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Students gathered within the lecture hall number 101. Sitting down, the class waited in anticipation to see who their teacher would be for the semester to come. As the bell rang, signaling the start of class, two women walked into the room. The first one was rather short, with dark brown eyes and long, flowing black hair that reached past her waist. The other was much taller, but with the same hair and eye colors. She wore her hair with a single ponytail off to the side.

The first woman, in a black suit, walked over to the desk at the center of the hall and sat down. In a voice whose volume doesn't seem suitable for her size, she spoke to the class. "Good morning everyone," she said cordially. "My name is Chinatsu Saitou. I'm going to be your homeroom teacher for the year. Prior to becoming a teacher, I worked as the head of security for Lemon."

At her announcement, the class immediately piped up.

"Lemon? Like, the tech company?" one student asked.

"No way! I have a Lemon phone!" another announced.

"That's so damn cool!" a third shouted.

One by one, the students all started talking. Chinatsu sighed. "I swear, this happens every year," she mumbled to herself. "Do they *have* to make me announce my old profession?"

"Perhaps it's done precisely for this reason, mistress," the woman beside her, wearing a lab coat over a black dress shirt, suggested.

"Oh, Marie, how innocent you are. Nobody would ever have guessed that you're a puppet who's even older than I am," Chinatsu giggled. "Alright, settle down, kids," she ordered. At the sound of her voice, the entire class quieted down. "Huh, you kids reacted to that pretty quick," she mumbled. "Faster than last year's class. God, were they a bunch of assholes." She cleared her throat. "Anyways, as I was saying, I'm currently a teacher and the head of Dosia's combat training department. I will also be acting as your guidance counselor for the year. I hope to be able to make you all into competent and contributing members of society. This is your second year, so it's time to get serious. Got it, kids?"

"Yes, ma'am!" the class cried in unison.

"Wonderful," Chinatsu replied. "Now, one last thing before we end homeroom. This is rather rare, but we have two students who are transferring into our school as second years. The administration has placed them into our class, so I'd like you all to welcome them." As she finished speaking, Marie walked over to the door and opened it, revealing two girls with matching blonde hair and blue eyes. They walked in, bowing to the rest of the students.

The one on the left, who was slightly taller, took a step forth. Her hair was cut short and braided neatly. "Hello everyone!" she said, waving cheerfully. "My name is Elizabeth Oshiro, but my friends all call me Lizzy. I'm the elder of the twin Oshiro daughters. It's nice to meet you all. I hope to get along with everyone!" She bowed

again, and the class gave a small round of applause. Raising her head, Elizabeth smiled at her classmates. "Now, I'd like to briefly introduce my puppet. Signaling towards the door, she waited as another girl walked into the room.

The class began to murmur. "Another girl?" one voice asked. "Are we getting four chicks?" another voice—distinctly male—inquired.

Giggling a little, the puppet walked over to her owner's side. Her eyes with bright blue, and her hair was a slightly lighter shade of blonde than that of Elizabeth. "My name is Koharu, the Puppet of the Ancient Relic. Tis' nice to meet you all."

Chinatsu gave a little smile. "Alright, you two, go ahead and take a seat. Any free spot is fine, really. Just make sure that you're seated with your puppet."

Nodding to her teacher, Elizabeth took Koharu by the hand and the two headed off to find a seat. Chinatsu, on the other hand, turned to her other new student. "Well? Go ahead and introduce yourself," she suggested.

Giving a little nervous nod, the other girl stepped forth. "H-hello," she said, "my n-name is Hikari Oshiro, and I'm the younger daughter of the Oshiro f-family." She bowed deeply, almost apologetically. "I-I'm not usually this n-nervous around people, s-so I hope you'll excuse me for this...u-umm..." Her voice trailed off. Nervously, she turned to the door, desperately gesturing towards the entrance.

The class looked on in a mixture of confusion and surprise.

Moments later, an exasperated sigh rang out, and a boy walked into the room. He had short black hair, distinctly different from that of the previous three who entered, and dark grey eyes. He casually rubbed the back of his head a little. "Well, damn. This is awkward," he mumbled. "Good job setting up the atmosphere. Not a hint of tension in the air. Nope, none at all," he said sarcastically, much to the amusement of the other students. Even Chinatsu cracked a smile, covering her mouth to hide her giggle.

Ignoring his nervous owner, who couldn't even respond, the boy turned to face the class. "My name is Raizo," he said calmly. "I'm the puppet of my young miss, Hikari Oshiro. She's not usually like this, I assure you. I'll leave it to you, however, to judge what kind of person she is once you get to know her." Bowing deeply, he tilted his head ever so slightly to his right, only to see that Hikari was still frozen in place. "Oh, or the love of—" he mumbled. Straightening his posture once more, he walked over and gave her a little nudge. "Hey, it's over, young miss. Let's go," he said.

Nodding slightly, Hikari followed him as they went to find a seat.