

6 🌀 What happened?

What just happened? You're so confused. You slowly blinked open your eyes.

Who was this person standing in front of you? Why does she look so sad?

The girl was standing in a field of flowers, her so pink hair gently blowing in the wind. You tried to call out to her but your voice was silenced by the breeze. You tried to approach her but your body refused to listen. You could only wordlessly watch as she stared at you with purple hues filled with tears. Her appearance was so and innocent, reminding you of that of a sheep. She looked like she was trying to tell you something, something important. Her lips were opening and closing, but you couldn't hear a thing. Her teary eyes and bitter smile imprinted themselves deep into your memories, it was something you would never forget.

You raised your hand to cover the sunlight that was starting to burn into your eye. You then realized that your movements were no longer restricted... So you ran, you ran and grabbed her. You wanted to hear what she had to say. You wanted to know. You wanted to help her if you could. She just looked so sad...

But the moment the two of you touched the scene wavered and vanished.

You jolted awake and pushed yourself up from the bed.

Huh? Bed? Oh... This was... Luke's room.

You brushed your hand against the silky green sheet. Didn't you fall asleep on the couch in the living room while waiting for Luke and Simeon? You pulled out your DDD and clicked it open, checking the time.

15:00...

Had you really slept for that long? You sighed exasperatedly as you clicked open the door. You should apologize to them for the trouble. Who could have imagined that you were thistired?

"Good a erno-" You started as you exited the room.

Luke flinched in surprise, "(Y/N)!? Ah- Y-you're awake? W-why don't you sleep some more?"

You narrowed your eyes, "Why are you nervous?"

"No reason!"

He was lying. You could clearly see cold sweat dripping from his forehead. He seemed nervous, and maybe even scared. Why exactly occurred while you were asleep? What made him like this?

"Are you sure...? What happened?"

"N-nothing! Really! Likemaybeyousomehownearly..."

" **Luke** ." Simeon interrupted before you could get any more information from the kid, his voice unfamiliarly eerie. "Why don't you get some food for our dear (Y/N)? A er all, it's not good to leave a guest hungry."

You groaned internally, why was the angel interrupting now? Did something happen you weren't allowed to know?

"Simeon, what are you hiding from me?"

He flashed an angelic smile and guided you to the table, "We're not hiding anything, you're just overthinking stu. "

...Well, it seemed like you weren't going to get any information from him.

"Where's Solomon?"

You glanced around the room, looking for the sorcerer. As you did so, something interesting caught your eye.

The windowIt was shattered. It was as if something had crashed through it. There were only a few glass pieces inside the room, the majority of them probably fell outside.

No way... right? Did Solomon-

Just as you began to entertain the idea of him sending one of his experiments hurling towards the glass, a silvery figure entered the room... through the windowShards of glass floated around him as he hovered in mid-air, studying the now broken window.

"Old man... What are you doing?" You questioned half-jokingly, "Did one of your experiments fail again?"

He blinked slowly in confusion as he registered what you said before breaking into a burst of silky laughter, "Yeah, I guess so."

Solomon carefully stepped inside and with a whisk of his magic, he fixed the shards back in place. The window now looks as good as new, it glistened happily under the a ernoon starlight.

You paused from what you were doing as you watched the pieces whirl together and connect. It was beautiful. So very beautiful. You felt enchanted. You felt captivated. **You felt attracted.** You walked lifelessly to the window and slid your hand against the pane. How fascinating. You never really thought that magic was this fascinating... You wanted it. You wanted the power. You wanted to feel it beneath your hand.

>> You can hear a distant voice shouting....calling....is that your name flowing from their lips?

You let your eyes linger on the light traces of the magic that was still there and slowly you began to feel the weight of your body leaving you. It was a comfortable sensation, a welcoming sensation, a sensation that you felt yourself melting into. You felt yourself slowly being taken over, it was as if all your problems would finally disappear.

>> You felt dizzy, your vision was starting to blur.

"...Y....(Y/N)...!"

A jolt. You turned around. Someone's hand was firmly wrapped around your wrist, trying to pull you back. Someone's face was completely distorted in panic and worry. Someone's cake was splattered onto the floor as if they just saw something shocking. Why? Why are these people like this? Who made them like this?

Whoever it was, you envied them... To have people care about them so much. To have them worry. To have them panic when they try to leave. To have them.... You couldn't hold your vision anymore... Your eyelids were already starting to close.... One last thought flickered through your mind before the darkness completely devoured you:

You were jealous, so very jealous.

Again. You saw it again. The girl looked at you with a painful gaze. You couldn't hear what she mouthed but you could see it. She looked apologetic, almost as if she was sorry about something.

Why? You wanted to ask her why? Why is she apologizing? What did she do wrong? Why is she apologizing to you? Just why?

But of course, you still couldn't make a sound nor move, you could only watch. You watched as she plucked a flower and walked towards you, her pink hair fluttering from behind. She kissed it gently and the blossom flashed a so pink that was identical to the color of her hair. Careful not to touch you, she placed the flower behind your ear. Just as she breathed a sigh of relief, her skin brushed against yours. She flinched and hurriedly stepped away. But it was too late, the dream had already started to disperse again...

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