**Yangju countryside, South Korea**

The wind howled loudly, at the foot of the hill. On the side of the deserted road, a body lay there, without a move, inert like a grain of sand carried by the gusts but still alive, as its heart beat faster and faster.

In the middle of the deathly silence, the air was filled with the screech of an ambulance siren. As the ambulance arrived near the body, a man got off the police car, approaching to the motionless body and the brown-haired policeman who was waiting there.

Helping the doctors to carry the body into the ambulance, the man called on the other policeman.

"Full report, officer..." - He said with his tired voice, calling for his attention.

"Woman. Korean. Probably about twenty years old..." - The brown-haired one replied - "Someone has called the emergency number, saying that he found her body lying there, two hours ago..."

The superior approached, carefully observing the young girl. - "She bleeds..." - He said, pointing his finger her. - "Has she wounds caused by sharp weapons?" - He added, turning the body.

The officer shook his head. - "I don't think so, lieutenant... do you see that tear on the clothing? The trajectory of blood spatters make me think she has been raped..."

"But the coroner's first report says that there are no traces either of sperm or latex... what if the killer wanted to damage her genitalia without necessarily raping her, maybe out of jelousy...?"

"I can exclude it... if she had been stabbed, she would have bled far more and she probably wouldn't have survived. She has not passed out because of the hemorrhage, though..."

"What do you suggest, so?"

The officer sighed heavily, running the hands through his hair. - "I don't know, boss... if she has not been stabbed, neither have had sexual intercourses... then we must wait for her to wake up".

"What if she was raped without any condom and without the raper finishing the work? This would explain why are there not any traces of latex nor of sperm..." - The superior suggested.

The ambulance bounced on the road, passing on a hole. The landscape flowed away, seen from the inside of the rescue vehicle, during her way to the hospital.

"May be... at least I don't exclude it. Do we know something outstanding about her personal life"

The man shook his head, upset. - "The only information we know about her is her name..." - He said, giving his superior a threadbare ID card.

"Heo Gayoon..."

**Mountain View, El Camino Hospital, 20:00**

As every wintry day, the moon rose in the sky in the early evening, painting the sky with its pale light and opposing the orange shades of the setting sun.

Along with the sunset, the night announced an uncommon cold and the breeze was intensifying, forcing the american blondie to hold her coat more tightly during her walk towards the hospital.

Rebecca stepped swiftly on the white marble of the entree, ignoring the uniformed girl of the acceptance with a babbled excuse. She quickened her pace, trying not to make loud noises with her heeled shoes meanwhile her feet ran through the hospital ward.

Finally, she reached the desired floor, slightly panting for the rush. The spotted the nurse who she was looking for, heading towards her. - "Marisol, wait... It's me, Rebecca!" - She shouted.

The girl with hispanic features recognized her, stopping her walk to allow the blondie to reach her. She looked very tired, and her eye circles revealed her weariness - "What are you doing, here?" - She asked with a faint voice.

"I heard Kylie got moved in another section,can I see her?" - Rebecca pleaded, her eyes meeting the younger girl's gaze.

The nurse shook the head, revealing her sorrow. - "I can't allow you... I won't lie to you, Rebecca, Kylie is currently in quarantine" - She said.

Rebecca shook her her, trying to digest those information and suppressing the urge to scream, and let the frustration out. The nurse spoke again, with a more careful voice - "Rebecca, do you love her?"

That was a strange question. Did she love Kylie? The boundaries between the yes and the no were very labile, but the older girl knew she wouldn't touch her even if she could. She loved her more like a little sister. Or even like a child.

"Why do you ask me?" - She said.

Marisol breathed, leaning a hand on her shoulder. - "I will tell you loud and clear, Rebecca. If you had sex with her, tell me now" - The nurse said, her voice even more faint and unsecure.

"Obviously I didn't! What do you even..." - Suddenly, she understood. The continued fevers, the constant illness... and now that question. Kylie had immunodeficency. The voice trembling, she looked at Marisol directly in the eyes. - "She has AIDS, doesn't she?"

"Yes, Rebecca... she does."