**Bedroom**

Unable to go home without a guilty conscience, I ended up staying for the entire practice, leaving when everyone else did. It’s not that I really minded, though – being able to watch Lilith play baseball again really put my mind at ease.

The second I get home I get a call from an unknown number, and after a moment of hesitation I decide to pick up.

Petra: Hello?

Pro: Oh, it’s you.

Petra: Huh…? You kinda sound like Lilith.

Petra: But never mind that. About Prim, well…

Petra: Nobody was at home.

Pro: I see…

That’s a little strange. If she were sick with a cold, wouldn’t she be in bed?

Petra: I waited around for a bit, but after an hour or so I decided to go home.

Pro: That’s fair.

Petra: Yeah.

Petra: Well, that’s all I really wanted to say. Did you end up going to practice for me?

Pro: I did.

Speaking of which, does Petra know about Iris…?

Well, even if she doesn’t I doubt that now’s the time to let her know.

Petra: You actually did, huh? I thought you’d dip.

Pro: I feel like your impression of me leaves a lot to be desired…

Petra: Maybe.

Suddenly she raises her voice, causing me to wince.

Petra: Ah! Petrov, don’t do that!

Petra: Sorry, I gotta go. See you later!

She quickly hangs up, presumably to deal with whatever her younger brother’s doing. I guess she *is* an older sister, after all.

Once I put down the phone, I lie down to organize my thoughts. Prim’s sister is a professional pianist, but she broke her arm, an injury that may prove to be career-ending…

But apart from that theory, I basically have nothing.

It doesn’t take me long to realize that overthinking things won’t change anything, so instead I pull out my notes and try to study. However, the worry in the back of my mind that I try to ignore grows larger and larger with each passing minute…