**Kitchen**

Once we arrived at the station I made sure Prim was safely handed off to her parents before I headed home myself. A few minutes into my walk home, though, I realized both that I didn’t text my mom that I needed dinner and that my phone had died, so I somewhat panickedly rushed home.

Mom (neutral frown): So…

Mom (neutral frown): In the end you didn’t end up texting.

Pro: I’m really, really sorry…

Mom (neutral frown): …

Mom (neutral smile): I’m joking, I’m not mad.

Mom (neutral smile): I made you dinner anyways, so give me a moment to warm it up and then you can eat.

I take a seat at the kitchen table as my mom heats up dinner in the microwave.

Pro: Sorry about going out today…

Mom (neutral smile): It’s alright. I told you, right? That I was glad that you’re spending time with someone.

Pro: If I recall correctly, those weren’t your exact words…

Mom (neutral smile): Well, they’re basically the same ones.

Mom (neutral smile): You should really bring her over for dinner sometime, though.

I choke on water, coughing it all out.

Pro: I don’t think our relationship is what you think it is…

Mom (neutral raised\_eyebrow): Are you sure?

Her sudden nosiness feels really familiar…

Pro: I’m sure, I’m sure.

Mom (neutral smile): Well, that’s too bad.

Mom: (neutral worried\_smile) Regardless, you haven’t had a friend over for dinner for a while. It makes me worry sometimes, you know?

I almost choke on my food as well, guiltily knowing that’s not exactly true. Mara’s come over plenty of times to eat in the past few weeks, but my mom’s never been around to witness it.

Well, not that I’m gonna tell her that.

Pro: Yeah…

Pro: I will sometime. Sometime.

Mom (neutral smile): Alright. I’ll hold you to that.

We spend the rest of my time eating talking about the little things we haven’t been able to discuss for so long. It’s a little calming, and as the minutes tick by I start to get the feeling that all is well again.