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Elizabeth awkwardly clung to Raizo's arm. Her fingers instinctively curled around his sleeve and she leaned closer to him, her eyes nervously darting back and forth between his hands and her own. "Th-thanks for today, my dear," she said quietly, having finally recovered a little.

"You're quite welcome, Lady Elizabeth," Raizo smiled at her, combing his fingers through her neatly braided hair.

"S-say, why are you...still with my sister?" Elizabeth asked.

"Well, that's a sudden question," Raizo laughed. "I didn't think you o all people would be one to get jealous, milady."

"N-n-n-no! You misunderstand, I...I don't mean any malice towards my dear sister, it's just...I don't understand why you...care so much for her," Elizabeth said. "I mean, sure, she's exciting and all but she's also not the most agreeable girl, as you likely know."

"In all honesty," Raizo sighed, "I stay with the young miss because I have to. I need to have some way to sustain myself. Because, my mission isn't complete yet."

"Exactly what are you after, my dear?" Elizabeth inquired.

"My past," Raizo replied cryptically, winking at her.

"I-I see," Elizabeth mumbled, blushing at his smile.

"There's a lot you don't know about me yet, Lady Elizabeth. And...some of it you may *never* know, but that's okay. There is such a thing," Raizo smirked, "as knowing too much, after all."

Elizabeth nodded. "If you're not ready to tell me, then I suppose I'll have to respect that," she said, her composure returning to her. "But even so, I'd love to take care of—I mean, well, not *love* but I wouldn't mind taking care of you for a bit—b-b-but not in *that* kind of way, you know...just...what I'm trying to say is I'd be delighted if you'd come over for dinner one day," she said, finally correcting her own sentence. "I...erm...went on a bit of a 'tangent' there," she giggled. "Sorry."

"My diagnosis is complete," a voice interrupted. Elizabeth looked up in surprise as Marie entered the room. "From my observations, I think your current ailment would be localized organic verboten emotions, or for short, lo—"

"Th-th-there is NO such thing!" Elizabeth declared firmly.

Marie giggled. "I'm kidding," she said. *Partially*, she added to herself. "You had a bit of a fever earlier, but it seems to have calmed down. Though I can't quite tell you what caused it, I do have my guesses."

"L-let's skip it, then," Elizabeth coaxed nervously.

"If you insist," Marie sighed. "Well, either way, you're fine. Go home, kids. You need your rest and it's getting late."

"So? How was infirmary duty?" Chinatsu laughed as her puppet returned back to her room. "By the way, sorry I had to leave you there alone, Marie. I'm still kinda pissed that they called me in for a last-minute meeting. Was totally pointless too."

"Oh?" Marie giggled. "What was it about, mistress?"

"That Oshiro girl's puppet, Raizo," Chinatsu sighed. "He killed that Naoki kid."

"So I've heard," Marie said. "I also hear they're calling him the 'Blood Prince' now."

"Nice title," Chinatsu said sarcastically. "No, but really. I don't see the problem. People are freaking out because a student died on campus, but this is far from the first time it's happened, and there have been much shittier excuses for it before," she said. "Like, the guy was taking advantage of a girl. He was gonna assault her, as far as we know, and he intended to use her emotions to virtually enslave her. If anything, I'll give him a bonus mark on the next test, not take part in a meeting about 'proper conduct' or anything. It's bullshit."

"It may just be administrative," Marie said. "I mean, I don't know about you, but from how I see it that Raizo is pretty popular with the ladies."

"Right," Chinatsu replied. "I'm not sure what he's trying, but as long as he's not doing anything illegal or immoral then I don't really give a crap."

"And what if I tell you I suspect him of polygamy?" Marie inquired.

"I don't give a shit," Chinatsu said flatly. "As long as he's doing it because all the girls really love him, then sure, whatever. If he's mind-controlling them that's a whole other story, but as far as I can tell he doesn't seem to be doing anything of the sort."

"You're willing to trust the kid's good will?" Marie asked.

"What, you gonna go suck his dick to find out?" Chinatsu joked.

"No, that's not it," Marie sighed. "I just...I dunno. Perhaps I'm just being overly suspicious but there's something about him..."

"Yeah. He's a psycho," Chinatsu said, "literally. I rewatched some footage of the killing, and I can tell something was off. In all likelihood, there was some kind of event in his past that left him scarred, and when those old wounds open...God knows what a person could do."

"You know, mistress," Marie said. "We both know. After all, it's not like you haven't—"

"Enough," Chinatsu said, cutting her off. "I don't wanna hear about that now, my mood is already sour. Go make some dinner, please," she said.

Marie sighed and respectfully nodded, treading off into the kitchen.

Chinatsu sighed to herself. *That kid...he's just like me, huh?* she thought. *Surprise, surprise. I suppose I WILL have to look into him more after all...and I better be thorough this time around...*

