**Road**

After finishing our meals (and an additional ice cream in Mara’s case) we head back, full and a little mentally drained. It’s already dark by the time we part ways, and I find myself yawning as I plod my way home.

As I pass by the seemingly endless row of houses, my thoughts drift to the conversations I’ve had with Mara today.

I can’t deny that I’ve come to enjoy Prim’s company as a friend, or that I feel like we’ve been growing closer...

And I can’t deny that she *is* cute. Objectively speaking.

Is that why Mara’s seemed a little off today? It was almost as if she were trying to make my heart skip a beat or something, with all of her unprecedented advances.

Actually, now that I think about it that sounds pretty unrealistic. Especially because it’s me.

Well, it was Mara who pushed me to talk to Prim, and honestly it’s a small miracle that we’ve managed to interact so much, especially since we’re both pretty introverted. I guess I should thank her for that later. And I should also make sure to spend time with her when I can too.

I wonder what the future holds. Both in terms of Mara and Prim.

By the time I get home, I realize that a small smile has made its way onto my face.