**Panmunjeom, 2008**

As a light drizzle started wetting her sandy hair with gentleness, she fastened her pace looking for a place to shelter.

It would have rained in a few minutes and the sky was darkening more and more, making the girl shiver because of the cold air and the strong wind that was already bending the trees at the border of the wood.

Gayoon slipped into the old armory.

Inside, there were just a few empty boxes and some shelves scattered here and there.

That place brought back at her mind so many memories. Hidden between these mountains of garbage she had kissed for the first time, the person who had hurt her the most.

The one who made her believe that she had a solution for all her problems.

Sitting there Gayoon had felt for the first time the warmth given by the antidepressants.

It had been a week since she had been avoiding any pill and without it her life seemed so meaningless, so dark and painful and yet she wanted to stop, to prove Jiyoon her strength, to prove that she could stand up and fight without the drug.

Who was she kidding, anyway?

As the girl stepped forward in the dirty floor, she felt dirtier and dirtier, inside.

She felt she was going to break a promise tightened to her and to the person she was in love with.

Turning a corner, she found the person she was looking for. Hyunjung sat there on the cold floor, her dark hair joint in a braid and her skinny body wrapped in an oversized leather jacket.

When her dark eyes could spot the sandy-haired girl, they almost became watery.

"Hey..." - Hyunjung said, standing up - "...I didn't expect you to come here" - She said.

Gayoon kept avoiding the other one's glance, as if those eyes would burn hers on sight. It was too hard to face her. - "You know what I have come for, so please keep hearts and flowers for yourself..."

The older girl stepped back, leaning her body on the wall.

"Please, don't..." - She pleaded - "You can't show up like this and don't even look at me. I have made mistakes, we both have but I will make it up I promise... please, look at me."

Gayoon didn't even budge.

"I fucking need your pills, now. Do I have to repeat it twice?" - She said with a cold voice, grabbing her ex-girlfriend by her sleeves. - "I have money, ok? What else do you want to be paid with?"

Hyunjung's eyes closed, and her lips moved a little bit to spell a word: love.

"You miss my love? I see... Younger girls are getting less easy, lately, huh?" - Gayoon replied with disdain - "Fine, I can you what you are starving for anyway"

Kneeling, she wrapped her arms around the older girl's pelvis and nibbled the edge of her pants, unbuttoning them.

Her smirk grew wider as the girl let out the first moan, followed by stronger one - "You missed the slut who makes you scream like a bitch, didn't you?" - She continued stripping her.

Without any notice, Hyunjung slapped her with strength.

She pushed her away, panting. - "Don't you dare to make fun of me, you know this is not what I meant" - She yelled, taking out a little white box full of pills from the pocket.

"Take your Prozac and get the fuck out, I am done with you!"

Gayoon was a little bit shocked, but didn't hold back the girl when she started walking away. The sandy-haired girl just collected the pills from the ground and quickly stepped away.

She left the armory and headed to the dorms.

Almost running, she passed through the courtyard and quickly climbed the stairs. The door of the bathroom swung open under her pressure, letting her in the empty room.

Opening the box, she took out one of the light blue pills and gobbled it with eagerness, immediately sensing her muscles relax.

She felt weak, and sat on the cold tiles of the floor to catch her breath.

Tears started wetting her cheeks, as she thought back at what had happened. Why did she have to ruin every relationship? She had let a stupid bunch of pills to take control of her and mess up things between her and the people who loved her. The people who she loved...

"Gayoon!?"

A voice awakened her from her deep thoughts. It was the only person whose voice managed to make her heart flutter whenever she would talk, who made her feel secure.

"Gayoon, do you hear me? What have you done?" - Jiyoon called out, without getting any reply.

She spotted the white box leaning on the floor and she immediately collected it. - "Why, Gayoon? Why do you keep ruining your life with this shit, does it even make you feel good?"

The dark-haired girl threw all the pills in the trash can, but a shiver of fear invaded her as soon as she emptied the box.

Those bluish tablets weren't Prozac at all. The label at the edge of the box was clear enough: carbonate of nitrogen.

Cyanide.