**Front of School**

As soon as the school day ends I head to the front as quickly as I can, determined to catch Prim before she leaves. I attract many odd looks as I earnestly scan the hordes of students leaving, but it doesn’t matter. All that matters is that I find her.

However, no matter how long I wait, she doesn’t show up.

So I wait…

**Front of School**

…and wait…

**Front of School**

…and wait. But she still doesn’t show up.

Did she leave already? I’m pretty sure I was the first one here, and Petra didn’t text me about anything unordinary, but considering how late it’s getting…

I guess she probably already left.

Downhearted, I turn around and start to head home, but I freeze once I notice the person behind me…

Iris: …

Iris: We meet again, huh.

Pro: So we do…

Why is she here? And if she’s here, then is Prim still here as well…?

Iris: What are you doing? It’s a rather strange pastime for a student, just standing outside the gate of your school.

Pro: How about you? What are you doing here?

Iris: Answering my question with another question, huh? I guess I’ll humour you.

Iris: I’m here to pick up Prim, of course. She hasn’t come home yet.

Pro: But isn’t it normal for most students to stay out later?

Iris: Not for Prim. And recently her mood has been getting worse and worse, so my parents got worried and sent me here.

Worse and worse…?

So Iris knows that Prim’s been in pain, but does she know that she’s the cause of it? Does she know that the reason Prim quit piano, which she loved so much, is because of her? That Prim cares about her so much, that she gave up her dream out of guilt…?

Iris: So there you have it. I answered your question, so answer mine. What are you doing?

Pro: I’m…

I pause, my words getting stuck in my throat.

“I’m waiting for Prim.” **OR** “Could we talk?”

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Pro: I’m waiting for Prim.

Iris: I figured. Have a little lover’s quarrel or something?

Pro: Not really, no.

Iris: Really? I thought for sure that was it.

She stops to think for a second before continuing on.

Iris: Well, I’m in a generous mood, so I’ll cut you a deal. I don’t really feel like looking for someone in a school I’ve never been inside before, so if you go and find her I won’t disturb you guys for as long as you like.

Iris: What do you think?

Her words seem considerate enough, but I can’t help but feel like there’s an underlying coldness behind her calm exterior. But regardless of her intentions and the oddly legal nature of her offer, it’d make sense for me to accept.

Pro: Sure. What if she comes out before I can find her?

Iris: We’ll wait for you for five minutes and then leave.

Pro: I see.

Pro: Well, I’ll be off then.

Iris: Don’t make me wait too long, though, okay? I’d like to get home before it gets dark.

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Pro: Well, I *was* waiting for Prim, but there’s been a change of plans.

Pro: Could we talk?

Iris: …

Iris stares at me curiously, her usually calm demeanor tinged with a hint of interest.

Iris: Why? Do you need something?

Pro: Um, not really.

Pro: Was just curious about something.

Iris: I see.

Iris: Don’t you think that’s a little scummy of you, though? Going after your significant other’s sister after a lover’s quarrel.

Pro: It’s not like that.

She laughs for a moment, but her eyes remain cold.

Iris: I know, I know.

Iris: Let’s go somewhere a little less public. I have a feeling you don’t want others hearing this.

Iris: Especially Prim.

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