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Raizo yawned as he woke up in his lover's arms. Planting a small kiss on Kasumi's forehead, he smiled to himself. *I could really get used to this kind of peaceful life*, he thought. *Too bad life just doesn't work like that...it loves to throw a monkey wrench in right when it's all shits and giggles and whatnot...*

"Hubby looks...worried," Kasumi mumbled sleepily, rubbing her eyes as she finally stirred. "What time is it?"

"Time to get up, for better or for worse," Raizo mumbled.

"Mmm...I wanna...skip classes today," Kasumi replied drowsily.

"It's only Tuesday," Raizo scolded. "No girlfriend of mine is gonna intentionally skip classes on the fourth fucking week of school."

"Fine," Kasumi pouted. "Then how about we go for a quick round of you-know-what before getting out of bed?" she asked, kissing him on the cheek.

"I'd prefer if you didn't do that," Mariko's voice shouted from the door. "Jeez, I come to wake you guys up and what do I find? You're discussing intercourse right before class? Come on! Get up, NOW!" she ordered.

"Yes, ma'am," Raizo sighed.

"Alright, mistress," Kasumi nodded dejectedly.

For the love of God, Mariko thought, *I can't let those two keep having sex like that...watching them is driving me nuts over here...shit...I need a change of underwear...*

"What is the meaning of this?" Hikari demanded as soon as she entered the lecture hall, waving a fist at Raizo. "Where'd you go? I even had a quarter of a cabbage cut for you!"

"Thank God you didn't show up," Satomi whispered to him quietly. "That cabbage wasn't washed and I'm pretty sure it was starting to go bad...you may have gotten food poisoning..."

"Err...good to know," Raizo chuckled nervously. Glancing over at Mariko and Kasumi, the latter of which watched him intently from across the room, he smiled. *Thankfully*, he thought, *I have a beautiful and thoughtful girl looking out for me*, he thought. *I feel pretty refreshed after yesterday and all, especially thanks to what we did AFTER dinner...*

"What're you smiling about?" Satomi interrupted his thoughts. "What, did you get to have sex last night or something?"

"W-what makes you ask?" Raizo laughed.

"Did you fuck her?" Satomi asked. "I swear to God if you left me out..."

"If you really want, I can try to make it up to you later—" Raizo began.

"I'll take you up on that," Satomi winked.

"What're you two talking about?" Hikari asked, finally arriving at her seat by her puppets.

"Oh, nothing," Satomi giggled. "We were just saying how delightful you look today."

"How sweet, you two!" Hikari cooed.

She's...really fucking gullible, Satomi thought with a wry smile.

Raizo's eyes scanned the room. Jiro and Fuyuko had just entered. Mariko and Kasumi sat across the room, and Elizabeth was there prior to them, conversing with Koharu. Chinatsu and Marie were at the front of the lecture hall, the former still tired out of her mind. Ayane and Izumi, however, were nowhere to be seen.

He bit his lip. *Where are they?* he thought. *Yesterday, miss Marie said they'd be good to go today...did we hurt 'em too bad? Class is about to start...*

Right as the bell rang, Izumi and Ayane burst into the lecture hall, panting as if out of breath. "Damn," Ayane sighed, "I forgot to set my alarm clock again," she muttered.

"Mistress," Izumi said, "may this be why you ended up waking up so late?"

"Yeah," Ayane nodded. "I KNEW something was off..."

"And you *just* figured it out?" Izumi laughed.

"Oh, quiet," Ayane giggled. "It's not like you're any better." Turning around, she made a beeline in Raizo's direction. "Now, how fares your morning, my dearest?" she asked cherriily.

"Uhh...quite well, miss Tanaka, thank you," Raizo replied respectfully.

"Oh, I told you to just call me Ayane, didn't I, my dearest?" Ayane inquired playfully.

"W-w-w-what do you mean?" Hikari demanded. "When'd you two get *this* friendly?"

"We've always been like this, miss Oshiro," Ayane replied with a smirk. "You see, my dear Raizo and I are good friends...we have been for so many years now, though I admit that it's been a little while since we've last seen each other..."

"Uhh...care to elaborate?" Hikari asked.

"We're childhood friends," Ayane said plainly.

"SAY WHAT?" Hikari cried. "How come *you* get the overpowered archetype?"

"What are these 'archetypes' you're talking about anyways?" Raizo asked.

"N-never mind that!" Hikari shouted nervously.

"Alright, class is starting!" Chinatsu shouted from the front of the lecture hall, finally having managed to pick herself up off her own desk. "Everybody get back to your goddamn seats! I'm still sleepy, so don't piss me off more than you normally do or I swear to God I'll end you!"

"Well, that's my cue, dearest," Ayane said, hugging Raizo tightly. "Until later," she cooed as she ran off.

"God, those are pretty big," Satomi mumbled. "What's her cup size?"

"Why do *you* of all people care?" Hikari complained, looking down at her own chest. "And besides, I think she's just slim..."

"Oh, sorry," Satomi giggled. *Fucking washboard*, she thought bemusedly.