**Home Station**

A few hours later I find myself outside with Lilith, our brains crammed with numbers and our stomachs with coffee. Prim wanted to grab something for her sister, so the two of us decided to wait outside instead of standing around in the now-slightly-crowded coffee shop.

Pro: It’s a little humid now, huh?

Lilith: Yeah.

Pro: At least it’s not raining, though.

Lilith: Yeah.

I take a look around the area in an effort to distract myself from the uncomfortable dampness. The rain clouds that previously loomed above are nowhere to be seen, replaced by a glaring sun that makes everything feel sticky.

Pro: You and Prim get along pretty well, huh?

Lilith: You think so? That’s a relief to hear.

Lilith: Honestly, I was a little on edge. Hopefully she wasn’t, though.

Well, she was definitely on edge, but I feel like I shouldn’t say that.

Pro: I think you guys seemed comfortable with each other. Very organic.

Lilith: Organic…?

Lilith sighs, still a little worried.

Lilith: She’s a good girl, though. Unlike another certain first-year I know.

I let out a dry chuckle, suspecting that Lilith’s actually pretty fond of Petra despite what she says.

Pro: They both have their charms.

Lilith: Charms…?

She looks at me inquisitively, causing me to look away almost guiltily. A single bead of sweat starts to form on my forehead as I open my mouth to defend myself…

Prim: Sorry for the wait!

…but Prim rushes through the door, saving me from certain disaster. Beyond thankful, I ignore Lilith’s gaze and instead turn to Prim.

Pro: No problem. What did you get?

Prim: Um…

Prim: A croissant and a coffee.

Pro: You really like your croissants, huh.

Prim: …!

Prim: Yeah.

She starts fidgeting with the bag in her hand, a habit I’ve recently started to find endearing. Unfortunately Lilith starts to catch on, though, so I hastily change the topic yet again.

Pro: So what are we gonna do now?

Prim: Um…

Prim: I need go home now.

Pro: Right. To practice.

Prim: Yeah.

Lilith: You play piano, right?

Prim: Huh?!? Oh, yeah.

Lilith: How much do you play?

Prim: Oh, um…

Prim: At least two hours a day.

Lilith’s eyes widen ever so slightly as she sizes up her junior, apparently impressed by her dedication.

Prim: Um…

Prim: My sister’s waiting, so I should probably get going.

Pro: Oh, right. You should.

Prim nods shyly and, to my surprise, turns to Lilith.

Prim: Um…

Prim: …

Prim: If you’d like, maybe we could, um, hang out again…?

Prim: With all of us, including Petra.

Lilith: …

Lilith pauses for a moment, her expression a mixture of slight shock and something I can’t quite put my finger on. Relief, maybe? Or something else?

Lilith: Sure.

Prim: Alright. I’ll see you later, then.

Lilith: Yeah. See you.

Prim: Bye Pro.

Pro: Oh, bye.

And after a small wave Prim trots away, nimbly weaving in between other pedestrians until she’s out of sight.

Pro: Well there you go. Looks like she likes you after all.

Lilith: Yeah.

She smiles, but for some reason she doesn’t really seem happy. Of course, she rarely seems happy on the outside, so it could very well just be my imagination.

Lilith: Tomorrow’s her birthday, right? Petra told me that you guys were doing something over the weekend for her.

Pro: Oh, yeah. A mini-party of sorts.

Lilith: I see.

Speaking of which, given how today went wouldn’t it be a good idea to get Lilith to come along? I’m sure Petra would be okay with it, and Prim probably would enjoy it as well.

Pro: Do you, uh…

Pro: Do you wanna come as well?

Lilith: Um…

She thinks for an unusual amount of time, prompting me to feel a tiny bit anxious…

Lilith: Sure.

Phew.

Lilith: What are you getting her?

Pro: I, uh, have no idea.

Lilith: I see. With that in mind…

Lilith: …are you free right now?