Gayoon didn't understand the feelings which she was feeling. On the one hand, the anger whose effects she had been suffering made her want to yell at her, shout, slap her, but on the other hand... her sister was the most precious person she had in the whole world.

She got off the car, approaching to the little house. Speeding up at a brisk pace, followed by the american girl she walked the alleyway, coming in front of the doorbell.

The sandy-haired girl caught the breath, visibly shivering. - You'd better ring the bell... there isn't anything to be afraid of... - Rebecca smiled, slightly pushing the younger girl towards the door.

- I'm scared... - she whispered.

The blond one hugged gently the other one, reassuring her. - Everything is gonna be alright... if you didn't have any fears you would be a robot - she smiled - you've been waiting too much for this moment...

Taking heart, she rang the bell.

They heard some noises come from the inside, and some footsteps near to the door. Slowly, the white door swung open, leaving a glimpse of the living room and the kitchen behind.

Heo Gabrielle was a skinny woman of about twenty-five years old, her somatic traits were mixed between a european and a korean person. She had the hair tied up in a ponytail, of the charateristic color of the sand.

The two sister resembled each other. The same dark eyes, the same hair, the same slim body and the same way to walk.

Gabrielle was shocked by the sight of her sister. She couldn't speak, the tears slowly wetting the face, as she tried to simmer down. - Gayoonie? - she weakly asked the younger sister, who threw herself into the woman's arms.

They embraced tightly each other, wiping silently. - Oh my god, Gayoon, is that you? - she cried.

Separating themselves, Gabrielle noticed the person behind her. - You? - she asked Rebecca, confused. The blond american girl stepped forward, coming into the atrium.

- Me - she calmly replied to the woman. - I hope you won't mind having me in your house... I have already forgiven you for having stained my favourite skirt with that coffee - she stated. - I am clumsy as well - completed with a wide smile.

Gabrielle turned to the younger sister, who had been watching them, oblivious of their precedings. - Come in, Gayoonie, I have so many things to tell you, and I guess you have things to tell me as well...

The two guests came into the room, the younger one staring amazed at the house, eager to talk with her sister. They sat on the comfortable couch, as the owner led them into the living room.

- I am sorry for being such a horrible sister, Gayoonie... I have always loved you and I regret having done such... things... - she stuttered, eyeing Rebecca, who was distractedly toying with the handbag.

Gayoon sighed heavily, catching the breath. - She knows all about us, Gabri... - she began -  don't worry, we can trust her. Nodding, Gabrielle nervously adjusted her position on the chair.

- If I could change the past, I wouldn't repeat the error which I have done so far... I wouldn't rape you. - She cried. - You were my only reason for living, you were my kid. When dad has gone, and mom was always drunk... you became my kid, my little Gayoonie... and I confused my feelings...

Gayoon hugged her sister. - I am stronger now, Gabri... and I have already forgiven you. I want to know what has happened later... when you enlisted my in the military group, what happened to you? I lost track of you...

- I am really sorry for not having written you even one letter, but I was ashamed... - she lowered her weak voice.

- What has happened? - the younger girl said with concern.

Taking her eyes off, she immersed herself into the memories, slightly showing signs of pain. - I left the Korea a few months later... having no job, I travelled to Europe and I found a work as a stripper in France... I was hoping to find my real father, but I failed.

Rebecca kept staring at them, annoyed by the deep conversation in korean. Sometimes, she would prefer speaking korean with Gayoon, seeing she can't stand the younger girl's way of talking, using korean words with the english grammar. Though, she was having problems understanding the speech.

- ...seven months ago, I left France to the States, and I found a work as a secretary... now, though, I'm not going to stay here for much longer.

Her younger sister gazed the woman, confused by the statement which she had said. - What do you mean, Gabri? Where are you going to stay? - she asked.

- It was a difficult choice... but I want to come back to korea.