**Classroom**

I sink dejectedly into my desk when the lunch bell rings, wanting to go see Lilith but not wanting to subject myself to the swarm of piranhas that’ll probably be swarming around her.

Asher (neutral cheerful): Hey, Pro, did you hear? Lilith’s back.

Pro: I know. I saw her on Saturday.

Asher (neutral smiling): Yeah, figured. How did Petra react to you getting a head start?

Unsettled by his intuition, I try to play it cool and distant.

Pro: Petra? What if I haven’t seen her today? How would you know if I did?

Asher (neutral grinning): Just a hunch.

Pro: A hunch.

Asher (neutral grinning): That’s right.

Pro: Well…

Pro: She didn’t take it well at all.

Asher laughs at this, finding it funny that Petra acted so predictably…

Petra: May I ask what you’re laughing about?

…but once the object of his amusement shows up in the flesh, he abruptly stops.

Asher (downcast nervous): Nothing in particular.

Petra: Is that so?

Prim: Petra…

A rather worn-out Prim trots into the classroom, placing a stack of papers on Ms. Tran’s desk before joining us.

Prim: You made me carry everything…

Petra: Oh, sorry. I heard something interesting.

Petra: …

Petra: Ah, I’m sorry…

Petra: Café after school? Or after…

Prim: Maybe.

Prim: Um, Pro…

Pro: Hm? What’s up?

Prim: Um…

Prim: Do you have time after school?

Pro: Probably.

Prim: Then…

Prim: Do you wanna look at clubs again today? We don’t have to if you can’t…

Pro: Oh, no. Sure, let’s do it then.

Pro: Which club do you wanna go to?

Prim: Um, I’m not sure. Just felt like doing something today.

Pro: In that case, wanna visit the-

However, before I can finish my suggestion an unexpected interruption in the form of Ms. Tran appears.

Teacher: Petra…

Petra: Huh? Oh, hey. I brought the printouts, like you asked.

Teacher: Firstly, those are the wrong printouts. Secondly, I told you to bring them to your own classroom, not this one.

Petra: Huh? That’s strange…

Teacher: So, go back and get the proper ones.

Teacher: Unless…

Petra: No, no, no need to exert yourself. C’mon Petra, help me out…

Prim: Huh? Petra…?

Positively terrified, Petra quickly leaves, dragging a completely bewildered Prim with her.

Teacher: Well, that’s that.

Pro: Making the first years do your work too, huh…?

Teacher: Hm? Not at all. This much is normal.

Teacher: And besides, she was fooling around in class the other day, *and* she forgot to grab the printouts yesterday.

Pro: I mean, I guess that’s reasonable…

Pro: But what did you threaten her with? She seemed really pacified.

Teacher: That’s a secret.

Pro: I see…

Done with my line of questioning, she turns to Asher instead.

Teacher: You’ve been unusually quiet.

Asher (neutral confused): Huh? Me? I’m usually pretty quiet, though.

Teacher: Are you? I guess I may have lumped you in with all of your friends…

Asher (neutral neutral): That’s fair…

Teacher: But anyways, couldn’t you guys be a better influence on those two? Petra seems like she’s perpetually overcaffeinated, and Prim, well…

Teacher: She’s a kind and quiet girl, so I don’t like saying this, but in terms of academics she’s been taking on some Pro-like tendencies.

Pro: What’s that supposed to mean…?

Teacher: Before it was more or less excusable, but now…

She stops, lost in thought.

Teacher: Well, at the end of the day I guess this is a problem us teachers will have to deal with, not you guys.

Teacher: Sorry, I guess I went on and said a bit too much. Forget everything I said, okay?

Pro: Huh? That’d be pretty difficult, considering-

Teacher: Forget everything I said.

Pro: …

Pro: Yes ma’am.

She promptly leaves after ensuring our silence, allowing us to finally start eating in peace. Nothing really happens for the rest of lunch, except for one instance where Prim briefly runs by, being chased by a ravenous, “over-caffeinated” wolf.

What a lively day.