**Classroom**

She gets me to do manual labor for all of lunch, getting to move various things in and out of the gym in preparation for an assembly of some sorts. It’s actually not too bad, especially given that yesterday Mara almost stabbed me with a fork.

It’s still tiring, though, and I spend the rest of the school day exhausted. Unable to pay attention anyways, I fall asleep during our last class, but thankfully Ms. Tran has pity on me and decides to leave me be until the day ends.

Half of my classmates have already left by the time I wake up, Asher included. Replacing him, however, is a petite, delicate girl sitting in the desk next to mine, nervously trying to ignore all of my curious peers.

Prim: Um, good morning…

Prim: I mean, good afternoon.

Pro: Prim? What are you doing here? And where’s Asher?

Prim: He told me to wait here for you, and to meet him in the library after you wake up.

Prim: He said that you’d like it better this way, or something.

Huh? I mean, he’s not exactly wrong, but…

Pro: Oh, I see.

Pro: Sorry for making you wait.

Prim: I-It’s okay, don’t worry.

She looks away, fully and properly embarrassed. Not that I’m not, though.

Pro: Just give me a minute to pack up everything and we can go.

Prim: Okay.

A little flustered, I scramble to stuff all my belongings in my bag, now feeling a little guilty for making her sit there in front of everyone. However, in my rush I accidentally drop a pencil, and when I reach down to grab it my hand find something warm instead…

Prim: …!

Pro: Ah, sorry…

Prim: It’s alright…

Prim’s hand is really soft, and yet her fingers are actually quite strong…

Pro: I’ll get it, don’t worry.

I reach down to grab the pencil, fully aware of my racing heart. Thankfully, I’m able to finish cleaning up without any further incident, standing up and stretching once I do so. Resolving not to let things get awkward, I try to put on a normal face and turn to Prim.

Pro: You ready to try something new?

Prim: Um…

Prim: I guess.

Pro: That sounded kinda uncertain…

Prim: Oh, um, I mean…

Prim: Yes. I’m ready.

Pro: That’s more like it. Let’s get going then.

**School Library**

We head over to the library, not talking much on our way there. However, to my surprise Prim speaks up as we walk inside.

Prim: We met here, right…?

Pro: Huh? Oh yeah, I think we did…

And I knocked you over. Sorry about that…

Prim: I thought you were pretty scary at the time.

Pro: I don’t think I’m scary, though…

Prim: I know. You’re not, don’t worry.

We share a laugh for a moment, a golden moment that is unfortunately ruined by Asher, who calls out to us when he notices us.

Asher (waving smiling): Hey there.

Pro: Hey. So, what club is this?

Asher (neutral thinking): This is the, um…

Asher (neutral smiling): The literature club.

I freeze, suddenly hesitant to take another step forward. What if I discover a horrible truth about this world while I’m here…?

Asher (neutral concerned): Hm? What’s up? You look a little pale.

Pro: It’s nothing…

Pro: So, what do you guys do? Do you just read?

Asher (neutral thinking): Kind of. We read books together and then discuss them, and occasionally we also write short stories and stuff.

They write too? I’m kinda curious to see if Asher’s written anything, but if I mention it now then I’ll probably never get to find out…

Prim: U-Um…

Prim: What do you read usually?

Asher (neutral defensive): Uh, to be honest I don’t really participate in club activities…

Asher (neutral neutral): But they usually read novels, and occasionally things like light novels or manga.

Prim: Manga?

Asher (neutral neutral): Yeah.

Pro: That actually doesn’t sound too bad. But I still can’t really see why you joined.

Asher (neutral defensive): Let’s just say I had a very persuasive senior…

Pro: Hm?

Asher laughs nervously and tries to change the subject, piquing my interest even more.

Asher (neutral neutral): Anyways, since you guys are here for only a day let’s pick something short to read, and then we can talk about it or something. How’s that sound?

Pro: Sounds good to me.

Prim: Same.

Asher (neutral neutral): Great. So, Prim…

Prim starts when hearing her name, apparently still a little apprehensive of Asher.

Asher (neutral curious): What would you like to read?

Prim: Um…

Prim: …

Prim: I’d like to read a manga. If possible.

Asher stares at her in mild disbelief, probably having expected something else.

Asher (neutral smiling): Well then, a manga it is.