In the feet of the green hills, in Mountain View there was an old building. It had been a hospital in the 1980s and it had been restructured several times before it could have become a place for offices.

When a blond girl crossed the road to reach the building, the latter could see the rusty gate, that showed how the building has been living for a long time without maintenance.

Rebecca put the lipstick into the bag and pulled out a pocket mirror. She eyed her watch fleetingly, and speeded up the pass, as she had noticed how late she were.

While she was fixing her hair she pushed a glass door and came into the building. There were only two people inside of the atrium and they both turned their head towards the girl when she came in.

One of them wore a graceful clothing, with a black skirt and a cashmere clothing, and she was handing a folder to the other one. Impinging to the stilish professionality of the girl, the other one wore a lemon yellow skirt with a flashy sweatshirt and brownish hair, definitively not matched with the clothes.

Rebecca stared for a while at the strange woman, until she decided to address the other one... - Good morning... I'm looking for Kylie Walker, I have an appointment for a job interview. Is she here? - she said with a firm voice.

Awaiting a reply from the tall girl, she was surprised by a honeyed dreamy voice - At your disposal Ms. Jackson... - the weird girl said, slightly bowing... - I've been waiting for you for a long time... Cynthia, could you leave us alone? I will be free to talk in a half an hour...

Rebecca raised an eyebrow, visibly confused... - You... you are Kylie Walker? - she asked.

Kylie smiled at her awkwardness, and waved to follow her in the other room. - Take a seat, Rebecca... I noticed how you stare at my clothes... Don't worry, I'm getting used to... I hope you won't mind if your chief is a twenty years old gay girl that wear indigo skirts...

Rebecca shyly shook her head... - Of course not, I mean... I'm... I'm gay too.

- I know... That's the reason why I've chosen you, after all... Let's talk about business while this good girl brings us a coffee... - she called loudly a person that Rebecca couldn't see, being on shoulders.

A tall blond girl had already took a tray with a coffee pot and two cups. The girl didn't look like a professional maid, and was awkwardly handling the cups, when suddenly the latter slipped.

Rebecca shouted when the hot coffee hit her chest, and turned the head towards the blond girl to yell some insults, but when their gazes met, she noticed how familiar was that face...

The eyes, the blond wavy hair... - "Gayoon?" - She asked, disbelieving.

"Ehm, no. My name is Gabrielle".