

# ACCIDENTALLY BECOME A FATHER

## Chapter 6: The Second Futon

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The frying pan was still hissing.

I slid the egg onto a plate.

The shape wasn't perfect.

but it could still pass for round.

I took the rice out of the rice cooker.

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"Are you allergic to anything?" I asked.

Yuna stood near the table, watching my every move like a student in a science lab.

looks too careful.

"No."

"Good. I don't know how to handle allergies."

We sat across from each other at the low table.

She pressed her small hands together before the meal.

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"Thank you for the food."

I gave a small nod and took the first bite.

She waited half a second.

Probably making sure I was actually eating and not testing her.

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Then she began.

Her first bite was tiny.

Too polite.

"You don't need to eat like you're in a soy sauce commercial," I said.

She stopped.

"What?"

"The ones where they smile way too happily."

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"Oh."

Her second bite was bigger.

More human.

I watched her without looking like I was watching her.

Her chopstick grip was correct.

Her back was straight.

She made no noise.

A nine-year-old with table manners this immaculate was usually raised in a highly controlled environment.

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"Let's lay down some ground rules," I said.

She quickly swallowed her food.

"Okay."

"One. Don't open any cupboards without permission."

"Okay."

"Two. Don't touch things if you don't know what they do."

"Okay."

"Three. If you want to go anywhere, tell me."

"Okay."

"Four. Don't lie if it's going to be a hassle."

She paused.

"A hassle for who?"

"For me."

She stared at me for a moment.

"What if the lie isn't a hassle?"

"Then it means you're smart."

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The corners of her lips twitched slightly.

I went back to eating.

"Where do you go to school?"

She stayed quiet for two seconds.

"I don't know yet."

"You came here without a schooling plan?"

"There is a plan."

"Good. I don't want to suddenly become a guardian who doesn't even know what grade his kid is in."

She looked down slightly.

Then asked in a quiet voice,

"If I'm not a good kid, will Papa send me away?"

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I raised an eyebrow.

"How bad is this plan of yours?"

She didn't smile this time.

"I was just asking."

I leaned my back against the wall.

"You're already here. That means half the problem is solved."

"And the other half?"

"Just don't make me get a call from the cops."

She blinked.

"That's a very low bar."

"I'm a realist."

She went back to eating.

Our plates were empty within minutes.

I stood up to wash them.

The sound of running water filled the small room.

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Behind me, she asked quietly,

"Where am I going to sleep?"

I turned off the tap.

Right.

Technical details.

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I looked over my shoulder.

Glanced at my single futon, neatly rolled up in the corner.

Then at the floor space, which wasn't exactly vast.

"Good question," I said.

And for the first time since she arrived, I genuinely calculated the square footage of my apartment.

The main room was about six tatami mats wide.

A low table in the center.

A small shelf against the wall.

A fridge in the corner of the kitchenette.

The remaining empty space... wasn't much.

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I walked over to the corner and unrolled my futon.

The fabric unfurled with a soft swish. I laid it out halfway first.

Yuna stood two steps behind me, observing like a miniature project supervisor.

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"One-person size," she noted.

"Yeah. I never planned for a population expansion."

She stepped closer.

"What if we sleep side by side?"

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