



KAREN BRUSHING

HEROINE BOOK 7: FIRE SISTERS

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TRANSLATION: TRAUBEN SAFT

Brushing her teeth is a girl's dedication, her daily ritual. But something becoming a habit also means that you become oblivious to changes. I, Araragi Karen, hadn't been aware of that, not until that day, that morning, and that time, when I felt it.

“Ow!”

“What is it, Karen-chan? My dear sister?”

My brother, hearing his sister's scream, came rushing into the bathroom. I pulled the toothbrush out of my mouth and explained myself.

“I-It's nothing! My back teeth don't hurt at all. I don't have a cavity. So I don't have to go to the dentist.”

“So your back teeth hurt, you have a cavity and have to go to the dentist, huh...”

My brother looked at me compassionately.

To look at your sister with such sorrowful eyes...

“N-No! There's no way I'm going! We don't even know for sure whether I have a cavity yet!”

“People with cavities always deny that they have them, for some reason... Just face the reality. I mean, why is someone like you, who’s brawling all the time, afraid of the dentist? Being punched in the face is a lot more painful than a cavity, right?”

My brother was right, but, but this is just not something you can rationalize.

If you don’t like something you don’t like it, and if you’re afraid of something then you’re afraid of it. Dammit, how could I get a cavity even though I brush my teeth every morning and evening? I feel like I wasted some serious time and effort.

“Is that so... Well, if you really don’t want to go, then I’ll respect that, as your brother.”

He shrugged, giving in.

Hm? What did he mean by that?

“You might be afraid of the dentist, but you’re not afraid of your brother, right? I’ll examine you, so come with me.” my brother said, grinning and turning his head, beckoning me.

Wow, just as I’d expect of him! So reliable!

“Okay, so undress your upper body and lie down on the bed,” demanded my brother, equipping himself with a surgical mask and an apron, just as he had taken me into his room.

What? Undress? Why would I have to do that when he’s not even going to use a stethoscope?

“What are you saying, you moron. Spit and blood could fly out while I’m examining your cavity. Your precious tracksuit could get dirty!”

“Oh, right! I see! Just as expected of my big bro, you’re so clever!”

Having heard that perfect explanation that left no room for any further doubts, I quickly took my tracksuit, T-shirt and sports bra off all at once and stretched out on the bed. I folded the pillow and used it as a headrest.

However, this *is* still a bit embarrassing, after all...

Getting naked in front of my brother again...

“What are you talking about *again*, you moron. If you go to a real dentist, they’ll take an X-ray. They won’t look at your naked body, but

right through you, down to your bones! If you think about that, what's the deal with exposing your upper body?"

He was right. I really had scales falling from my eyes.

I *do* get the feeling that maybe I should be wearing the apron he's wearing right now, and *maybe* it would've been better to be honest with myself and go to a dentist rather than getting myself treated by an amateur, but well, my big bro can't do anything wrong!

... For some reason he was very smooth about that, but didn't he say something about blood flying out?

"Don't worry. I've studied quite a bit about the oral cavity since the last time I brushed your teeth."

Why don't you study for your entrance exams.

Even though you're my brother, when you're standing there beside my bed, wearing a surgical mask, an apron and without a dental license, your pervert level goes up significantly.

"Assistant!"

As the perverted quack snapped his fingers, a young girl in a white lab coat appeared from somewhere. A young girl, about eight years old. I could see that she was blond from the few stray hairs peeking out from behind the mask and cap she wore, but they otherwise made it impossible to tell who she was at all. Quite unlike my brother, she looked beautiful even with the mask on.

But hey, who even is that?

A stranger young girl in our house... She has to be quite the *enfant terrible*!⁶¹

"Don't worry. This is my assistant I hired in exchange for three French crullers."

⁶¹ "Enfant terrible" (アンファンテリブル, *anfan teriburu*) is a French expression (literally meaning "unruly child") that originally refers to a child who embarrasses his parents with candid remarks, but evolved to describe a successful artist or creative "genius" who compromises his associates by acting unconventionally or offensively.

Now I'm worried! He hired this dental assistant for a shockingly low wage which could be less than 300 yen, depending on the circumstances!

The young girl, no, the assistant, silently pushed a cart in.

I couldn't see very well lying down, but in the metal tray on top were, unexpectedly, various dentist's tools.

A dental mirror, a scraper, a pin set.

Also, some other tools I didn't know the name of.

"Names? Those are surgical scissors, for example."

"That sounds like a weapon already!"⁶²

"You use it to cut the gums."

"It's a torturing tool, more or less!"

Ignoring my remarks, the assistant prepared different things around the bed. She went about setting up electronic devices like an ultrasonic scaler (the one that goes "screech"), a drill (the one that goes "grrrrr"), surgical lights... Where on Earth had genuine medical equipment like this been hiding around our house? It was almost as if it were hidden inside of someone's shadow.

There didn't seem to be water-supplying equipment for gargling after all, but in place of that, there was a wash bowl.

"You're not going to pull out my teeth with things that look like pliers, right?"

"Hmph. By the way, because 'pulling teeth' and 'removing stitches' are homonyms in Japanese, the latter is referred to in a slightly different way among dentists," my brother said, demonstrating knowledge that didn't make it sound like he was actually knowledgeable, but had just memorized something.⁶³

⁶² Koyomi uses a very technical term when referring to the tool, 齒肉剪刀 (*shiniku sentou*). Karen probably says that it sounds like a weapon because it has 刀, the character for "sword" or "dagger" (among others), in it.

⁶³ The words used here in the original are 抜齒 (*basshi*, "pulling teeth") and 抜糸 (*basshi*, "removing stitches"). In order to avoid confusion, the latter is also pronounced *batsuito*.

“Well, I can’t tell you anything before I’ve had a look, but *if* I pull out teeth I’m going to use an escalator, so it’s okay.”

“Escalator?”

Is that some kind of system like at the Tsuga-no-ki middle school I’m going to, that lets you progress smoothly to high school? Does that mean that you can pull out teeth just as smoothly?

“In Japanese, you write it ‘levver’. It’s something like a flathead screwdriver.”

“So it’s just a screwdriver then!”

You read it as “lever”, normally!⁶⁴

Don’t pull out your sister’s teeth using the lever principle!

“Really? Well, then I won’t pull your teeth. Even though I want to aim for a complete cure while I’m at it anyway...”

Complete cure? Well, since he’s examining me anyway, I also want to be cured completely, but...

“By the way, with ‘complete cure’ we mean a treatment with root canal therapy. It’s a type of treatment where a thin needle is used to scrape out the nerves from beneath the tooth’s roots,” muttered the assistant in a strangely old-fashioned way.⁶⁵

Technical dentist speech is so confusing!

“Okay, open your mouth.”

“Aaah...”

I opened my mouth, doing as I was told.

Was I following my brother’s orders a bit too thoughtlessly?

“I said it before, but your teeth are really beautiful. If you look at the backsides with a mirror, their beauty really stands out.”

⁶⁴ This doesn’t make sense in English and other alphabetic languages, where you can see how a word is written and pronounced when you look at it. In Japanese, Koyomi wrongly pronounces the word 槌子 as *teishi*, when it is really pronounced *teko* (which Karen points out).

⁶⁵ When he brings up the “complete cure”, Koyomi uses the term 根治 (*konji*), which means just that. Shinobu, however, subsequently says that 根治 is actually an abbreviation for 根管治療 (*konkan chiryou*, “root canal therapy”).

I don't get embarrassed easily, but even my sense of shame kicks in when thinking of how the backsides of my teeth are being looked at with a mirror. I have the feeling that, in a sense, having every part of your mouth examined is even more embarrassing than exposing your upper body...

"Hey, you have thirty-two teeth. Your third molars, they're out, all four of them."

"Fhwat? Weally?"

I tilted my head, with my mouth still open.

I never stare at the inside of my mouth, so I hadn't even realized that.

"The third molars normally start coming out when you're about my age... But well, you're growing fast here and there, I guess," my brother said adoringly, softly stroking my breasts and continuing with the examination. Wait, did my brother really just, without any hesitation, grope his sister's breasts?

"Speaking of which, the third molars are also called wisdom teeth. Since you have already all four of them, aren't you already a wise lady for your age?"⁶⁶

Being flattered like that made me feel better!

Because of that, I'm generously going to pretend the feeling of having my breasts groped was only my imagination.

"Assistant!"

The young girl, called upon by my brother, carelessly pulled at my lips. Oh, my lips are turned inside out! Having the fingers of several people being stuffed into your mouth *really* feels like you're being messed around with.

Why do they seem to have some kind of telepathic connection, these two?!

Really, who is this blond young girl?

Having not only my brother, but also a small girl of the same gender tormenting me sets my alarm bells off. Because my chest is out, they could

⁶⁶ In Japan, wisdom teeth are generally called 親知らず (*oyashirazu*). Directly translated, it means "[the teeth which] your parents don't know about".

see how fast my heart's beating! Embarrassing! What really may be embarrassing is that I'm exposing my chest in front of a young girl I don't even know, but...

"Wisdom teeth are hard to reach with a brush, so cavities can form pretty quickly there. But yours are all grown out neatly, so it seems like we don't have to worry about that... Hmmm, Karen-chan, I can't find a single cavity on your back teeth, let alone your front teeth," said my brother, after having fumbled around mercilessly in another person's mouth.

Eh? Really? I don't have a cavity? Well, if that really was the case, that'd be really good, but...

"From one to eight, they're all As."

Wait, teeth with cavities are called Cs, but you don't really call teeth without them As.

The amateur is exposing himself.

Hm, was it just a case of hypersensitivity, then?

I don't know what kind of condition hypersensitivity is, but...

"Wait, wait, it's too early to come to a conclusion already, Karen-chan. Even if your teeth are fine, there could be a problem with your gums."

"My gums? So, you're not going to use the surgical scissors you talked about earlier, right?"

That really makes me shudder.

Having your gums cut open... I'd rather have my teeth pulled out...

"Sometimes, the gums swell up from the same bacteria that are causing cavities. The gums are the flesh that holds the teeth, so normally, they are tight like this," said my brother, stroking my abs, and then continued "and when they're affected by the bacteria, they swell up like this," stroking my breasts.

He really groped them this time! And pretty firmly at that!

It had been hard to miss.

"Because of that, I'll check your periodontal pockets. Assistant?"

Doesn't he just want to say "assistant"...?

However, the young girl assistant, as if a reward of three donuts were something very desirable, brought the medicine my brother had silently requested.

Medicine? He's going to use medicine? An amateur?

"Come on, it's just wax. I'll put it on your lips so that they don't get hurt."

Is he going to do something that would hurt my lips? To his sister?

Without worrying about that, my brother spread the wax on my lips with his little finger. Because he had scooped it up with his little finger, he way he spread it felt really fetishistic.

"Assistant! No, no, not that, that's the bone file."

Don't mistake something for a tool with that dangerous of a name!

You could understand each other just fine without words up to this moment, so why now?

However, the tool that was handed over to my brother instead didn't look very safe either... Well, most dentist tools are pointy.

"This is called a probe. It's a tool that measures the depth of your periodontal pockets. I'm going to check your gums by poking them with the tip of this."

Why does he say it like that...

Are you really going to poke at something that could be swollen up with a sharp object like this?

"If it hurts, please scream."

"You mean I should raise my right hand or something, right!?"

"Well then, I'll start with the front teeth. Here we go."

"Ah! Oh! A-A-Ah!"

I didn't let out a scream, but weird sounds.

Having an unknown area—somewhere where nobody had ever touched me, even deeper and further inside than the inside of my mouth—poked at, made my delicate pride fall apart.

I'm being played with.

But, that feeling of having given up everything defenselessly... doesn't feel necessarily bad at all!

“Hmmm, I could get used to this...” my brother was also opening up to some weird feelings... If it went on like this, an accident from the past could repeat itself. Because there are three people (one of them a young girl) and an assortment of special tools this time, it feels significantly worse.

“I have to practice this for the day I’ll do this to a beloved person.”

Don’t use the mouth of your sister as something to practice on!

And don’t do this to a beloved person.

“Assistant, the cotton rolls, please. I’ll stuff those into Karen-chan’s mouth.”

This time, my brother properly named what he wanted so the assistant wouldn’t make a mistake again, but what is a cotton roll?

Don’t stuff some dubious stuff into my mouth, okay?

My heart had been fluttering, but cotton rolls were just those cylinder-shaped pieces of cotton after all.⁶⁷ Those things that you use to create spaces inside of the mouth so that it becomes easier to examine it. Having my lips pulled apart by the young girl assistant had become pretty painful, so I was happy to have those.

“Fugou!”

The voice I let out this time wasn’t even weird, but just ugly... If you just go by the words, you’d think of some wealthy guy, but if you had five pieces of cotton stuffed in your mouth all at once, everyone would react that way.⁶⁸

That quack doctor (even though he’s a false doctor!).

Looking at myself in the mirror attached to the surgical light, I saw that my face was all deformed and it looked like I was being prepared for some mysterious kind of role!

Then it came.

⁶⁷ Sounds strange in English, but Koyomi first uses the term ロールワッテ (*rouru watte*) here. Because *watte* is a foreign word (it comes from German, meaning “cotton”), you don’t immediately know what it is in Japanese.

⁶⁸ The sound Karen makes here, ふごうっ (*fugou*) sounds like 富豪 (*fugou*, “wealthy person”).

The pain that had been suppressed by being ogled and pricked by my brother grew stronger again. At that pain that really felt like my nerves were being scraped out directly, I threw my head back on reflex.

I spit out all the cotton.

“A-Are you okay, Karen-chan? Assistant, do we have a syringe or anesthetics?”

Stop.

Stop that, please.

I was more afraid of being given an injection by an amateur than being punched or having a cavity!

... However, directly piercing the part where it hurts and injecting anesthetics... Dentists do some crazy stuff.

“Eye doctors do stuff like injecting something into the back of the eyelid. Even someone like me, who desperately wants to lick Hanekawa’s eyes, thinks that that’s a bit too much.”

“...”

I shivered, having come to know that there was someone in my family that had the egregious, no, repugnant desire to lick his classmate’s eyes.

That fact became a mental anesthesia for me, and I was able to forget the pain for a moment.

Having patients forget their pains... This false doctor could, surprisingly, be a genius!

Well, among doctors without a license, there are people like Black Jack, after all... You could even say that judging from her appearance, that young girl assistant looks like Pinoko dragging along scrubs.⁶⁹

“Is that so. Well, then I don’t have to inject you with anesthetics I guess...”

My brother looked a bit disappointed saying that.

⁶⁹ *Black Jack* is an anime that revolves around an unlicensed surgeon named Black Jack healing other people while charging high fees. He has an assistant named Pinoko.

Wanting to give your sister an anesthetic injection is a pretty disgusting desire in itself... Why should the main character fall apart just because the series ended?

“Hey, I just wanted to see my sister, unable to properly close her mouth due to the injection, having drool and leftover food dribble from the sides of her mouth.”

“Oh, so that’s what it was! I’m relieved!”

“But there also seems to be nothing wrong with your periodontal pockets... Your gums are just as tight as those abs.”

As if to compare them to the texture of my gums, my brother caressed my muscles. You know, just because they’re abs, that doesn’t mean you can touch them, okay?

“Hmm, so maybe it was hypersensitivity after all. That’s a problem in and of itself, but...”

Diagnosing me like that, my brother poked the back of my palate with the scraper.

“Ah, ah,” I said, reacting overly sensitively. No, I don’t know the real definition, but that’s not what hypersensitivity means, right?

Don’t get addicted to poking around in your sister’s mouth with a needle.

“Okay, so then let’s end the treatment for now and just make some provisions,” said my brother like a real dentist.

But wait, does provision mean that he’s going to brush my teeth again, like that one time? Is he going to brush them?

He chuckled. “Even more than that!”

Even more than that!?

“Karen-chan, unlike that day, I’m a dentist today. I’m not going to *just* brush your teeth!”

How reliable! Even though you’re not a dentist today either! Even though you’re the same big brother, just like that day!

“When it comes to cavities, taking precautions is important. I’ve prepared not only a normal toothbrush, but also an electric one, interdental

brushes and even floss. I'm going to make your teeth sparkle, distal to medial!"

I'm going to be made sparkly!

My brother tightened the thread of floss like some kind of killer... Overflowing with the healthy courage of wanting to brush his sister's teeth.

No, that's not healthy.

But... Since he's brushing my teeth, isn't it healthy after all?⁷⁰

"Okay, open your mouth wide! Stick your tongue out!"

"Aaah"

"The backside of a tongue really kinda looks like exposed intestines..."

Is that what you say to someone who just stuck out her tongue?

He says that like he has seen exposed intestines before...

"Squishy-squishy"

Don't touch exposed intestines with a thread of floss!

I get the feeling my tongue's going to be cut off, even though I didn't even lie to anyone!

... It's pulled out if you're a liar, and it's cut off for... sparrows when they've eaten glue? Was that it?⁷¹

"Screechy-screechy"

"Fwont himifate founs hike fhis! (Don't imitate sounds like this!)" I remarked with an expression in parentheses like in a manga, but my brother was fully occupied with cleaning the inside of my mouth. I didn't say anything else because I didn't want to be a hindrance... But that screeching made it sound like my teeth were being cut off with a saw...

⁷⁰ Another wordplay based on homonyms. It has been translated here as "healthy courage" to help this part make some sense, but in Japanese, the expression used is 軒昂なる気概 (*kenkou naru kigai*, "high-spirited courage"). 軒昂 (*kenkou*, "high-spirited") and 健康 (*kenkou*, "health") are pronounced the same, so Karen is able to make a sneaky remark about her own narration here.

⁷¹ Karen is referring to the traditional fable of the Tongue-Cut Sparrow (舌切り雀, *shita-kiri suzume*), where a kind old man helps an injured sparrow, but his avaricious wife cuts off the bird's tongue after discovering it ate some glue that was meant to repair a ladder even though she had no intention of feeding it.

Entrusting him with the spaces between my teeth, even harder to reach than their back side even for a real dentist... That ultimate passiveness let a feeling bloom in my bosom, a feeling I'd never savored before, a feeling without a name... Just when I was about to drown in that feeling...

“Blurgh! Blurghgurhulh!”

I literally drowned.

I wasn't able to tell what happened to me.

I was just as shocked as the first time I had been on the receiving end of a power move from my master, or just as confused as when that conman did something to me.

How could I drown if I was on land? I was really confused, but once I noticed it, it was clear what was happening to my body.

The young girl assistant at the side of the bed had, without me noticing it, put a strange electric apparatus in my mouth and was releasing a torrent of water from it.

“Three-way syringe.”

The young girl uttered, in a noble voice, the name of the device that sounded like a move in a fantasy battle—no, I was the one with that thing in her mouth.⁷²

So that's what it was! I didn't know its name, but it's that tool that can shoot out water, mist and air! But even then, the torrent is way too strong! No, too much!

Don't shower my mouth with a stream of water so strong that it's affecting the narrative parts of the story!

Does that assistant dislike me? Could it be that she tried to pass that dangerous-sounding thing earlier on purpose?

“Hah... My sister is lying on the bed, with a foaming mouth and drowning... I feel like drowning in that sight myself...”

⁷² In Japanese, Shinobu saying the name of the device is written with the verb 口にする (*kuchi ni suru*, literally “to take inside one's mouth”, meaning “to say something”). That's why Karen adds that last bit of the sentence.

This time, my brother looked like he was drowning in a nameless emotion (what a terrible reciprocal effect!), but he didn't forget his duties as a doctor (even if he's not really one) and issued an order toward the little assistant.

"Aspirator!"

Great, finally I'll be freed from this torrent of water... Hey, hwaah! My tongue is being sucked at! She *really* is doing this on purpose, this young girl! What does this assistant even *assist* my brother in!?

"Electric toothbrush!"

Uwaaah! An amount of rotations that could never be reproduced by humans!

"Ultrasonic scaler!"

Nooo! My plaque is being removed by an orchestra of blackboard-scratching sounds resonating relentlessly in my skull!

"Inter-dental brush!"

Ow! The spaces between my teeth are cleaned vigorously, like test tubes in a laboratory!

"Dental impression!"

Stop it! Don't test how I put my teeth together... Hm, this one doesn't really hurt or itch...

I just bit on a dry, thin piece of paper.

But then, as if to mock my short moment of carelessness, that pain overcame me for the third time. I spit out all the water in my mouth that the aspirator hadn't removed.

Spitting out all the water left in my mouth until nothing was left... In what seemed like a funny turn of events with a bit of rhetoric mixed in resulted in my brother, the little assistant and my upper body completely drenched.

Good thing I took off my jersey.

There also was a feeling of satisfaction that I had been able to strike back at the little assistant, who had tormented me so much. But a strong pain that I couldn't suppress with those feelings ran along the insides of my mouth.

Not able to lie on my back anymore, I did a somersault. But even then I couldn't get over the pain, it just grew.

"What is this, you don't have any cavities, right? Hm? Wait, maybe..."

Wiping of the water I had spit on him with a towel, my brother did a eureka pose, like a doctor who had found a hidden lesion.

He's really exaggerating it.

"Karen-chan, I'll inspect you one more time."

"N-No. It hurts, it hurts, it hurts. I don't want to anymore. I don't want to because it hurts."

"It's okay, I'll just poke your cheek a little."

Is he going to palpate from the outside of my cheek? Maybe that'll hurt too, but if he doesn't touch my teeth directly, I could deal with it, maybe.

"O-Okay, then go ahead."

It was already hard to keep still for the palpation, but the little assistant grabbed my shoulder—me still being a bit dizzy from the somersault—and forcibly pushed me down on my back. This young girl is really strong for some reason!

"So-Softly, okay? Poke me softly, okay?"

I was out of character regarding my choice of words, but I just feared the pain that much. My brother, smiling at his poor sister like that, said, "Yeah, I'll do it softly," and poked my cheek.

From the inside.

"Uwaaaaaaaaah!"

I let out a scream and, before noticing it, bit my brother's finger.

I tasted my brother's finger, but compared to the lightning bolt of pain that had run alongside the inside of my cheek, it had been nothing special.

My brother growled, holding back the pain. As if he were used to being bitten (what kind of life is that?) he quickly pulled his finger from my mouth.

"Wha-Whatwhatwhat? What did you do? Did you use your fingernails? Are you going to examine my scraped-off mucosal cells under a microscope?"

Being poked from the inside had been unexpected, but even then, why does having your cheek poked hurt so much?

“Karen-chan. You don’t have cavities.”

My brother presented his examination results, licking his finger like a swordmaster licks his blade. I’m sure he’s doing that in order to ease the pain, but that finger was in my mouth until just now...

“N-No cavity? What is it then?”

“Mouth ulcer. An inflammation of the mouth mucosa. You’re one of the Fire Sisters, after all.”

Mouth ulcer? Because I’m one of the Fire Sisters?

Isn’t that last bit unnecessary?

So that’s why it hurt when I bit on the paper!

They say mouth ulcers tend to form where you’re likely to bite!

Of course, it also hurt when I had the cotton put in—after all, I had it pressed on the affected part pretty hard.

As I was grasping the situation, the tension also went away.

It hurts just as much as a cavity, but looking into the future, it’s not as bad at all! Maybe it’ll even heal naturally.

I was happy that I didn’t have to go to the dentist, but I couldn’t help but think about the meaning of the farce that had been happening in this room.

“You have to properly care for the inside of the mouth, not only the teeth, gums and tongue,” said my attending doctor, as if to wrap things up. But thinking about it, if it really is a mouth ulcer, couldn’t he have seen it without having to poke my cheek?

Well, I’ll take that pain as punishment for not taking care of my mouth properly...

I wanted to get up, but the little assistant didn’t let me go, keeping me pinned onto the bed.

Hm? Was there more?

“Of course. Even though it’s just a mouth ulcer, you shouldn’t underestimate it. If germs get in, it could become worse. As a finishing touch, I’m going to sterilize your mouth,” said my brother and took out a

small bottle of one-time-use mouth wash. Alright, he wants me to gargle with that. That's where the wash bowl comes in.

Because he had been right about the mouth ulcer, I was going to obey him and stretched out my hand, but he didn't pass me the mini-bottle.

"?"

"Hey hey, Karen-chan, I don't think someone like you, who just spit out water like some kind of magician earlier, can properly gargle."

Hmm.

Feeling like I was being laughed at for not even being able to gargle was upsetting, but looking at my drenched body, I can't really argue against that.

It'd be unseemly to drool all over the place despite not even having been anesthetized. As someone with all her third molars—that is, her wisdom teeth—out, I should bow my head.

"But, what are you going to do then? Tell me, big bro."

"There's only one way. I'll sterilize your mouth..."

My brother stylishly flipped open the mouth wash's cap with his thumb and drank up the liquid in one go.

No, he only stored it in his cheeks.

"... by mouth-to-mouth feeding."



"Whew! I managed to get my immortality-infused saliva all over Karen-chan's oral cavity. With that, no matter if it's cavities or mouth ulcers, there's no doubt it'll completely heal, right Shinobu?"

"You siblings are affected by something way worse."