

She repeats each day like a programmed robot.

Suffocated.

*Rosa doesn't care about looking in the crowd,
but only to find interesting souls.*

The identities of netizens put an unknown veil on each other, making all this more splendid. Rosa was enjoying the stolen pleasure while hiding it from everyone around her.

Even Rosa did not notice that Hermione had been traveling through the forest outside the Secret Rift with the crisp birdsong and was slowly approaching Rosa's heart.

Rosa looked forward to coming home from school every day to chat with Hermione. Hermione

