**Prim’s House**

By the time I started moving Prim had already disappeared from view, so I actually had to do quite a bit of searching. This combined with my lack of fitness made finding her quite a tall feat…

…but eventually I spot her looking up at a house, completely motionless.

Pro: Prim…

She starts when she notices me, apparently having not noticed that I was following her.

Prim: Pro…?

Prim: What are you doing here?

Pro: Huh? I could ask you the same thing.

Prim: Um…

Prim: I live here.

Pro: …

Pro: Oh.

Prim: So…

She looks at me expectantly, fidgeting around uncomfortably.

Pro: Well, you ran off without saying anything…

Pro: Of course we’d search for you.

Pro: More importantly, are you alright? You seemed pretty down earlier…

Instead of answering, though, she looks away, obviously upset but hesitant to share.

Prim: Um…

Prim: I-

However, before she can say anything the front door opens, and out comes the person who seems to be the cause of all of this…

Iris: What are you doing out here, Prim? Come inside.

Iris: …

Iris: It’s you again, huh?

Pro: Uh, yeah…

Pro: Nice to see you again.

Iris: Nice to see you again too.

She seems courteous enough, but for some reason I can’t help but get the feeling that I’m not wanted here…

Iris: Come inside, Prim. We’re gonna eat dinner soon.

Prim: …

Prim: Alright.

Prim: Um, Pro…

Prim: …

Prim: Maybe another time, okay?

Pro: Oh, alright…

Prim: See you.

Pro: Yeah, see you.

I watch as Prim follows her sister into their house, locking the door behind herself after one last glance towards me. She tries to put on a smile, but her eyes are still full of pain.

What exactly happened…?

**Front of House**

I realize on the way home that I don’t have Petra’s number saved on my new phone, making texting her basically impossible. She’ll probably give me and earful tomorrow…

Petra: So?

Speak of the devil.

Pro: What are you doing in front of my house? And how do you know where I live?

Petra: Don’t sweat the small details.

Petra: Anyways, what happened? Did she tell you anything?

Pro: Um…

I pause, not wanting to tell her what happened but knowing that I’ll have to nonetheless.

Pro: I caught up to her, but ultimately couldn’t really figure anything out.

Pro: I’m really sorry. You put your trust in me, and I…

I trail off, wondering how she’ll react.

Petra: …

Petra: You’re the worst.

Oh…

Petra: Did you really think I’d say that? Are you stupid?

Pro: Huh…?

Petra: Look, um…

Petra: You don’t need to worry about it. At the end of the day you did all you could, and that’s that.

Petra: I probably couldn’t have done any better anyways, so…

Petra: …

Petra: So don’t get too down, okay?

Pro: Petra…

I open my mouth to thank her, but I’m interrupted by the sound of a bag dropping. Both Petra and I spin around, coming face to face with my mom.

Mom: Um…

Mom: Am I interrupting anything?

Petra: No, no, not at all!! I was just on my way out.

Mom: Is that so…?

Mom: You’re Pro’s friend, right? Would you like to stay for dinner?

Petra: I should really get going, though…

Mom: That’s too bad.

Flustered and embarrassed, Petra stiffly bows to my mom before turning to me, obviously in a hurry to leave.

Petra: I’ll see you then.

Pro: Oh, right. See you.

And off she goes, leaving me and my mom behind.

Mom: So…

Mom: Who was that?

Pro: That was Petra…

Her smile sends shivers down my spine.

Mom: I see.

Mom: Well, how about you come in?

Pro: I have a feeling if I did I’d never be able to leave…

Mom: What are you talking about? We’re just gonna have a chat.

She opens the door invitingly, and after an internal debate I reluctantly head inside, accepting my fate.