and wanted Hii-chan to listen.”

“Why is it me?”

Sunohara has many friends. It's no surprise, seeing he's the central personage of his class, an ikemen, and is sociable.

He's different from the class' normie like me. Sunohara is truly a human on the raijuu[3] side, yet he comes all the way to me to consult about love. Moreover I'm his rival in love. Towards such a person, why?

The tips of Sunohara's fingers touched the tips of mine.

"Maybe because Hii-chan won't indulge me."

Sunohara held my fingers lightly. As he continued to touch my fingers no matter how many times I shook him off, I gave up and let him do as he pleased.

When I raised my head after realising I was paying too much attention to my fingers, Sunohara's face was closer than expected. I was exceedingly startled although I didn't let it show on my face.

"I believe I'm plenty indulgent to you."

"Eh~, you are mean."

"Really? I'll be kind then."

I gave a shot at saying words I didn't mean, thinking to use whatever works to soothe Sunohara so I can go home. However, he appeared like he wanted to say something to me again.

It's already 8pm. It'll probably be 8.30pm by the time I reach home. Takafumi will worry if I return too late, so I'd like to head back soon.

"I lied. Hii-chan's kind. I get why Sena-san likes Hii-chan. If I'm Sena-san, I will definitely also choose Hii-chan instead of me."

"You don't have to flatter me."

"It's not flattery."

Honestly, I'm not particularly happy about being praised by Sunohara. More importantly, making Takafumi worried unsettles me more.

At that moment, the smartphone in my back pocket vibrated. Fetching it and looking at the screen, I received a message from the perpetrator of making my heart unsettled, Takafumi.

You're late in coming back. Are you having dinner? Along with a cute emoji, such a message was sent to me.

"Hii-chan."

I tried to type that *I'll be eating*, but my phone was snatched away the same instant a dissatisfied-sounding voice entered my ears.

“Give me back my smartphone, Chiha.”

“Who’s Natsuka Takafumi, Hii-chan?”

“He’s my cousin. Don’t look at it without permission.”

I don’t know what he’s dissatisfied with, but Sunohara was incredibly pissed.

“Dinner, he says..... Are you living with this person, Hii-chan?”

“Yes but, so what?”

“I’m going to Hii-chan’s place today.”

Squeeze, he grabbed my hand and pulled it with all his strength. We passed through the faregate with my hand still being held, and I was abducted to the platform of the JR descending line that I usually take.

“Nah, you don’t have to come over.”

“Don’t wanna. I’m staying over at Hii-chan’s place.”

“I’m saying it’s a bother.”

Sunohara looked very hurt.

He’s pitiful, but honestly it’s a bother to suddenly be told “Let me stay over” by a fellow I don’t intend to get along well with. Certainly, it was relatively enjoyable that one and only time we hung out, but I didn’t intend to get along with him so well.

I don’t intend to..... but, it’s also true that I’ve been getting swept away by this annoying and cunning expression whereby he made studied *sniff sniff* sounds with his nose and looked at me with a sorrowful face.

But if I don’t steel my heart here, there’s no doubt he’ll continue to come and stay over from now on.

“That’s right, huh. It’s a bother, huh.”

“Aah, it’s a bother.”

“Ehhhh, Hii-chan!”

Departing at 20:18, the Chuuou descending line. Before I’m aware of it, the thick-skinned Sunohara was already riding on the same train as me.

[1] [23 wards](#). Basically, the city area.

[2] Train line heading away from Tokyo. The one Sunohara takes is the opposite, and heads in the direction of Tokyo.

[3] Stereotype of people who has it good in real life.

Chapter 6

Hi guys, it'd really help, and is very much appreciated if you'd disable Adblock (if you're using it) on this site. Arigatou gozaimasu! xoxo

That's what they call carrot and stick, Mahiro. I believe things start picking up next chapter^^

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Takamura-kun wa Norowarete Iru.

Chapter 6 – Sunohara Chiharu Dives In

Past 8pm. For some reason, Sunohara was sitting at the dining table of my abode. Without making even a reluctant face after spotting Sunohara who came over at this late hour, Takafumi ushered him in and furthermore prepared his meal.

As the dining table was a 2-person one, we lined up the sofa and glass table in front of the TV, and for some reason Sunohara, Takafumi and I are having dinner on cordial terms. It's Takafumi's specialty today: curry rice.

“Takafumi-kun, sorry about this. The suddenness.”

“It's okay. Mahiro's friends are always welcome.”

It really pains me to busy him more than necessary when he's occupied with reports, assignments and job finding, but Takafumi wasn't reluctant. Rather, he even seemed happy that I made a male friend.

Sunohara isn't my friend, but if it makes Takafumi happy, then I shall leave it at that.

“Takafumi's cooking is very delicious. To think I got to eat such tasty cooking despite intruding at this timing.”

“No prob—, if you're fine with such cooking, drop by anytime to have them.”

“I’d love to.”

I felt intensely disturbed by Sunohara who gave a bright smile as he spoke calmly.

Who is this refined and ikemen exemplary youth? He’s definitely not Sunohara. Sunohara is suppose to speak in a more foolish and irritating way. At any rate, even I won’t treat him unkindly if he behaves like this normally.

Ignoring the two who conversed eloquently, I gobbled down the curry rice. Although Takafumi’s cooking are top-rate tasty, I could hardly enjoy the taste thanks to Sunohara’s presence.

“Sunohara-kun, you’ll be staying over today, right?”

“Will that be okay?”

Despite having made such a racket about wanting to stay over, he’s giving a “Oh no, I can’t possibly do that” unnatural act so late in the game.

“Isn’t there school tomorrow? Leave.”

Sunohara made a downcast face and put his spoon down onto the table after I glared at him a little.

“That’s right isn’t it. I’ll be leaving since it’s late already. Besides, I can’t cause both Mahiro-kun and Takafumi-san anymore trouble.”

“No way—, it’s fine, it’s fine. Stay over. You’ll end up in protective custody if you go out after 10pm[1], ya. Where does Sunohara-kun stay?”

“About 40 minutes from here, I think.”

It’s currently before 9:30pm. It takes about 20 minutes to walk to Moyori Station. At that rate, it’d easily exceed 10pm by the time Sunohara reaches home.

“There—, stay over, I say.”

“Will that be okay?”

“It’s okay—. Right, Mahiro?”

What do you mean ‘Will that be okay?’. I’m feeling not mild, but considerable, irritation at Sunohara who spoke brazenly despite having that intention right

from the start.

However, I'm unable to treat Takafumi coldly. I was extremely unwilling but I put up with it somehow and nodded solemnly.

"Are you okay with using my clothes? As for underwear, I have new ones so you can have them. Hang on a moment, alright."

Takafumi left to get the clothes from his room.

It might have slipped your mind, but I'm still provisionally a girl. How tragic is it that I have to let a male classmate lodge in my house? Perhaps Takafumi is also steadily forgetting that I was a girl.

However, it's true that he might be taken into protective custody if he goes out after 10pm, so I can only endure while thinking of it as a tribulation.

"Takafumi-san sure is kind, isn't he. He's an ikemen, and seems popular, huh."

"Don't know."

Sunohara completely returned to his usual state and started talking to me in an annoying manner. Ignoring that, I continue to tuck away at my third plate of curry rice today. The third plate of curry rice is one with ample mayonnaise added to it. Adding mayonnaise to curry makes it milder and I feel like I can eat it however much there is.

"Does Hii-chan, like Takafumi-san?"

"I like him. Because we're family."

"You know I don't mean it that way, right, Hii-chan."

I don't quite understand the meaning in those words he uttered.

The conversation is progressing with the premise that my love interest is a guy, but what does Sunohara mean? Did he realise that I'm a girl, or is he thinking that I'm gay or bi?

Even if it's me, I'm also a modern man. Although I won't say that only romance between the opposite genders is legitimate, be it fortunate or unfortunate, my current romantic interest lies in guys right now. I may have to come to like girls if I have to live as a guy from now on, but that's something that's as-yet-unknown.

"I don't have someone I like."

“What about me—?”

“Stop joking; take a look at yourself.”

I will never, ever come to like Sunohara Chiharu in that way. This alone is a fact that will never, ever change.

The kind I like is the soothing type. What I like is precisely a fluffy, soothing type who’s refreshing and sincere like Takafumi. I’d like a good person with a personality contrary to Sunohara’s.

“Ehh, the girls call me “Cute!” or “Cool!”, you know. I think I’m a comparatively good catch, though—.”

“It’s annoying when you say that yourself.”

“How mean. Hii-chan is about the only one who’d say something like that to me.”

Sunohara can certainly be categorized under ‘ikemen’. However, this sort of annoying statement is a minus to that ikemen-ness.

However, it’s precisely because there are many broadminded women who’re okay with this kind of disappointing ikemen-ness, that he’s being treated as this school’s ouji-sama. Or perhaps anything goes as long as the looks are pleasing.

Sunohara came poking at my cheek with a broad smile, so I shoved that hand away ruthlessly.

“Sunohara-kun, will this be fine? Go ahead and use the bath first—”

Takafumi, the balm to my chapped heart, finally returned to the living room. Ever since I came to Hltotose High School, it is only Takafumi who soothes my heart.

Takafumi handed Sunohara brand new underwear, along with the shirt and sweats he usually wear.

“Thank you very much. I’ll be using the bath first.

This Sunohara, he gave a smile so refreshing that it’s as though the idiotic ouji up until a while ago was a lie. I thought that the people who come to like Sunohara are those who think anything goes as long as the looks are pleasing.

But judging from his adeptness at mimicry, it might be that there are many fans of this well-made facade of his.

Sunohara was shown to the bath by Takafumi, and was the first to enter it.

What's with this situation. How tragic is it that I have to let Sunohara Chiharu, the main cause of my uneasiness, stay at my house right at the start of the week? However, I can only give up now that we arrived at this stage. I tried to calm my heart as I lay sprawled on the dining table.

As I emptied my mind and remained that way for a moment, I felt a faint warmth and weight around the back of my head. This hand is something I'm familiar with.

"Takafumi-kun, what?"

Takafumi knows my personality. Be it happiness or sadness, neither shows on my face.

Sitting beside me, he rubbed my head as he read his textbook.

"I'm rubbing because Mahiro is depressed—"

"I'm not depressed."

"Then, I'm rubbing because I want to."

Sunohara has the sort of weighty personality like when you see BBQ meat or cakes, so I'm soothed by the gentle atmosphere Takafumi has, that's refreshing like mineral water.

I consider the incident about me liking Takafumi in the past as something to stow away, and I doubt I'll come to like him again, but he's still a special existence to me even if I factor out the romantic emotions. I reaffirmed it after our first reunion in a long time.

My eyelids gradually grew heavier due to the pleasant weight on my head.

"Where should we let Sunohara sleep, I wonder."

"Normally thinking, it'd be my room, right."

"But Mahiro is....."

Yes, Mahiro is a girl. However, to Sunohara, he's a friend of the same gender as

him. It's annoying but I can only endure for a night and share the same room.

Takafumi looked at me worriedly. Then where are you saying Sunohara can sleep, Takafumi?

It's already 11pm after we entered the bath in the order of Sunohara, me, then Takafumi. It's a time when I would normally already be asleep. Takafumi remained in the living room to write his report, and Sunohara and I headed to the room to rest.

I thought the creatures called 'university students' would be more refined, but they seem like busy people. It'd be good if there's something I can help with, but there can't possibly be anything that I, a high school student, can do. I approached Takafumi hesitatingly, and called out.

"Takafumi-kun."

"You look sleepy. Nights, Mahiro. Don't hold back and go rest."

Takafumi suddenly smiled as he gently rubbed the corner of my eyes.

"Nights."

"N, g'night. Take it easy too, Sunohara-kun. Nights."

"Good night, Takafumi-san. Do your best."

It'll be good if I could assist Takafumi, just like how he assists me. Keenly feeling my own inability, I entered the room. At that moment, Sunohara hugged me. I shuddered to the point of getting goosebumps.

I reflexively made him eat an elbow jab, and when the damage was inflicted, I turned around and gave him a knee strike. I got onto the bed and laid down after giving him, who was crouching down, a fleeting glance. I would have brought out the futon used for guests if he didn't hug me, but it is that guy's fault for doing something discomforting. Have fun sleeping on the floor!

I intended to ignore him and sleep, but I couldn't quite fall asleep due to the *sniff sniff* sobbing sounds that came from the corner of the room. Still, this sort of behaviour from him originates from his annoying sentiment of wanting me pay him attention. I understand that he's not truly unhappy. Such behaviour is bound to be ignored.

It's been 30 minutes since I continued to ignore him. It was when I had gotten used to his sobbing and was dozing off. Sunohara stopped sobbing, and of all things, climbed onto the bed I was sleeping on. And then, he started sleeping with me as though it's the most natural thing in the world. Furthermore, he was glued perfectly to my back, and the tip of his nose was even placed at my nape.

"..... Oi."

I've been thinking this ever since we met, but the sense of distance Sunohara has towards me is strange.

Despite having declared that he likes Sena, why in the world does he cling to me, his rival, so much? Seriously unfathomable.

"Hii-chan had only been dere-ing at Takafumi-san, so I was jealous."

"I don't get your drift."

"Cause, Hii-chan's my best friend. Be buddy-buddy with me too."

I tried to shove Sunohara away by pushing his flank with my elbow, but he stuck to me like a koala and didn't budge.

"Annoying."

"No way, I'm not letting go."

"Why?"

As he didn't budge no matter how much I stirred and struggled, I decided to be obedient and give up.

Sunohara understood that I won't struggle. He stopped hugging me, and softly grasped my clothes.

"Because Hii-chan refuses to be kind to me."

"What's that. You're always going on about that."

"Perhaps it's because you won't be kind that I want you to be kind."

Sunohara sleepily let out a long breath and blinked slowly. He tilted his head languidly and gave a sigh.

"Sleep if you're sleepy."

Sunohara smiled happily when I tidied the bed sheets.

“Hii-chan is similar to Sena-san, huh. Both your atmosphere and that disproportionate feeling are quite similar, huh.”

“..... I’m similar to Sena-san?”

“Nights, Hii-chan.”

Perhaps he couldn’t hold up his heavy eyelids anymore; Sunohara fell asleep without replying my question.

I’m ‘similar to Sena’. I couldn’t understand anything beyond this from Sunohara who fell asleep. Can’t you go and learn to read the atmosphere if you have the time to yak?

Deep in the night, 11.50pm. For the first time, I slept with someone who isn’t my family. Of all people, it was the boy who comes out on top of my ‘list of people I don’t involved in my life’. I believe this is precisely a past I’d like to forget, and a dark history.

[1] Minors are not recommended to stay out too late especially if they don’t have any justifiable reason. Those caught doing so are technically to be taken into protective custody, but it’s not always strictly enforced.

Chapter 7

Finished linking all the series. Do let me know if any link sends you to the wrong page or isn't working. School started recently and I'm super pooped T-T. Will try to maintain translation speed but will let you guys know if I can't.

The mystery finally starts to unfold...?

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Takamura-kun wa Norowarete Iru.

[Chapter 7](#) – Sena Tsugumi Knows [1]

I have only one wish. I simply want to be completely rid of troublesome things and be allowed to live in peace.

Had I not been living quietly without blaming anyone or complaining, even when I turned male due to the curse of the Takamura family? Had I not helped with consultations because he said he likes Sena, and had I not also done the librarian work? Had I not paid attention to my studies, put in effort for sports, and enjoyed reasonably harmonious human relationships?

Despite that, why did dear God above force this troublesome person called Sunohara Chiharu onto me? He certainly has the looks and is interesting, but he's unquestionably troublesome.

Sunohara continuously sticks close to me, and leave after saying things I couldn't care less about. The only time I'm separated from him was when he's having club activities.

“And so, I escaped.”

“You've had it hard. Sunohara had really been clinging to Takamura too much recently.”

I'm wolfing down a melon bun beside Kousaka who's smiling wryly.

It's a rest day for the Basketball Club as the 3rd gymnasium is being waxed today. Kousaka and Hiwatari are polishing the balls using that free time.

"Isn't it harassment towards Takamura-san? No matter how you think about it. He's getting in the way so that you won't be able to be alone with Sena-san, right?"

"Oi, Hiwatari, don't say strange things."

Concerned about me, Kousaka gave a warning in response to Hiwatari's cynicism.

Kousaka is considerate and it's just like him to say that, but honestly, it's probably just as Hiwatari says.

Sunohara will naturally get involved with Sena if he's with me.

"But isn't it so? If you don't agree, then why would Sunohara-san be interested in Takamura-san?"

His unspoken words that *such a normal guy can't possibly catch the eye of the ouji-sama* was clearly communicated. I brushed aside my discomfort as I smiled wryly at the scornful glint in his eye.

"Hiwatari~! That's too rude towards Takamura, right."

"Is it? I was purely asking a question."

Looking at the smirking Hiwatari, various emotions were long out of my system, and I'm not too irritated even if he says unpleasant things.

It could be because it feels like he wants me to pay him attention and he's not actually trying to discomfort me. As I look at Hiwatari who's on the attack, he reminds me of a wild fox, or a rough stray dog, or a elementary school boy poking his nose into things.

"Frankly, I don't hate Hiwatari's frankness. I think it's cute."

Hiwatari's eyes widened in shock. I felt slightly more cheerful as it seems I managed to return blow for blow.

Kousaka's expression was one of disbelief, and he replied to my words in a voice that resounded throughout the gymnasium.

"'Cute'?!"

“Un.”

“No, but Takamura’s standards for ‘cute’ is quite vague, huh. The other day, you called the auntie at the school store and the pigeon in front of the station ‘cute’, and you called Bakumatsu Shishi Girls’ Sakamoto Ryou ‘cute’ too.”

There’s definitely nothing strange about my taste. I think armadillos, Hiwatari and the pigeon in the front of the station are cute. Of course armadillos are 10 times cuter, but Hiwatari is also reasonably cute.

I wolfed down my second melon bun as I watched Hiwatari’s hand that was polishing the basketball. From there, I slowly lifted my head and casually peeked at Hiwatari’s expression. He had an earnestly unpleasant look. Was my ‘cute’ statement so displeasing? I’m sorry.

I quietly removed my gaze from Hiwatari and concentrated on the melon bun. Hiwatari seems to have a temper, so it’ll only be troublesome if I ruin it beyond this.

As I continue to wolf down the melon bun, the sound of the gymnasium entrance opening rang out. Looking at the direction the sound came from, the no. 2 person-I-don’t-want-to-meet-now is there.

The bishoujo with a light brown tinted, semi-long pink hair and large eyes of the same colour— —..... Sena Tsugumi.

After showing a surprised expression, Sena rushed towards me with a broad smile. Her figure that rushed over with a *tap tap* sound and as her skirt fluttered, resembled that of a pet dog. Her outer appearance feels like a rabbit-san or stray cat, yet the things she does are dog-like.

“Takamura-kun, what are you doing here?”

Sena smiled as though she was truly happy when she looked at my face. At the same time I felt happy over that, I was also bewildered.

Come to think of it, Sena was the Basketball Club manager. Isn’t that right, Haruko-san[1], isn’t it?

“Nn, I’m tending to Hiwatari.”

“Ha? What are you saying, Takamura-san.”

“I’m free so I’m meddling with Hiwatari and playing with him.”

Having finished the melon bun, I laid face up on the ground. Sena then kneeled down near my head. The contrast between the sailor skirt, knee-high socks and white thighs is beautiful. Sena is cute whether I look from above or look from below.

A short and supple feminine build. My original face was closer to a boy’s, so I admire girlish facial features and figures like Sena’s.

“I see. Takamura-kun and Hiwatari-kun get along well, don’t you.”

Sena tilted her head as she tucked her hair behind her ear.

“Un, we get along well.”

“I want to get along well with Takamura-kun too.”

“Sure.”

The varying gazes from Kousaka and Hiwatari hurts. Kousaka’s gaze went like “How dare you flirt around with Sena, my idol!”, while Hiwatari’s gaze went “*Who and who get along well, you say?*”.

“Then, can we go home together today?”

“N—”

It’s like a dream to be able to walk around with the company of a girl as cute as Sena. Yes, it’s like a dream but fortunately or not, I’m a girl. Moreover, she’s by far and large a troublesome and problematic type even among girls. In addition, the one who’s been attached to me recently, the idiot ouji who’s the core of troubles, likes this Sena.

Basically, what I’m trying to say is, *wouldn’t going home with this girl bring an array of troubles?*

“I have something extremely important to say, though.....”

The sulking Kousaka who was listening as he polished the basketball, stiffened with widened eyes and a shocked expression. I’m probably making the same face.

Saying that she has something important to say at this timing, only a

confession comes to mind. I didn't think I could get a girlfriend after only having been a guy for half a month.

However, I'll immediately reject her if she confesses, and that itself might be lucky of me. It's not for sure that she'll confess, but let's clearly reject her if she does.

"Alright. Let's head back together."

"Really? Thank goodness. I'll go make preparations to leave, okay."

"Ah, hang on. I want to grab my belongings too."

I called out to stop Sena who raised her hips. Just as I raised my hips too, Kousaka grabbed my ankle and I almost tripped. Looking at my feet, my eyes met with Kousaka's as he made a grim expression.

"It's mortifying but..... it's mortifying but, give Sena-san happiness."

"See you tomorrow, then."

"I was still in the middle of speaking, ya!"

I waved to Hiwatari, ignoring Kousaka who spoke gibberish. Of course, Hiwatari didn't grant me a wave and instead snorted, giving his undivided attention to polishing the ball.

Kousaka was saying something in the distance but I turned a deaf ear. Though it'll be troublesome as he'll probably make noise tomorrow, it's more important to put an end to the matter regarding Sena.

Sena and I walked side by side to classroom. Sena's about as tall as the past me, and her face just nice reaches my shoulder. When I incidentally looked in that direction, Sena happened to be looking at my face. She blushed when our eyes met. Although she hid her mouth with both hands bashfully, she still gave a happy smile. So cute.

"Takamura-kun, you know....."

Sena and I faced each other in the dark corridor.

The quiet corridor and the lively sports ground, it was an irregular space. I felt

intoxicated by the peculiar yet familiar atmosphere. The rays of the setting sun shone on Sena's white skin. Perhaps she was bashful or perhaps it was the setting sun, her cheeks appeared red. Sena who gave a small "fufu" laugh, had an unusually enchanting aura. Despite her baby face and cute features, she had a strangely adult-like expression on.

"I know."

Her full, light pink lips opened.

"What do you know?"

"That Takamura-kun is cursed."

I was speechless. I continued to stare at Sena's face without saying a word. Sena laughed again with another "fufu" as she leaned on the window. She held down her pleated sailor skirt as she adjusted her knee-high socks.

"What are you saying....."

"Takamura-kun is cursed, right. You're actually a girl, aren't you. I know."

How does Sena know that I was a girl? Why is she disclosing that in such a place? Where did she find out my secret from?— —..... Various feelings jumbled together and I found it difficult to breath from the turmoil. My field of vision grew hazy and I squatted down on the spot.

Honestly speaking, I should be trying to gloss over things now. However, I couldn't say anything after seeing Sena's unswerving eyes. Because I understood that Sena wasn't joking.

"Wha....."

"I'm sorry, I didn't intend to give you such a shock."

Sena squatted down before me.

I would be able to gloss over things and make a run for it if some other student comes here. But today alone, there's no one passing by. I want to run. I want to run but I can't even stand up now.

"You don't have to be so shaken. Because I'm the same. I'm also cursed."

Raising my head, Sena's face was there.

Sena is also cursed. Those words didn't manage to enter my head immediately. I slowly processed those words and finally understood.

Sena Tsugumi is also cursed?

"Then, Sena is-"

"Un, I'm male."

Speaking of Sena Tsugumi, she has the cutest face in this school and is more feminine than anyone, the school's idol whom everyone admires. Despite that, to think. To think she was male.

Sena pulled up her sailor uniform's top. Because she so unhesitatingly pulled it up, I could see her white bra that had light pink flowers embroidered on it. On the right flank of her white and thin frame was the proof of the curse, a fist-sized tattoo of Uroboros. I remember seeing that. Because I have the same thing on my waist.

"I was surprised when I heard Takamura-kun's name. I knew about the Takamuras, but I didn't expect you to enroll in school with your real name."

"Sena-san has the same kind of curse as me?"

"Most likely. The curse of the Sena family goes something like: the eldest son will become a girl on his 17th birthday, and can return to being male if he receives the kiss of a hime-sama."

For some reason she was tilting her head bashfully. I think I understand why Sena is called the school's idol. Because "a real girl" won't possess such an atmosphere. Because realistically speaking, girl cliques hate this kind of cunning girls. However, the reason she wasn't hated was because 'she' was a boy. Even if she's a girl on the outside, the something that oozed out was a boy's, so she wasn't hated.

Be it in the past or current times, women are indulgent to men, and men are indulgent to women.

Truly, there's no way such a cute person is a girl for real.

"If it's Sena-san, I think you'll turn back soon."

"It's hard for girls to fall in love with this appearance."

“That’s.....true, huh.....”

Sena is much cuter than run-of-the-mill girls. Honestly, it’ll probably be difficult to arrive at a romantic relationship where the other party treats him as a boy.

“That’s why I[2] want to have a romance with Takamura-kun.”

“Pardon?”

“Initially I only thought it was nice to have a comrade who was hexed. But Takamura-kun appeared increasingly cute to me as you worked hard at being a boy.”

Sena rubbed my head gently.

“That’s why I think I’ll come to like you even more from now on. Can I come to like you, Takamura-kun?”

“I reject.”

“I’ll like you on my own volition, so that’s fine.”

It’s becoming increasingly troublesome.

I didn’t expect that Sena had a cursed constitution. Rather, I didn’t expect that there would be another lineage besides the Takamuras that was hexed.

What should I do from now on? I was simply in a daze from this situation where I totally can’t predict what will happen next.

[1] Akagi Haruko is a manager from Slam Dunk. Slam Dunk is a manga/anime about basketball.

[2] Sena had been using ‘watashi’ to refer to herself, even after telling Takamura she was a guy. But here, she switches to ‘ore’. [Japanese first person pronouns](#). Basically, ‘ore’ is more masculine.

Chapter 8

Didn't manage to sleep well the past few weeks due to school *sigh*. I did my best but I'm sorry if the gender pronouns here are confusing x.x Gender pronouns are not always necessary in Japanese but that is not always the case in English

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Takamura-kun wa Norowarete Iru.

Chapter 8 – Sena Tsugumi Knows (2)

Make no mistake, Sena Tsugumi is male.

He is a young man possessing sweet features such as short pink hair with tinges of light brown, large eyes and pouty 'duck lips' [1] of which corners are upturned. In addition to his 166cm not-quite-tall height, he also possesses a delicate stature with his slender waist and limbs. If anything, he was originally the type that could be termed 'cute'.

In this manner, while the original Sena was not-quite manly, the curse whereby the eldest son of the Sena family becomes a girl on his 17th birthday was cast on him. And the one who ended up receiving the curse this time was the Sena family's eldest son, Tsugumi — — also known as Takaaki.

Although when he was young he had heard that there is a curse that would turn boys into girls, as expected he felt uneasy when he actually became one. However he resigned to his fate and transferred from the private high school that he had been attending in the metropolitan area, to Hitotose High School. That was on the 8th of April.

The female Sena is a delicate girl who has a height of 156cm. As before, her limbs are long and her waist so thin it appears breakable. A bishoujo possessing semi-long pink hair with tinges of light brown, silky-smooth and tender white skin and a small chest. It may be presumptuous to say this of oneself, but indeed, perhaps due to the curse, she appears pretty cute.

The original Sena already had a delicate stature and cute facial features for a boy, but he grew even cuter after becoming a girl. Cute, beautiful, the school's idol. Sena did not feel unpleasant to be praised this way, but because he personally preferred boyish girls instead of cute ones, neither did he feel even a twinge of happiness at becoming a girl.

“Being a girl suits Aki so much it's hilarious—”

“Aki-chan, cuteee. Cutee”

Sena's two older sisters completely treated it as someone else's business. The eldest daughter, Kuina, who was 26 years old that year was watching the television as she spoke. Meanwhile, the second daughter, Suzume, who was turning 21 years old was pointing at Sena while guffawing.

It was because the two were already female and did not have to worry about the curse. But Sena Takaaki is different. As the eldest son, he had to shoulder the curse in its entirety.

Although he already had a girlish face originally, it was no laughing matter when he really became one.

He had sweet, girlish features but they became even more gentle and cute with the curse. His originally small and delicate build also became even thinner and more delicate.

“The female Aki-chan's name can't be Takaaki, huh. It has to be a more girl-like and cute name.”

“That's true. Something like ‘Tsugumi’? ‘Hibari’ or ‘Tsubame’ works too though.”

“I think ‘Tsugumi’ is fine—”

Thanks to such sloppy naming, Sena's name was changed from Takaaki to Tsugumi.

Thereafter, it was as you know it. He was made to enter Hitotose High School as a female student, labelled as the school's idol as he looked on in blank amazement, and ended up living as a bishoujo who's cute, kind and treats everyone equally.

“How lucky you two are, being so carefree.”

His two older sisters did not take even his sarcastic words to heart.

“But of course. It’s a problem concerning only Aki-chan— —.....Tsugu.”

“Rather, shouldn’t it be a happy event for you, Tsugumin? You can rub a girl’s boobs all you want y’know~. Moreover, you’re a girl as cute as me—”

He’s absolutely not happy at all. Let him repeat that. He’s *absolutely* not happy at all.

He’s not happy but he only thought of her two older sisters’ teasing as irritating; he didn’t feel particularly displeased other than that.

Ever since becoming a girl, there were tons of things he was inexperienced at, things he didn’t understand and troublesome things, but they weren’t much once he got used to them.

Wearing underwear with cute lace and putting on the sailor uniform in a cute way, in addition to high socks. An easygoing way of speaking and gestures cute to the extent they can be termed ‘cunning’. Pink lipstick and orange blusher. Accessories that aren’t too overboard. All these resulted because Sena thought that he might as well play the part of a girl he himself thought would be cute.

As he had been living sandwiched between his two sisters, he thought that he had handled things pretty well, even when compared to real girls. But if asked whether he would like to return to being male, the answer is definitely a yes. Obviously! Although Sena’s outer appearance is that of a female, the inside is packed full of the gender ‘male’ that had been nurtured for 16 years and 11 months. That isn’t something that can be easily thrown away.

But in order to return to being male, he has to obtain mutual love and kiss his counterpart.

Sena certainly succeeded in becoming a cute girl. But girls don’t like cute girls. While there were many boys who looked at Sena romantically, there weren’t a single girl Sena looked at that way.

“Hey, Tsugu—. Come to think of it, do you know? It seems like there’s another lineage that inherits this curse besides the Senas. Right, Suzume?”

“That’s right—. They’re called the Takamuras and contrary to our family, it seems their eldest daughter turns into a boy~. ‘nd the eldest daughter’s name is Takamura Mahiro, apparently.

According to Suzume, the story goes like this.

Approximately 100 years ago, the two households, Takamura and Sena, were originally a household called 'Takase'. It was unknown when it split into two households, with the Takamuras and Senas each receiving a curse. And thus each generation inherits the curse: the eldest son of the Sena family becomes a girl on his 17th birthday while the eldest daughter of the Takamura family becomes a boy on her 17th birthday.

As of current times, it is unknown why they had received the curse. A theory said that it was due to being absorbed with harlots and male prostitutes; playing around too much with the opposite sex. Another said that it was simply God's whim.

"Why does Suzume-chan know something like that?"

"It's a trade secret, nyaa."

"Nyan nyan."

Sena was in doubt as his sister took up a kitty pose.

He wondered what kind of girl Takamura Mahiro was? In the first place, when was Mahiro's 17th birthday?

If the Takamuras were originally the Senas' relatives, she probably lived in the same metropolitan area as Sena or at the outskirts of it. However, it wasn't certain that she would enter Hitotose High School. Moreover, she might have changed her name. There was no way he would recognise someone he'd never even met before.

Even so, he ended up wondering about the person who received the same curse as him. What kind of person is she? What kind of girl is she?

"Pleased to meet you for the first time. I am Takamura Mahiro."

He transferred here in mid-May.

Mahiro, the eldest daughter of the Takamura family, was a young man possessing short hair with a tinge of blue and large, sleepy eyes. Her first impression was probably that he was the type who fits the words 'expressionless' and 'cool'. One wouldn't really find this youth beautiful. In terms of Facial T-Score[2], Mahiro was at most 55. Above average. About so-so.

But as Sena associates with him, she comes to realise that he isn't cool[3]. Even

his seemingly expressionless face is actually more abundant with expressions than anyone. He's honest and slightly thick-headed. Although he appears vague and hard to get a grasp on, he would whimsically settle near others.

She thinks he is a cute person.

Originally, Sena already liked boyish and cool girls.

This is it, she thought. If Sena who turned female and Mahiro who turned male have mutual feelings and kiss, they can both return to their original forms. Isn't that just perfect?

As she wondered when she'd start talking to him and when they'd get along well, it had become June before she knew it. She finally thought that this wouldn't do, and decided to use the library committee work to approach him.

She approached Kousaka who was fired up as he spoke about Bakumatsu Shishi Girls and Mahiro who didn't seem very interested as he half-listened while stuffing textbooks into his bag.

Having noticed Sena's presence, Mahiro raised his head. White skin and glossy, short and straight blue hair. His sleepy eyes which had a colour like that of the vast sea, was shining brightly. The collar bone beneath his neck that peeped out from his gakuran and cutter shirt was strangely erotic. He wasn't a transcendent beautiful youth even when looking at him like this, but observing at a close range, he was indeed exactly Sena's type. Aah, so cool. Cute.

Sena became shy and unconsciously fidgeted restlessly, unable to open her mouth.

This isn't how it should be.

If it was the usual Sena, towards girls she'd be pretty much ——well, it's unclear whether the current Mahiro can be categorised as a girl, but—— regardless, she should be able to hold a good conversation with him. But somehow she feels shy just from looking at Mahiro's face. After all, his face is Sena's type. Sena is weak to this face.

“Hm?”

Did he do it unconsciously? Mahiro tilted his head as he prompted Sena to speak.

Sena realised that her heartbeat raced even from his hoarse voice. Idiot idiot

idiot. Despite being a girl, Mahiro's voice and appearance is that of a boy. Even his smell and atmosphere isn't like a girl's, and Sena's romantic targets are girls. Isn't that, just like a gay? Perplexed, Sena unknowingly raised her voice.

"Takamura-kun! About the work for the library committee....."

"..... I'm a library committee member?"

"So you really forgot. We were told to organise the library after school today, right?"

After looking down for a bit as though deep in thought, Mahiro raised his face and looked at Sena with upturned eyes.

"I see, sorry. Umm....."

"It's Sena. Sena Tsugumi."

Ruminating till this point, Sena unconsciously let out a faint smile.

Before her is Mahiro who turned distressed because Sena pointed out the matter of the curse. His eyes that are usually half-lidded are wide open as they stare at Sena. They are eyes like the sea illuminated by stars. Those eyes are shining.

Sena felt an urge to hug Mahiro, but wriggled her fingers and suppressed it.

Sena Takaaki must have been the first to come to like the male Takamura Mahiro. Although he had never seen the female Takamura Mahiro, he will definitely like her. He will come to like her.

"Sorry, Sena-san. I don't particularly actively want to return to being female and I don't want to kiss just because Sena-san and I happened to be comrades whose genders changed."

"That's not it. Takamura-kun, that's wrong. I only want to get along better with Takamura-kun. I think that I'll probably want to get along with you even if you're really a boy, Takamura-kun. I'm also feeling uneasy with regards to that, though..."

"Getting along... are you saying you like me?"

Takamura remained crouched in the corridor and directed his gaze downwards.

“That is still...”

“Sorry. I won’t come to like Sena-san. I don’t have the luxury of liking anyone right now.”

“That’s quite a clear-cut rejection, huh.”

Sena gave a bitter smile.

“It’s more cruel if it’s half-baked and gives you expectations, right. I won’t come to like Sena-san, so give up once and for all and look for someone else. I think that there will be many who’ll come to like Sena-san.”

“Un... But I’m still unable to give up now. Perhaps going forward, Takamura-kun may come to like me[4], after all. That’s why, until I become able to give up, I’ll probably come to like you even more..... I’m sorry. Takamura-kun.”

Sena buried her nose at Mahiro’s nape.

Mahiro didn’t know what kind of expression Sena had on her face. That’s why he didn’t say a thing and simply remained silent.

Without realising that Sunohara was there.

[1] [Ahiru guchi](#)

[2] Slang. Measuring facial beauty in numbers. The higher the value, the more beautiful/handsome, *etc.* in comparison to others.

[3] As in apathetic.

[4] Sena switches to ‘ore’ here. Masculine pronoun.
