

# ***A Fake Contract Marriage***

**He Promise For Freedom**

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# CONTRACT MARRIAGE



# Chapter-1

## The Contract That Was Never Meant To Be

**Scene: A large modern office hall. Time: Around 3:00 PM.**

On a long glass table, four cups of coffee sit untouched. Two well-dressed businessmen and two sharp-suited lawyers are seated. Tension hangs in the air like a storm waiting to strike.

**Lawyer 1 (calm but serious):**

Sir, please try to understand. This is the most important part of your grandfather's will. To get half of his shares and his property, you must marry someone. And stay married for at least three years. It's clearly written in the legal documents.

**Park Seo-Jun (slams the coffee cup down, voice rising):**

Unbelievable! I'm the owner and founder of this tech empire. And you're standing here *telling me* what to do with my life? What nonsense!

**Lawyer 2 (soft, respectful):**

Mr. Jun, I understand your anger. I was your grandfather's closest legal advisor. Before he passed, he often said he wanted to see you married and settled. It was his last wish. You can't get the shares until this condition is fulfilled.

**Park Seo-Jun (gritting his teeth, voice low and cold):**

Marriage? That's the most useless thing I've ever heard. It's like being trapped in a cage... It's not love—it's a punishment. Don't talk to me about it like it's a fairytale.

**Lawyer 1 (calmly offering a solution):**

We thought about that. There's a way. You don't need to *really* marry someone. We draft a contract with a girl. She stays with you, acts like your wife for three years. We'll pay her. After that, you sign a divorce. No one should know. If the truth comes out, the will becomes void.

**Park Seo-Jun (leaning back, tired):**

Do whatever makes sense. Just get it over with.

**Lawyer 2:**

Then meet us tomorrow morning, 10:00 AM, at Seoul Court.

**Next Day: 10:00 AM – Seoul Courtroom**

Seo-Jun arrives in his luxury black car, adjusting his tie, feeling awkward in the crowd. He walks in with the lawyers.

**Park Seo-Jun (whispers to Lawyer 1):**

Is this really the right thing?

**Lawyer 1 (nodding confidently):**

Absolutely. Don't worry.

They wait for the girl who was supposed to sign the marriage contract. But she's late.

Suddenly, a young woman enters in a hurry.

**Lee Hye-Jin (to the guard, breathless):**

Excuse me, I'm here to submit my father's property documents.

**Guard (pointing):**

Go to the front desk. Sign form and submit it to the judge.

She walks fast, signs without asking much, and submits the paper.

**Lawyer 1 (checking papers, puzzled):**

Wait.....

**Next Day – A small, humble house**

Inside, an old man coughs violently, lying in bed. His name is **Lee Dong-suk**, a once-proud man now weak and sick.

**Lee Dong-suk (between coughs):**

I'm sorry, my child. I can't provide for you. You're suffering because of me.

**Lee Hye-Jin (washing dishes, smiling):**

Don't say that, Papa. I'm always your daughter, no matter what. And Soo-mi will finish her degree in two and a half years. We'll be fine. One day, we'll live like a royal family!

**Lee Dong-suk (softly):**

I hope I live long enough to see my daughters married to good men... rich, kind boys knocking at our door.

Just then, there's a knock at the door. Three men stand outside—Lawyer 1, Lawyer 2, and Park Seo-Jun himself.

**Lee Soo-mi (opening the door, unimpressed):**

Yes? What do you want?

**Lawyer 1 (with a polite smile):**

We're here to see Lee Hye-Jin. This is our boss, Park Seo-Jun. Billionaire. CEO of Korea's top tech company.

**Lee Soo-mi (shrugs):**

So? We're not interested in business or jobs.

**Lawyer 1:**

Miss, we are not offering a job. Your sister is now married—to Mr. Park.

**(Water spills in the kitchen)**

**Lee Hye-Jin (rushing out, panicked):**

What?! What are you talking about? My dad just joked about a rich guy—I'm not interested married!

**Lawyer 2 (calmly):**

Miss, yesterday at court, you accidentally signed the marriage contract instead of the property paper. Legally, you are now married to Mr. Park.

**Lee Hye-Jin (shocked, nearly shouting):**

WHAT?! That's not possible! I didn't know what I was signing!

**Lawyer 1:**

We know it was a mistake, but it's legal now. And the rules say you must live with Mr. Park for the next three years.

**Lee Hye-Jin (angrily):**

No way! I have to take care of my father. I can't just leave like that.

**(For the first time, Park Seo-Jun speaks)**

**Park Seo-Jun (calm but firm):**

I'll give you ₩100,000 every month. We'll cover all your father's medical bills. And your sister? We'll enroll her in one of Korea's top universities—Chugye University. Fully sponsored.

**(Silence. Everyone looks at each other.)**

**Lee Hye-Jin (voice shaking):**

This is insane... This can't be happening...

**Lee Hye-Jin** is standing, dressed in modest clothes. Her eyes are swollen from crying all night. Her **father, Lee Dong-suk**, sits on the edge of the bed, coughing lightly, trying to hide his tears.

**Lee Hye-Jin (angry, tearful):**

Appa, please. Don't make me go. That house... it's not home. It's a trap. I don't want to be sold like an item just because we're poor!

**Lee Dong-suk (voice shaking, guilty):**

Jin-ah... it's not selling. It's surviving. Just three years, my daughter. After that... you'll be free.

**Lee Hye-Jin (breaking down):**

Why me?! Why always me, Appa?! I cook, I clean, I skip my dreams—and now I have to marry a stranger too?

**Lee Dong-suk (tears in his eyes):**

Because I'm useless. Because I can't give you anything. Because if you don't go... Soo-mi won't finish her degree. We'll lose the house. We'll lose everything.

**Lee Hye-Jin (softly, hugging her father):**

I never needed "everything," Appa. I just needed us together. Alive.

**Lee Dong-suk (holding her tight):**

You'll come back, stronger. I promise. Just hold on for 3 years. No love, no feelings. Just an act. After that, I'll bring you back with my own hands.

**Lee Hye-Jin (voice trembling):**

What if I forget how to smile, Appa?

**Lee Dong-suk (gently, like a lullaby):**

Then I'll remind you. Like I used to. "My strong little Jin... she never breaks."

**(Silence. A bird chirps outside. Jin picks up her bag, tears falling.)**

**Lee Hye-Jin (whispers):**

I'm not doing this for the money.

I'm doing it for you. And Soo-mi.

**Lee Dong-suk (weak smile):**

That's why... you're the strongest woman I know.

**Scene fades as Jin walks toward the car waiting outside.**

She doesn't look back.

Because if she does... she might run back inside and never come out again.

# Chapter:2

## The Mansion of Stranger

**Scene: Park Seo-Jun's mansion – evening.**

The mansion stood like a silent giant—black iron gates, marble floors, and a cold, empty silence inside. Not a single plant or photo frame. It felt more like a museum than a home.

**Lee Hye-Jin (carrying a small bag, stepping inside):**

(Whispers to herself)

So this is what money looks like... Cold.

**Park Seo-Jun (looking at her but doesn't greet):**

Your room is on the second floor. Don't touch anything that isn't yours. We're not family. We're not lovers. We're just pretending.

**Lee Hye-Jin (tired but snaps):**

I never asked for this, Mr. Contract Husband. I'm only here for my family.

**Park Seo-Jun (without turning back):**

Good. Then stay out of my way.

**Scene: Dining Room – Night**

Dinner is served on a long, luxurious table. Seo-Jun eats silently. Hye-Jin just stares at her food. Awkward silence.

**Housekeeper (politely):**

Miss, would you like anything else?

**Lee Hye-Jin (softly):**

A spoon would be nice...

**Park Seo-Jun (not looking up):**

This isn't a hotel. If you want something, get it yourself.



She stands up, angry but silent. Walks to the kitchen, gets a spoon, sits down. The clock ticks loudly.

**Later that night – Hye-Jin's room**

She unpacks quietly. A small framed photo of her father and sister sits on the table. She wipes her tears before they fall.

**Lee Hye-Jin (to herself):**

Just three years... do it for Papa. Just three years...

Suddenly, she hears Seo-Jun's voice from the hallway.

**Park Seo-Jun (on phone, angry):**

No. I don't care what the media says. This is just a deal. She's not my real wife!

Hye-Jin's eyes widen. She grabs her pillow and screams into it.

**Scene: Flashback to the Courtroom (earlier that day)**

**Judge (signing):**

Both parties have signed. This marriage contract is legally approved.

**Lawyer 2 (to Seo-Jun):**

Don't forget, if she leaves before three years, the inheritance is gone. Keep her safe, keep it quiet.

**Back to Mansion – Morning**

Hye-Jin comes downstairs in the morning to find a note:

**"There's a press conference in three days. Learn how to act like my wife. Wear something decent." – P.S.J**

**Lee Hye-Jin (laughs bitterly):**

So now I'm his puppet too.

**Housekeeper (entering quietly):**

Miss... Mr. Park has arranged your father's private hospital room. The bills have been cleared.

Hye-Jin stops. She clutches the note in her hand.

**Lee Hye-Jin (whispers, confused):**

Why... would he do that?

**Scene: Seo-Jun's private office – same time**

He watches a photo on his phone. A childhood photo. Him with his grandfather. Both smiling.

**Park Seo-Jun (softly):**

I didn't want this either, Grandpa... but if this is the only way...

**Scene: Evening – Rooftop of Mansion**

Hye-Jin stands alone under the stars. Seo-Jun walks out with a glass of wine.

**Park Seo-Jun:**

You still here?

**Lee Hye-Jin (sighs):**

Don't worry, I'm not planning to jump.

**Park Seo-Jun (smirks):**

Wouldn't blame you if you did.

**Lee Hye-Jin:**

You talk like the whole world betrayed you.

**Park Seo-Jun:**

Maybe it did. Or maybe I just stopped believing in anyone.

**Lee Hye-Jin:**

Well... maybe someone will make you believe again.

(They both look away. No words. Just silence.)

***Scene: Afternoon – Inside Park Seo-Jun's Mansion – Guest Room***

The large room is quiet, sunlight drifting in through sheer curtains.

**Lee Hye-Jin** sits on the edge of the bed, nervously playing with the corner of a pillow. A knock echoes on the door.

**Maid (politely entering):**

Excuse me, Miss. Do you need anything before the evening meeting?

**Lee Hye-Jin (hesitates, then blurts out):**

Can I... just talk to you for a minute?

**Maid (blinks, surprised):**

Talk?

**Lee Hye-Jin (nervous smile):**

Yes, just talk. This place is too quiet. I feel like I'm hearing my own heartbeat echo.

**Maid (softens, walks closer):**

Of course. What would you like to talk about?

**Lee Hye-Jin:**

How long have you been working here?

**Maid (smiles, proud):**

Ah, too long, child. Almost since I was your age. I was barely twenty-five when I was hired.

**Lee Hye-Jin (curious):**

That's... a lifetime. Was Mr. Park always this cold?

**Maid (laughs softly):**

He wasn't even cold. He was barely breathing.

He was just... twenty-three days old when he was brought here.

**Lee Hye-Jin (shocked):**

What?

**Maid (nods, gently):**

Yes. Found in a trash can... wrapped in a torn blanket.

It was Chairman Park Tae-won—his grandfather—who found him and brought him home. He adopted him, raised him like his own blood.

He even hired me to care for him day and night. I was the one who used to rock him to sleep when he cried.

**Lee Hye-Jin (voice low):**

Is he... alone now?

**Maid:**

Not completely. Chairman Park also adopted another boy later.  
His name is **Park hyung-woo**. They grew up like real brothers.

**Lee Hye-Jin (whispers):**

But he's the only one living here now...

**Maid (nods sadly):**

Yes. Mr. hyung-woo moved out for work abroad.  
And the Chairman passed away... So in this big house, it's just him.  
And now... you.

**Lee Hye-Jin (softly, stunned):**

So people really think we're married?

**Maid (smiles warmly):**

Of course. We all do. I'm happy for him.  
He may act cold, but it's just loneliness. Don't take his silence the wrong way.

Just... be kind. And be ready for tonight's press meeting and dinner party.

The maid bows and quietly leaves the room.

**Jin stays frozen, staring at the door, then speaks to herself:**

**Lee Hye-Jin (to herself):**

So only I, the lawyers, he... and my family know the truth.  
To the rest of the world... we're husband and wife.

(Whispers)

This lie is starting to feel too real.

# Chapter-3

## Don't Fall Again

### Scene: Park Seo-Jun's Room

Lee Hye-Jin hesitated outside his door, holding her small pillow and a neatly folded blanket. Her guest room had started to feel colder with each passing night, while this door—this man—kept pulling at something inside her she couldn't name.

She pushed the door open gently.

Inside, soft yellow lamplight kissed the shadows. Park Seo-Jun lay fast asleep on the sofa, his arm draped loosely, fingers still clutching a book titled:

### “Escape The Bloppy”

She whispered in her mind:

*“Oh my god... he fell asleep while reading.*

*You really do carry pain, don't you, Mr. Contract Husband? You have the world's money... but not a single soul to love you.*

*And here I am... slowly, silently, falling for you.*

*But don't worry. I won't be your shadow forever.”*

She knelt beside him for a moment, just staring, memorizing the quiet. Her fingers trembled as she reached to pull a thin blanket over him.

He didn't stir.

### Scene: Evening – 7:30 PM – Mansion Staircase

The marble staircase glowed under golden chandeliers. Lee Hye-Jin descended like a silent starfall in a sleek black dress, each step echoing through the mansion like a fashion runway.

Her hair was tied up elegantly, and a small diamond pin shimmered just above her temple. She looked fierce—beautiful, tragic, and untouchable.

Park Seo-Jun stood at the bottom of the stairs, adjusting his watch.

He looked up once, expression unreadable.

**Seo-Jun (dryly):** “Let’s move.”

She blinked at his cold tone but said nothing. Her fingers clutched her purse tighter.

**Seo-Jun (walking ahead):** “Come on. We have five minutes till the press eats us alive.”

**Hye-Jin (quietly):** “Okay.” (*A small flinch escaped her voice.*)

### **Scene: Press Conference – 8:00 PM – Grand Ballroom**

Cameras flashed like thunder. The ballroom buzzed with reporters and investors, murmuring with curiosity.

At the center, Park Seo-Jun and Lee Hye-Jin sat side by side, cameras pointed, lights blazing.

**Reporter 1:** “Mr. Park, will Miss Lee Hye-Jin be joining your tech firm as a board member or in any executive capacity?”

**Park Seo-Jun (stoic):** “I’ll think about it. Thank you.”

**Reporter 2:** “And... apologies for the bluntness—but was there a past romantic relationship between the two of you before this marriage was arranged?”

Silence.

A beat.

Seo-Jun looked straight ahead, lips still.

But then—

**Lee Hye-Jin (softly, but clear):**

“Yes. We used to love each other before all of this began.”

Murmurs erupted. Flashes went wild.

**Reporter 3 (eagerly):** “So you mean this isn’t just a business arrangement?”

**Lee Hye-Jin:**

“What we had... it wasn’t perfect. It was quiet. Slow. But it was real, once. Some things don’t make it to the surface. Some stay buried in silence.”

**Reporter 1:** “Is there a chance you’ll rekindle that love?”

**Park Seo-Jun (at last, curtly):**

“Next question.”

But his eyes flickered—just for a second—toward her.

**Scene: Mansion Hallway – 11:00 PM**

The night was too quiet.

Park Seo-Jun loosened his tie as he walked down the hallway. Hye-Jin stood waiting by the grand piano, arms folded.

**Seo-Jun (firm):** “What was that? At the conference?”

**Lee Hye-Jin (calmly)**

“I told them we were lovers. It made sense.”

**Seo-Jun (angry):** “You made it worse.”

**Lee Hye-Jin (thinking to herself):**

*“Because I love you, Mr. Cold Heart. But how can I say that?”*

**Seo-Jun (demanding):** “Answer me.”

**Lee Hye-Jin (sharply):**

“Who cares? You give me money. I wear your ring. I act like your wife. Isn’t that enough?”

She turned on her heel, trying to walk away—heels clicking like tiny thunderbolts—but suddenly—

**Her ankle twisted.**

She slipped.

Her body hit the floor with a dull thud.

For a moment—nothing.

Then, Seo-Jun moved.

But not toward her.

He walked to the table, picked up his tablet, and turned away.

**Park Seo-Jun (without looking):**

“Get the first-aid kit. She fell.”

The maid rushed to her side, shocked.

**Maid:** “Miss Lee! Are you alright?”

Lee Hye-Jin sat up slowly, her elbow scraped, her pride more bruised than her skin.

She looked up at Seo-Jun, eyes burning.

He didn’t even glance back.

**Lee Hye-Jin (voice breaking softly):**

“You didn’t even look...”

The maid dabbed antiseptic on her cut gently, whispering comforting words. But Hye-Jin kept staring at the man walking away.

He paused at the top of the stairs, back turned.

And in the quiet, before disappearing into his room—

**Park Seo-Jun (low, almost guilty):**

“Don’t fall again.



# Chapter-4

## The Women Before Me

### Scene: Lee Hye-Jin's Room – Late Afternoon

The room was quiet except for the soft ticking of a clock. Lee Hye-Jin sat on the bed with a hot cup of tea. She reached for the remote and turned on the TV.

Her heart nearly stopped.

On the screen, a press conference was unfolding. Reporters filled the lobby of Park Seo-Jun's office. Flashing cameras. Booming microphones. And in the center of it all stood a woman with a sharp voice and colder smile.

#### Reporter 1:

"Miss Ha-Eun, can you clarify your relationship with CEO Park Seo-Jun?"

#### Ha-Eun (smirking):

"I was the one who was *originally* supposed to sign the contract marriage with him. Before that girl—Lee Hye-Jin—accidentally walked into this whole thing."

#### Reporter 2 (eagerly):

"Are you saying this marriage is fake?"

#### Ha-Eun (coldly):

"Yes. It's all for show. Just a three-year contract. Park Seo-Jun used her—used me. It's all about money and manipulation. I have the documents."

#### Reporter 3:

"So, you're saying Lee Hye-Jin was a replacement?"

#### Ha-Eun:

"She was nothing more than a convenient choice. A stand-in bride. I was there first. But he tossed me aside."

### Scene: Park Seo-Jun's Office – Present Time

Park Seo-Jun stood at the front, surrounded by the blinding lights of dozens of reporters.

His jaw was tight. His suit crisp. But something behind his eyes flickered—fury, maybe.

**Reporter 4:**

“Mr. Park, is it true you arranged this marriage for financial or corporate gain?”

He remained silent, letting the noise buzz around him. But just then—

**Lee Hye-Jin burst into the room.**

She didn’t wait to ask.

She walked straight to him, grabbed his hand in front of everyone, and held it.

**Lee Hye-Jin (loud and clear):**

“This is my husband. And we are here for each other. No matter what anyone says, I stand beside him—not because of a contract—but because he’s the one who’s stood by me. Please... stop torturing him with these lies. He is not what you say.”

The reporters went silent.

**Ha-Eun (snapping):**

“You don’t even know the truth, do you? I was there before you. I was the one he was supposed to marry.”

**Lee Hye-Jin (firmly):**

“You think you were first? Then why did you leave? If you had even a little love for him, you wouldn’t be here now... humiliating him in front of the world.”

**Ha-Eun (mocking):**

“You’ve been blinded by the greed of money, girl. That greed made you like this.”

**Lee Hye-Jin (sharp):**

“If I was greedy, I would have left long ago. But I’m still here, holding his hand.

If you’re not the greedy one, then why are you here now—throwing dirt, screaming for attention?”

The crowd gasped.

**Lee Hye-Jin (to the press):**

“Excuse me.”

She looked at Park Seo-Jun once—his expression unreadable—and then gently pulled him away.

They walked out, hand in hand.

**Scene: Inside the Car –**

The door slammed shut.

Inside the car, silence buzzed louder than the press conference.

Seo-Jun yanked his hand away.

**Park Seo-Jun (coldly):**

“Don’t pretend to love me. Don’t forget—we’re in a contract.”

Lee Hye-Jin didn’t respond. She just looked out the window.

Her fingers trembled slightly in her lap.

He grabbed the remote and turned on the car’s built-in screen.

The press was still live.

**Reporter 5 (on screen):**

“...in an unexpected turn, CEO Park Seo-Jun’s wife, Lee Hye-Jin, showed up to defend her husband in front of the media.

In a time where most would run, she stood tall—supporting her partner in the worst moment.

This couple might’ve started with a contract, but today... they showed the world what it means to stand together. A true example of loyalty—through good and bad.”

Park Seo-Jun stared at the screen, lips pressed tightly.

**Park Seo-Jun (bitterly):**

“Rubbish. They talk anything for views. Fucking reporters.”

Beside him, Lee Hye-Jin pressed her forehead against the window.

One tear slid down her cheek.

She wiped it quickly before he could see.

**Park Seo-Jun (without looking at her):**

“Driver. Move. Get us to the mansion. Fast.”

She closed her eyes, clutching her purse tightly.

The car sped into the night.

# Chapter-5

## Under The White Light

### Scene: Inside the Car –

The city lights blurred past the windows like streaks of forgotten dreams. Rain tapped gently against the glass. Inside the silent car, Lee Hye-Jin sat still, her body angled toward the window—but her eyes... they were watching him.

The reflection of **Park Seo-Jun** flickered on the glass, and she couldn't stop staring. His jaw clenched, his breathing slow but tense. There was something wrong. He hadn't spoken a word since they left the media storm.

Then suddenly—

His hands began to tremble.

His chest rose sharply, as if something inside was collapsing.

**Seo-Jun** gripped the side of the seat. His eyes widened, trying to hold something back—his breath, maybe... or his pain.

**Hye-Jin** turned immediately, panic blooming in her chest.

**Hye-Jin** (alarmed):

"Seo-Jun?! What's happening—what's wrong?!"

He couldn't answer. He gasped, his body leaning forward, unable to breathe properly. His face was pale, drenched in cold sweat.

**Hye-Jin** shouted at the driver:

"Turn the car! Go to the hospital! Right now! Hurry!"

She moved beside him, her hands trembling as she reached out and held his.

**Hye-Jin** (gently, trying to calm him):

"Hey... hey, look at me. Just breathe, okay? I'm here. I'm here with you."

His head dropped suddenly—collapsing onto her lap.

For a second, her heart stopped.

**Hye-Jin** held him close, left arm wrapped tightly around his shoulder, right hand cradling his head. She ran her fingers gently through his hair, whispering.

**Hye-Jin** (softly):

"Please... please hold on. Don't do this to me. You're not alone... I'm right here."

The car sped through the drenched streets.

### **Scene: Hospital Emergency Entrance – Moments Later**

The car screeched to a halt.

**Hye-Jin** threw the door open, screaming into the building.

**Hye-Jin** (desperate):

"Doctor! Doctor! Please—he needs help! He can't breathe!"

Nurses rushed with a stretcher. The medical team swarmed around **Park Seo-Jun**, placing an oxygen mask on him and lifting him from her lap.

**Doctor:**

"What happened?"

**Hye-Jin** (with tears in her eyes):

"He... he just started panicking—he couldn't breathe, I don't know why! Please, I beg you, save him!"

Her voice broke on the last words. She wiped at her face but the tears kept falling.

**Doctor:**

"We'll try our best. Please wait here."

They wheeled him away, the white hallway swallowing him whole.

### **Scene: Recovery Room – Later That Night**

The beeping of the heart monitor was steady.

**Park Seo-Jun** lay on the hospital bed, a thin blanket over him, a faint band of sweat still on his forehead.

**Lee Hye-Jin** sat quietly beside him, her hand resting near his. She watched him sleep, her eyes rimmed with fatigue.

He stirred.

**Hye-Jin** (gently):

"You're awake... how are you feeling?"

He didn't answer. His gaze drifted to the ceiling, expression unreadable.

She picked up a spoon and a small bowl of soup.

**Hye-Jin**:

"You need to eat something. You haven't had anything all day."

She held the spoon out toward him. He turned his face away.

**Park Seo-Jun** (coldly):

"I'm not hungry."

Just then, the door creaked open.

**Park hyung-Woo** stepped in with his usual easy grin, holding a small fruit basket in one hand.

**hyung-Woo**:

"hyungg... why are you giving my **hyeongsunim (sister in law)** such a hard time?"

Seo-Jun's expression shifted.

**Seo-Jun**:

"hyung-Woo? What are you doing here?"

**hyung-Woo** (placing the basket on the side table):

"I saw last night's news. You looked like crap, so I came to check on you. Also—" (*he looked at Hye-Jin and smiled*)—"I had to meet my lovely **hyeongsunim**. Am I right, Jin?"

**Hye-Jin** gave a tired but grateful smile and stood up politely, allowing space for the brothers.

**hyung-Woo** sat near the bed.

**hyung-Woo**:

"How're you feeling now?"

**Seo-Jun** (flatly):

"Better than before."

**hyung-Woo:**

"Yeah, I can see that. Though I must say, credit goes to **hyeongsunim**. She was crying like a child at the hospital entrance. Begging the doctors, holding you like her world was ending. She even called me—from your phone. Told me everything."

Seo-Jun blinked.

**Seo-Jun** (thinking):

*"She used my phone? Wait—how does she know my password...? Clever girl. But crying for me? No. That had to be an act. Maybe a reporter was watching. It's all fake. Just like this marriage."*

He looked away, silent.

**hyung-Woo** (clapping him on the shoulder):

"Anyway, don't be so cold to her. She's not faking it. I can tell. Maybe you can't... but she's trying."

hyung-Woo stood and smiled at **Hye-Jin** again.

**hyung-Woo:**

"I'll leave you both alone now. Rest up, brother. Take care, **hyeongsunim**."

As the door clicked shut, the silence returned.

**Hye-Jin** moved to gather her purse, but before she could turn, Seo-Jun spoke—

**Seo-Jun** (without looking at her):

"You didn't need to call anyone. You didn't need to act like you cared."

She paused, then sat back down.

**Hye-Jin** (softly):

"I didn't act. I just... didn't want to lose you."

No reply.

# Chapter-6

## Takotsubo cardiomyopathy

The hallway outside Park Seo-Jun's room was quiet, except for the soft murmur of voices. hyungg-Woo leaned against the wall, his eyes on Lee Hye-Jin as she stared blankly at her hands.

Hye-Jin (quietly):

“He has... Takotsubo cardiomyopathy.”

hyungg-Woo blinked.

hyungg-Woo (confused):

“Is that a... video game?”

Hye-Jin let out a tired laugh, despite herself.

Hye-Jin:

“No... I mean, I don't know much about it either. But the doctor explained. It's a temporary heart condition. The heart muscle weakens, and the left ventricle—our main heart chamber—changes shape. It bulges out at the top and curves at the bottom. Looks like some... Japanese octopus trap.”

(She pauses, eyes dimming.)

“They call it ‘Takotsubo.’”

hyungg-Woo looked alarmed now, the joke melting from his face.

Hye-Jin:

“They don't know how long he'll survive. There's the option of a heart transplant, but... it's risky. Very risky. It could either save him—or kill him.”

hyungg-Woo was silent for a while. Then, he gave a lopsided smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

hyungg-Woo:

“I guess... I shouldn't worry about my brother now.”

(pauses)

“I'm only here for a month—just this vacation. But I trust you, hyeongsunim. You'll take care of him, right? My brother's lucky. He got the most caring wife in the world.”

Hye-Jin's eyes softened. She smiled gently.



Hye-Jin:

“Yeah... because I love your brother. He’s suffered enough. Too much.”

hyungg-Woo raised his eyebrows dramatically.

hyungg-Woo:

“Wait, wait—what?! You’re in *love* with my brother?”

(grinning)

“Omg! This is beautiful. The cold Seo-Jun finally found his fire.”

He clutched his chest in mock emotion.

hyungg-Woo:

“I feel like I’m in the middle of a K-drama. You guys are so cute. I should leave the house—you know, give the lovebirds some privacy.”

Hye-Jin (blushing):

“Shut up, hyungg-Woo!”

hyungg-Woo laughed and walked off.

hyungg-Woo:

“I’m going to shower. And I’m starving, by the way. You better cook something delicious!”

Hye-Jin:

“Okay, okay! Be quick.”

### **Scene: Inside hyungg-Woo’s Room**

He closed the door behind him, tossed his shirt on the bed, and sat down at his desk. His face had changed—no more joking, no more laughing.

He opened his laptop and typed:

#### **“Takotsubo Cardiomyopathy”**

Page after page of medical articles flooded the screen. He read in silence, eyes wide. His smile had vanished.

hyungg-Woo (softly):

“You idiot... why didn’t you ever tell me?”

He stared down at his hands, afraid of losing the one person who had always been stronger than him.

### **Scene: One Hour Later**

Freshly showered, hyungg-Woo stepped out into the living room just as the doorbell rang.

hyungg-Woo (calling out):

“Wait, Jin! I’ll get it. You focus on making food—I’m starving and you’re slow!”

Hye-Jin (from the kitchen):

“It’s not easy! I’m still learning, you know!”

He rolled his eyes and opened the door with a groan—

And froze.

There, in a basketball jersey and shorts, holding a sports bag and a basketball in one hand, stood a girl with a cap over her short messy hair.

Her eyes lit up.

Lee Soo-Mi:

“Jin! My sister!”

But then her eyes locked with hyungg-Woo’s.

Lee Soo-Mi:

“*Yuuuuuu!*”

hyungg-Woo (blinking):

“*Meeee?*”

From inside—

Hye-Jin:

“Who is it, hyungg-Woo?”

hyungg-Woo (shouting back):

“No one, Jin!”

Lee Soo-Mi crossed her arms.

Lee Soo-Mi:

“Excuse me?! You’re stopping me from meeting my sister?!”

hyungg-Woo:

“Wait—your sister?”

Lee Soo-Mi (sassy):

“Obviously. I’m Lee Soo-Mi. Little sister, basketball queen, locker-losing disaster.”

hyungg-Woo (grinning):

“I thought you came here for me.”

Lee Soo-Mi (playfully pushing past him):

“As *if*!”

She darted past him and jumped into Hye-Jin’s arms.

Lee Soo-Mi:

“Unnie!! Oh my God, I missed you!”

Hye-Jin turned, surprised, and hugged her tightly.

Hye-Jin:

“Soo-Mi?! Is it really you?”

Lee Soo-Mi:

“Yep! But wait... where’s my locket? The one you gave me?”

Behind them, hyungg-Woo started retreating quietly toward his room.

hyungg-Woo:

“Okay, I’ll go back to my room. When food’s ready, summon me. I’ll be... meditating.”

Hye-Jin (laughing):

“Don’t go! This is my sister, Lee Soo-Mi.”

Lee Soo-Mi (cheekily):

“Oh, he knows me *very* well. But seriously, I need to find my locket. I can’t believe I lost it again.”

hyungg-Woo entered his room and slowly reached into his pocket.

There it was—small, delicate, golden.

The locket.

He stared at it in his palm for a long second.

hyungg-Woo (whispering):

“I didn’t think I’d ever see her again...”

He sat on his bed, locket dangling between his fingers, heart pounding

# Chapter-7

## Where It all Begin

The air in Seoul was soft that morning—bright and unbothered, the way mornings in a new chapter often are. Chugye University’s ivy-covered gates stood tall under a warm sky, welcoming hundreds of excited students. Among them was **Lee Soo-Mi**, a transfer student, clutching her documents, a map of the campus folded awkwardly under her arm, and a nervous fire in her heart.

She had dreamt of this.

Scholarship won. Bags packed. Dreams aligned.

And yet—here she stood, completely lost.

Soo-Mi (muttering):

“Music hall... no, admin block? Why are these buildings shaped like riddles?”

As she turned a corner near the central courtyard, she bumped into someone—hard.

Books dropped. Her coffee splashed. The map flew into the wind like a paper bird.

Soo-Mi (startled):

“Yah! Watch where you’re—!”

hyungg-Woo, tall, athletic, and effortlessly late, stood blinking down at her with a sheepish grin.

hyungg-Woo (grinning):

“Wow... are you okay? That map just attacked me.”

Soo-Mi:

“That *map* didn’t attack you. Your huge giraffe legs did.”

hyungg-Woo (mock offense):

“Hey! That’s no way to greet your senior.”

Soo-Mi’s eyes narrowed.

She had no idea who this boy was—but she knew he was trouble.

Soo-Mi:

“Senior? So? You walk around like you own the sidewalk?”

hyungg-Woo chuckled. There was something about her—the way she stood firm, her hair slightly messy from the wind, her eyes fierce but full of wonder. He didn’t know why, but his heart skipped like a scratched vinyl.

hyungg-Woo:

“Okay, okay. My bad. Let me help.”

He knelt, picking up her papers. One of them caught his eye.

hyungg-Woo:

“Lee Soo-Mi? New transfer? Ohh... you're the scholarship student everyone's talking about.”

Soo-Mi:

“And you are?”

hyungg-Woo:

“hyungg-Woo. Basketball captain. Campus legend. Known for being very, very helpful.”

She rolled her eyes. He offered a hand to help her up. She hesitated, then took it.

That touch—brief, electric.

**Later that day, they met again.**

Coincidence?

Or fate playing its favorite game.

Soo-Mi had just finished her first class, notebook clutched tight, when she heard a ball bouncing down the hall. She turned.

There he was again.

hyungg-Woo, spinning a basketball lazily on his finger.

hyungg-Woo (smirking):

“Oh look. The map assassin.”

Soo-Mi:

“Oh no. The human giraffe.”

He laughed.

hyungg-Woo:

"You play? Basketball?"

Soo-Mi (smug):

"I don't just play. I win."

hyungg-Woo raised an eyebrow.

A challenge sparkled in his eyes.

That afternoon, on the campus court, a crowd gathered.

Soo-Mi versus hyungg-Woo.

One-on-one.

First to 7 points.

The match was chaos.

Trash talk. Dodging. Blocking. Laughing.

She was fast. He was powerful.

The score hit 6–6.

She dribbled left, spun, and—

Missed.

He caught the rebound. Slam dunk.

Game over.

But instead of celebrating, hyungg-Woo offered a hand again.

hyungg-Woo:

"Not bad... for someone who calls me a giraffe."

Soo-Mi, panting and red-faced, took his hand, smiling for real this time.

Soo-Mi:

"You're still annoying."

hyungg-Woo:

"And you're still amazing."

**Over the next few weeks... they became inseparable.**

Not by label.

Not by declaration.

But by everything else.

They fought over food in the cafeteria.

They fought over who got the library window seat.

They argued in lectures, challenged each other in debates.

Yet, when Soo-Mi forgot her umbrella, hyungg-Woo was the one waiting at the exit,

When hyungg-Woo pulled an all-nighter before a midterm, Soo-Mi left him vitamin drinks and a handwritten note:

*"Don't be dumb. Sleep at least 6 hours. Idiot."*

They studied together. Fought again.

Helped each other sneak out after curfew.

Snuck snacks into lectures.

Taped notes onto each other's backs.

Made memories they never talked about aloud, but held quietly in the folds of their hearts.

**One evening, the rain returned.**

Much like the day they first met.

They were both caught under the small awning near the east dorms.

Only one umbrella between them.

hyungg-Woo:

"You know... I've never met someone who can drive me so insane and still make me laugh like you do."

Soo-Mi looked away, suddenly quiet.



Soo-Mi:

"Same. You're like a virus. Impossible to shake off."

They both laughed. But behind the laughter, something softer pulsed.

Unspoken.

Warm.

Dangerous.

They looked at each other, eyes holding more than words dared say.

But no one said "I love you."

Not yet.

Because sometimes love begins in small ways:

A fight over a seat.

A shared umbrella.

A passing glance.

A basketball game under sunset.

And in the spaces between those little moments, **hyungg-Woo fell.**

And **Soo-Mi knew.**

# Chapter-8

## The unspoken truth

Jin called out from the kitchen, her voice dancing down the hallway like a familiar tune.

“hyungg-woo! Food is ready!”

Before he could answer, Soo-mi placed a hand on Jin’s shoulder. “It’s okay, unni. I’ll call him.”

She walked slowly toward his door and noticed it wasn’t shut properly. She knocked softly—no answer. The silence was tender, not cold. Curiosity gently tugged her forward.

The door creaked open.

She stepped inside, and the room greeted her like a secret world. Posters of basketball legends and statues of Korean myth and Buddhist serenity filled the space. A bookshelf towered with novels and philosophy, and in one corner, a small gaming console blinked to life. Everything was a perfect storm of boyhood and wisdom.

But what caught her breath—what froze her heartbeat—was the large photograph behind the desk.

It was her. Her smile, captured under the golden autumn leaves of campus, glowing like sunlight on silk.

Her heart skipped.

“He kept this?” she whispered to herself.

She turned—only to accidentally bump the desk. “Ouch!” she hissed.

The sound stirred hyungg-woo. He blinked, half-dreaming, then shot up.

“You—what are you doing here?!” he stammered, panic rising in his voice.

“I knocked,” she said softly. “You just didn’t hear me.”

He scrambled to hide the photo, the locket in his hand falling into full view.

She stared at it, then smiled faintly. “I knew it,” she murmured.

There was a long pause. Their eyes met—not just glancing, but meeting like two shores after a long tide.

“You really love me, don’t you?” Soo-mi whispered, almost afraid of her own words.

hyungg-woo turned away. “Shut up, map association! It’s not like that.”

Soo-mi stepped closer, her voice trembling with a mix of joy and sorrow.

“Why did you keep all this? The picture... my locket... the books we used to argue about...”

He didn’t speak. He couldn’t. His silence was louder than a confession.

Then, without warning, she reached up and kissed him—softly at first, like a question. His breath caught. She didn’t pull back.

“I can’t believe someone loved me like this purely,” she said, her lips still close to his. “But we don’t come from the same world. I have a father to take care of. Responsibilities. Expectations. You... you have dreams.”

“I have one dream,” he whispered. “You. You are the dream.”

She looked up into his eyes, as if seeing him for the first time. “You’re serious?”

“I’ve never been more.”

They sat on the edge of the bed, hearts pounding, hands trembling like teenagers falling in love for the first time. She ran her fingers through his hair, brushing it gently from his eyes.

“You’re shaking,” she smiled.

“I’m terrified,” he admitted, “but only because I never want to lose this moment.”

She laughed—a soft, musical laugh. “You always did say the corniest things.”

“You always rolled your eyes when I did.”

And now, she leaned in again, more sure of herself this time. They kissed, slow and meaningful, their souls finally saying what their lips had been too shy to admit.

She kissed him continuously hug him and cry

hyungg-woo: What this

Soo-mi: I can't imagine someone love me so true but we have not same standard also i should take care of my papa

hyungg-woo: we will marry like our sis and bro did and don't worry i will take care of ur father  
Soo-mi hug hyungg-woo she took hyungg woo in his bed

hyungg-woo: What are you doing being naughty

Soo-mi: being your forever she fell on hyungg-woo open her hair kiss his lip their lip meet with each other he opened his shirt

Soo-mi: Wait why r u in hurry we will go slowly ok hyungg-woo pulled her hug her he opened his t shirt took out his airdopes, watch and help her to remove her jersey and shirt she was shy feeling romantic and little silly she remove her sport bra and fell in his chest slowly rubbing his hair hyungg-woo kissed her neck and I love you too he close the light another side jin was waiting for them

Jin: I think they will take too much time i should go and feed Seo-jun now it's time for his medicine and inside hyung-woo room hyungg-woo put his hand in soo-mi chest rubbing the nipple kissing her tongue to tongue Soo-mi was moaning and she put her hand inside blanket hyungg-woo freeze hyungg-woo: wait i was not ready for this

Soo-mi : Shut up giraffe this is too long as i expected hyungg-woo shy she rubbed his p\*\*ish she opened her shorts open her pant hyungg-woo also in hurry quickly opened his pant they start to mate each other the bed was shaking their chest was collide hyungg-woo was sucking the nipple of Soo-mi being romantic both were queefing the bed was already wet

Soo-mi: slowly gently plz..., Ouch it is hurting can u go gently i am wet now please be gentle Hung-woo

Then they rested, forehead to forehead, in perfect quiet.

Meanwhile, outside the room, Jin stared at the dinner table with a smile, but also concern. "They're taking their time," she said softly. "I'll go check on Seo-jun. He needs his medicine."

But in another part of the house, a storm had begun to brew.

Jin entered Seo-jun's room gently, carrying a tray.

"Time for your medicine," she said, sweet and cautious.

But Seo-jun's voice came sharp, ice breaking through her warmth.

"Why are you here? I told you—I don't want you around."

She flinched. “You need to eat, take care of your health. Please—”

“It was all fake, Jin. All of it. This whole scene, this ‘love.’ Just for the cameras, the lawyers, the papers. I never wanted this.”

Outside the room, hyungg-woo stopped in his tracks. Soo-mi stood just behind him, eyes wide.

“...Fake?” hyungg-woo whispered. “It was true? All those rumors?”

Seo-jun’s voice was louder now. “I’m not some child you can baby. Go back to your world of perfect feelings and caring nonsense. I don’t need you. I never did.”

Jin stood frozen. Her hands trembled, the tray shaking.

Tears welled in her eyes. She turned and walked away.

“Let’s go, Soo-mi,” she said, reaching for her sister’s hand. “Let’s leave this place.”

“But—”

“No,” she said, firm now. “Love doesn’t beg to stay where it’s not wanted.”

As the sisters walked away, the mansion felt emptier than ever. But in the shadows, hyungg-woo stood still—his heart now split between the love that just bloomed and the truth that had just shattered.

# Chapter-9

## Butterflies

After Jin and Soo-mi left the mansion, the hallways of that grand estate echoed with silence. The house, once filled with light, now felt like an empty throne — beautiful, vast, but lonely.

hyungg-woo packed his backpack slowly, his eyes tired but resolute. He headed toward the door when Seo-Jun, leaning against the wall, called out.

**Seo-Jun:** “Where are you going?”

**hyungg-woo:** (without looking back) “Back to university. Back to real life.”

**Seo-Jun:** “Why now? Stay with me. I’m alone.”

hyungg-woo turned to face him, eyes burning with disappointment.

**hyungg-woo:** “Alone? You had someone beside you every day. Someone who gave up everything to be with you. But you were too proud to see it. Jin loved you, truly — more than you’ll ever deserve. And what did you give her in return? Silence. Doubt. Pain.”

**Seo-Jun:** “What do you mean—?”

**hyungg-woo:** “She stood beside you during your panic attacks. Stayed up at night just to make sure your breaths didn’t falter. She didn’t know how to cook *Sannakji*, but she tried for you. She tried everything for you. She wasn’t a chef or a queen, but she was something even rarer — she was real.”

There was a long silence.

**hyungg-woo:** “She called me her little brother. Do you know how that felt? Like I had a mother again. She talked with me when you didn’t. Laughed with me. Played with me. In that cold mansion, she was the only warm light left.”

Without waiting for a reply, hyungg-woo walked away.

Seo-Jun scoffed, whispering, “He’s just talking rubbish.”

But doubt seeped in. That evening, when the house grew darker, he walked to the security room. One by one, he replayed the CCTV footage.

Jin... feeding him medicine with trembling hands... wiping his sweat while he slept... practicing Sannakji and failing, but smiling anyway... quietly crying when he didn't even look her way.

He watched, motionless. The weight of guilt filled his chest like stones in a drowning man's pocket. He returned to the dining hall. Her empty chair stared at him.

One year passed.

One long, cold, hollow year.

The mansion, though luxurious, felt like a graveyard of unspoken words. The maids were gone on holiday, and the guards stood silently outside. Even the birds had stopped singing near his windows.

And one night, Seo-Jun experienced *sleep paralysis*. His limbs froze, heart racing. In his dream, Jin appeared... but it wasn't a dream. It was a nightmare — she was dying in an accident. Her voice echoed: *"I loved you. But you never chose me."*

He woke up gasping for air.

Without wasting another second, he rushed to find hyungg-woo.

**Seo-Jun:** "I can't take it anymore. I want her. I need her love."

**hyungg-woo:** "Then go tell her yourself."

**Seo-Jun:** "You'll come with me. Or should I show Soo-mi the room footage? You weren't exactly behaving like a monk, were you?"

hyungg-woo blushed, fists clenched. "Fine. I'll go. But this isn't for you."

They drove to Jin's hometown.

But fate was cruel.

Jin and Soo-mi were dressed in black. The air was heavy with incense. Their father's funeral had just ended. Jin stood still, expression unreadable — until her eyes found Seo-Jun.

They were filled with ice.

**Jin:** "You came to a funeral with a smile on your face? Or are you here to perform another show?"

Seo-Jun dropped his gaze.

**Seo-Jun:** “I’m sorry. For everything. Please come back. I... I need you. You’re the only one who makes this emptiness quiet.”

**Jin:** (sternly) “I will starve, I will suffer, but I will never sell myself again. I lost my father. I carried your burdens. I waited for you to choose me — but you didn’t. You survived one year without me. That means you can survive another.”

Her words were sharp, but behind them was a trembling heart.

**hyungg-woo:** “Hyeongsunim... please. I want my mother back. I want our warmth back. Don't leave this story incomplete.”

Jin's breath caught in her throat. She turned her face away, biting her lip to keep from crying. And then, Seo-Jun stepped forward, his voice shaking:

**Seo-Jun:** “We’ll donate in your father’s name. To every child who lost a parent. I’ll share my business with my brother. But I can’t live in that mansion without you. I can’t eat without hearing your laughter. Jin... you are not just love. You are life.”

Tears welled in Jin’s eyes.

She took a shaky breath — and finally, she stepped into his arms.

They hugged. Long, silent, powerful.

hyungg-woo and Soo-mi smiled from afar, standing beside a black BMW.

And later, two cars drove back to the mansion. Soo-mi and hyungg-woo in one. Jin and Seo-Jun in the other — a sleek, black Mercedes gliding under golden sunset light.

Inside the car, Jin turned to him, her eyes soft.

**Jin:** “Do you know what it means to feel butterflies?”

**Seo-Jun:** (smiling) “No.”

**Jin:** “It’s when your stomach flutters and your heart races at once. Like I felt... just now. When you hugged me.”

She leaned in, whispering, “I love you.”

And for the first time in a year, Seo-Jun felt something move in his heart. He smiled and whispered back.

**Seo-Jun:** “I love you too. Forever.”



They hugged once more.

And somewhere in the distance, butterflies danced in the wind, like the hearts of two lovers finally at peace.

Now

Park-Seo Jun and Lee Hye-Jin are married legally they got the grandfather property split with his brother and they have 1 cute little angel Name ***Ji-woo***

Also Park hyung-Woo and Lee Soo-Mi are engaged now

And hyungg-woo is Ceo Of the company now and Soo-mi is Advisor of company

They all are Living happily with each other

And the maid is now taking care of ***Ji-woo***

***The End***