**Storage room, one hour later**

The room was empty, except for some shelves and a lot of books stacked randomly around, in the center of the room or at the edges. The place was really dusty, as if nobody didn't clean it for years (That is not so untrue).

Hye-jin leaned her body against the dirty wall, while Gayoon was staning up, looking questioningly at the older girl, and still thinking about what she said an hour ago.

She never even thinked about leaving. No so many times, at least. She always thinked at her school such as a place in which she would have grown for ever. She didn't neither thinked about the war. Is there a war, for real?

But now Hye-jin was thoughtfully staring at her, thinking about the words she will say to Gayoon...

- The lieutenant know about your stunt... it's too late to do anything. Corrupt her... be a sex slave... even kill her. There's nothing you can do. She frisked your room, and she found all your shit... by the way, it's really wretched putting out to Ji-young to have half-priced painkillers. Did you enjoy...?

Gayoon blushed... - ...but I'm not here for this. I hate your shit face with all my strenght, but I think that I'm fond with that short-haired girl since the first time that I saw her in underwear. So... good for you, I wish you the best luck...

...this evening, the american shitty singer and her freaking music teacher are going back to shittiland. You will beg them to bring you and Jiyoon. You will tell them that you two are lost having no food.

- What if she remember about us?

- Of course she will. But she will not tell anything... Now let's talk about serious stuff. Ji-young told me that she need a service, and you will do it... you will bring with you some drugs... mainly analgesics...

- What? Me? A dealer... I wish you are kidding. I can't do it...

- You can do it, Gayoon. It's too simple... you have typical symptoms of the mentally unstable person... well, because you are. In the States, analgesics for personal use are legal, and there's no way to check where you are coming from. Technically you deserve political asylum because of the war between Afghanistan and Korea. So they couldn't deny you to relieve your atavistic pain, you poor girl...

- I don't even ever saw a battlefield...

- Yeah, but they don't know. Remember... you aren't doing anything outlaw. Technically, this is also true. Since you are not really a soldier, but just a filthy student with too much libido, you wouldn't deserve any asylum... But unless they find out this, you are perfectly doing it lawful... bring your training uniform, ok?

Gayoon nervously started to walk around, stopping occasionally. - I'm not fully convinced, Hye... Does Jiyoon know something?

- She doesn't. She won't suspect anything, and even if she will suspect, tell her the same excuse that you will use once arrived in the States: they are for personal use, because you're a poor tapped underage soldier, ok? - she said with scornful mordacity.

- Dying is not a choice, Gayoon, ok...?

- What about Min-ji, why is she coming with us, huh? You shag her, don't you? I won't change diapers to a fifteen years old bitch because you want to take care occasionally of someone. I'm an addict, not a fool, remember...

Hye-jin violently grabbed her hairs and threw her body against the wall with unnatural strenght. - Do you want to know? Yes, I do shag her... and, surprise! I have feelings too, and I love her so fucking...

She stopped for a while, while Gayoon was staring at her with a mix of fear and shame. Does she really love her so much?

The older girl breathed to say something, calmly. - Do you want to know why is she coming with you? She suffer from Anemia... and she has only 2 precious years of life before dying... but who cares? If she stay here, she will die...

...Do you even know what I'm feeling just now? Do you believe it's simple to just let the person you love go? huh?

- No, I don't, Hye-jin, I don't.

- Enjoy your life, Gayoon... I mean, you still have a chance to live with the person you love, ain't so? I will never see Min-ji again, and this might kill me in the future. But I prefer dying and give her the possibility to live instead of leaving her die and live myself. Do you understand?

- Why are you saying that, Hye? Why do you think that I am in love, have I ever told you this? - Gayoon blurted with anger, even if already knew that the older girl was right.

Hye-jin came out of the room with a deep smile. - Yeah, you can deny, if you like so... but I know that you love Jiyoon, and this will not change. Ever.