

**Title: The Interview**

Her bias seeps into her actions once again. It's natural. Ray would have used her time efficiently and made the best of her abilities had she been a programmed bot. Fortunately, she is lazy, petty, moderately vindictive, and damnably curious. It's why Ray didn't just go out of her way to use one of her skills to control her environment using her bloodline, tapping on the resources the *'meta'* characters represent. Ray may not share Nik's reservations about often using mind-control skills, but she believes in keeping things *real*.

The ability to speak, work around personalities, notice slight flaws, and manipulate someone without a bloodline—needs skill and practice. Why?

Because she won't always be the one with the highest raw stat across the board in every confrontation. Even now, Ray is very limited in her output. Not to mention, Ray's encounters with individuals seeped in blood and violence, like Balalaika and Chang, made Ray want to polish herself further.

That's why she didn't use her skills or persuade Nik to do so against Kunugigaoka Private High's Chairman, *Gakuho Asano*.

The slender, fair-skinned man wears his brown hair neatly combed and divided from the center. Despite cold calculations, his brown eyes share a sense of intriguing twinkle unbecoming of a *social* monster the man turned into if the sawtooth leaf pin on his tie is an indicator enough. Unlike Balaika, from what Ray remembers, Gakuho is a living monster who cares little about anything but the ideals he swore to uphold, even in the face of planet-destroying creatures like Koro-Sensei.

As one would expect from someone of his caliber, his office comes furnished with lavish carpet, tables, shelves, and a collection of personal and general trophies, alongside other small trinkets that tie the room together.

Still in his seat, fingers interlocked above the table, Gakuho stares at the trio. They aren't dressed for the job they desire, but he admits that fashion is merely the *flakiest* portion of one's resume. Their chances of getting a job depend on many other things, often around skills, drive, and teaching models.

"Class 3-E, I assume," Gakuho begins, his gaze dancing between the trio. "Or was it always your intention to openly identify yourselves as individuals incapable of hiding your lust for fights." His stare fixates on Nik and Revy, surprising Ray since she never expected Nik to raise any bell from Gakuho—except for having some similarities to being the MC of sour Doujins.

Nik smiles back. Try as he might, he cannot calm down. The fear of the unknown is rooted deep inside Nik when the said *'Unknown'* seems an entity beyond his wildest imagination. As for Revy? It was perhaps her resting bitch face or the scent of smoke on her clothes from her earlier cigarettes.

“That’s quite the rude deduction,” Ray blinks. “Or is it that the prestigious Kunugigaoka often attracts troublemakers for its employ?” Granted, she is taking liberal advantage of her knowledge, but Ray feels more comfortable getting her way around Gakuho. “Or the information about you doesn’t do the real you justice, Chairman Asano.”

The man lets out an amused hum, “Information, hmm? I apologize for my rude comments. Go on. You three would like a job in my school. Let’s start with a resume.”

“I’m afraid it’s confidential,” Ray shakes her head. In hindsight, maybe she shouldn’t have been so excited to meet Koro to forget about a damn resume!

“That is a shame,” Gakuho sighs. “No matter.”

‘I already want to kill him,’ Revy rolls her eyes as she observes things unfold, as promised. It’s not like she has anything better to do.

“Our school nurtures the brightest minds the country has to offer,” Gakuho informs. “The value of a teacher sums to a recitation of the knowledge printed on the textbook. I suppose even a trained monkey fits that role, but we have a reputation to uphold. It would look quite a spectacle to have someone who looks like they’ve never touched a book in their life teach the classes. Can I interest my *confidential* guests in a job more suited to discretion, a janitor’s job, for instance?”

“Chairman Asano,” Ray sighs. “Our employer expects your cooperation. I hope you understand it.”

“I do,” The man chuckles. “Do you?”

‘Good,’ Ray sighs internally. She needed a chance to display that she knew things since Gakuho was too clever to spill the beans to unspecified strangers.

“I’m informed of certain matters,” Ray nods grimly. “It’s not the 10 Billion Yen Bounty we are after, but the preservation of mankind.”

‘I don’t know Japanese that much, but I know a *'Billion'* in almost every language!’ Revy jolts with surprise. What are they talking about?

“Preservation of mankind doesn’t befit my permission, does it?” The Chairman chuckles. “All this is unnecessary.”

"It's not," Ray shakes her head. "Our employer believes in consistency. We aren't here to disrupt others but to help them. It includes working under the school's superiors when studying the cause of recent panic. The two people next to me are my hired help, but I assure you they are no less professional than me or my employer in their focuses."

Gakuho stares at the trio, nodding slowly, "Belief in consistency is admirable. But I don't trust mysterious hires."

"And yet you trust the words of a creature who threw the world upside down," Ray tilts her head. "Our employer predicted your hesitation, Chairman Asano. They studied you, and they have a message for you."

Intrigued, Gakuho smiles, "Please, don't keep me in the dark."

"They said your system is in grave danger," Ray somberly whispers, "A creature of that nature voluntarily teaching Class 3-E won't settle for anything less than its version of perfection. Perfection for a creature of that magnitude is not something humans like us can compare to, Chairman. The absolute foundation of what makes your school AND you great is at risk."

She smirks with amusement, her expression almost mimicking what Asano had early on. "Yet you don't seem to realize that in your peak of superiority."

"A motivated teacher cannot change an unmotivated classroom," Gakuho shakes his head.

Ray swallows internally, showing a mask of cool and calm as she smiles, "A motivated teacher cannot change lives, Chairman. A powerful one can."

Gakuho's expression freezes as Ray leans on with her words, "Our employer does his research, and his predictions are often correct. We are to be our employer's eyes and ears to study that creature, but their warning is a gift for you, not a lure for our hire. Do what you want with that knowledge."

The Chairman looks at the trio before leaning back on his chair. The twinkle in his eyes brightens slightly.

"It seems I've been ruder than I realized. Take this chance to introduce yourselves."

Ray's expression would brighten if she wasn't so discerning of it.

"I'm Ray, he is Nik, and she is Revy. While on the introductions, our employer wants his '*children*' taught by that creature to gauge his motivations. Their name is Hansel and Gretel."

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“I can’t believe it worked!” Ray squeaks and giggles uncontrollably. “Did you two see that? I was in my zone!” She stuffs her face with chicken wings as Revy watches tubs of food around Nik and Ray.

“Do you think it’ll work?” Nik questions while whaling down milkshakes. He never knew this world had his homeworld’s HFC knockoff—KFC. It’s just as delicious!

“I’m 70% sure!” Ray grins. “If it doesn’t work, I’ll just use other means. But I’m glad I took the chance to do things this way. It’s fun! Oh, I was so tensed the entire time!”

“So, we’re teachers in a school just like that?” Revy questions.

“That’s a school that would allow the restructure of a shed to gun down a man using military-grade machine guns,” Ray licks the sauce off her lips. “I think we looked plump chickens in comparison. Of course, my beauty did half the job to persuade the man~!”

“Your looks can only get you free cab rides,” Revy snickers. “I’ll be damned if you can get us out of the bill of all this food.”

Ray and Nik share a look before the former licks her oily lips seductively, “Alright, it’s a bet!”

—30 Minutes Later—

The duo strolls the busy Tokyo streets after separating from Ray, with Nik sipping his last Milkshake of the day and Revy still looking dazed and out of sorts.

“Are you still thinking about that?” Nik questions, loudly slurping on the straw, attracting slightly indignant scowls from others that shift to curious adoration in the woman’s case and an even more hateful look from the men once they see him.

“We paid for the food and then ate it,” Revy stares at Nik. “How did that slut get the cashier to pay out of his pockets?!”

“He probably smelled something good,” Nik tilts his head, tossing the milkshake into the nearby trash can without looking at it. “That’s one of Ray’s and my abilities. We’re attractive.”

“Nah, last I checked, that’s narcissism,” Revy smirks, folding her hands behind her head.

“That, too,” Nik snickers, making a ‘V’ sign for one of the pedestrians pointing their smartphones at him. He blinks and looks forward, “Oh, we’re already here.” They stop near the public library. Revy’s expression darkens further as she glances at Nik with disgust and a wronged look. “This is the fun you had in mind?”

“Hmm,” Nik shrugs. “I need to know more about modern infrastructure to improve my holding. And stealing things from a library would brand me a different breed of asshole, so I’d rather study and keep things in my mind.”

“I want to return to Roanapur,” Revy sighs. “I hate how slow things are here!”

“You could read books about guns,” Nik offers as they enter the building.

“Or I could pick a gun and shoot it,” The woman retorts. “Do you think they have porn mags in there?”

“And you call me a nerd,” Nik scoffs.

“What was that?!”

“Me calling you a loser for reading porn in a library,” Nik replies as he walks up to the reception before walking further past through desks and shelves. Revy picks her pace, stomping her way to Nik as he rummages through some basic architecture and engineering books to compare what he already knows from the Fire Nation’s archives stored in his Mental Library.

Rightfully annoyed by his earlier comments and probably more annoyed by the sheer lack of ‘*activity*’ of the job until now, Revy sits opposite Nik, keeping a stern glare on him with her legs crossed and resting on the table. The half-Chinese ignores the slightly strange and disapproving looks from other silent readers in the library, closing her eyes while tapping her boots together.

“Do you bore other girls like this, too?” Revy snarks after a while.

“I suppose it does suck for you. Others don’t always need me to keep them busy,” Nik hums, flipping through the pages.

“Are you even reading?”

“No, I’m memorizing all of it for now. I’ll read when it’s convenient,” Nik replies, closing the first and continuing to the next book.

“You know, I would have a way to keep busy if you didn’t choose a table in the middle of the library,” Revy smirks, making Nik glance at her before he shares her smile. “When did an audience stop you before?”

She works her jaw before chuckling softly—

“Shhhhhhh!”

An elderly—no, an old foreign woman—glares at the couple from a few tables away, shushing them with a finger on her lips.

“Did that bitch just—” Revy snarls.

“We’re sorry,” Nik smiles apologetically and waves at the woman.

The library had different options for seating. For instance, the lengthier tables to seat several people with the sides of the table suitably covered, the long benches in the corner for those who want to study together, and even smaller tables for couples like Nik and Revy without the sides covered. Nik chose their seats simply for the convenience of the nearby engineering section.

“Hey,” Revy opens her feet to glance at Nik from between the frame of her boots, “Do you really want to do it? I don’t mind the public, but I don’t know about you.”

“Oh my, consent? For me?” Nik touches his chest, “I’m touched, Revy.”

“Keep that up, and you’ll be touching yourself for a while.”

When Revy believes Nik is about to agree, they hear a familiar chime echo from his pocket.

“Shhhhhhhhh!”

Revy deadpans and turns to look at the woman, scowling, “What?!” Her loud bark scares a few academic patrons of the library, solely focused on their books, while Nik whistles softly, “Looks like your wish came true, Revy. It’s Balalaika’s call.”

Revy almost jumps in surprise.

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Several police vehicles and trucks surround the massive holdings of the Tokyo Port, keeping the news reporters at bay while searching the almost empty area without a single ship docked nearby or giant containers stacked atop each other for import or export.

Someone *ransacked* the entire port!

“The official statement from the police is that someone knocked out the men at the same time before committing the *‘Heist.’* The *‘How’* is still unknown.” Nik translates the statement while sitting inside Balalaika’s ride alongside Revy. He glances at the scarred leader before questioning, “Did something happen?”

“Ah,” Revy suddenly exhales. “Your supplies, right, Anego?”

“Hmm,” Balalaika nods. “Hotel Moscow’s freighter ship, Marya Zaleska, stored the needed ammunition to carry out the tasks of my alliance with Washimine Group. Now, I only have my men and no firepower.” She looks at the port’s entrance from her window. “I suppose I could plan some ambush with what we already have in the Japanese Branch’s storage, but it’s not enough.”

Nik stares at the port before frowning.

‘Do they honestly not fear the Government’s retaliation?’ He could understand why someone like Accu-mulet wouldn’t care about such fears, but others are very much mortals and limited. What if they cause damage to the extent that they decide to drop some—

Nik blinks.

‘I should do the same and go for their submarines!’

Wouldn’t that grant him a fair sum of AP without much trouble since he’s a waterbender? All he needs to consider is keeping the crew inside the submarine alive, and that’s it! He should get 3 AP or more with each sub.

The second Nik refocused on his objective of earning AP, he looked at Balalaika, “I’m wondering something, Sofia.”

Revy and Balalaika stiffen as Nik continues with an almost eager look. “That ammunition of yours... is most of it to blow things up?”

Balalaika narrows her eyes, “So what if it is?”

“Send me,” Nik grins. “The Dundies can perform some non-lethal assassination AND ruin that location for good. Things work if Kousa Council loses its sources of business, right? Killing their men is a bonus.”

“No,” Balalaika exhales. “It would just leave those men free to back others up and solidify their defenses. They die.”

“Then it’s better to assassinate their leader instead,” Nik scoffs.

“Nah,” Revy flatly replies. “These Japanese Yakuza are only honorable on the outside. One of them would take the leader’s position in the first hour with some bullshit reasoning.”

“Wait, Honor?” Nik blinks. “The fuck do they feel honorable for? Trafficking? Drugs and whores?” He shakes his head. “Anyway, let’s not get off track. It’s fine.” He reasons. “Killing them all in one, well-planned spot works for you, right?”

Balalaika raises her eyebrow, "It can."

"I can deal with their establishments, and you deal with the men as you like," he shrugs. "It would save you loads on reacquiring more firepower."

The blonde contemplates for a few minutes before retrieving a card from her military coat's pocket, sliding it into Nik's pockets as her digits brush against his package under Revy's uncomfortable stare.

"I want that place gone in six hours. Expect your payment once we finish the job."

Nik smirks, "And I don't get to negotiate?"

"Balalaika would let you negotiate," she smiles, taking her hand out of his pocket, "But Sofia's always been one selfish bitch."

"Are you two done?" Revy scowls.

"Calm down, Revy," Balalaika glances at the brunette. "Don't you know the way of our world already? The strong gets what they desire."

Revy grits her jaws. She doesn't care what they do when she isn't here, but the sight of the woman she somewhat respects being so tight with her '*dick-mate*' is as bad as seeing a mother rutting with her daughter's boyfriend.

"Aw," Nik rubs the back of his head. "That's flattering, right, Boris?"

Revy's and Balalaika's expressions freeze while Boris looks back through the mirror, a rare smirk on his scarred face as Nik visibly brightens. He never knew Boris could smile!

A short scoff leaves Balalaika's lips as she dismisses the '*crowd*.'

"Now, get out."

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As Ray predicted, Paradise divides the concentration of hosts based on the missions available and their priorities. The primary objective target's location in Japan finds the country housing the highest concentration of hosts. They refused to take significant actions to keep themselves from attracting the primary target's attention.

No matter how experienced, no host wants to offend a threat ranked 6 by Paradise without adequate preparations.



That's what even someone as combative as Lava-Head believes. He likes to fight, but he always prioritizes his profits. He didn't purchase an AP storage chip to fuck around! That shit cost him 40 AP, but it's worthwhile since it can store an infinite amount of AP for as long as he remains Rank 1. Promoting to Rank 2 will see his use transitioning from Rank 1 AP Storage Chip to its Rank 2 variant.

However—

'That bastard!'

*The 'Dracule' scowls while observing the ransacked port. He clutches the oddly squealing scarab in his hand, crushing it with a sickening squelch as its juices spill through his clenched fist.*

**[Lava-Head:** I don't know what kind of life you lived under Transmigration, but we don't screw with the Government unless necessary, period! You're getting out of hand!]

**[Managed-Ant:** Did you just kill one of my scarabs? Do you know how expensive it was to tame the small swarm of them?!]

**[Lava-Head:** Keep it up, and I'll end your whole swarm. You're only alive because partners cannot kill each other.]

The lack of response annoys Lava-Head as he breathes deeply to calm his cold nerves. He stares at the Police guarding the crime scene until a prompt from the chat module attracts his attention.

**[Managed-Ant:** I'll text you the train we'll meet at later. Try and end me 凸(¬\_¬)凸.]

A feral snarl escapes Lava-Head's thin lips as his canines grow pronounced before reverting as he forcibly calms himself.

'Fuck, I still haven't fully mastered my bloodline. The Epic variant must be even harder to control.'

He sighs as his body slowly melds with the shadows.

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**Alternate Title:** Ray Trying To Be Real? \*Cue Detroit Becoming Human OST\*; The Chairman; New Teachers and Students; Revy In a Teacher's Suit~; Ray Pulls Every Lie From The Books; Using The Meta Knowledge Instead of Bloodline; A Leap of Character; Ray's Determination; Ray Finessing Her Way Into The School \*Nik and Revy Wondering When They Will Share The Screentime\*; A Good Teacher Teaches, A Powerful Teacher Builds; Warning; Ideals; An Honest

Chairman That Works On Sundays, Too; Studied; Ray Exploiting Minimum Wage Workers; A Dazed Revy; Library; Shusshhhhhh!; Cockblocked By a Heist; Nik Accidentally Setting Himself To Be Bodied By Sofia, Revy, and Others **\*Boris Chuckling At His Demise\***; Nik: Bet, I'm Doing The Same Shit Now!; Preying on Navy?; A Pirate's Life For Nik; A New Job; What's The Reward?; Sofia Has Something Spicy In Mind; Nik's a Nerd; Nik About To Become Nik The Builder; Insects and Vampires; The Underlying Conflicts Between Partners **\*Meanwhile Nik and Ray Trying Not To Look At Each Other's Legs For More Than Five Seconds\***

***Title: Returning Fears***

From what Nik's gathered, Tokyo is broadly divided into the more traditional North-Eastern and 'active' South-Western halves. His first target is a surprising one, something called a Muscle Girls Pub. Why Tokyo has many questionably themed cafes, such as cat girls, sexy boys, and authentic family experience, is not something Nik can understand. All he knows is that he's interested nonetheless.

The Muscle-Girls-themed pub named Sugoi Muscle Pub also acts as a front for Kouza Council's, guess what—*Muscle-Girls-themed Brothel*.

Nik's interest in the latter is less than he let on as he conversed with Revy throughout the cab ride.

"You've ever been with muscular ones?" Revy inquires, letting her gaze observe passing buildings and people. "I hear they're kind of freaky."

"It's fine as long as they know what they're doing. Unfortunately, this wasn't always the case for the ones who hired me," Nik drawls. "It wasn't so bad compared to the rest. What about you?"

"Nah," Revy smirks. "No swole gals for me, except that Slutty Maid. Remember the abs on her?"

"Remember her back?" Nik whistles, admiring Roberta's physique.

"Heh," Revy turns away from the window, curiously gazing at Nik. "How should we deal with the building? You cannot take living creatures, right?"

"Living and sentient ones," Nik nods. "I was thinking we knock out the customers and the service providers before letting the men from Kouza Council fall without a building under them. It should put them in a hospital for some time, right?"

"That's not what you promised to Anego." Revy frowns.

"Did you really believe I'm just going to increase the number of casualties?" Nik scoffs. "I don't care what Balalaika thinks I should do." He looks out the window, noticing dark clouds hiding the moon. "What if there are innocents amongst them?"

"Innocents among the Yakuza?" Revy sneers.

"Those with no option but to make a dishonest living," Nik replies. "There are plenty like us, right? - Groomed for the life others don't like thinking about." He exhales and mischievously smiles at Revy. "Besides, I'll volunteer to appease the tank's anger."

Revy scoffs, "It's still fucking weird!"

"You know how it won't be weird?" Nik offers.

"How?" She glances at him.

"You should join us."

"Fuck off!"

"You mean—fuck me, right?" Nik snickers, leaning onto Revy, "Or does the crowd scare you?"

She glances towards the cab driver, finding him looking at them through the rearview mirror before snorting, "It doesn't. But we're on a job. And I don't fuck around during a job."

"I thought a whore's entire purpose IS to fuck during a job," Nik blinks, making Revy almost regret spouting bullshit like—*I'd rather have my friends treat me like a whore.*

Dutch wouldn't let her past as a strip dancer down, and Nik likes taking it to another level, too. And there's Eda, a whole different breed on the matter. However, she isn't one to back down from anything, especially the thick, veiny shaft pitching a frustrated tent in her partner's trousers, onto which she promptly climbs while filling Nik's mouth with her tongue.

She feels they could use a good make-out session to calm their nerves. For Revy, the thought of doing it with her Anego is as nerve-wracking as titillating. And for Nik...

Revy doesn't know what's going on with him, but she could tell something was off before he lost consciousness in the school.

Her hips grind on him, rubbing her crotch on his erection as she whispers between their breaths, "Does that help you?"

Nik's eyes briefly widen before he nods quietly, firmly gripping her ass with one hand and bending air with the other to slap the driver's head and make him focus on the road instead of them.

He admits they could be doing this elsewhere, but Nik's feeling more than bothered.

He's *rattled*.

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"Hey! Stop him!"

Revy ignores the echoing shouts and screams as patrons and hostesses run outside the dimly lit pub. Her predatory gaze lingers on the obscenely large, roided woman. Revy's opponent isn't a local if her caucasian features and deep red hair are anything to go by as the 230 centimeters of pure muscle mass shouts in rage, lunging at Revy with the practiced precision of a professional grappler.

Revy dodges the woman, smashing the thick bottle of whiskey on the female bouncer's head as the opponent crashes into a thin booth, destroying the furniture within.

"Fucking idiot," Revy snorts, sniping the woman's ass with the half-destroyed glass bottle in her hand. "You're lucky I didn't blow your head off."

She snorts, sitting by the counter and tapping its surface with an empty glass. "Fill it up," she taps her index finger against the glass, making the athletic woman hiding behind the counter tremble.

"Aren't hostesses trained? Do you know how to speak English?" Revy questions.

"Y-yes," the dark-haired woman nods, nervously adjusting her crop top, displaying a generous swath of her skin and lean muscles.

"Then you know I asked for a drink," Revy scoffs.

"Right away!" The bartender squeaks, slowly getting on her feet and casting cautious glances at the destruction behind Revy. It's not just the unconscious female bouncer but many other men lying on the floor as a figure darts through the darkness, seizing men away from the light until bone-chilling screams follow his wake.

She shivers when Revy prompts a discussion, "Say, what's your routine?"

"Yes?" the bartender gulps, looking behind Revy and almost jumping in fright as the pub's owner falls down from the second floor, moaning in pain.

"Do you girls stay lean all year long?" Revy inquires. "It's kind of bland, no? Or is the pay good enough to feel like complete shit the entire year?"

"W-well," the bartender swallows, "We can cover ourselves from October to January."

"Oh? Nik? Did you hear that? Even these girls get some employment benefits! You must have had one shitty boss to have such a sob story!"

The bartender gasps in surprise, crouching as a figure flies past Revy and smashes through the counter into the nearby shelves.

“Huff!” The bartender hears a soft exhale. “I know, right? Hey, miss. Are you okay?”

She glances at Nik’s blood-splattered face, quivering.

“You should leave,” Nik ignores her reactions, hiding the slightly complicated look in his eyes, asserting, “**Now.**”

“Police should be arriving soon, too,” Nik sits beside Revy as the bartender runs out. He accepts the drink from her, sipping it, “There are already a few police officers securing the perimeter.”

Revy shrugs. “Should have used masks.”

“It doesn’t matter,” Nik offers her his hand. Understanding his intent, she frowns, “You’re sure your Dragon won’t just decide to eat me?”

“I’m sending you into my bedroom.”

“That’s better,” she smirks.

Once she leaves, Nik escapes to the building’s roof before touching it with his right palm.

The Building disappears, filling his AP bar very slightly.

**[AP: 4.1→4.8/100]**

The two-storied building earned him more than Nik imagined. A Fire Nation’s warship should be worth one Rank 1 AP. Meanwhile, the building was somehow worth 0.7.

‘Maybe it’s made of improved materials?’ He shrugs since he plans to hit other less important locations and fill his AP bar.

His AP fell off once he purchased another bullet-proof hoody from Accu-mulet. It wasn’t precisely the same as his last one, but its quality was the same. Not to mention, Nik isn’t willing to hunt other Hosts for AP—it’s not worth the risk. Instead, he glances in the port’s direction. Ray’s message pops up in his chat module before he can leave the nearby roof after confirming his target’s status.

**[Smexy-succu-succu: Was that you, Nik?]**

He blinks, focusing his senses before discovering Ray not far from the location.

**[Nut-Cracking-Messiah: What are you doing here?]**

He jumps past the roof before landing in an alley, finding Ray beside a few unconscious men. "Something I can help with?" He glances at the men, frowning. "Did they..."

"Do you think they can do anything to me?" Ray rolls her eyes. "You're too strung these days. I told you, right? The Primary target will attack us only if we do something to the students."

"You didn't feel what I did," Nik grunts. "I'm sorry, but I don't think a *'manga'* can do that sensation any justice."

Ray smirks, crouching to check the men's condition. The succubus then stops and glances at Nik contemplatively.

"Nik? How long till you complete your AP bar?"

He stills, momentarily hesitating before answering, "96. Why?"

"Well, I'm not too worried about my AP because I have loads of collected material in my personal space. Just because our AP bar fills doesn't mean we can't store more stuff for later consumption. Want to earn a few easy Authority points?"

"Now?" Nik tilts his head. "I have a mission to report and..."

Nik gives her the universal glance about how he's *'busy'* later.

"Tomorrow's fine. I'll tell you the details once you're free to hear me out. Oh, and don't be late tomorrow morning!" She grins. "It's our first day as teachers!"

His eyes twitch before he mutters, "Yeah."

Ray puckers her lips, musing, 'Did that strike a nerve? So, it's not just Koro that's got him bothered.'

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What Nik stated to Regret that fateful day was the truth.

With his strengthened bond with Mokshi, his mind won't fall to other's delusions. External threats are almost close to nill.

What he didn't understand that day was Nik also became his own worst enemy.

"Ah~! Hnngh!"

Their moans and grunts mix with the wet sound of their sex. Nik relentlessly thrusts as if wanting to lay all his frustrations out at once upon the charming woman under him, forced to breathless gasps and adulterous moans. He snatches her lips, pumping with a finality as her ruby eyes widen. Her thin, fair body quivers as another load of hot cum fills her tight snatch, marked for his use for as long as he desires.

He looks up, finding those red eyes and golden locks overshadowed by dazed, glassy amber orbs and messy brown hair.

Nik tries pecking her, only for slender hands to creep around his back, tugging him and prying him away from the woman under him.

He looks back, observing the triplets possessing ruby eyes and golden locks spreading their legs, exposing their slick snatches to his hungry gaze—Ishtra, Fretra, and Aphrotra.

“It’s fine,” Fretra smiles. “We’re promised to each other, remember?” She coos. “We’re going to take you away, Nik. Esta is so cruel to you. The three of us will make you happy.”

Her siblings giggle as Nik’s body moves forward. He would like to plug his cock inside them rather than violently shoving his arm—

***\*Haaaah\****

Nik’s eyes snap open, and he sits up in one motion, feeling cold sweat drenching his body. He quickly glances at the sleeping Revy, recalling how their night wasn’t a dream. His hand reaches out to brush her hair as he chews his lips, unable to discover a single strand of gold within her locks.

He tried not to think about it.

It was so pleasant then. The days after dealing with regret saw Nik getting busy with other things. It wasn’t until he got Mitsuko’s note that he unintentionally recalled the one rare instance of clarity between the carnage he ushered in under Regret’s hold.

They’re back—

*His nightmares.*

It’s not others. Nik doesn’t dream of Esta anymore. What she did, what he felt—it’s the past. However, Nik now finds himself being his worst enemy.

‘Mokshi,’ he covers his lips, the corner of his eyes quivering as he slowly walks to his bedroom door. ‘What have I done?’



His breath catches in his throat as his eyes almost water.

“Hey,” a soft moan snaps Nik out of his reverie, stopping him from going out.

“Get back in here, Nerd,” Revy demands as she turns to her side without looking at him. “Don’t worry. I won’t laugh at you.”

“Revy, I—”

“You did something bad,” she whispers. “And it’s haunting you.” Her body curls slightly. “It haunts me, too. Do you know what’s helping me these days? *You.*”

Nik glances away.

“Nik,” Revy continues softly. “You can’t change what happened. Someone like you already understands that. So, don’t wallow in it. You’ll feel better eventually.”

The Incubus mutters, “I don’t want to feel good. If I forget it again, I’ll become worse.”

Revy sighs, slowly sitting up without bothering to cover herself. She brushes her brown hair away and glances at Nik, questioning while rubbing her eye, “What’s wrong with that? I forget and become worse every day.”

“I enjoyed it,” Nik’s eyes redden. “I always somehow enjoy it, Revy. It scares me.”

Revy grows silent.

“What do I do?” Nik questions again.

He recalls one set of triplets among the hundreds yet again.

“I guess I shouldn’t have stopped you,” Revy slumps back. “It sucks. But it will help us both if you get back inside the sheets. Ruin Anego’s mood with all this talk if you have to. Leave the fun stuff for me.”

Nik scoffs a chuckle, noting the subtle quiver in his voice as he returns to the bed.

“Hey,” Revy coos softly, sliding her hand up his chest and cozying up to him. “I just don’t call anyone a sniveling pussy. Got it? If I call you one, you best believe you’re the kind of guy to eat a missile to his face to save a stranger.”

“I did that to eventually fuck you,” Nik teases, regathering himself. “And it worked.”

“I know,” Revy snickers as she closes her eyes. “I’ve got an amazing box that can hide the longest carrots away.”

Nik covers his arm around her shoulder and closes his eyes.

He doesn’t face another nightmare, but Nik knows issues won’t disappear with a few words of encouragement and jokes. His sins are beyond that.

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**Alternate Title:** Muscle Pub; Sugoi Muscle Desu Ka; The First Target; Easy Money; Revy Vs Roid Rage; Street Fights Have No Rules!; Revy Needs a Drink; Cab Make-Out; Calming Tense Nerves; Revy Feeling Bothered By Doing With Her Mommy, Ehm, Anego!; Nik’s Reservations; The Discussion of Job Benefits; Feeling Hot; Devoured Building; Nearby Ray; Issues; Phantom Sex; Nightmares; His Worst Enemy; The Remembered Secret; A Bad Thing; Nik’s Spoon DO Help Revy; A Filthy Confession; Revy’s Box’s The Boss

Saki Yoshida is many things, but being famous is not one of them. Donning her grey blazer over her white shirt and combing her dark hair into twin tails with strands of hair sticking out of errant places makes her groan. “Mom!” she calls out. “Why can’t you do my hair like before? It looks so bad!”

Her mother’s voice emerges from the lower floor, muffled but clear enough, “Because you need to learn how to do it on your own, sweetheart.”

She sighs, adjusting her glasses and glancing at the mirror.

Well, it doesn’t matter what her hair looks like, right?

‘It’s not like I want to be popular or anything. Imagine that, losing my focus and getting expelled from Kunugigaoka High.’

Calling her High School strict would be an understatement of the decade! Being part of Class 3-D instead of the higher sections like C, B, and A forces Saki to channel all her focus to her studies. The High School doesn’t have a class 3-E like the Junior High.

‘Not that juniors from 3-E have it any better,’ Saki chews her bottom lip. She sighs, slumping down the stairs before dining on her breakfast and leaving her home with a bento.

***Title: The Face of a Monster?***

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During her commute, Saki’s gaze follows a few other students, a group, actually. Boys and girls chatting with each other. Their uniforms aren’t the same as Saki’s, but their ages seem similar.

‘It must be fun being so unbothered by school,’ She scoffs at them, but her heart betrays her true feelings as bitterness wells in her chest. It’s frustrating to see others get along. Things would be different if she was in a different school. She would have friends by now, maybe even a handsome boyfriend.

‘Who needs all that?’ She scoffs again, pursing her lips and forcing down the surging emotions.

Stepping out onto her stop, Saki finds other students from Kunugigaoka walking in groups.

What excuse does she have?

Don’t they all have the same academic curriculum? Why are others chatting with carefree smiles while she walks alone?

Saki ignores the morning draft against her skin, momentarily glancing at a wanted and elegant figure.

The figure wears thin-rimmed glasses, keeping her long, silken black hair cascading down the middle of her back. She is what Saki wants to be deep inside. Letting her long hair flow without strands sticking out, wearing fashionable glasses that appear trendy but elegant. Doesn't almost everyone from their year want to know class 3-A's genius—*Yukio Washimine*?

A gloomy sigh escapes Saki's lips as she almost moves past a small crowd of students by the gates.

Another attraction?

Who cares?

Only this time, Saki's framed gaze catches sight of violet.

He's unlike anyone she's seen before, even when it comes to foreigners. His olive skin seems smooth even from such a distance, letting others *feel* it sticking to his lean and somehow bulging muscles. Even his hair looks better with how he wears it in the 6/4th partition, coming across as tidy. And he's tall. Here, Saki believed tall individuals had it tough putting on muscles. However, the man who ran into her yesterday didn't have similar issues.

Like the other girls, Saki ignores the two women beside him, who attract her male classmates instead. She gulps drily when he suddenly glances at her through the crowd. His features brighten as if he remembers her.

'As if,' she scoffs in her heart. Isn't the school's Bella taking her time behind her? Saki believes it's Yukio, whom the man finds pleasing. Why would anyone take a liking to the dregs of Kunugigaoka High?

She isn't athletic, academic enough for this elite institution, or beautiful enough—

The familiar draft blows again as Saki watches Yukio passing her, with her tresses flowing back. The timid girl from 3-D watches Yukio pause, glancing at the attractive hunk by the school gates before walking away.

'She doesn't even have to try hard, right?' Saki thins her lips. It's ugly to feel all that. However, her eyes widen when she glances at the man, only to find him looking straight at her.

Not Yukio, but her—*Saki Yoshida*.

—*Sorry about yesterday.*—

He mouths with a smile, an act that makes a few girls squeal and giggle. However, Saki stays rooted.

Her heart seems to want to leap out of her throat and kiss the man's shoe before working its way up, not due to some illicit attitude. No. Saki feels happy.

She—

The girl ducks her head, picking her pace to enter the school as she can feel her heartbeats drumming against her ears! She feels weak in the knees, her palms clammy, and her face - she can't stop smiling. Saki knows it's a weird smile.

*'He noticed me.'* She almost coos aloud, tearing up on the spot. She never wanted to try it before, with her studies and all that—

*'Maybe I can ask Mom to teach me about makeup,'* she blushes, unable to think straight for the day.

In her blushing stupor, Saki ignores another favored figure in the school—a teacher—walking past her with a gloomy scowl.

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His scowl deepens the second he sees the crowd around the trio. *They* cannot afford such commotions, damn it! He recalls his earlier meeting with his superiors about this situation.

—*"Listen, Tadaomi. The agreement between the Ministry of Defense and Kunugigaoka High persists because of that creature alone. He refuses to do anything else but teach this year's batch of class 3-E, granting the school special privileges. The Chairman has the right to assign and remove teachers from that class as he sees fit, EXCEPT the one who destroyed the moon. It includes you, too, Tadaomi. Luckily, Gakuho Asano is pragmatic and wouldn't cause issues without reason. That said, I want you to observe the newcomers and find out who they work for."*—

Tadaomi prepares himself as his appearance makes many flinch and sidestep, opening a path for him to the trio. His sharp gaze observes a few things instantly. For one, the slightly tan-skinned brunette is a professional marksman. Oh, it's nothing about her posture or anything. It's the fact he can see the subtle bulge of a gun inside her clothes.

If Gakuho is correct, the white-haired woman standing as tall as the man's abdomen should be the group's leader. He must reprimand the girl for wearing something more modest if she's to mingle with a class of angst teenagers shunned from school and experiencing puberty because those shorts don't fit the climate at all!

And finally, Tadaomi glances at the possible heavy-hitter of the group. He instinctively thinks of the fundamental methods to deal with a larger opponent while standing near them, clearing his throat even when it isn't needed to attract their attention.

"I'm Tadaomi Karasuma. The Chairman asked me to show you around and lead you to the classroom. Follow me."

Tadaomi would like to wait for their introductions, but achieving that alongside the students is more efficient as he turns around and leads the trio out from the crowd, hearing a few discontented whispers around him.

"Eh? For class 3-E? Again?" a girl whines. "That's two total hotties!"

Tadaomi strongly discourages girls from the Junior year of all people to think about someone his age as such.

"Wow! I would totally climb the mountain to meet her if it wasn't occupied by class 3-E," another boy mutters, almost drooling for Ray.

"That lady looks so weird. What's that under her belt?" Another girl notices the gun sticking out of Revy's hips.

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"See?" Revy mutters. "I should have worn my holster."

"You look pretty," Nik shrugs, looking over the woman wearing a modest green sweater and brown trousers. The woman almost reminds Nik of Mitsuko and Yuuko.

"There are a few things I would like to clarify before we reach the classroom," Tadaomi begins as they walk around the building, trekking the incline of a small mountain behind the school campus.

They walk through the uneven path cleared through the dense foliage, following their spiky, dark-haired lead.

"First, I would like to officially introduce myself and our collective mission," Tadaomi stops, turning and glancing at the trio. "I'm Tadaomi Karasuma from the Ministry of Defense."

"What did he say? It sounded serious," Revy mutters to Nik, earning her a glance from Tadaomi, who repeats himself in English. Revy's eyelids jump at his introduction as he crosses his arms, "Allow me to brief you on the situation before you jump into things without proper information."

"There's a monster up there," Nik interjects.

“Who’s also the highest bounty,” Revy licks her lips.

“And he’ll blow the planet in a year,” Ray smiles.

“Wait, what?!” Revy and Nik look at Ray. Nik always knew about the mission’s time limit, but he didn’t think it was a limit on the planet’s time itself!

Tadaomi exhales deeply. The supposed *leader* of the group knows more than expected. Still, he needs to go through basic protocol lest they accidentally harm the children. So, that’s what he does. He goes into the monster’s *‘known’* abilities, including his ability to go as fast as Mach 20. Ray doesn’t show any impression, while Revy doesn’t believe it.

However...

Karasuma glances at the almost confused Nik.

“Mach 20 is a measurement of what exactly? You said he’s that fast, so it’s probably speed measurement. But I don’t know how fast that is.”

Tadaomi refuses to elaborate. Instead, he mutters, “You’ll experience it soon enough.”

He concludes the short explanation as they reach the wooden shed beside a small track field with—“Lastly, you will be able to commission anti-sensei bullets after demonstrating your skills.”

He tosses a pellet in their direction, making it harder for them to see it coming.

Tadaomi’s eyes twitch as he watches Nik catch the pink pellet, explaining, “It’s made from the only material that can harm the target’s body. The children can use it as they see fit, but we cannot hand it to non-affiliated parties for free. And it doesn’t look like you’re willing to believe me right away.”

“Oh, I do,” Ray giggles, looking at the wooden shed with amazement.

“I can keep it, right?” Nik questions as he glances at the pellet in his hand.

“So? This is useless?” Revy pulls her gun out, scowling. If Ray believes this bullshit, then Revy doesn’t have much chance to doubt things, given the situation.

“Against the Government’s target? Yes.”

“Why don’t you blast him?” Revy questions. “You guys must have loads of firepower, right? Did you try everything?”



Tadaomi's expression darkens as he turns around, unwilling to answer her. "Follow me," he replies, leading the trio into the shed. As they walk, Tadaomi prompts, "What about the two transfer students?"

"Oh, they will join us tomorrow," Ray replies flatly.

"Why not today?" Nik questions, curious about the twins.

Ray exhales loudly, grumbling, "They said they hate Mondays. Can you imagine that?"

"I can," Revy snickers.

\*Drrrr\*

Tadaomi slides open the classroom door as Nik and Revy stop in their track.

"Holy shit," Revy whispers while Nik quietly stares at the eldritch, yellow, octopus-like creature in a black academic outfit, including a black mortarboard cap and long yellow tentacles sticking out of the clothes, keeping his body upright.

"Everyone," Tadaomi enters, nodding at the creature, "I have a quick announcement. Three more teachers are assigned to the classroom. Settle down."

Almost making Nik and Revy squeak in surprise, the class equipped with rifle guns slowly set their firearms aside. The classroom is littered with similar pellets as Nik crouches to pick a few more from the floor with his left hand before dusting his hands.

"You may introduce yourself," Tadaomi glances at the trio as Ray steps forward, beaming at the classroom. "Hello, everyone~! I'm Ray Petit, and I look forward to spending the next year with all of you!"

'What about our jobs in Yellow Flag?' Nik rolls his eyes.

Ray's cheery introduction earns her huge credits from the classroom as one of the boys raises his hand, questioning, "What will you teach us, Ray-Sensei?"

"Hmm," the creature named Korosensei clears his throat. It extends its strange, paw-ended tentacle to a file on the table. "It says here that Ms. Ray will be the classroom's appointed nurse since the main building and nurse's office is far from 3-E's building."

"It can talk," Revy gapes.

"Shh, not so loud," Nik whispers back.

“Ehm,” Tadaomi clears his throat, glancing at the duo.

“Revy,” she glances at the class one before focusing all her attention on Korosensei, unbothered by the students staring at her weirdly.

“Um, Korosensei? What will Ms. Revy teach us?” A girl questions.

“Hmm, it says she will train your Marksmanship. It’s an optional course without an added score to your curriculum. Nyuhuhuhu, but you better perfect your aim before you try to kill me.”

“And it has a weird laugh. What did it say, Nik?” Revy whistles.

“Ehm,” Nik ignores Revy, glancing at the classroom, “I’m Nik Faran. Feel free to ask for my assistance in matters I can help.”

“Nuhuhuhuhu!”

“His face!” Revy gasps again as if watching a toy. After all, Korosensei’s round, yellow face transitions to deep pink with dark blushes around his *‘cheeks’* as he claims, “Nik-Sensei is class’ Sex Counselor.”

“Ehm,” Nik clears his throat as the classroom’s mood turns awkward. He smiles, “It’s only on the paper. Although I didn’t know why before, I’m here to teach you the basics of seduction. It’s a delicate subject, and I’ll treat it with care. That said—” Nik turns to glance at the oddly shapen natural disaster. He extends his left hand to Korosensei, beaming, “—I’m sorry about accidentally peeking on you yesterday. But you don’t seem half as bad, Korosensei. I’d like to learn more from you.”

The yellow creature giggles, extending his tentacle-hand, which Nik grasps—

*\*Splat\**

His hand blows apart, turning into a greasy yellow substance as four anti-sensei pellets drop on the floor.

The entire classroom falls silent while Korosensei’s face returns to yellow, with sweat literally running down its face in bullets.

“Sorry about that,” Nik smiles awkwardly. “I didn’t believe it would really hurt you.” He places the bullets on the table.

“I-It’s alright,” Korosensei chuckles as a few pellets behind it suddenly move without any indication as if beckoned by something invisible.

*\*Splat\**

*\*Splat\**

Two more tentacles limb explode as Koro's body disappears in a blink of an eye.

Nik slowly looks up, matching Korosensei's beady eyes as the creature sticks himself to the ceiling.

"How did that happen?" Nik smiles while adding to the constant messages between him and Ray.

**[Nut-Cracking-Messiah:** You were right. He wouldn't attack.]

**[Smexy-succu-succu:** Oh, he does. It's just not in the way you would expect.]

"DID YOU SEE THAT?!"

"Woah!"

"Sensei actually got hurt!"

"That was amazing!"

"He's the chosen one."

"Wait, I want to earn the bounty, damn it!"

Class 3-E erupts with commotion, something Tadaomi doesn't like one bit. However, he cannot fault them either. It's the first time anyone, or anything, got a drop on Korosensein.

"It can crawl a damn wall, too," Revy muses.

What a day!

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**Alternate Title:** Saki Yoshida Do Be *EMERGING* From Her Shell, Get It?; The Shy Girl; The Socially Shunned?; Saki Wants That, Too; Thank God Saki Focused On Her Studies Instead; Ignoring The School's Best For Her; Saki: Is It Love? *\*While Nik Did Absolutely Nothing\**; The Crowd Attraction; Class 3-E's Luck; The New Teachers; The Ministry of Defense; No Explanation Could Prepare Them For The Truth; Nik Gets Ahead of Himself; Nik: I'm Sacred *\*Also Nik: Let's Try It Again, It's Fun\**; Splat; The First To Hurt The 10 Billion Bounty; Revy's Reactions Are Everything!

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Saki Yoshida (With Blue Eyes Instead)



***Title: Seduced***

The noise of loud gunfire fills the small field beside Class 3-E's structure as the children watch with awestruck expressions as Revy burns through magazines of anti-sensei pellets, watching Korosensei blur past around her. Much to Nik's amusement and intrigue, Revy seems to be getting more... attractive. She's always been a beautiful woman with a knack for blowing a man's brain out with her skills. However, Nik can see how a flash of yellow blur leaves her nails trimmed and manicured, even around her trigger finger.

Another yellow blur has Revy's hair trimmed nicely and combed back into an elaborate French braid. Hmm, even her face seems cleaner.

"Faran-Sensei?" A student speaks up, prompting Nik to question them instead. "Does he always provide a complete package of nail and skin care routine when others try to kill him?"

"Yes," a girl giggles. "We call it Korosensei's Maintenance Routine. He's quite good at it, too. I'm saving my pocket money since Sensei always threads my eyebrows when I try to stab him."

"I'm sorry," Nik glances at the class. "You try to stab someone who can, uh, what was it? Travel to and from a continent in a few hours?"

They simultaneously nod as Nik frowns in thought.

"Does he get impatient?" Nik questions. That's a doubt he's had for a while.

"Well, there was that one time a few days ago when Nagisa tried blowing himself alongside Korosensei." One of the boys informs as the blue-haired boy seated not far from the teacher's podium blushes and lowers his head. "Sensei got super mad. His face was pitch-black and terrifying."

"Yeah," a bespectacled girl shivers. "Sensei said he would kill everyone on the planet except us, even our parents."

Nik glances at Revy. He worries she doesn't have the money to spend all those bullets, but her life may also be in danger. As if sensing his worries, another girl with long, bleached hair snickers, "Faran-Sensei? Are you and Revy-Sensei going out?"

"You can call me Nik," He sighs. "Or Nik-Sensei. And no, Revy and I aren't going out."

"The target, or Korosensei, as the class calls him," Tadaomi begins, sitting not far from the podium and observing Nik with a sidelong glance, "is a threat to anyone aside from the children

of Class 3-E. However, conversing with him the few times I have, I'll admit he won't murder others."

"Isn't that reassuring," Nik scoffs. He glances at Revy again before regathering his focus and letting his gaze rest on everyone."

"—whoo! Korosensei, give Revy's favorite guns a maintenance, too!"

Nik ignores the classroom's recently appointed nurse, who is more than willing to encourage Revy to use more pellets in her automatic rifles. 'If I'm going to have to pay for it, then Revy best be ready to not walk for a damn week!'

He looks at Tadaomi, questioning, "Why are you here?"

"To observe," Tadaomi replies. "Sexual Education is a delicate topic. The Art of Seduction has its place in the world of assassination. Still, I won't tolerate any scandals under my watch."

Nik nods slowly, redirecting his gaze back to the classroom. "Alright, kids. Are there any tests you have to prepare for? Any homework you've yet to complete? Now's the time to do all that."

"Eh?" The class blinks as Nik shrugs, sitting on his chair and crossing his legs over the podium. "Seeing the target is a yellow super octopus, I deem this class unfit to seduce the target. There's no point in teaching you guys all that, right? What are you going to do? Dress up as a female octopus? That's inappropriate on many levels."

He exhales and rests his head against his crossed hands.

The classroom descends into silence, except for Ray cheering in a proper nurse's outfit and Revy getting a free skin-care routine alongside her pistols. Maybe it's not free, given how she's burning through the pellets.

"Nik-Sensei?" The only boy with blue hair tied in two pigtails raises his hand. His petite frame and androgynous facial features would fool others into believing he's a girl. However, Nik can tell him apart at a glance.

"Yes, you are?"

"Nagisa Shiota, Sir. Why do you think Korosensei can't be seduced?"

"Oh, he CAN be seduced," Nik glances at the boy who tried blowing himself off alongside the target. "I just don't think any of you can seduce him."

"Why?" Another boy questions.

Instead of raining on their parade with snides and crude jokes, Nik keeps it honest, “Because of personal experience. Even if we forget the age difference and the evident fact that he isn’t human, you cannot seduce someone who pities you. It’s too hard of a task. You can use that pity, but you cannot call it seduction.”

“Pity us?” One of the taller and healthier boys from behind frowns.

“And you are?” Nik glances at the boy with spiky brown hair and a blonde undercut.

“Ryoma Teresaka,” he snorts.

“Hmm,” Nik nods. “I may be wrong, but the first impression suggests that class 3-E is a pitiful bunch isolated on top of a mountain, in a shed unfit to be called a school structure, and stuck in a situation where your school’s board of chairman is willing to hire suspicious individuals like Ray, Revy, and I only because he cannot give enough shit about you lot.” He smirks, “And there’s also the fact that the only creature to give a shit about your class happens to be a literal monster. Ain’t that pitiful?”

Nik clearly ruffles some feathers as he earns glare from many students. Chuckling, Nik continues, “To seduce someone is to entice. It’s commonly used to get your preferred target into a bedroom, but seduction isn’t about sexual intercourse alone. As you are, none of you can seduce—hmm. Nagisa? May I call you Nagisa?” The incubus looks at the surprised blue-haired boy.

“Y-Yes,” Nagisa nods.

“You tried blowing yourself alongside Korosensei, right? How did you do that?”

“Well,” the boy blushes again. “Korosensei used to have his guard lowered after lunch breaks, so I used that moment to stab him. The knife was a bait, and I let Terasaka-san detonate the grenade.”

Nik flatly stares at the bulky boy in the back seat before glancing at Nagisa. “That’s good. I wouldn’t call it a seduction attempt, but it was close. You enticed your target into a sense of peace by failing to stab him. Another good example would be me using a hand of sleight to allure the mark into shaking my hand.”

“Wait a minute,” a girl pouts. “That isn’t seduction at all! That’s just normal planning and strategy!”

Nik glances at the brown-eyed girl with similar colored short hair, prompting her to introduce herself. “Ah, Hinata Okano, Sensei.”

Nik nods, suddenly standing and turning to face the blackboard. He picks a nearby chalk, writing seduction and strategy on the board with bold letters.

“You are correct, Hinata,” Nik turns to face the classroom. “Seduction IS a part of strategy. You choose targets, methods of proceeding, a backup plan in case the prey doesn’t see your way, and, of course, the end goal.”

“So, why differentiate it?” Hinata frowns.

Nik shrugs. “A good strategy makes up for any deviance due to a lack of facts by predicting many things through said particulars. Seduction cannot account for everything.”

“So, it’s inferior.”

Nik glances at the bespectacled, dark-haired boy.

“Kotaro Takebeyashi, Sensei,” he introduces himself.

“I’m only taught one thing,” Nik smiles thinly. “If you can’t seduce your target, the problem isn’t in the art, but you. A strategy will see you achieving your goals, but seduction plays with you. The difference lies in its core of enticement. A Strategy may use enticement as one of its aspects, but Seduction is built on it. That’s why I said mine and Nagisa’s attempts weren’t seductions. Of course, I wouldn’t call it inferior, either.”

“Do you have any examples for the kids to understand the difference?” Tadaomi questions.

“I do,” Nik taps on the word ‘*Strategy*’ penned on the blackboard. “An abused orphan plans his way out of a terrible location. He plans for everything after spending more than a decade in that location. He almost succeeds because of his plan.”

The dark-haired faux teacher then smiles at the class, tapping at the term ‘*Seduction.*’

“Little did he know, a woman seduced him long before he knew it. They loved each other. When he desired love the most, she enticed him with it. The boy planned well, but the woman seduced better. He never saw that blade driving into his back because that’s what seduction often leads to—*trust.*”

He grins. “The boy thought—oh, she loves me. She would never betray me. I’m going to leave with her and live happily.” Shaking his head, he concludes. “He was a fool who died a fool.”

Nik chuckles. “That’s the difference between a good strategy and seduction. The latter is often subtle. Chances are, all of you are seduced by something because we all have moments of weakness. It could be love,” a few glances away from Nik. “It could be pride, greed, or anything else. Use that. Make yourself attractive and find Korosensei’s emotional weakness you can



manipulate. If you want, find a test dummy. There's a building filled with children going through puberty and facing different issues in their lives. They are one of the easiest marks you will ever find!"

"What happened to that boy, Sensei?" Nagisa questions.

"Him?" Nik snickers as he takes a seat. "I made it all up. There was never a boy, Nagisa. I hope I've given you things to think about. Also, don't hesitate to ask for my assistance. As Tadaomi says, I'm not here to promote scandals of any kind, so I'll be more than happy to ensure you don't ruin another's life just for *'practice.'*"

"What if they deserve it?" A girl questions innocently. "Ah, I'm Kaede Kayano, Sensei."

Nik smiles at the light-green-haired girl—the only one beside Revy, Koro, Ray, and the unknown Host to have an impressive reserve. It's almost like Korosensei, as it's building up slowly but steadily. However, it's nowhere in Nik's own chi reserves.

"Your target should be left in ruins if they deserve it." He glances past her, his smile slightly fading as he watches the corpse of a trio right beside the girl, smiling back at him with utter kindness in their soulless red eyes. "However, make sure of your facts. Hurting innocents makes you a monster no different than someone who blew the moon."

Kaede's hazel eyes flicker as she nods.

"Oh," Nik suddenly pats his head. "Revy wanted me to tell you she isn't going to humor you a lot. And since you guys don't have a shooting range, she will spend her time—" He glances outside, watching Revy run up to Koro with a flexible green combat knife in her hands made from the same material as the anti-sensei pellets.

Others shrug as a girl suddenly snaps, "Nik-Sensei! Tell us about yourself. You're a foreigner, right? Have you ever seduced someone from outside Japan?"

Nik glances at the group of interested children. He usually won't mind disclosing his deeds. In fact, he's proud to bang women like Balalaika. However, he draws his limits against the children—

'Wait a second. Aren't Aang and Tom-Tom younger than them?' Nik blinks in realization as he straightens his back, grinning, "I've been with royalties."

"Liar!"

"Isn't the Queen super old?"

"You mean the living immortal?"

"I repeat, he's the chosen one."

"Do you have any pictures, Nik-Sensei?"

"Do you go Karaoke?"

"Can you teach us that trick you used on Korosensei?"

'Too many questions,' Nik sighs, picking one of the questions, "Yep, I like Karaoke."

---

"Is it my turn?" Nik turns to question as he watches the kids jog around the field. Revy lies beside him on the grass, arms sprawled and thoroughly exhausted. The tall yellow creature with a perpetually toothy grin suddenly has a lounge chair in his hands, which he sets beside Nik. The host would wonder if Korosensei had tricks like their kind if he didn't know about the latter's speed.

"Nuhuhuhuhu," Korosensei snickers in his otherworldly ways. "As co-workers, I want to make you as comfortable as possible."

"Is that why you refurbished the nurse's office for Ray?" Nik smirks.

"Of course!" the creature admits, revealing why Nik would call *'It'* a *'He.'*

"Ray is adorable~!" His yellow face turns pink as Nik rolls his eyes. "Yeah, she is. Again, I'm sorry about this morning."

"Do you fear me?" Korosensei grins.

"I'd be stupid not to fear you," Nik smiles. "However, I also have a limited time appointed to bitch about it. I get issues, then I get more issues, making me forget my previous problems."

"That is true," Koro sips on a glass of juice. Not to be outdone by the creature, Nik clenches his left hand around a cup of tea.

"Oh! I'm truly interested in your kind." Korosensei muses. "What are you, an alien?"

"You're asking that?" Nik scoffs.

"I'm very much a human!" Korosensei snaps, exhaling steam from... somewhere on his round head as he continues, "And your trick yesterday was amazing, too. I never thought a human could release such delicate vibrations." The creature extends his tentacle hand. "I suspect it's

similar to a bat's sonar, yes? My skin is sensitive to the minutest change, so I could neutralize the vibration by vibrating my body like this."

His tentacles let out a high-pitched noise that irritates the sleeping Revy enough to make her frown until Nik pats her head, brushing her hair. "Wow!" Nik blinks. "Her hair is softer, too!"

"Of course!" Korosensei replies smugly.

"So?" Nik questions. "Why are you telling me one of your tricks?"

"Ah, it's simple," Korosensei's voice deepens. Green stripes appear on his face as he looks down upon Nik from a higher position, "It's to make things interesting. You three are now part of my game. So, try hard, Nik Faran. You'll have to if you expect to live."

"Hmm?"

Nik frowns while Revy slowly opens her eyes.

"Did you believe I would allow anyone to enter this game without consequences?" Korosensei's grin seems to broaden.

**[Nut-Cracking-Messiah:** Your favorite Korosensei is threatening me. Any idea why?]

"Your kind likes to throw the rules out of the damn window," Koro continues. "I almost killed your peers in New York a few days ago before they disappeared from the spot."

**[Smexy-succu-succu:** Yeah, things changed. I'm a little too scared to come out right away.]

A tentacle taps Nik's head as Koro whispers, "You're dead." The green stripes intensify around his face. "It will be that easy, Nik."

Revy quietly reaches for her gun as another tentacle puts her pistol on her stomach, "There you go, Revy."

Koro's mouth parts open, revealing his once flat teeth as rows of sharp skull crushers as he concludes, "Don't misunderstand. I'm the prey, and you are the predator. Seduce me if you have to, be the woman who blinded the boy with love if you need to, stab me in the back if that's what you care about—but make it more interesting for me."

Nik keeps staring at Korosensei, a little unnerved by the arrogance in the latter's beady eyes. "Or you can run."

"Or I can run," Nik whispers.

“However,” Korosensei leans forward. Unknown to Nik, every student stopped running a while ago as they watched Revy quietly pointing a gun at the octopus’ head. Meanwhile, Korosensei wrapped a tentacle around Nik’s neck. “—if you stay, I will help you with one issue you’re haunted by. I’m good at what I do, Nik.”

The green stripes fade from his face, and all that remains is a sincere grin. “I can smell a man’s weakness. I can help you.”

“If I don’t run away,” Nik affirms. “You’re good.” The incubus admits. “You were once a human. I get it now. I’m the predator, and you’re the prey. You are not treating us as co-workers at all. And I don’t need someone from the classroom to know those green stripes mean you’re looking down on us.”

Koro reclines on his chair, letting go of Nik. “Nyuhuhu! What can I say? I tend to look down on things even if they’re new and exciting!”

Nik stares at his supposed target before lying back on the grass, relieving Revy’s tension.

A familiar, seductive, yet powerful voice fills his senses.

—“*If your customers aren’t satisfied, you did something wrong. Your method was wrong.*”—

‘I never knew a yellow octopus could be so damn attractive.’

It’s as he said, he has issues. He always did.

However, a new problem always finds its way into his lap, making him focus on the future instead.

“You’ve got a stupid grin on your face,” Revy snorts, lying beside him.

“That’s because he just found how effective his class can be,” Koro snickers. “Consider it a repayment of your earlier stunt.”

“You seem reasonable, Koro. I’ll hold you to the end of your bargain.” Nik closes his eyes. His mind still recollects the distasteful memory, but he chooses to trust someone more experienced than him can help. After all, like Koro, Nik can sense issues to seduce someone. Whether he likes to admit it or not, he’s pulled similar crap on the girls he likes, too. For instance, Balalaika.

**[Smexy-succu-succu:** Man, that’s why some hosts should go through metamaterial before pulling stunts and making missions difficult for us!]

**[Nut-Cracking-Messiah:** Nah, it’ll be fine. He’s a teacher. That’s one rule he wouldn’t want to break.]

**[Smexy-succu-succu:** Uh, sorry to rain on your parade, but I already knew that. Remember? I know things. Oh, and be sure to stop by after your meeting. I want your help.]

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**Alternate Title:** Revy Stacks The Bill; Revy's New Skin Care Routine; A Hairdo; The Art of Seduction; A Rocky Beginning; Pity?; Strategy and Seduction; Ends Justify The Means; An Introductory Class; Attraction and Seduction; The Tenets of Seduction; The Curious Class; The Chosen One?; The Story; The Boy's Dead, He Doesn't Exist; The Strange Girl; Nik's Unhinged Advice; The Chatty Classroom; The Change; Ray's Bubble Bursts; The Intimidation; Oh, Nik Has Some Pictures; A Man's Curiosity; Koro Can Do Whatever Nik Can Better; The Alien Rizz; Koro The Rizzard; The Seductive Rizz; Manipulative Rizz; Nik Encouraging Children To become Like Aizen; Nik: Everything Was Part of My Seduction Tactic; Revy's About To Get a Week-Long Break; The Loyal Two Hands; A Sleeping Beauty; A Proposition; Koro Casually Making OG Toph Blind For Real; Koro And His Vibrating Tentacles; Life Is Filled With Issues

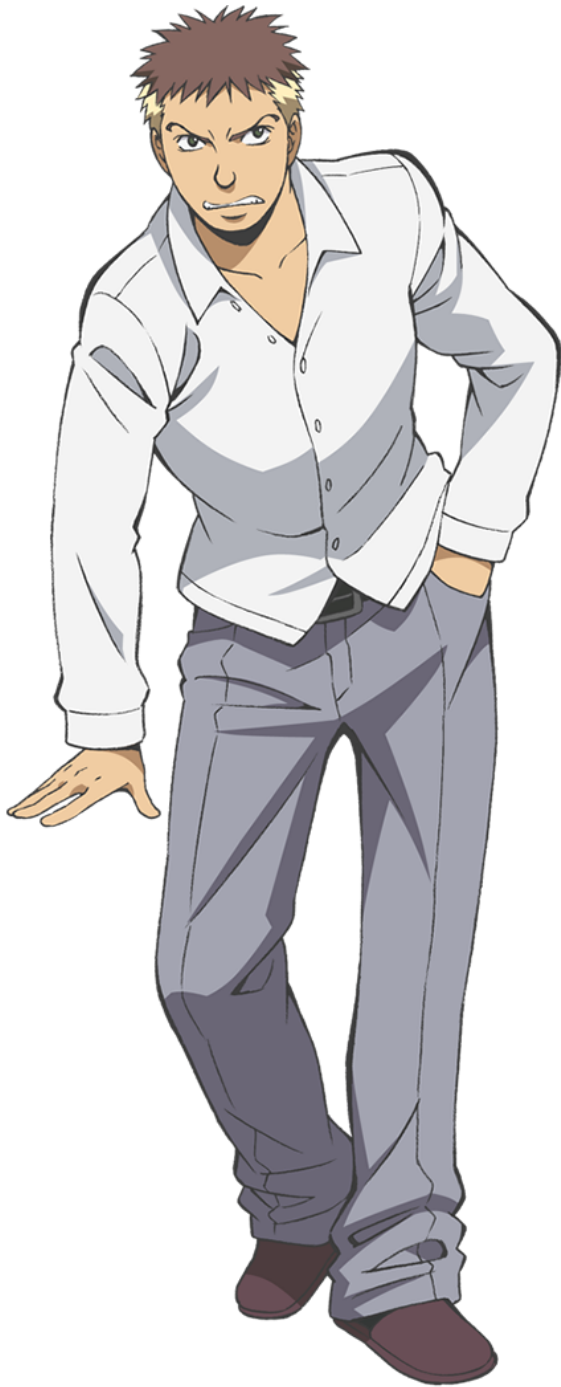
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Nagisa Shiota



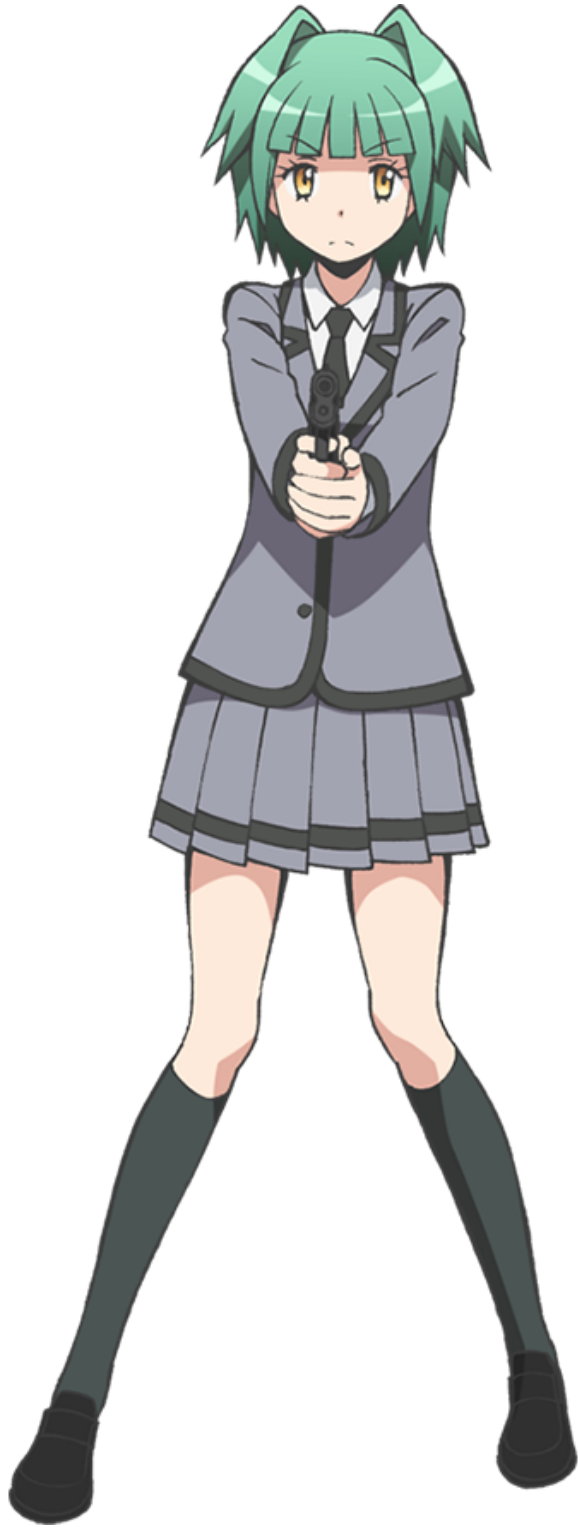
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Ryoma Teresaka



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Kaede Kayano



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Kotaro Takebayashi



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Hinata Okano



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Nik's Status

**[Name: Nik Faran**

**Age: 20 (90)**

**Code: GC—EHG—98034**

**Authority Rank: 1 (19.1→4.1/100)**

**Paradise: Reincarnation**

**Title: Reincarnation Intern**

**Bloodline: Twilight Spirit (Uncommon)**

**Physique: 6.9**

**Mental: 8.3**

**Energy: 105]**

**[Stats are relative to the most common species in the Multiverse—Humanoid Homo Sapien.]**

**[Authority Rank: 1**

**Benefits:**

- 1) Chat Module Unlocked.**
- 2) Additional transmigration vacation: 504 hours.**
- 3) Reincarnation Trading Facility (New)**
- 4) Reincarnation Chamber (New)]**

**[Skills:**

**1) Freedom Paradox Source: A being unbound by metaphysical shackles and restrictions around itself yet bound by its own. (Additional Info: An external existence binds the skill to the Host.)**

**2) Water Element Mastery (Master): The manipulation and enlightenment of water in nature or through one's creation in the realm of a master. (Additional Info: Through constant training, a novice turns into an expert, and an expert reaches the realm of a master.)**

**3) Fire Element Mastery (Master): The manipulation and enlightenment of fire in nature or through one's creation in the realm of an expert. (Additional Info: Through constant training, a novice turns into an expert, and an expert reaches the realm of a master.)**

**4) Earth Element Mastery (Master):** The manipulation and enlightenment of earth in nature or through one's creation in the realm of a master. (Additional Info: Through constant training, a novice turns into an expert, and an expert reaches the realm of a master.)

**5) Wind Element Mastery (Expert):** The manipulation and enlightenment of wind in nature or through one's creation in the realm of a master. (Additional Info: Through constant training, a novice turns into an expert, and an expert reaches the realm of a master.)

**6) Limitless Library:** Any experience seen or heard can be registered and later looked up once again in this library within one's consciousness. (Additional Info: The library is not part of the biological function of the user.)

**6) Death Eater:** The ability to consume spirits and souls to strengthen one's metaphysical reserves by a portion of the soul digested. (Additional Info: The remaining part of the soul tainted by causality escapes without the ability to refine it all.)

**7) Twilight Thief:** Beguile anyone with lower or equal mental prowess and rob them of their mental independence until the user wills so with a lock of gaze. Only usable on a single person at a time. (Additional Info: The affected party is unaware of the truth even if freed.)

**8) Flames of Nirvana:** Creates flames with absolute healing ability that shift reality. Fire does not consume spirit energy but the lifespan of the user. These flames can cure any disease and injury, spiritual or physical, as long as a sufficient lifespan is available. (Additional Info: Flames of Nirvana are golden in color.)

#### **Bloodline—**

**1) Twilight's Charm:** Allows the user to charm a slightly mentally stronger individual despite their orientation through the user's pheromones. The result is affected by the target's mind and the additional effort used by the user. (Additional Info: This is an active skill that doesn't need a cooldown)]

**2) Twilight Pupils:** A look into the user's eyes can make the target unconscious or suffer disorientation if the target has equal or stronger mental fortitude than the user. The cost of this skill is directly related to the opponent's strength and is usable once every hour. (Additional Info: User may suffer injury if the enemy is powerful by a wide margin.)]

**[Name: Ray Petit**  
**Age: 22 (499)**  
**Code: EC—FGN—70099**  
**Authority Rank: 1(85.3→1/100)**  
**Paradise: Reincarnation**  
**Title: Reincarnation Intern**

**Bloodline: Unchained Lilith (Epic)**

**Physique: 4 (30.2)**  
**Mental: 58**  
**Energy: 40 (689)]**

**[Stats are relative to the most common species in the Multiverse—Humanoid Homo Sapien.]**