**4Minute's House, 2008**

- Where are you going, babygirl?

With a pout, the tall girl had called out the other one, who stopped, turning towards her friend. She seemed to be in a rush, the rush you usually have when you're late to do something you like to do.

The short girl wore elegant clothes, her favourite black scarf and a new skirt with which she had not ever been seen before by the other one. - I'm going out with a girl - she winked at her friend.

Smirking, the other one sat on the couch. - Aw! You should have told me earlier, you idiot! - she smiled happily, trying to hug Jiyoon.

Shivering, the dark-haired girl withdrew her arm, with a compulsive gesture which made Gayoon feel sorry. She sighed, thinking of the right words to say, as long as Jiyoon had grabbed her scarf again, approaching to the door.

- I'm really sorry... - she shouted - ...I know it's too soon, but I needed it... Understand me

Her friend stopped again, this time without managing to look the sandy-haired girl directly into the dark eyes. Her thoughts were confused, she couldn't explain herself the act she had done. How comes she don't feel secure with the person who had protected her the most...?

- I'm sorry Gayoon, but I'm not ready for this... I need to go, now... I'm late. - she murmured.

She quickly walked away, grabbing the umbrella and going out in the street, where raindrops had already started falling. She felt guilty for having left in that way Gayoon, but she couldn't bear the sight of those disappointed eyes. She was scare, scared of love and feelings.

Jiyoon thought back at their first encounter, their first dialogue. You looks like one of those girl that always look around and get aroused for nothing, aren't you?

There was something undescribable in the sound of her words. Something incredible, charismatic, reassuring... and something brutish, stark and animalish in the same voice. There wasn't decency in that voice. Though, Jiyoon couldn't help but love it.

- Jiyoon? - a voice called from the near cafè.

The dark-haired girl had come a long way on foot, from the house to the place in which she was going to meet Amber. Once arrived at the right bar, she was called by a loud voice.

Turning towards the place from where the voice had come, she spotted her goal. The girl had short dark hair, dyed with some whitish stripes, and wore a light blue shirt. She had a wide smile on her face.

- Hi... - she smiled back, sitting on the chair beside Amber, who gave her a peck on the cheeks. - So how are you?

The waiter put on the table two cups of coffee, which had already been ordered by Amber. Sipping the coffee, she assumed a worried face. - I'm a little worried for the Thailand conflict... but I don't want to ruin our date. So, enjoy your coffee! - she smiled.

Jiyoon had thought about it just there. She had heard on television about the sparks between the North Korea and the Thailand, and in that moment she realized that probably Amber's parents was there.

She nodded, giving a smile to the other girl. - would you like to walk a bit? - she asked, finishing the coffee.

Receiving an affermative answer, she stood up, holding the hand to the other one and beginning to walk. She was still lost in her thougths, still thinking about the conversation with Gayoon, earlier.

They sat on a low wall, warming their hands into each others'. - You know... it's our third date... - Amber began, slowly, with a shy voice. - ...and I realised that since we've been dating I feel very well... - she smiled. - ...I wanted to say that I like you.

Jiyoon leaned an hand on her hips and approached at her face, fondling the cheeks. She touched the smooth lips with hers, closing the eyes and waiting for her to respond to the kiss.

Breaking the kiss, she slowly stroked again her face, smiling... - I love you...

**Three hours later, House**

The room was dimly lightened by the moon, which was casting their shadows on the opposite wall. Jiyoon lay in the center of the bed, with Amber's body leaning on hers.

The girl wept silently into the darkness, her tears falling without any noise.

She didn't know, exactly, the reason why she were crying. The only feeling that she could distinguish in the myriad of those which she felt was the fear. Fear of love.

She could hear the words which she heard one years earlier from her mother, who beat her, just for having loved a girl. She had instilled her only this belief: loving is wrong.

Once again, she patted the soft cheeks of her new lover. It was so difficult to exorcise the thought that love could be wrong. It was all so unreal, around her, in that moment. She felt guilty but she felt good.