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Yuuto watched as the giant metal gates before Sayaka's house opened yet again. He smiled and walked forth towards the main door with the delivery he had to make in hand. He stopped before the gate, knocking on it gently.

The door opened, and Sayaka's father smiled at Yuuto. "Welcome. Oh, Yuuto, please come in. My daughter has a few things to discuss with you, and she tells me it's about school work. I do apologize for springing this on you out of the blue, but she just told me about it too," he explained.

"It's no problem," Yuuto replied. "Then please excuse me," he smiled, walking in. He headed straight to Sayaka's room.

"Good job, honey," Julia giggled, walking over to her husband.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"What, did you think she *actually* needed to discuss school work with him? Something else, maybe, but *school work*?"

"This was *your* plan, wasn't it?" Kenji asked his wife.

"Oh yeah," Julia replied.

"For the love of—"

"Uhh...Sayaka? Can I come in?" Yuuto asked, knocking gently on the door.

"W-w-w-wait a minute! Just lemme get ready!" Sayaka's distressed voice cried. "I'm so sorry for making you wait! Just...hold on!"

"S-sure," Yuuto answered, rubbing the back of his head.

A minute later, Sayaka opened the door and pulled him into the room. She wore a long dress, and had no socks on. "Sorry again," she smiled, sitting down on the bed and motioning for him to sit beside her, "I just had to change out of my school uniform. It was getting a little sweaty and all. I've been working since I got home."

"Don't sweat it," Yuuto chuckled. "So what's up?"

"Well...I just wanted to chat for a while, but my Daddy would make a big fuss over it if I said it was for anything other than school work. So...how about it?"

"Sure, I'm free. What's on your mind?"

"Well, I've just—" Sayaka began.

Before she could continue talking, Yuuto heard an object hit the ground. Turning his head over to Sayaka's desk, Yuuto tilted his head in confusion. "Uhh...is that your workbook or something?" he asked, pointing at the object that had just fell.

Sayaka, seeing the object, screamed in surprise. "Oh, crap!" she cried, running over and picking it up. "Th-this is nothing, don't worry about it!" she declared, hiding it in a drawer. "Y-you do believe me, right?"

"R-right," Yuuto answered, "I'll just take your word for it." He smiled. "So back to what we were talking about," he said.

"Y-yeah...I've just been thinking about life a lot lately, y'know?" Sayaka said, returning to her original topic as she sat back down. "I've been so stressed out about everything that's been going on. School is a lot more work than I had anticipated, and things at home are only putting more pressure on me. I know everyone else is gonna think I'm just drowning in first world problems though, so I figured you'd actually hear me out."

"For sure," Yuuto assured her. "So you're stressed and tired, right?"

"Yeah, that's the gist of it."

"Then let's head out and do something fun! How about it? Heck, tomorrow is fine with me if you're okay with it. It is a Saturday, so I'm free."

"Y-yeah!" Sayaka giggled. "Sounds awesome! Where do you wanna go tomorrow?"

"I dunno, I was gonna go based off instinct, but if you wanna we can go see a movie or something."

"T-T-T-TOGETHER? LIKE...A COUPLE?" Sayaka cried, jumping out of her seat.

"Y-yeah...sorta?" Yuuto laughed.

"I'd love to!" Sayaka exclaimed, sitting back down. "Oh, but now I have to worry about what we'll eat and what movie to watch and what dress to wear and what—"

"Please take a breath," Yuuto said as he stopped her, "you sound like someone reading a passage without any commas." He chuckled. "You don't have to be so careful with me. I'm kind of a laissez-faire sorta guy. Wear whatever you think makes you look pretty. I mean, in my opinion pretty much anything makes you look good but hey."

Sayaka blushed, giggling to herself at his compliment.

"As for what movie to see, well, we can decide when we get there. What's the rush? And in regards to the food, it's probably gonna be lunch tomorrow, so we still have two meals to get through before we even get there." Yuuto pat Sayaka on the head reassuringly. "Don't worry, we'll have plenty of time so don't push yourself, okay?"

"Y-yeah," Sayaka nodded, "I got it. Umm...so what—" she began.

Yuuto's phone rang, cutting her off mid-sentence. Pulling it out of his pocket, Yuuto sighed. "Sorry, I gotta take this," he mumbled, standing up. He answered the call. "What is it, Pops? Oh, and before you say it, I'm busy tomorrow so don't even bother asking."

Sayaka bit her lip. *Dammit*, she thought, *and I was gonna ask to see what kinda girls he likes...oh well, I can always ask later I guess.*

A minute later, Yuuto put down his phone and sighed. "Dammit, alright. Sorry, I need to go. Pops needs me back at the restaurant this instant, so we'll have to wait until tomorrow. Where do you wanna meet?"

"W-would you mind coming over here then?" Sayaka suggested. "At nine in the morning. Or a little earlier if you'd like, but not before eight. Daddy's probably gonna still be asleep at that time and he can get grumpy sometimes."

"Got it," Yuuto answered. "Alright, I really gotta go. Stay beautiful!" he chuckled as he waved and walked off. Sayaka felt her face turning red as a tomato. "S-stay...*beautiful*?" She repeated to herself. She paused for a moment. "Oh my God, he *does* find me pretty!" she squealed with excitement.