

"Welcome home!" Sunnie called out as she heard the front door open and slam shut.

A low grumble was heard in response followed by another door slamming shut.

Sunnie frowned as she peeked out from the kitchen towards the bathroom door. The silence in the small apartment was soon disturbed by the sound of running water. She sighed as she returned to the kitchen and took out a small lunchbox she had made earlier.

About half an hour later Wren came out from the shower and walked in to the kitchen a towel wrapped around his waist as he opened the fridge, "where's the food?" he asked.

"On the table," Sunnie replied as she pointed to the kitchen table.

He grunted something in reply and sat down at the table to eat, not bothering to get dressed.

Sunnie frowned again, "at least put some clothes on!"

He looked up at her, "why? This is my home. I can do whatever I want."

"Well what about me then?! Ever thought about how I feel having you strut around half-naked? It's not like I have a choice and can leave your sorry ass, is there?"

"What? You have a problem with me walking around half-naked?" he asked as he started eating.

"Y-you... oh never mind!" she huffed and quickly stomped out of the kitchen and in to the bathroom.

It looked pretty much like she had expected, the mirrors were all steamed up and his dirty and bloodied clothes were thrown in a disorganized pile on the floor that was sopping wet with water.

"I swear he can't be more than five years old..." she sighed as she picked up his soggy shirt.
"Ewww..."

Deciding there was no saving for any of his clothes she put them all in the trashcan, "god... what a stupid... baby. Can't even wipe the water off the fucking floor..." Sunnie grumbled as she grabbed a towel to dry up the floor.

"You know, for someone who's getting every single expense paid for you sure complain a lot."

Sunnie jumped slightly as Wren had surprised her. Turning around she saw him standing in the doorway leaning against the frame, arms crossed over his chest. He was at least wearing pants now, a pair of worn denims.

"You realize that beside the 'get whatever gadget you want' part, I'm not better off here than I was with that stupid old man. I'm still cleaning, I'm still cooking and I'm still picking up someone else's mess!" she exclaimed quickly turning away from him in a defiant huff.

"Nag, nag, nag, nag, nag. Nobody's forcing you to clean,"

"Well I refuse to live in the pigsty this place was when I came here!"

"Yeah? Then that's your problem."

Sunnie bit her lower lip and clenched her fists in frustration, telling herself over and over to calm down. She closed her eyes, feeling that she was near tears.

"What? You gonna start crying now?" Wren sighed.

She quickly shook her head and hurried out of the bathroom pushing herself past Wren while having her head turned away from him. Making her escape to the bedroom Wren just sighed and shook his head.

"...Kris was never this difficult," he muttered.

"Don't be an ass Wren," he could hear Dragon's voice ringing in his head.

"I never told her to clean. And it's my home, I can do what I want in it!" he said in a hiss.

"...don't be an ass Wren."

"Fine..."

The biggest downside about Wren's small apartment Sunnie thought was just that it was small. There was no retreat anywhere so as usual she had decided to hide under the covers to his bed, the only bed around in fact.

As she laid sobbing in the darkness she suddenly felt the bed shift as something heavy laid down next to her.

"Why do you always cry under the covers?" Wren asked her.

"Go away!" her voice was muffled by both the covers and her sobs.

Wren reached in under the covers and wrapped his arms around the sobbing girl, pulling her out. She squirmed and her legs flailed about as he sat up with her in his arms.

"Let me go!!"

"I'm sorry, ok? Don't cry anymore," he said softly holding her head close to his chest.

She found struggling to be useless. He was much stronger and held a very firm but gentle grip around her body. Taking a few deep breaths she started to calm down. Sunnie could hear the calm beating of the heart beneath his chest. His body was warm and his touch strangely comforting, he smelled rather nice too she thought.

He sat with her there for quite a while until he felt her starting to fidget again.

"Why aren't you always nice like this?" Sunnie asked with a sniffle.

"Eh... bad social skills," he replied.

"Well, you should work on them..." she wiped the tears off her cheeks.

He smirked as he slid her off his lap, "you feel better now? Come, let's go shopping and afterwards we can go see a movie or something."

"I already went shopping today..." Sunnie said.

"Oh? So you're saying you don't want to go then?" Wren asked as he stood up, looking down at her.

"N-no! I wanna go!!" she exclaimed as she quickly scurried out of bed.

"See, that's the Sunnie I know."