I woke up in the dawn of a sunny day, clasping the soft edges of my silky pillows.

The sunrays blended the azure of my room’s walls in delicate stripes of rosy light through the embroidered curtains, warming the environment and gently tingling my senses.

A faint scent of incense filled the air and a thin floral fragrance was exhaled from the jasmine trees outside of the clear glass.

I lazily stretched my arms and stood up.

Approaching the large mirror that hung on the wardrobe, I started picking up my clothes from the floor and putting them on.

Behind my reflected image, another human figure emerged on the smooth surface, a vivacious smile shining on her dark-skinned face.

“Good morning” – Yuri murmured, straightening her short dark hair.

“Good morning, honey” – I replied, getting into my pants – “Had a nice sleep?”

“I had a nightmare” – She whispered near her ears, hugging me from behind – “There was this nice looking theoretical physicist who had been kidnapped by the gangsters…” – She said, revealing a light smirk behind her mocked concern.

“I bet a sexy cop chased after them and saved her” - I played along.

“Of course she did!” – She chuckled, planting a kiss on my neck – “She pursued them and, *boom*! She threw them in prison to save her princess”

I turned toward her face, and gently kissed her lips.

“A pile of mass spectrometry charts is waiting for me downstairs” – I pouted, grabbing her bag from the floor and tossing it on the mattress.

“Get dressed” – I exhorted.

I perceived a veiled hint of disappointment behind her seductive smirk, but I couldn’t afford squandering any more of my precious time.

I’d accumulated tons of papers to examine and the clock ticked past ten already.

“Come on, you need to relax” – She said in a pleading voice.

“We could have fun shooting the bad guys together, couldn’t we?” – She said, taking out a gun – her *real* gun – from her bag, aiming at an imaginary target.

“Put that away” – I commanded, a little bit nervous – “If my mother knew you bring that in this house you would be dead, you know that?”

“It’s not loaded” – She laughed, putting it back – “I’m just kidding”.

She embraced me tightly and gave me another gentle kiss.

“You’re a naughty girl” – I whispered.

I’d told her dozen times not to bring that thing inside of my house, but my slow-witted girlfriend didn’t seem to listen.

“Let’s go downstairs, my sister will be starving”.

We hopped on the steps down and headed to the spacious living room, where a sweet eleven years old little girl quietly watched television, cosily sitting on the sofa.

“Hey, princess” – I greeted, waving my hand.

Yoona gave me a drowsy smile and yawned – “Hi” – She murmured.

I invited Yuri to take a seat on the couch, and hinted at the kitchen.

“I’m making some breakfast for all the three of us, ok?” – I asked, earning a simple nod from both of my girls – “Be good girls, ok?”

I headed to the kitchen and grabbed a frying pan.

Why did my parents always have to leave their stuff on *my* kitchen?

I had to push aside my mom’s laptop and a few newspapers to make space on the kitchen counter, still nervously eyeing at the two people sitting in the other room.

My younger sister looked always so uneasy near Yuri, but I was confident about them getting comfortable with each other.

The early days of our relationship had been a little bit awkward for her.

She’d used to go hiding in her bedroom as soon as she heard my girlfriend’s voice in the house’s atrium, but I eventually convinced her to be more sociable.

I even heard them trying to get into a conversation.

“Is it true that two girls can’t have babies?” – Yoona said, addressing my poor Yuri who stared at her, astonished by the peculiar question.

“Who says that?” – She laughed.

I slowly shook my head in a grin. I was a little bit concerned for the fate of the conversation, but I was glad they were talking to each other.

“Mommy says that” – Yoona naively added – “She says that you can’t give Taeyeon a baby because you don’t have a wee-wee”.

“We could steal someone else’s wee-wee” – Yuri chuckled – “But your big sister is not ready to have a baby, she loves her job”

My sister grinned and let out a giggle – “But someday she…”

“Stop nagging Yuri, little princess” – I shrilled from the kitchen – “Come here and help me”.

I poured a little bit of oil and broke some eggs into the pan but I toppled one in the process, and I had to get a few paper towels.

Following my order, Yoona scampered towards the kitchen and slipped on the dropped egg, soundly bumping her lower back on the tiles of the floor.

“Ay!” – She shouted.

Realizing what’d just happened, I cursed myself in a fit of frustration.

I immediately rushed toward her and, risking myself to tumble down on the slippery surface, I grabbed her arms and lifted her up.

I frantically tried to soothe her tears, gently patting her brown hair.

“Shush, it’s all okay, honey…” – I whispered.

“What happened?” – Yuri asked, quickly walking towards us.

“Pay attention to the eggs on the floor” – I heartily recommended, pointing at the dropped egg before she could take a step into the kitchen – “and help me to carry her upstairs, I’m afraid she could have some broken bones”.

Yuri held her in her arms.

“Does it hurt if I touch here” – She asked, sounding out her leg.

Yoona shook her head, still rubbing her teary eyes.

“Help me to carry her upstairs” – Yuri said – “She doesn’t have anything broken, luckily, but she needs rest… and you still have to explain me how can be so clumsy” – She whispered in a scolding smile.

We brought Yoona to my bedroom and laid her on my bed.

“I am sorry, princess” – I apologized, pinching her cheeks.

“It’s nothing” – She said letting out a small giggle – “But can I have your computer if I don’t tell this to mom?” – She hopefully asked.

“I can’t give you my computer!” – I whined – “I need that for work, there must be something I can give you without ruining my career…”

“One hour a day” – Yoona said – “I just want to play StarCraft”

“Ok, deal” – I agreed, reminding myself to delete the browser history more often – “but if you mess up with my files, you’ll pay for that, ok?”

She gave me a bright grin.

“What’s this smell?” – Yuri interrupted them, sharpening her eyes in a worried look – “Seems like something is burning”.

Giving a sniff to the air, I sensed the scent of burnt plastic mixed with food.

A chill ran down my back as I realized I had forgot about the raw eggs on the frying pan, leaving the cooker on.

“Shit!” – I whispered, dashing on the stairs and then into the kitchen.

The eggs had caught fire and a think dense layer of smoke filled the environment, making me cough hard and blocking my eyesight.

I avoided the eggs on the floor with a jump and ran towards the fire extinguisher, activating it and sprinkling the foamy liquid on the cooking area.

When the smoke thinned out, I breathed a sigh of relief.

But I was exulting too easily, because I hadn’t noticed a very important object placed on the white surface of the kitchenette, before I activated that damned tool.

Wet and charred, there lay my mom’s laptop.