**Classroom**

Mara and I eventually disengage from combat and go to our respective schools, our bodies aching a little more than they should’ve been.

By the time lunch rolls around, my body still hasn’t fully recovered. Instead of moving when Ms. Tran dismisses us, I melt into my chair in a somewhat gelatinous manner, prompting a small chuckle from Asher.

Teacher (neutral neutral): Oh yeah, I almost forgot. Two things.

Teacher (neutral smiling): First of all, you have a test on Friday.

I groan internally, knowing that I’ll probably do poorly.

Teacher (neutral neutral): Second of all, our school’s cultural festival is coming up in a few weeks, so starting next week we’ll be having less classes so you guys can prepare.

The class collectively cheers, thrilled about both skipping classes and the festival itself.

Teacher (neutral sigh): Each class needs to submit their plan to the committee as soon as possible, though, so we’re deciding what we’re doing tomorrow during homeroom.

Asher (neutral curious): Isn’t that a little too soon?

Teacher (neutral neutral): Yeah, I should’ve told you guys earlier. But it’s too late now, so you’ll just have to make do. Talk in between yourselves today.

Teacher (neutral menacing): But no matter what, we’re not doing a play. Anyone who suggests doing one may mysteriously disappear…

Everyone suddenly becomes really quiet, chilled by Ms. Tran’s ominous warning. She seems to enjoy it immensely, and heads towards the door with a slightly smug smirk on her face.

Teacher (waving smiling): Well, I’ll leave the rest to you guys to figure out. Have fun.

Once she leaves the room slowly becomes chattier again, filled with my classmates excitedly discussing what they wanna do.

Asher (neutral neutral): That was something else, huh?

Pro: Yeah…

Asher (neutral curious): But anyways, is there anything in particular you wanna do?

Pro: Me? Not really.

Asher (neutral curious): Really? Not even a maid or a cosplay café?

Asher (neutral neutral): Actually I guess the people you’d wanna see wearing those outfits aren’t in our class, huh?

Pro: Hm? What do you mean?

Asher (neutral thinking): Well, for example…

Asher (neutral grinning): Wouldn’t you wanna see Lilith in a maid costume?

Now that he mentions it, I do. I totally do.

Pro: Not really. I have no interest in such things…

Asher (neutral grinning): Is that so? Then, what about-

I’m saved by the arrival of Petra, who pops up beside Asher unexpectedly.

Petra: What are you guys talking about?

Pro: Asher wants to do a maid café.

Petra: I don’t think you guys would be able to. They already gave the okay to our class for that, and I doubt that they’d allow duplicate attractions.

Tch. So close, but so far.

Petra: If you really like maids so much, then you could visit our class.

Asher (neutral neutral): Maybe. If I have time I’ll go.

Petra: Only if you have time, huh…

Petra: Well, of course Mr. Asher, the world-renowned love story writer, wouldn’t have time for such trivial things. Or should I call you Mr. “the moon is beautiful” instead?

She smiles venomously at a speechless Asher, her voice sickeningly sweet.

Petra: With that being said, I’ll see you there.

Petra: Now anyways…

Petra: Pro.

Pro: Present…

Petra: Come with me for a second.

Pro: Hm? Okay.

**Hallway 1**

We step outside, leaving poor Asher by himself. I kinda feel bad for him, but at the same time I was the one who gave Petra his manuscript.

Pro: I have a feeling that he might be traumatized now…

Petra: Sorry, I got a little annoyed. It’s his fault though, saying that he *might* drop by, if he so chooses to…

Pro: Right, right.

Pro: So? What did you wanna talk about?

Petra: Oh, right. Um…

Petra: Prim didn’t show up to school today. The teacher said she called in sick, but…

She trails off, but I can understand what she’s trying to say. Is Prim actually sick, or…?

Petra: Maybe we should’ve let it be?

Pro: Maybe. But what’s done is done.

Petra: I guess…

Petra: …

Petra: I’ll visit her house after school, just to make sure she’s alright.

Petra: Don’t worry, I won’t pry any further. I’ll bring her some drinks and snacks, that’s it.

Pro: Alright then. Let me know what happens.

Petra: Will do.

Petra: Actually, we have baseball practice today…

Petra: Well, it’s the end of the season anyways, so it’ll be okay if I skip a practice or two.

Petra: You can go in my place. I’m sure they’d have fun with that. You could even where my jersey.

Pro: Right…

Laughing at the thought of me squeezing into her baseball uniform, Petra starts to leave.

Petra: Well, I’ll see you later. Give the team my regards for me.

I probably won’t, but she doesn’t need to know that.

Well, at least she’s in a better mood. I’ve thought this for a while, but worry really doesn’t suit her.