

Kei collapsed on her bed, face implanting straight into her pillow. She marvelled upon the softness that welcomed her back. Just for a moment, she forgot about the cruel reality she was living. Her built up irritation released into a high pitch whine that muffled through the softness of her pillow, as she kicked down at her bed sluggishly like an unversed swimmer. As lame as it was, she was somehow satisfied through that brief moment of self-centeredness.

She was mentally exhausted, classes were getting more and more taxing, and the piles of homework would not stop increasing. Her head tilted to the side as she glared at the demonic totem of textbooks mockingly stagnant on her desk.

Gently hugging her pillow, she rubbed her face on it with annoyance and grief. She just wanted to relax after a nice dinner, but no! A sour taste invaded her taste buds as she reflected upon the previous five days of slacking off.

Fine, she pouted. Maybe, just maybe perhaps it was her fault for leaving the work to the last day, but it didn't matter much if the deadline for this massive workload was within five days of allocation.

Before Kei had a chance to whine more, she heard a knocking on the door. She glared at the door, she wasn't in the mood to socialise. She'll quickly shoo away whoever was at the door, regardless of who it was.

She sluggishly climbed out of bed, fixed the creases on her uniform, and prepared herself as she made her way to the door. She took a deep breath as she assembled her smile and opened the door.

"Sorry but I'm-*buhui!*"

Her smile instantly fragmented when she saw who was at the door.

"...buhui?"

Kiyotaka questioned as he tilted his head.

Kei's knackered brain made a kickstart into overtime as she processed what was happening, her lip impossibly curving upwards as she held the door half open.

This was her room, which was in the girls' dorm, and guys aren't allowed in it, especially after dinner, and especially so at night.

Why would Kiyotaka be here, in the restricted girls' dorm, and why would he see her during the most dorm populated time after dinner? Does he want to be expelled?

"Excuse the intrusion," He said as he gently pushed his way into her room, closing the door, and taking off his coat to hang on the door hook.

Kei finally clocked her brain back to the present and grabbed his arm, instantly retorting.

"What are you doing!"

"I'm saving ourselves from a terrible misunderstanding."

"No! I mean why are you here!"

"My room is too noisy so I came here."

Kei glared at him with eyes that could burn holes. You can't just barge into a girl's room without prior notification or without invitation. How shameless is this guy! She was about to complain more before she remembered the state of her room. A pink shade adorning her face, Kei quickly shoved Kiyotaka into the bathroom.

"You jerk! At least give a girl time to present herself!"

"Oh yeah, sorry about-"

"Slam."

Kei slammed the door and recovered her breath. At that moment she sighed, the rage and embarrassment replacing with pure emptiness.

"How did I fall in love with this guy?"

She sighed as she looked at her room. Kei was actually a tidy person, but currently, her room had jackets on her chair instead of her rack, socks on the floor, and a messy bed. No way she was going to show this to

Kiyotaka! She finished tidying up and was going to let Kiyotaka out when a thought came to mind. In the bathroom was her beauty products, shampoo, conditioner, and her laundry- specifically her lingerie.

She ran to the bathroom, heaved open the door, closed her eyes and screamed as loud as she could.

“NOOOOOO!”

What awaited her was a Kiyotaka standing exactly where he was before looking straight towards the door.

Automatically assuming he did something wrong he immediately apologized.

“I’m sorry.”

Her lip quivered as she panted, she asked the question,

“...did you look behind?”

Kiyotaka quickly shook his head with an expression that was blank but fearful at the same time.

“All I could see was the door, my instincts told me not to look back.”

He purposely left out the arousing scent permeating throughout the room though.

Kei sighed a fatigued breath of relief as she walked to her bed and collapsed on her pillow. She was tired of keeping appearances now. This was the worst, how could she relax and laze around when Kiyotaka was there? Her room was the only place she could relax without caring about appearances, but the person that she wanted to look the best with was right there.

Kiyotaka walked out of the bathroom and closed the door, purposely allowing a glimpse of heaven to bless his eyes. She was so tired that she couldn’t even hear him walk out of the bathroom, much less the kettle boiling in the background. She only noticed when she felt a presence sitting at her coffee table. She turned her head and looked at him with an expressionless face rivaling Kiyotaka himself.

“Who told you that you could make tea in my room?”

“I am your partner.”

“Yeah, so? I don't remember free entrance to my room being a part of the partnership.”

“You must have read the contract wrong.”

“I could call the teachers and get you expelled right now.”

“Would you like some tea?”

“.....”

“...Yes please.”

Kiyotaka sat down opposite the tea table and poured them both a cup of tea.

Many minutes of comfortable silence followed afterward, only interrupted briefly during times of sips or the re-adjusting or sitting up of Kei.

“...oi.”

“What?”

“You can’t stay here for free.”

“What do you want me to do?”

Kei tilted her head from her pillow to look at him. Her eyes narrowed.

“Help me do my homework.”

“You can do that yourself can’t you?”

“Do you want to get beaten up?”

She glared at him pressing her claim, but the blank face of Kiyotaka was all she got. She sighed and gave up, standing up from her bed and proceeding to grab her books and pens from her desk, lethargically sitting down by the tea table.

She opened her book, pouted, and sighed. This sucks she thought. Why can't things go my way for once? Just as she was about to start, she felt a warm weight lean on her shoulder. She looked to her side to see Kiyotaka sitting exactly next to her, their arms together.

Kei’s expression softened. She leaned her head on his arm.

“Help me do this.”

He looked at her with an unamused expression.

“Oi oi, we were supposed to do this a week and a half ago.”

Kei refused to match his eyes as she gave her excuse.

“...I've been putting it off for a while now.”

“I have to get back to my room before curfew, you know?”

“Then I guess we better start now then.”

Kiyotaka sighed and began to tutor her. She was half listening half not, his monotone voice calming her as she leaned her body further into him. Just a while ago she was complaining about how life was unfair and cruel. But, if Kiyotaka is with her, maybe life would be a little bit less cruel.

“Oi, Kei are you listening?”

Kiyotaka leaned forward to catch her attention, only to see a listless dozing face. He sighed, an admonishing look adorning on his face. Well, she'd been working hard at school, in his opinion, she deserved a good rest.

“I guess I'll just do it for you.”

He lifted up Kei and tried to place her on her bed, but she wouldn't let go. She had a firm grip on his arm. He tried to gently take his arm away, however, to his surprise a gentle pair of cerulean eyes stopped him.

“...come more often.”

“... ”

“I will.”