**Yangju Hospital, South Korea**

The sunset was approaching and the red glow of the sunlight turning off on the horizon. The wind howled loudly and some droplets of rain started wetting the trees at a steady rythm.

Gabrielle was trembling with fever, her thoughts fogged by the violent feelings that persecuted her. She heard a lightning struck, into the distance.

Once again, her sister came to the mind. Her screams, her blood flowing between the legs made her feeling disgust for herself, she almost wanted to commit suicide, but she couldn't.

The thought of not being able to see her again was too unbearable.

The girl stepped in the gravel, overcoming the ambulance station and looking for a rear entrance. She had to think straight if she wanted to see her sister again, but the fever prevented her from doing it.

Luckily for her, a side entrance was open, letting her into the hospital. Once inside, she could smell the odor of bleach that usually fill the hospitals' air.

Climbing the stairs, she found a sheet of paper hanging on the wall which indicated the directions for the hospital wards. She swept the finger on the sheet, looking for the correct entry.

Finally she spotted the item 'traumatology' and headed towards the way shown by the arrow.

"What are you doing here?" - A voice suddenly spoke behind her. Gabrielle turned too see who was talking and she saw her sister, wrapped in a hospital gown, who stared at her, frightened.

"Gayoon..." - She murmured, approaching to the younger girl.

The sandy-haired girl took a step backward, keeping distant from the girl. - "Stay away from me, slut!" - She shouted. - "Was it not enough to see me covered with blood while you penetrated me with your fingers? Huh?"

"Let me explain... I didn't want to do such things to you..." - Gabrielle replied, running after her. - "I was not myself when I did it..."

"I won't let you explain anything" - Her younger sister replied, down in tears. - "I trusted you and you betrayed me... I wanted to forgive you, I wanted to forget all the horrible things that you did... but you didn't deserve it..."

Before she could even reply, the ward's main door opened, letting in a policeman and some men of the hospital security.

The police officer blocked Gabrielle and handcuffed her. - "Gabrielle J. Heo, you're under arrest for having raped and abused Heo Gayoon. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law..."

"...you have the right to an attorney present during questioning. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you. Do you understand these rights?" - The man concluded.

Gabrielle didn't reply anything, letting the men take her away. Gayoon watched the scene, appalled, with the tears rushing down her face now uncontrollable. She wept silently, until the men of the security had finally left the room.

A hand touched carefully her shoulder. - "Could we talk...?"

The girl moved her sandy-hair away from her face, too see who was being talking by. The police officer smiled at her, offering his hand to lead her inside of the room. - "Your sister won't bother you again..." - He began.

The man took a folder out of his jacket. - "This document proves that your sister is not mentally infirm, thus giving us a possibility to send her to the jail. The problem is..." - He met the girl's gaze. - "That we both know this is a fake..."

"How did you get it?" - Gayoon asked.

The policeman sighed, knowing that he couldn't theoretically reveal it. - "A woman named Rebecca Jackson gave it us..."

Gayoon turned towards the window, thoughtful. So, that was the final question: whether to send her sister to the jail or give her the chance to get admitted to a psychiatric clinic.

"I know what are you thinking about... she abused you and she deserves to be punished. But the jail won't help her... once out, she could rape other people. Other childs... give her the possibility to be cured..."

The girl looked into his eyes - "Can you guarantee that I won't see her again?"

Being given a slight nod, the girl agreed. - "Allow her to be given the mental illness, and send her in a clinic... this is not any of my business anymore".

Taking his leave, he nodded. Gayoon wanted to be strong, and not to cry, but she couldn't... once the police officer had left, the tears started flowing onto her cheeks again, wetting her skin.

She went out on the terrace, trying to get some fresh air to relieve the stress that had built up in the last hours.

Just when everything seemed to break down, not to have any sense anymore, Gayoon saw a person stepping on the hospital driveway... Her short black hair, her jeans, her hooded sweatshirt... everything of her seemed to be the most beautiful thing on the earth to see.

Jiyoon was here too see her...

Jiyoon was walking in the rain entered into the building, almost running. Her heartbeat was quickened as she neared the person who she loves. Stepping on the stairs, she was almost crying of joy at the thought to see her...

The years of pain and suffering was finished... she just wanted to go there and kiss her soft lips.

She found her room and went in, the girl couldn't just wait more. Gayoon wore a white nightgown, wet because of the rain and her hair was sweaty, but to Jiyoon's eyes she was the most beautiful girl living on the planet.

"Hi..." - Jiyoon said, meeting her gaze. She could lose in those dark eyes, wanting stay there, forever.

They hugged tightly, both with their eyes teary.

Slowly, they finally they exchanged a warm kiss, clutching each other passionately, and enjoying every second of that blissful and sensual moment, as if there were no tomorrow...

"I love you Jiyoon..."

"I love you Gayoon..."