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Raizo stirred, his hands sifting through the hay in the stable. He carefully picked himself up off the pile of hay, dusting his hair off quickly and opening his eyes as he searched for a comb. *It's been a little while since I've slept back here*, he thought. *Recently I've just been staying with Kasumi...*

He reached to his right, tightly gripping his sword in his hand. *Ah, the sweet scent of fatalium*, he thought to himself. *And to think the Oshiro family tried to stiff me with a friggin' iron katana...why do I even still have that thing?* Lifting a nearby pile of hay, he peeked at the weapon. It lay there, unused since he had started attending Dosia. *Whatever*, he shrugged, dropping the hay back down. Standing up, he stretched and headed towards the front of the stables where his homemade training dummy was set. Taking a deep breath, he did some quick stretches and immediately got to training. *Can't slack off even though it's a Saturday*, he told himself. *It's been a damn month already...I'm adjusting pretty well to life here. I wonder how Hikari and Lady Elizabeth are doing? I do hope they're starting to settle in.*

As he continued swinging his blade furiously, easily deflecting the moves of the mechanical training dummy, he took another deep breath. In an instant, he purposefully dropped his sword and continued the training with his bare hands and feet, deflecting the dummy's 'attacks' with ease. *This is getting too easy*, he thought. *I should really get ahold of a training partner for every morning. Just training once every three days with Satomi after school isn't enough...at this rate...I won't be able to achieve my goal. I won't be strong enough...*

With a powerful kick, he completely stopped the dummy's movements. Nodding to himself, relatively satisfied with his results, he picked his sword back up and sheathed it. Turning around, he walked off towards the school building, remarking that he was, once again, quite early. And it was a weekend day. Raizo shrugged. *The hell is wrong with me, anyways?* he thought.

Raizo casually marched into the lecture hall, rubbing his forehead.

"You're a good third of an hour early," Chinatsu called from her desk as she glanced over to him, "and on a weekend day too. What's the matter? Did you wanna see me *that* badly?"

"Sorry, Ms. Saitou, but I'm not exactly here to see you," Raizo replied. "I just couldn't sleep anymore and forced myself to get up. And besides, 20 minutes isn't *that* early, is it?"

"Hmm? Couldn't sleep, eh?" Chinatsu laughed. "Are you *sure* you didn't wanna see me subconsciously? Or am I a little too *old* for your taste?"

"Well, you may be 28 years old but you look more like a twelve-year-old," Raizo replied, "so I think it's not so much you 'being old,' and more you 'looking too young' to arouse my interest."

"Quit tempting me to make you eat those words, kid," Chinatsu sighed. "I'll have you know that when I was *younger* I seduced countless young men. Fucking pedophiles. I convinced 'em that I actually was a twelve-year-old and that's what got 'em interested."

"You're talking about the black market and shit," Raizo shrugged, "so that's not too surprising. However, this is a school, Ms. Saitou."

"Fair argument," Chinatsu said, "but you really should learn to take responsibility a little more. There are so many women with their eyes on you...oh never mind. Say, has the administration gotten back to you on your security team uniform?" she asked. "Wait, does that even *qualify* as a uniform?" she mumbled to herself.

"Well, I haven't heard anything yet, but I assume it'll take them some time," Raizo said.

"I'd expect an email from them within the next few days. They need some time to fill out paperwork, but as far as they're concerned having an asset like *you* is well worth the trouble. And besides," Chinatsu added, "you're soon gonna start a psychological regiment under the guidance of *yours truly*, so they certainly want to get on both of our good sides."

"I see," Raizo nodded.

"That said, of course," his teacher continued, standing up, "I'd like to ask you about something. Exactly how many girls are you going to seduce before you've had enough fun?" she inquired jokingly.

"I have no idea what you're referring to," Raizo answered, averting his eyes.

"I'm sure you don't," Chinatsu said sarcastically, "but I'd just like to know how many you can *handle*."

"Uhh...I dunno," Raizo shrugged. "Maybe a good dozen? What're we using as a reference point?"

"I wonder," Chinatsu answered casually. "Well, it was just my curiosity getting the better of me," she said. "Oh, and are you *sure* you don't like this body of mine?"

"Huh. Well, I wonder," Raizo replied, mirroring her response.

"You're so *unfair* sometimes," Chinatsu laughed.

"Am I now?" Raizo sighed, closing his eyes and rubbing his forehead.

"Yes. And your teacher isn't supposed to try and touch you like that," Marie's voice called from the door.

Opening his eyes, he noticed Chinatsu reaching her hand over to his leg. "U-uhh...wait, hold on," she said. "I-it's not what it looks like..."