**24 Hours later, San Francisco International Airport**

Jihyun stepped on the stairs led from the baggage reclaim zone to the waiting room.

Looking down towards the enormous entrance she realized how she had missed those bulky crowds of busy people that flooded the streets and the public places, slaloming at a fast pace trying to make their way through the crush.

She had missed her country's warm climate and the light breeze of the west-coast.

"Home, sweet home" - She muttered to herself, complacently observing the breathtaking landscape full of trees standing out at the sides of the roads and buildings silhouetted in the background.

The Californian sunset was tingeing the sky with every shade of red.

Her eyes seemed to perceive the sky brighter, as if her trip into the monotonous hills of the Korean peninsula had atrophied her sight, aided by the dramatic situations that she had passed through...

She had witnessed the extreme poverty and helped three girls who were dying of starvation.

The memories of the immigration officers who gave them clean clothes still touched her. They were like lost kittens that was handed milk in a bowl...

"Jihyun, I think we should talk..." - Nathan spoke, awakening her from the tough thoughts.

The girl faced her associate with a rapt and speechless gaze... - "What do we need to talk about?" - She asked, leaning against a handrail.

"I admire what you did for those three girls, believe me, I do..." - He began, assuming a cautious look. - "But you can't take care of them forever... you don't know them and you can't know whether they will take advantage of you or not..."

Jihyun whiffed. - "Did I know you when I entrusted my whole professional life to you?"

"It's not the same thing..." - He said, raising his tone - "I have a degree in political economics and you would get by contract a conspicuous insurance if I really damaged you concretely"

The girl shook her head with disappointment - "I trust a girl who hugs me desperately because I gave her food more than my manager" - She bluntly replied.

A great tension was instilling between them. It wasn't the first time they squabbled, but then Nathan was infringing her moral principles.

He couldn't understand the shock that she had experienced when the sandy-haired girl had hugged her tightly in the grip of tears, pleading the American girl to bring her away.

Those girls needed a Good Samaritan who passes by, and she was going to play that role.

"Come on, Jihyun" - The man continued - "They will get lodging at the social center... you just have to accompany them there, say goodbye and you will never see them again"

"Leave them in the street wouldn't give them a better life that the one they had in North Korea..." - Jihyun almost yelled.

It was exactly what she didn't want to do... - "I won't let them give up on their own lives to shoot up heroine or get drunk begging for money in the street! I promised them a better life and I will give it".

"You can't accommodate them in your house, for God's sake!"

"I have a house in San Josè and I was already going to move there with Hyuna and Sohyun, isn't it?" - She asked - "I can bring them with us at least until they find a job and the kid gets a proper medical supervision..."

Nathan bit his lips nervously, frantically trying to get a new reasoning.

He admired all the work, but he knew how Jihyun could get emotional and how she would have reacted if deluded. He didn't want her to suffer.

"You can't help anyone, Jihyun, your father would never forgive me for this..." - He added with a whisper.

"My father died because he wanted those people who starve to death to have someone who they trust..." - She hissed - "He was the best doctor I ever knew and he would be proud if he knew that I still chase after his dream..."

It was the first time they talked about her father so openly.

Since he had died in a mission in South America with the Red Cross when Jihyun was eleven years old, she had cultivated the desire to be like him as much as possible.

However, Nathan was right. She couldn't help anyone, and still she felt so emotionally attached to those three girls. It was her chance to do something heroic.

Jihyun stood up and headed resolutely towards the stairs that led to the exit, her backpack still on her shoulders - "I hope you will understand, Nate..."

They went out of the airport through the exit. Finally the strong wind greeted her by hitting her cheeks with precious strength, and the sight of homeland pleasured her eyes.

Followed by Nathan, the girl stepped on the black asphalt of the parking lots, heading at a fast pace towards the place she knew her family was waiting at.

After a few minutes, she could finally spot her mother's black car.

A woman in her fifties was waiting there and a wide smile grew on her face as soon as she spotted her daughter who walked towards her. Her mom looked thinner and even than she was two weeks earlier and her hair was pulled back in a plait.

They hugged tightly in a silence that is worth a thousand words.

"We missed you very much" - She whispered, pointing at herself and at the two girls who stood behind her, leaning against the car.

Amanda, the younger of her two older sisters, still looked as lighthearted and childish as she used to be when they played together videogames or football in the garden.

She was just one year older than her, and she had just started studying gynecology at the university.

"Judith couldn't come" - Amanda said with a pout, alluding to their elder sister - "She told me her schedules at the hospital were too much and she couldn't come, but she will stay home tonight and you will see each other..."

"The prissy won't change ever, will she?" - Jihyun chuckled, making her sister let out a little laugh.

"What about you, kid?" - She addressed the red-haired sixteen years old girl who leaned on the car near her sister shyly smiled at her - "Don't you owe me a hug too?" - She continued, faking a pout.

Hyuna immediately softened her serious expression and ran towards her hugging her tightly.

"I missed you..."