**Classroom**

The rest of the morning is more or less pretty normal, but a few minutes into our lunch break I realize that I forgot my lunch at home.

Asher: What’s up? You look tired.

Asher: Well, more tired than normal.

Pro: Do I?

I explain to him what happened this morning, causing him to (predictably) laugh uncontrollably.

Asher: Man, that’s too good…

Pro: Stop laughing at my pain…

Asher: Sorry, sorry.

Asher: You should introduce Lilith and Petra to your mom. It’d be interesting.

Pro: Yeah, no…

Asher: Boring.

Asher: I’m sure she’d be okay with it, though. From what I’ve seen she’s pretty chill, right? It might even make her happy.

Pro: The problem is that she’d be a little *too* happy.

Asher: I guess that’s true.

Asher: Oh, it looks like you have a visitor.

I look over towards the door and find Prim peeking inside. As soon as we make eye contact she starts and retreats back out of sight.

Asher: I thought you two got closer?

Pro: I mean, we did but for some reason she’s been really shy these past few days…

Asher: Isn’t she like that toward everyone, though? Shouldn’t she be a bit more comfortable around you?

Pro: You’d think, but I dunno…

I glance back towards the front, a small seed of worry starting to form in my chest. Did I do something?

Right before I lose all hope, however, Prim’s tiny figure reappears in the doorway. She looks directly at me, but this time instead of running away she takes a deep breath and walks over.

Prim: …

Prim: Hi, Pro.

Pro: Hey. What’s up?

Prim: Um…

Prim: Did you already have your lunch?

Pro: Oh, uh, I don’t have one today.

Prim: Huh? Why not?

Prim: Is it your mom?!? Is she okay?!?

Pro: Oh yeah, she’s fine. Don’t worry.

Prim: Thank goodness.

Asher: Do you know Pro’s mom?

Prim: Huh? Oh, um…

Prim: Yeah. I’ve met her before. She seems very kind.

Asher: Isn’t she?

Sensing an ominous aura underneath Asher’s seemingly innocent smile, I turn to Prim and try to change the subject.

Pro: It’s a little unusual for you to come here by yourself, though. Did you need something?

Prim: Oh, um…

Prim: If you don’t have a lunch, then…

Prim: …

She looks away, her face a bright red. She’s obviously embarrassed, but at the same time it seems like she’s doing her best to continue on…

Prim: Then I made one for you. As thanks.

Pro: Huh? As thanks for what?

Prim: For everything.

Pro: Oh. Um…

Pro: I’ll gladly accept, then. Thanks.

Prim: You’re welcome.

Prim: I’ll go get it from my classroom, and then bring it here…

Pro: Oh, alright.

Asher: That won’t do, Pro.

To my chagrin, Asher unceremoniously interrupts our little moment, pulling me aside and out of Prim’s earshot.

Pro: You’re still here…?

Asher: Ouch…

Asher: I’ll let that slide for now.

Asher: Anyways, if Prim made you lunch then you should go and eat it with her, don’t you think?

Pro: I guess…

Pro: Are you sure she wants that though? If she wanted to eat lunch with me, wouldn’t she ask outright?

Asher: …

Asher: I can’t tell if you’re inconsiderate or flat out dumb…

Asher: Just do it.

Pro: Alright, alright…

Prim: Um…

Pro: Oh, sorry.

Asher slinks away cheerfully, leaving the two of us alone and painfully aware of the many glances we’re attracting.

Prim: What were you guys talking about?

Pro: Nothing much. More importantly, uh…

Pro: If you’d like, let’s eat lunch together…?

Prim: …

Prim: Huh?!? Um, um…

Prim: …

Prim: Sure.