

“Hey, idiot.”

“Is that any way to ask someone to do something, Biri Biri?”

“Why in the world did we have to walk all the way out here!? This is just an athletic festival treasure hunt game, right!? Crossing into another district is just silly!”

Today was Academy City’s athletic festival known as the Daihaseisai. And Mikoto was currently competing in a treasure hunt game. As the name suggested, the point of the game was to find the treasure hidden in the field and return with it to the schoolyard before anyone else.

“I bet they only allowed outside help to make sure none of the kids are stuck out here searching until nightfall,” said Kamijou. “And that might sound nice enough, but that transforms it into a survival game, doesn’t it?”

“Let’s get this over with and go get some tea to drink or something. The GPS beacon was around here, right!?”

“They’re somewhere on the riverbank, but that’s all we know. Please don’t tell me we have to dig through all that thick grass to find them.”

Mikoto was weirdly fired up because she was the actual participant. Kamijou had just been roped into it like usual. And do not overlook that Mikoto nonchalantly tacked on an extra promise for afterwards.

Mikoto crouched down and began parting the green grass which was longer than lawn grass.

“Damn, they really should stand out. I mean, they’re gold and glittering and they’re a bit smaller than a tennis ball. We should find them right away...”

“Misaka-san.”

“Damn, what company made these things if not even I can accurately pinpoint the beacon. All we can do is comb through all this grass.”

“Misaka-san. Hey, wait, Misaka-san! Don’t forget you’re in public here!! You’re down on all fours!!”

“Oh, shut up! I’m not in a skirt, so what does that matter!?”

...She was indeed wearing shorts, but the shape of her butt showed through when the fabric of the shorts pulled taut. Plus, the Tokiwadai Middle School gym clothes were sleeveless just like jogging wear. If she was not careful, her armpits would be visible from the sides. And with B and below, there was a risk of an armpit-breast combo. What does B mean in this context? Let’s just say it does not refer to an emergency escape bomb.

Kamijou Touma had considered it all.

He had taken it all very seriously.

“(Why is the risk of death only increasing the more seriously I consider things!? There’s something wrong with how the world works!)”

“Hmm.”

“Wait, wait, wait! Pay attention to your surroundings when you raise your head!! Do you know where you’re sticking your head? Right between my legs!!!!!!”

As one of Academy City’s seven Level 5s, she had an incredible Personal Reality. When this girl entered competitive mode, she apparently lost sight of her surroundings almost entirely. Kamijou frantically pushed her head down with both hands to prevent her from entering that tunnel.

(She’s looking for some gold balls, right? If I don’t find those to end her search, I might not survive this.)

He may have been fortunate he had just stood there not doing much while Mikoto greedily crawled around in search of victory. His higher vantage point gave him a glimpse of sparkling plastic in between the prickly green grass.

“Hey, Misaka. I—”

“Could they be over there!?”

You must not forget that they were on a riverbank. In other words, the water was right there. The girl must have crossed the dividing line between land and water because she dumped herself and Kamijou into the river. With a loud splash, they both ended up soaking wet.

Yes, and her highly breathable gym clothes grew see-through when wet.

But that was the least of his concerns.

“Bwah.”

In that instant, the vision of a hairdryer dropping into a full bathtub flashed through the back of Kamijou Touma’s mind.

“Bwabrrgh!? Su-such misfor—gwahhh!!”