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 my home you would be dead, you know?”

“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, still eyeing at them.

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”.

“Stop nagging her, princess” – I shrilled from the kitchen.

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