**Mara’s School**

It started to rain right before I left, so, remembering my promise, as soon as class ends I head over to Mara’s school. Once I get there, I text her and wait outside the gate, trying to ignore the curious glances of students walking by.

Thankfully I don’t have to wait for long, and after a couple minutes Mara appears, gesturing for me to come over.

Mara: Hey there.

Pro: Hey.

I start to blush impulsively, turning my face away.

Mara: Hm? You embarrassed, or something?

Pro: Bite me.

Mara: Hehe.

Mara: Well, anyways…

Mara: Where are we gonna go? The library?

Pro: Mmm…

Pro: If you want you can come over. My mom won’t be home until late tonight.

Mara: Oh?

Pro: …

Mara: Sorry, sorry.

Mara: Yeah, let’s go to your house. I can cook dinner, too.

Pro: Alright, that sounds good.

Pro: Nothing funny though, okay?

Mara: Hm? What are you talking about?

Pro: …

Mara: Okay, okay, nothing funny.

Mara: Let’s go grocery shopping first, though. I wanna make something special.

**Grocery Store**

We make our way to the shopping district sharing an umbrella, both of us a bit too self-conscious about our shoulders touching to really make any conversation.

Once we get to the store, though, Mara regains her usual composure, swiftly making her way through the store and picking out ingredients with me in tow.

Mara: Lemon, lemon…

Pro: Lemon? Sour again?

Mara: Kind of. Sour and sweet. Like a tsundere.

Pro: I see…

Mara: I saw a recipe that I really liked online the other day, so I memorized it.

Pro: You memorized it.

Mara: Yeah.

I stare at her in shock while she nonchalantly picks out a few lemons, apparently not aware that she just said something extraordinary.

Mara: I think that’s enough. Probably don’t need this many, but it’s alright I guess.

Mara: Let’s keep going.

She suddenly trots off, and after maneuvering our shopping cart around I follow after her. However, I lose her, and I spend a few minutes going up and down random aisles…

Prim: Um…

Pro: Huh? Prim?

Prim: Hey…

Pro: Oh, hey.

What’s Prim doing here?

I look behind her, spotting a flash of pink disappear off to the left. Did she orchestrate this somehow…?

Prim: Um, is everything alright?

Pro: Oh, yeah. I’m good.

Pro: What are you doing?

Prim: I’m, um, shopping.

Shopping. Yes, that would make sense.

Pro: Running errands for your parents?

Prim: Yeah.

Pro: That’s pretty admirable.

Prim: …

Prim: Thank you.

Prim: What about you?

Pro: I’m here with a friend, but she’s ran off somewhere…

Prim: Lilith?

She looks at me curiously and innocently, unaware that Petra’s been feeding her lies.

Pro: Um, no, not Lilith. Another friend.

Prim: I see.

Prim: Um…

Prim: Tomorrow, do you wanna visit another club? We can do a regular one…

Pro: Tomorrow? That’d be fine.

Pro: You have a club in mind?

Prim: No, I don’t.

Pro: In that case, should I ask Asher? I think you’ve met him before.

Prim: Oh, um…

Prim: That’d be nice. Thanks.

Not really having anything else to say, we stand around awkwardly for a minute or so.

Prim: Um, I have to get going, so…

Prim: I’ll see you tomorrow.

Pro: Oh, okay. See you.

And after a small nod, she spins around and darts away.

Mara: She really is a cutie, huh?

Mara appears behind me, an obvious smirk on her face.

Pro: I mean, yeah, but…

Mara: But?

Pro: Never mind. You got everything you need?

Mara: Yes sir. All that remains is one Pro, freshly packaged and shipped.

Pro: Alright, let’s get going then.

Pro: I’m actually a little hungry, so I’m looking forward to seeing what you’ll make. Make it good, okay?

Mara: …

Mara: Of course!