**Yeoncheon, South Korea, 2008**

As the car kept distancing from the city, more and more vegetation started appearing on both sides of the road, making the way monotonous and slightly boring for a long trip.

On the passenger seat, a girl sat with a slightly annoyed face.

Listening to music using her smartphone through the earphones, she just kept crossing and uncrossing her legs in a nervous way, as if time could flow faster the faster would get her gestures.

"Stop acting like a drunk monkey, Jihyun, the trip till Incheon is going to last three more hours" - The man on the driver seat stated, giving the girl a reproachful look.

Jihyun ignored his voice, keeping her earphones plugged.

It wasn't the first time for Jihyun to get nervous. Whoever or whatever dared to interrupt her from procrastinating duties or avoiding conversation would usually get a pissed glance or, when lucky, would just get ignored.

She was definitively not the perfect daughter, to be honest.

As always, she wore second-hand clothes and her short red dyed hair was even messier than the usual.

Maybe for teenage rebellion, maybe for the sake of freaking out her mother, she kept rejecting her role as the youngest female daughter of the family, and her nineteenth year of life had been the zenith of her skills of rebel.

After graduating with the minimum score from the high school, she had started pursuing her real dream: music.

"What do I make wrong in my life, Nate?" - She asked all of a sudden, unplugging her earphones - "Why did we even accept my mom's proposal to come here, why doesn't she just come by herself?"

The brown-haired man sighed.

"I think we have already talking about this topic, didn't we?" - She began - "We need to set up a band, and your mother wanted us to ask your family, here in Korea..."

"We have Hyuna and her friend Sohyun, don't we?" - She pointed out - "They are enough korean for mom and enough american for me, what else do we need?"

Jihyun didn't like her mother's beliefs about race. She had spent her whole life in the States, and she felt american. The shape of your eyes shouldn't matter when your making music, so why it did, to her mom?

"We need a lyricist, I am not going to let you write a single line... only God knows what would you put there if you wrote a song" - He stated.

"God doesn't know either" - She smirked.

**Panmunjeom, North Korea, 2 Days Earlier**

The lights of the early morning started chering Jiyoon's face through the curtains.

As the sun grew its light less dim she started focusing on the details all around, slightly dazed by the weariness that pervaded her body head to toe.

The room was empty, except for a few cartons scattered on the floor and the bed she lay on. Her body was in the nude on the mattress, only covered with a few sheets.

Another motionless body was laid with her on the bed, their hands intertwined with each other ones and their warm bodies touching each other in a gentle way, as if they were a single one.

Jiyoon acknowledged Haneul's face a few centimeters far from hers, and let out a faint smile.

She was not used to the tickling sense of another body hugging her from the bed, her ordinary wake up time in her cold bed, alone, was not one of those things she waited for happily.

Perhaps, she just need a better half by her side, even if it meant losing a friend.

As the months had passed, Jiyoon had started acting more and more coldly to Gayoon.

Even if they were still friends, they always sat together in the lessons and run side by side during the training sessions, the sandy-haired girl could feel how distant the other one was.

It felt like being separated by an invisible thin layer of veil.

Jiyoon was hurt, but she couldn't help about it. Maybe they would have just talked someday and everything would have gone in the right way, but she felt too embarrassed to talk about Gayoon's feelings.

Too shy to talk about her feelings.

She was about to grab her clothes from the floor and start getting dressed, but a hand held her back.

"Jiyoon..." - She heard a limpid voice call her name - "Wait..."

As Jiyoon turned to face the other girl, their gazes met. Her face was so beautiful, her hair scented like flowers and her eyes were so beautiful that she could lose by staring at them.

Their lips met, in a soft kiss.

"I just wanted to say thanks" - The browned-haired girl began as she started putting on her clothes - "I haven't spent a night like this for age, my work as a doctor exhausts me... I should relax more often"

Jiyoon grabbed her panties from the ground. - "Me too, you're... you're amazing..."