**One week later, Home**

It was early in the morning, when the sandy-haired girl had finished packing the bags.

Gayoon went down the stairs, carrying her heavy luggage on the shoulders and she looked weary, sweating for the effort. She absently eyed the wristwatch to check the time, when somebody came into the living room.

"Think twice about that, Gayoon" - Jiyoon, behind her, worriedly warned her. She wore only a camisole and the underwear and she was slightly shivering for the cold, although showing an expression of self-confidence on the face.

The other one didn't reply her, and she kept carrying the bag towards the door, pissed off.

"Talk to me, Gayoon, please... I do care about you, and I don't want to let you go that easily so, please, talk to me..." - She softly pleaded with gain the girl's attention.

Gayoon turned towards her, the sorrow on her face. - "After all, this is what you wanted, is not it so?" - She said with a broken voice. - "I'm not meant to be here, Jiyoon, I should have understood a lot of time earlier..."

"Why do you say so, this is not true" - the short-haired one tried to console her friend.

A single tear fell on the cheek, wiping away in the soft sandy hair. - "You have Hyuna and Jihyun has Daniel. I'm sick and tired of waking up alone in a cold bed wondering what have I done wrong to deserve such a life of shit..."

After the yell, she tried to calm herself, hiding her face into the hair. - "I know that you don't deserve this, Gayoon. But going in Korea, with your sister, the one who has abused and abandoned you... it won't help!"

"Do you think I haven't considered the problem...? This is the only way to forgive. Forgiving Gabrielle. Forgiving myself. Forgive you, for having treated me as a lurid pervert who you don't even condescend to touch..."

"It's not like that, Gayoon... we've been best friends, we've loved each other... all that I wanted to do is preserve this from being ruined by a peddling sexual relationship. I was scared by you, don't you understand?"

Once again, Gayoon looked away to hide her tears falling onto her facial features. - "I used to understand, Jiyoon. All that I understand now, is that I need some time alone to forget about this seven years... Goodbye, Jiyoon" - She said, grabbing the luggage and running away.

She ran away, as fast as possible. She had slammed the door on her best friend's face, and all she could think about was her. She thought back at her memories of them running together in a lawn, trampling the grass of the grove where they used to have training sessions.

Each time she would try to grab the girl's hand, the short-haired girl would withdraw the hand and scold her for being pervert. It hurted.

Babygirl... do you believe in love? - Her own voice resounded into her brain. She could understand it only at that moment, but that question was sincere. It wasn't another way to gain the girl's attention...

She didn't realize the time passing, when she had got on the bus, neither did she when she had got off. With the bag loaded on the back, she finally arrived at her destination: her sister's house.

"I've been waiting impatiently for you..." - Her sister smiled, as she had put the younger girl's bag into her own car.

Her younger sister jumped quickly into the car, without even uttering a word to the other one, and Grabrielle got on the blue car as well, eyeing the person who sat on the passenger seat.

"Has something happened? I see you're sad" - She softly asked Gayoon. - "Listen to me... we've not seen each other for years, and if I were you I wouldn't trust myself as well. But starting from now, you can trust me..."

Gayoon grimaced, still mistrusting the person near her - "...a girl..." - She reluctantly whispered. Invited by her sister to continue, she took a breath and let it out the words.

"I have been rejected so many times that I couldn't count them... I gave up, I tried to get a life. But whenever I tried to bring to bed a girl I would fail. Nobody wants me and now that I'm going back home... she tells me that I'm doing an error and that she cares about me..."

"I'm really sorry, Gayoon... the life is a whore whose lusts we are born to satisfy and I've given up on love a lot of years ago. But you still have got a chance, why don't you take it?"

"If I came back now, entered that door and said her I love you... what do you that it would happen?" - the younger sandy-haired girl said, with regrets painted in the voice... - "do you seriously think she wouldn't reject me anymore...?"