**San Josè, United States of America**

The ticking of the rain pounded on the machine frame, increasingly fast-paced and loud.

Jihyun checked the watch, realising just at the moment how late she was and she pushed the accelerator pedal, making her car gain speed.

That afternoon had been very cold, the rain overwhelmingly falling down on the street, but Jihyun didn't care. She drove faster and faster, she just needed to talk with somebody, let it all out...

Her work was gone, her dreams broken in thousands of pieces. Her best friend and manager had betrayed her, giving Hyuna a possibility without even telling her.

Everything seemed to slowly break down, as if the universe were too tired to keep working and God, somewhere in the ethereal sky, was packing her luggage to fade away.

They call it depression, but it is not worth the definition. Without a work, she didn't know what to do, what to say, where to go. Jihyun would never ask her mother to get her back home. Her dignity prevents her from doing it.

She parked the car near the tall building, removing the key from the dashboard and opening the door, covering with the hood of her sweatshirt. Once ready, she jumped out of the car, protecting with her hands from the windows.

Still loudly falling down, the rain wetted her clothes and made her cough heavily, untill she could reach the buidling's front door and take refuge under the shelter.

As she rang the bell, a few seconds later the automatic door opened, letting her in. She climbed the stairs quickly, skipping the steps to go faster. Arrived at the third floor, she found the apartment's door already open.

She headed in. Her psycologist was waiting there, smiling calmly at her and he patted her shoulder, leading the girl inside, towards the near room. - "I'm listening... why did you want to talk with me so urgently?" - He asked with a soft voice, taking place on the leather chair behind the desk.

Jihyun breathed. Slowly. Calmly. Taking self-control.

"I got fired..." - Not a single tear escaped when she pronounced that sentence. It looked more like an admission, as if she was telling him that she failed, that she's not good as this, that her dream were out of reach.

He put on the glasses. - "You got fired..." - He slowly repeated. - "I guess there must be a logical reason, what do you think it could be? Why did your label dismiss a wonderful singer like you?"

She looked up in suprise. - "I... I haven't ever said that I am a good singer, though... To be honest I am not. Not good a writing lyrics, not a good rapper, not a good anything... they dismissed me because I suck... we suck, our first cd has been a fail..."

"First of all..." - He said, scribbling as usual some stuff on his pocketbook. - "...I didn't ask you whether you are a good singer or not. You have problems with your self-esteem, and it inhibits your ability to judge yourself properly. In my secular and objective opinion, you are a good singer... do you trust me?".

Receiving a nod, he continued. - "You told me that the CD didn't sell a lot of copies, didn't you? Then it's the listeners' fault if they kicked you... but let's move on the real problem. There must be a reason why you're so upset, is it not so?"

She nodded again, containing the tears.

"Yes, there is a reason..." - She began, wiping the tears with a handkerchief. - "My manager has offered Hyuna a new contract without telling me... I know, I deserve it, but I feel betrayed..."

"I suspected it but, again, you didn't point out the problem..." - He said, giving her a pat on the back - "...you don't really care whether your manager gives her a new contract or not... the problem is that your student has been given a new contract..."

He held her hand, drawing her attention to be able to watch her directly in the eyes. - "Your brain tells you that even your younger friend is better than you, but it is not true... why do you think Hyuna is given a contract?"

"She's a good singer, she's hot, she's..."

He interrupted her with a smile. - "And if you were given a contract, why do you think it would be for?" - The answer arose spontaneously inside of her mine. Because I am a wonderful singer. Not very hot, though...

"Exactly, Jihyun... this is not a matter of skills. Hyuna is just more beautiful than you... don't take my words wrong, you're gorgeous, but if I were a young fan of a Hip Hop group, I would choose Hyuna... she attracts the people..."

Jihyun frowned. - "I deluded myself that I could match against her sex appeal... it was just a worthless dream, so?"

"Dreaming is never worthless... think about your boyfriend. When he looks at you and Hyuna, he will surely notice how Hyuna is more self-confident with her own body, but does it mean that he loves her? Whom does he love?"

"He loves me..."