Warm-Fuzzies

by sapphicjasper

Summary

Adora has always been Shadow Weaver's favorite student, but after making one mistake, she's left to spend recess alone with the baddest kid in fourth grade -- Catra. But Adora finds herself with some strange, warm-fuzzy feelings inside her chest, and she wonders if Catra truly is as bad as everyone says she is.

Notes

i'm new to writing for this fandom so everyone is probably a little ooc, but i still had fun writing this :P i hope you enjoy! this is SUPER cheesy and full of fluff so be prepared for that lmao

Adora wiped her finger-paint stained hands on her overalls as she admired the work of art sitting before her. Her Christmas card was coming along perfectly! With the perfect amount of cotton pompoms as ornaments and glitter sprinkled all over, she’d created the most beautiful Christmas tree she’d ever laid eyes on. The only thing left was the star on top; she tapped her chin in thought, getting glitter on her face. 'What should I use for the star?' she thought, pawing through the various
art supplies sitting in front of her.

As she leaned across the table, Adora caught a glimpse of Bow's Christmas card; he'd topped his tree with a little piece of silver pipe cleaner bent into the shape of a star. "Whoa, you're a genius!" she exclaimed, cupping her cheeks. "Where'd you get those fuzzy sticks at? I wanna put one on my tree, too!"

"Right over there!" Bow said, gesturing to a little plastic basket sitting in the middle of the table. Only then, however, did he realize that the basket was empty. "Oh... I guess someone must have used the last of them. Sorry..."

Adora glanced over to Perfuma, who was sitting on the other side of Bow; she had constructed a 3D tree with pipe cleaners. 'So that's where they all went.' she thought with a grumble, flopping back down onto her chair. How else could she top her Christmas tree? She refused to draw her star with a crayon; no, Grandma Razz deserved a card better than that! Standing up from her chair, Adora approached the teacher's desk. "Miss Weaver...?" she asked shyly.

Shadow Weaver looked up from the test on her desk she'd been grading; Adora couldn't help but notice all of the red marks on it, and a chill went down her spine. 'I hope that's not mine...' she thought.

"What is it?" Shadow Weaver asked.

"Um, we ran out of the fuzzy sticks at my table." Adora said. "Can we have some more?"

"There's no more left in the art closet, unfortunately," Shadow Weaver said, but gestured across the room with her pen. "But if you're lucky, there might be some left at the other kids' table. Go and ask them, I'm sure they'd be willing to share."

"Okay!" Adora beamed. As she made her way across the room, she passed Catra who, as always, was sitting alone at her own smaller table. Adora peered over her shoulder as she passed to see if she had any of those fuzzy sticks; but she had nothing. No finger paint, no glue, no glitter, not even a single pompom. All that sat in front of the freckled girl was a piece of paper and a box of crayons. 'That's not fair...' Adora thought, her smile fading. 'Why didn't Miss Weaver give her any fun art stuff?' Catra noticed her staring and glared up at her. "What?" she hissed. Adora immediately turned away. She reminded herself to worry about her own business and not be so nosy, and continued towards the table on the other side of the room.

"Could I borrow some of the fuzzy sticks, please?" Adora asked, folding her hands politely. "Perfuma used all of ours, and I need just a tiny piece for my tree."

"Alright, but only if you give us some more glitter!" Lonnie said, handing Adora a handful of pipe cleaners.

"Thanks!" Adora said, snatching up the pipe cleaners. "I'll get you some glitter in just a jiffy!" she added, skipping back towards her own table.

"Inside feet, Adora." Miss Weaver said, not even looking up from the papers on her desk. Adora wondered how she'd managed to even see her skipping; but she obeyed, and carefully walked the rest of the way to her table.

"Can you hand me the glitter?" Adora said, dropping the pipe cleaners into the empty basket in front of Perfuma. "Lonnie's table needs some more."

"Alright, but tell her not to use all of it!" Glimmer said as she handed Adora the jar. "I might need
Adora look one glance at Glimmer's tree, seeing that every square inch of it was covered in a thick layer of glitter. "I doubt it, but okay!" Adora snorted, turning to head back over to the other table.

But as she made her way across the room, she tripped on her untied shoelace and stumbled to her knees, spilling the glitter all over the floor. "Ouch!" Adora whined, rubbing the knee that had banged against the floor.

"If you'd been using your inside feet, that wouldn't have happened." Miss Weaver scolded, rising from her desk.

"B-but I didn't run or skip this time..." Adora whimpered.

"Then you should learn to be more careful." Miss Weaver said, gesturing to the huge pile of glitter sitting on the floor. "Look at the mess you've made! Are you going to clean it? Because I'm certainly not."

Adora's cheeks burned with shame; everyone in the room was staring at her right now. "Y-yes, I'll clean it..."

"Good." Miss Weaver said, finally turning her gaze away from Adora. "Everyone, clean up your messes and line up for recess."

And just like that, Adora was no longer the center of attention; all of the kids scrambled to place their artwork on the drying rack and grabbed their winter coats and hats from their hooks. Adora, on the other hand, pulled herself to her feet and dragged herself over to the closet in shame, searching for the broom and dustpan. Catra started to get up from her seat, but Shadow Weaver cast her a glare and she immediately sat right back down. "You know the routine, Catra." she scolded.

Once all of the kids were lined up, Shadow Weaver led them out into the hallway, and Kyle (who was at the very back of the line, as always) gave Adora a sympathetic look before closing the door behind him.

Tears were streaming down Adora's face as she struggled to sweep up her mess; she'd never missed recess before! She was always Shadow Weaver's favorite student; but all of that seemed to have changed over a silly little accident. The more she tried to sweep up the mess, the more glitter got all over the broom and her clothes. With a whine of frustration, Adora dropped the broom onto the ground and burst into tears, sitting down on the floor, defeated.

"Geez, calm down already." Catra groaned, leaning back in her chair. "I know you're a goody two shoes and all that, but it's not like the world's ending."

"You wouldn't understand!" Adora snapped, clenching her fists at her sides. "You're used to being in trouble! I never do bad things!"

"Well, you'll get used to it too." Catra snorted. "Today you spilled glitter; tomorrow, you'll probably get an F on your test. By the end of the week you'll probably get your first detention, haha!"

Adora gasped; what if that paper with all the red marks was hers? But Catra had no way of knowing that... With a huff, Adora crossed her arms. "Never! I'll never get in trouble as much as you! You're the baddest kid in fourth grade!"

"Yep, and proud of it!" Catra giggled. "I'm just sayin', Miss Weaver could find a new teacher's pet any day now. She's starting to like Glimmer a lot lately, you know."
“No! Shut your mouth!” Adora protested. Remembering the mess she still had to clean up, she began scooping up glitter into her hands and throwing it into the trash can, deciding the broom wasn't much help. "I'm a good student... I just made a little mistake. Doesn't make me bad."

"Alriiight..." Catra said, her tone basically saying "I don't believe you." Adora rolled her eyes, turning her focus back to the glitter on the floor.

"So, why do you always wear overalls?" Catra asked. "Do you live on a farm?"

"Yeah..." Adora said, unsure why Catra was suddenly trying to make conversation. "I help my grandma take care of the ponies."

"Ew, I was joking." Catra snorted. "Didn't think you actually did."

"It's not ew! Horses are beautiful!" Adora huffed.

"They smell like butts." Catra said.

"No they don't!"

"Yeah, they do!"

"Their stables are kinda smelly; but the horses aren't!" Adora insisted. "But they're beautiful, majestic creatures!"

"They're ugly and smelly and stupid." Catra giggled, clearly amused by the reaction she was getting out of Adora.

"Are not!" Adora almost shouted.

"Are too!" Catra responded. "Besides, they're lame. You know what's even cooler than horses?"

"What?" Adora crossed her arms. She didn't believe there was anything cooler than horses, but was willing to hear Catra out.

"Cats." Catra held up the piece of paper that'd been sitting in front of her, showing Adora the drawing she'd done of two orange cats.

"Whoa..." Adora gasped, putting her anger aside to admire just how good Catra was at drawing. They certainly weren't better than horses, that she knew for sure; but her drawings were almost as good as a sixth grader's! "Did you draw that?"

"Yep. All by myself." Catra said, beaming with pride. "This is Firestar, and this is his mate, Sandstorm."

"Why do they have such weird names?" Adora asked.

"Because they're warrior cats, duh!" Catra rolled her eyes like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"What's a warrior cat?" Adora asked. She scooped up the last of the glitter with her hands, dumping it into the trash can. Remains of it stuck to her hands, which she brushed off on her overalls.

"They're clans of cats that live in the forest and fight for territory and prey!" Catra explained with a toothy grin. "And they have special names that change as they go up in ranks. I've even started my own clan! I'm Bloodstar, leader of NightClan!"
"Ohh..." Adora said, not fully understanding but still intrigued all the same. She pushed the trash can back to the corner of the room where it belonged, glancing up at the clock. 'Ugh, I hate the clocks with hands...' she thought, wishing she could figure out how much time she had before recess was over. "But wait, you said they're clans of cats, so how do you have a Clan?"

"Because..." Catra paused, glancing around the room to make sure nobody else could hear. She stepped closer to Adora, grabbing her hand. "Can you pinkie promise to keep a secret?"

Adora hesitated, but wrapped her pinkie around Catra's. "Yeah, I think so."

"Alright." Catra leaned closer and whispered into Adora's ear. "I'm actually a warrior cat in a human girl's body."

"What?" Adora gasped. "No way!"

"I'm serious! I mean -- it makes so much sense!" Catra said, holding a hand up to Adora's face. "Look at my nails! They're so sharp! And I have fangs, too!" Catra gestured to the pointed canines in her mouth. "And one time I meowed at my cat and she meowed back at me. I think she understood me! Also, I can see in the dark -- well, sometimes."

"Whoa..." Adora said, looking Catra up and down. She wasn't fully sure she believed it, but with the proof right in front of her, it was hard to deny... "That's awesome!" she finally exclaimed.

"Right!" Catra giggled. "But you gotta promise not to tell anyone. They'll think I'm crazy -- crazier than they already think I am, anyway..."

Adora reached for Catra's hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Well, I don't think you're crazy! I think it's awesome that you're a cat! I promise, your secret is safe with me!" Adora pretended to zip her mouth closed with her hand, and gave Catra a reassuring nod.

"Thanks, horse girl." Catra said, blushing a little. She turned and looked out the window to the playground, sighing as she saw their classmates having fun in the snow. "I just hate being cooped up inside all day... A warrior should be outside, breathing in the fresh air. Miss Weaver hasn't let me go out for recess in over a month, now."

"Oh yeah, I've noticed that." Adora said. "Why is that?"

"Because I don't do my homework." Catra huffed. "I keep telling her none of it makes sense, but she just tells me I'm not trying. And she told me I can't go out for recess anymore until my homework is done." Catra turned to her isolated table on the other side of the room. "That's why I'm always sitting all by myself, too. She thinks I'm a 'distraction' to the other kids. How am I supposed to form my clan if I can't even talk to anyone?"

"Aw..." Adora sighed. It didn't seem like Shadow Weaver was being very fair... Even if Catra goofed off in class, she didn't deserve to be alone all the time! "I'm sorry, that sounds awful..." Adora said. "But... you know what?"

"What?" Catra said.

"I may not be a cat, but I still wanna join your clan!" Adora exclaimed.

Catra's eyes widened. "For real?"

"Yeah, for real!"
"That's awesome!" Catra bounced up and down on her feet, grabbing Adora's hands and spinning her around. "And since you're the first one to join my clan, you can be my deputy!

"Awesome!" Adora said, though she wasn't fully sure what that meant. "And I want my warrior cat name to be..." She hummed in thought, trying to remember how the names worked. From what she remembered, they all seemed to be two words mashed together... "Ponytail!" she exclaimed.

"Ponytail?" Catra raised an eyebrow. "That's a weird name for a cat, but it technically works so... Welcome to NightClan, Ponytail!"

"Yay!" Adora clapped her hands. "Is that all it takes? Am I official?"

"Well, almost." Catra said, reaching into her hoodie pocket. She pulled out a black Crayola marker and tugged the lid off with a *pop*. "There's one last thing I need to do before you're a true NightClan member!"

"Oh?" Adora said as Catra reached for her hand. She drew a crescent moon shape in the middle of her palm. "There. Now everyone can know what clan you're in!" Catra said, opening her hand and showing the matching moon shape to Adora.

"Ohh, awesome!" Adora said.

"You might have to re-draw it after you wash your hands, though, since it's not a permanent marker, but still!" Catra got down on all fours. "Now that you're part of the clan, let's go hunting!"

"Got it!" Adora said, getting down onto the floor as well. "What are we hunting for?"

"Mice, birds, rabbits -- anything you can sink your claws into." Catra said, crawling under the table and pretending to sniff around.

"Oh, right!" Adora said, following Catra's lead; she crawled around the room, admittedly feeling a little bit uncomfortable with how hard the floor felt on her knees and bare palms, but she tried her best to ignore it. A warrior cat had to be tough!

"Over there!" Catra exclaimed, pointing to a black winter glove lying on the floor. Adora recognized it as Mermista's; she must have dropped it on her way out to the playground. "A crow!" Catra pounced on it, sinking her "fangs" into the "crow" and shaking it around like a dog that had just gotten a new toy.

"Nice catch!" Adora giggled.

"I try." Catra said once she decided her prey was dead enough, dropping it onto the floor. "Now let's eat!"

Adora scooted over to where Catra was sitting and pretended to eat the "crow" she'd hunted. "Yummy -- tastes like turkey!"

"Uh huh!" Catra said.

"Y'know, you're really fun to play with." Adora said. "I'm sorry I said you were the baddest kid in fourth grade."

"I'm sorry I said horses were smelly." Catra said, staring down at her hands. "Well, they kinda are -- but I'm sure your horses are still cool."
"They are! Maybe one day I could show them to you." Adora suggested.

"Maybe one day." Catra sighed.

Adora heard the sound of a whistle outside; recess was finally over, and the class would be coming back inside any minute, now.

"Well, I guess we better get back to our seats before Miss Beaver yells at us." Catra said.

Adora burst into laughter. "Miss Beaver?"

"Don't tell her I called her that!" Catra snickered.

"I promise, I won't." Adora said, pulling herself to her feet. "Can we play together at recess tomorrow, too?"

"I don't get recess anymore, remember?" Catra said.

"Oh, right..." Adora frowned. "Maybe -- maybe I can help you finish your homework so you can go outside again!"

"That'll take a million years." Catra sighed. "It's fine, though. We'll find some way to keep NightClan going, even if we don't get to play together at recess anymore..."

Adora's heart sank; she wanted to say something to comfort Catra, but couldn't think of anything, and as she heard the sound of footsteps in the hallway she hurried back to her seat and folded her hands, not wanting Shadow Weaver to see that she'd been playing with Catra. The latter slowly dragged herself back towards her own isolated table and sat down as well. Adora let out a sigh; why did someone as fun as Catra not get to play like everyone else? It just wasn't fair...

Adora rubbed the sleep from her eyes as she made her way into the classroom the next morning, hanging her book bag and coat up on the rack. She changed out of her winter boots and into her sneakers, spotting Catra out of the corner of her eye. She was standing by Adora's mailbox, as if she'd just put something in it. Once they made eye contact, Catra blushed and quickly ran back to her seat.

"What's she up to...?" Adora thought.

Adora went over to her mailbox and reached into it; she pulled out her daily worksheet and a few graded papers (all As and Bs, thankfully), but in addition to that, there was a folded up piece of notebook paper. "To Adora", it read. As Adora walked over to her assigned seat, she unfolded the piece of paper and her eyes immediately lit up.

It was a drawing of two vicious looking cats; one was black with blood-red stripes, and the other was solid yellow with bright blue eyes. The former was labelled "Bloodstar", while the latter was "Ponytale", and at the very top of the paper, in black crayon, Catra had written "NiteClan 4ever!"

Adora hugged the paper to her chest and sighed happily, turning to smile at Catra; but she was facing the other way and didn't see her.

"What's that?" Glimmer asked, leaning across the table.

"Nothing!" Adora responded defensively, shoving the picture into her folder.

"Ooh, did you get a love letter?" Perfuma giggled.

"No, gross!" Adora said, sticking out her tongue. "It's just a picture that my friend drew for me..."
"A friend that mysteriously doesn't have a name?" Mermista teased.

"Come onnn, tell us more! We know you've got a secret admirer!" Glimmer bounced eagerly in her seat.

"Guys, leave her alone." Bow said. "If she doesn't want to tell you about it, you can't force her!"

"Okay, fine..." Glimmer pouted.

"Thanks, Bow." Adora said, still blushing. In all honesty, she wasn't sure why she was being so secretive about it... Maybe because she was always treated as the "good" kid, and if they found out she'd been playing with Catra, they might try to tell her to stop. *But if they knew how much fun she was, they wouldn't think of her as a bad kid anymore...* Adora thought, glancing over towards Catra again. She'd finally turned around to look at Adora, apparently having overheard the conversation going on at her table; Adora smiled at her and held up her palm so she could see the moon symbol, which she'd freshened up with a marker earlier that morning. Catra's expression immediately brightened, and she lifted her hand up to do the same.

A warm-fuzzy feeling rose up in Adora's chest. *Nothing will tear NightClan apart...* she thought, clenching her fists. *I gotta find some way to play with Catra today... But how?* She remembered what had led to her missing out on recess yesterday... But wouldn't dare get herself in trouble again.

She slid down from her chair and tiptoed over to Shadow Weaver's desk. "Miss Weaver...?" she asked in a shy voice, folding her hands politely.

Shadow Weaver had just finished re-organizing her desk, and looked as if she was ready to start class any minute. "Hm?" she said.

"Um, I have a little bit of a cold today." Adora said, faking a cough. "And I don't wanna play outside in the snow when I have a cold, because my Grandma Razz told me I could get ammonia that way. Could I stay inside the classroom at recess today and draw?"

"Hmm, alright." Shadow Weaver said reluctantly. "I don't think that'd be a problem. Now go back to your seat, it's almost time for math."

"Thank you!" Adora smiled, grinning as she hurried back over to her desk and sat down. *Perfect!* she thought, just barely resisting her urge to bounce with excitement. *I can't wait to play with Catra again!*

The first half of the day went by at the pace of a snail; Adora struggled to focus on her school work, her mind always going back to how excited she was for recess. Her heart fluttered whenever she thought about Catra, and every now and then, she'd take a peek into the folder to get another look at her drawing. The feeling in her chest was somewhat confusing, though; she'd had many friends before, friends who she loved a lot and always got excited to play with, but Glimmer or Bow never gave her these kinds of butterflies in her chest. There was something about her... The freckles that dotted her pretty face, her hair that never seemed like it was properly brushed, her eyes that were two different colors... *I wonder... Could this be a--*

"Adora!" Glimmer said, waving a hand in front of Adora's face and snapping her out of her little daydream. She jumped to her feet, her cheeks bright red. "W-what?"

"We're lining up for recess! Come on, sleepy head!" Glimmer giggled, reaching for Adora's hand.

"Oh! Um..." Adora blushed, slowly pulling her hand away. "I'm not going outside today! I-I told
Miss Weaver this morning, I have a cold and don't wanna make it worse, heh...

"Oh... okay." Glimmer said, looking rather disappointed. "Well, feel better soon! See you at lunch!"

"See ya at lunch!" Adora said, faking another cough just to keep Glimmer from being suspicious.

Adora watched as all of the kids filed out of the class, and as soon as she heard the door click shut, she jumped to her feet and skipped over to Catra's table. "Hiya!"

"Hey!" Catra beamed. "Are you okay? Don't get too close to me if you're sick."

"I'm not actually sick, silly!" Adora giggled. "I just said that so I could stay inside with you!"

"Really...?" Catra blushed, turning her gaze down to the table. "Don't... don't do that."

Adora's expression fell. "What...? But... I thought you wanted to play with me!"

"Yeah, but still! You didn't have to lie to get out of recess for me! That's so stupid!" Catra snapped. "You're supposed to be the goody two shoes, and now you're gonna get in trouble because of me, and ugh!" Catra buried her face in her hands. "I really am a bad kid... And I'm turning you into one!"

"Catra..." Adora rested a hand on her shoulder. "I promise, it's not like that! I just... really wanted to play with you again. You're a lot of fun, and you're not bad, not at all..." Tears welled up in Adora's eyes, and she brushed them away with her sweater sleeve. "I wish everyone else could see that..."

"If I'm not a bad kid, then why do I always have to sit in the corner?" Catra said. "Why can't I play outside at recess? Why do I always get bad grades on my homework?"

"That doesn't make you a bad kid!" Adora said. "Just because you break rules sometimes, or because you get bad grades -- that doesn't make you bad!" Adora continued. "And I'm not bad either, even though I did a bad thing..." Adora wiped another tear from her cheek, turning back towards her table. "But... if you don't wanna play with me, that's fine. We don't have to play NightClan anymore..."

An awkward silence filled the room as Adora seated herself back at her table; she buried her face into her arms, letting out a sigh. Catra leaned back in her chair and stared up at the ceiling, sighing dramatically. "If I'm gonna be honest... I don't really like being the bad kid all that much. I just... really don't understand any of the homework she gives us. And I didn't understand anything in third grade, or second grade, or first grade... But at least my other teachers helped me! Miss Weaver thinks I'm just not trying... And since I don't understand the homework, I don't understand the tests... and since I can't play at recess, the only way I can really have any fun around here is by goofing off in class. So that's how I got stuck here in this corner."

"That's awful..." Adora said, slowly sitting upright. "I wish I could make Miss Weaver see that you're not a bad kid, and that you just need some help..."

"I don't think that's gonna happen." Catra pouted. "But... it still feels nice that you care about me. Especially enough to risk getting in trouble..."

"I'm not gonna get in trouble." Adora said. "And if I do, that doesn't mean you made me a bad kid! Everyone gets in trouble sometimes, even Bow!"

"Pfft, no way! He's even more of a goody two shoes than you!" Catra cackled.

"I know, right? But I've seen it happen with my own eyes!" Adora insisted. "One time when I was at his house, one of his dads got mad at him for putting his shoes on the couch."
"Wow, what a rebel." Catra said, rolling her eyes.

"But anyway... That doesn't matter right now." Adora said, fidgeting with her sweater sleeves. "Maybe it wasn't right for me to lie to Miss Weaver, but... since I'm already here, and the damage is done..." She hesitated for a moment, turning towards Catra and meeting her eyes. "You wanna play NightClan?"

A soft smile spread across Catra's face. "Well... Okay! I guess, since you're already here... Let's go hunting!"

Giggling with excitement, the two girls got down from their chairs and onto the wooden floor.

"Follow my lead, and keep your ears pricked for any invaders!" Catra said, and Adora nodded. "Got it!"

And like magic, they were no longer two fourth graders goofing off in a classroom; no, they were Bloodstar and Ponytail of NightClan, and they had a territory to defend! The two girls began crawling around and scouting the classroom for prey, making little meows and purring sounds here and there. At one point, Adora caught a "mouse" (which was really just a crumbled up ball of paper that had missed the trash can earlier), and they fought off a bloodthirsty badger (aka Shadow Weaver's rolling desk chair).

"Hey Catra -- I mean, Bloodstar." Adora said as they settled down after their night of hunting, making their "den" underneath Adora's table.

"Huh?"

"I've been thinking about it, and... I'm not gonna skip recess anymore." Adora said. "Because I've got a better idea for how we can keep NightClan going -- and maybe even expand it!"

"How's that?" Catra asked, pretending to lick her paw.

"Maybe tomorrow, you can come over to my house!" Adora said. "I can give you my phone number so you can call me, and I'll ask my grandma, but she usually lets me have friends over on the weekends! And maybe I could help you with your homework... Maybe we won't get all of it done, but I still wanna help! And after that, we could play NightClan! We'll have all the time in the world to go hunting -- oh, and I'll also invite Bow and Glimmer over so they can join the clan!"

"Oh..." Catra smiled sadly. "I dunno if that's a good idea. Bow and Glimmer will probably find this whole clan thing kinda weird, and my parents probably won't wanna take me over to your house..."

"That's okay, my grandma can pick you up!" Adora said. "And I'm sure Bow and Glimmer will love NightClan!"

"Well, if you're sure... And you really think they can keep my secret?" Catra said. "Because if not, I'll claw their faces off!"

"Yeah, yeah, I promise!" Adora reassured. "I promise, they won't tell a soul. They're good friends, I've known them forever!"

"Okay... Then in that case, yes!" Catra beamed. "Give me your phone number! And I'll give you mine, just in case you wanna call me, too."

"Got it!" Adora said, grabbing the notebook and pencils from underneath Catra's chair and tearing out a sheet of paper. She ripped the paper in half and wrote down her phone number on one piece,
and Catra did the same. Then, they both exchanged papers and shoved them into their pockets. Excitement bubbled up in Adora's chest, and she could feel that strange warm-fuzziness from earlier returning as well. 'Could this be... what I think it is?' she thought, but shook off that thought right away. 'No, don't be silly! She's just a friend... And she probably doesn't like you that way, either.'

Adora heard the sound of the recess whistle blow outside. "Well, guess it's time to go back to our seats," she said, beginning to scoot herself out from underneath the table.

"Wait!" Catra said, grabbing Adora's hand. "Before everyone gets in here, um..." She blushed, turning her gaze down to the floor.

"What is it?" Adora said, her cheeks flushing bright pink.

"I, um..." Catra shyly played with her hair. "Thank you for being so nice to me. Even when I was a jerk to you earlier... I like you a lot, Adora."

At first, Adora assumed that she only meant it as a friend; but once she saw the look in Catra's eyes and the blush spreading across her freckled cheeks, she was fairly confident that Catra had that same warm-fuzzy feeling in her chest. Adora smiled softly, squeezing Catra's hand. "I like you too, Catra."

And with that, she finally let go of her hand, and the two girls went back to their seats.

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