**3 Days Earlier, San Josè, United States of America**

Rebecca gave a look to the wristwatch.

The luminous dial signaled it was 1.00 AM, and the people in the club still danced and drank with the loud music playing in the background.

The blond-haired girl followed Gayoon with the gaze, as she departed from the point she had stayed until then and headed towards the outside bar, probably trying to get rid of the uproar in the dance floor.

At a closer look, she had still her cheeks wet because of tears.

Rebecca didn't exactly understand what had happened earlier between her and the other girls, but the situation favored her goals.

It was the very last chance to approach her, and she had to be cautious, to pretend like she was there perchance and to comfort her. An out of sorts girl can be the most difficult thing on the earth to deal with...

In the outside bar, the atmosphere was calmer.

There were just some metal chairs around the tables, and a counter with a few seats lined in front of it.

Rebecca kept her gaze on Gayoon, who sat in front of the counter and ordered a drink with a bitter voice. She waited patiently a minute or two before sitting in the next chair, just not to make the girl feel followed.

"I'll take a peach flavored Vodka" - She nonchalantly asked the bartender, who obeyed.

The younger girl was observing her, and this made her a little nervous. She should have already started a conversation, but the words were just too hard to find right then.

"Tough day?" - She asked her, faking a casual conversation.

Gayoon gave her an awkward smile; probably she was not used to the attention of strangers.

Then, she switched to Korean, letting out a whisper - "Do you mind telling me what you were crying about?"

Rebecca could read a pleasant surprise growing in the other one's eyes. Gayoon smiled widely, almost touched by that weird American stranger who spoke her language and who surprisingly cared about her.

"I had a fight with my housemate's friend... she called me a dyke"

The sandy-haired girl felt a little bit uncomfortable talking about private stuff with a stranger, but there was also another feeling growing into her: trust. This was the first point scored for the blondie.

"I'm sorry, by the way" - She offered her hand - "My name is Rebecca. What is yours?"

Gayoon murmured her name, blushing even more.

All of a sudden, she neared her mouth to her ears, with a gentle gesture - "I'm sure we can make this night more enjoyable to you..." - She seductively whispered. - "...my car is parked right behind the corner"

The sandy-haired girl grinned.

Rebecca held her hand, guiding her through the tables and out the club.

As they approached her car, she felt the guilt grow inside of her chest, like a knife that stabbed her heart. This was not this kind of thing she would do if she wasn't forced to.

It was so wrong, so cruel.

Eyeing the girl, she could just see weakness and she was going to take advantage of it. Dissimulating her feelings, she kept steadying her seduction by methodically handling the girl's psychology.

Each smile, gesture or glance had to be perfect.

A few minutes later, once Gayoon had guided the older girl towards her own house, they dropped off and Rebecca let her lead in, their hands still intertwined together.

Her bedroom was small.

The bed in the middle employed most of the space, surrounded by the small wooden wardrobe, a nightstand, a writing desk and some posters hanging on the wall.

Rebecca unbuttoned her shirt and unclasped her bra.

She admired for a few seconds her bare chests, caressing with slow moves her nudities. It was still hard to accept, it was still wrong, but the skinny body had enlivened her will to have that girl.

Her scent was intoxicating.

Rebecca kissed her lips with passion, then switching to her neck, and furthermore lowering to explore her pale skin, eager to pose her lips between her legs to taste.

The sandy-haired girl pleaded her with soft moans, as the other one kept going down.

She almost ripped Gayoon's pants off, pushing her on the bed. Screw the guilt, and screw the work as well, her eyes were focused on the milky skin that almost shone in the dim light of the room.

Their body felt like melting into one, her moans were in harmony.

Breathing a sigh of relief, they both lay in the bed.

"I don't know how it happened, but thanks..." - The sandy-haired girl whispered - "...I totally needed this".

Rebecca just replied with a chuckle and kept patting her hair, waiting for the girl to fall asleep.

Snuggling near the desk, the blondie found almost immediately the object she was looking for, a laptop. Afraid that the light could wake the girl up, she brought the pc in the bathroom.

Just a few clicks later the entire hard disk was cloned on her pen drive.

Plunging in the blankets again, she couldn't help but grin. Her guilt was still growing inside of her, but the satisfaction resolutely overcame it. She was pleasured, physically and mentally.

Her mission was complete.