**House, 34 Hours later**

Jiyoon woke up in the middle of the bed, still a little bit sleepy. She lay there in other person's arms, her head on her bare breasts, relishing the warmth spreading over her face, softly, gently.

The girl watched towards the lighted watch to read the time, stretching her arms to relax her muscles and she stood up, exiting the door without a noise, ascertaining that her girlfriend wouldn't be awaken by the creaking of the wood.

Walking, she thought back at her conversation with Hyuna, the day earlier.

When the tour will be finished... we don't we have a kid and get settled once for all? The short-haired girl was filled with euphoria yet couldn't just believe what had said. It didn't seem real but far and unreachable just like a blurred dream. Was she even ready for this...?

Jiyoon walked into the kitchen, opening the refrigeretor and grabbed a milk bottle, sipping its content with automatic gesture. The girl absentmindedly sat on the couch, wondering what to do. She was too sleepy to do anything yet too wide-awake to sleep.

It was already the midmorning, even if the house was almost empty thus leaving the place in a complete silence.

Hard to admit, but she missed the old times, when Jihyun would wake them up to every morning to work on their music, instead of spending the night at her boyfriend's place... and Gayoon would insult her with idleness, drowning the head in the pillow again.

Jiyoon smiled. She missed also that strong Gayoon, her hero, who used to protect her when they were just collegial students. That old Gayoon was gone forever, destroyed by drugs, compromises and heartaches.

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...

Remembering their fight the day when Gayoon had left the country, she sighed. Those words hurt a lot... if she hadn't rejected Gayoon, would they be happier or even more sad than they were now...?

The short-haired girl pushed away those complex thoughts, putting some coffee beans into the coffee machine and pressing a button to turn it on. She was about to start eating her breakfast, when the phone rang.

Annoyed, she grabbed the device and answered the call.

A manly voice began, slightly unsecure. - "Hello? Am I talking with Ms. Jeon? It's Yangju police department" - Hearing those words, Jiyoon instantly froze. What could a South Korean police department want from her?

"Uhm, yes, it's me... what... what's the matter, officer?" - She stuttered a reply, sitting on the couch since a sudden dizziness hit her. She had a bad feeling about this.

"Ms. Jeon, we are very sorry to disturb you in the United States, but we have just hospitalized a girl and her phone had only your number memorized on. It was memorized as 'babygirl'... could you tell us what is your relationship with Ms. Heo Ga Yoon?"

Her foreboding was true. Gayoon had been hospitalized and she was thousands of miles far from her. - "We... we are just friends..." - She babbled. She mentally cursed herself for emphasizing that 'just'. She knew it would sound strange to the officer.

Luckily, the man ignored the hint, and let her continue the sentence. - "...what happened to her? Is she fine?" - She asked.

"So far, she have been showing sign of improvement, she will recover completely... Yet, she has still not waken" - The police officer added. - "The doctors will take care of her don't worry Ms. Jeon..."

"I want to see her" - The short-haired girl firmly stated, her voice trembling. - "I will jump on the first flight to Incheon and I will be there as soon as possible..." - She said.

Muttering some apologizes, Jiyoon ended the call, putting down the phone and turning towards the stairs, intentioned to pack some clothes for the way. Standing there, leaning against the wall, there was Hyuna.

Her girlfriend wore non other than a dressing gown, and her face was upset. - "I heard it all, Jiyoon... are you really leaving?" - the girl asked, following the girl up the stairs - "My tour is starting in three days... I thought you were coming with me!"

Jiyoon didn't reply, she just hugged tightly her girlfriend to make her calm. - "It's just for a few days, Hyun... Gayoon had an accident and I don't even know what is it..." - She said, grabbing some clothes from the wardrobe. - "I want to see her..."

"But she doesn't deserve it...!" - Hyuna blurted, her eyes filled with anger and her arms crossed, expressing her disappoint. - "She left us and treated you very badly... why do you even want to see her?"

Jiyoon stopped, her fists clenched - "Hyun, she's my best friend and she will always deserves my attention if something happens to her... It doesn't matter whether we fought or not, I'm going to Incheon today..."

The red-haired girl snorted scornfully, her anger increasingly rising - "You know... my tour starts in three days and I thought you were coming with me! But if your prefer that bitch, feel free to go there..."

A slap reached Hyuna's face, making her girlfriend drop a tear. "I... I am sorry, Hyun..." - She apoligized. - "I will be back, I promise it! But I can't just ignore her, she has been hospitalized in a coma, for god's sake!" - She shouted.

"Go... go and see her" - Hyuna bitterly replied. - "If you are not back in three days, I will know what your choice is..."