**Bedroom**

I had to endure a seemingly endless line of questions after Petra left, my mom determined to find out more about her. I was able to dodge most of them by giving vague answers and going to bed early, claiming that I was exhausted. Which I was.

I have to force myself to open my eyes and sit up when my alarm rings, my weariness from yesterday’s interrogation still lingering. Right now there’s nothing more appealing to me than another few hours of sleep, but, knowing that it’ll end up being more trouble than it’s worth, I instead drag myself to my feet.

**Kitchen**

I go downstairs and find my mom sitting at the table, causing me to reconsider not going back to sleep. However, before I can she spots me, beckoning me over cheekily.

Well, hopefully she’s lost interest by now.

Mom: Good morning.

Pro: Morning…

Mom: So…

I tense up instinctively, preparing my heart for the worst.

Mom: …I may have gone a bit overboard yesterday.

Pro: …

Pro: Huh?

Mom: I know there are some things that you just don’t want to tell your parents, and I guess I forgot about that. Sorry.

Pro: Um, it’s fine…

Bewildered, I start eating my toast, slowly realizing that I was worried for nothing.

Pro: By the way, you’re awfully relaxed today.

Mom: I’m gonna go to work a bit later, closer to noon.

Pro: Oh, I see.

Mom: But enough about me. What have you been up to recently?

Pro: Me? Not much.

Pro: Actually, I’ve been looking to join a club. Sort of.

Mom: Really? Which one?

Pro: Not sure. I’ve tried a few out with some friends, though.

Mom: Friends?

Despite just repenting for relentlessly interviewing me yesterday, my mom’s smile quickly turns into a teasing smirk.

Mom: Petra, maybe? Or the blonde-haired girl? What’s her name…?

Mom: Oh, that’s right. Lilith.

Pro: Um, they came along yesterday, but it’s mainly-

I stop myself, realizing my mistake, but it’s too late.

Mom: Oh? There’s another girl?

Mom: I’m surprised. To be honest, I didn’t think you’d have any female friends at school at all.

Pro: Geez, thanks…

Mom: Oh no, I didn’t mean it like that. It’s just that after…

She stops herself, her expression suddenly darkening.

Pro: Mom? Are you alright?

Mom: …

Mom: Yeah, I’m fine. Sorry about that.

Mom: Well, I have a few things I want to do before leaving, so I’ll leave you be for now. Make sure you put your dishes in the sink when you’re done. And don’t be late for school.

She ruffles my hair gently and stands up to go, leaving me confused about her unexpected shift in mood.

After what, exactly?