I Will Never Let You Fall

TaeNy

**Prologue**

I dont know how long it's been since I made that promise to myself. The promise to never tell you. The promise to always be there for you. The promise to make you happy even if it means my unhappiness. Ofcourse you'll never know of this promise. You'll never know of my pain. You'll never know of my love. I promised I will always be there for you but that promise is getting harder to keep.  
  
How can I smile when I know I can't have you? I can't have you because you're already his. I can't bare to see you with him. Every smile you give him tears a new aching wound into my heart. I'm not the cause of those smiles. Those aren't my smiles they're his just like the rest of you is.  
  
But I pretend that those are my smiles. I know I can't bring you the kind of happiness he does, but I dream that I do. Did you know nightfall is my favorite time of my day? It's because I get to see you there, I get to have those smiles in my dreams, I get to touch you in my dreams, to feel you, to hold you. But I guess that's why they're only dreams.  
  
I can't have you because I'll lose you. I can't tell you because you won't accept it. I cant let that happen. What will happen to me if I lose you? What will I live for? Tiffany is there life without you? If there is I don't want to experience it. I can't lose you. You're the only thing that keeps me sane.  
  
I'll always be there for you. I'm such a fool. You don't even know how I feel but yet I'm always the silent companion. The one that's always there to catch the tears, to protect you from the rain. The tear catcher, the umbrella holder that's me. Tiffany I've always been there for you like a mad idiot. It's so frustrating not to have you but you can always have me.  
  
Tiffany I will never let you fall.

Chapter One: Was it real? Yes. No. Maybe.

I wake to the sound of an alarm clock. I reach over to press the snooze button hoping to continue dreaming of you. My hand touches nothing and I clumsly wave my hand to find the clock but I can't find it. I try to ignore the constant buzzing sound and close my eyes tighter but the image if you fades away and quickly becomes a blury memory of my dreams. Frustrated at the interruption I open my eyes.   
  
"What the hell?! Where the hell am I?" I try to remember where I am and how I got here but my memory draws a blank.   
  
I look around the room to look for clues. It's a huge room. The person that lives here must be rich. The bed lies in the middle of the room with only a desk at the oppsing side. Simple. I like it. I can think here. None of the clutter I have back home. Warm not cold as I expected it to be. White sheets cover the bed I lie in. There is huge window on the left and it's the only source of light for the room. The light lands perfectly on the bed as if the person that lives here wants to be awoken by the sun rising every morning. The more I look around the more I like this room. But none of this answers my question. Where am I?I stand up and walk for the door.   
  
"Good morning sleepy head." I turn around. It's you. On the bed. You weren't there a minute ago. I must be dreaming. You look beautiful. The sunlight shines on you and only enhances the beauty you posses. How can you be real? You're not. It's only a dream. I walk over to you and sit on the bed. I only want to look at you.   
  
"What are you doing?" you ask.   
  
"I'm looking at you."   
  
"Well? How do I look?" I know you're only saying this because I want you to but it still makes my heart skip a beat.   
  
"You're alright." I state playfully. You slightly shove my right shoulder as you give me one of your smiles. This smile is mine. I caused it. This is the result I wanted.   
  
"Kiss me."   
  
I look at you. Look into you're eyes and find sincerity. You really want me to kiss you. I can feel my heart racing. You're eyes are the most mesmerizing. I can't look away. And I don't want to. I slightly push myself forward. Leanig in slowly. I want this to last. I want to savor every moment I have with you. Every second that you're eyes truly want me. I want to remember it all once I wake up. I lean in just enough where I can feel you're breathing on my nose. It tickles. I let out a slight giggle and so do you. I want to feel your warm breath for a while longer. We touch lips slightly.   
  
I wake up.   
  
  
This always happens. I should get used to it by now. I can't stop dreaming about you. But it's the only way I can have you. Sometimes I wonder how much longer I can take this. The constant dissappointment of my dreams has gotten me worried. I can't even truly have you there. There's always an interuption. Why?   
  
Frustrated I get out of bed and walk toward my door. I stop and turn around. The bed is empty. I guess it only happens in my dreams. I chuckle at myself for being silly and I walk to the bathroom.   
  
As I'm taking a shower I still think of you. I let the hot water fall on me and close my eyes to relax. I see you. "Tiffany." I say to myself in anger. Why can't I just give up on you. I've never had you nor will I ever have you. Why can't I move on to someone else. Maybe that will help with my pain.   
  
"What?" you say from behind to curtains.   
  
Great I'm dreaming again. How is this possible? I'm not in the mood for another dream where I wake up just when I'm going to kiss you. So I ignore you.   
  
"Taeyeon did you need something?" you ask.   
  
"Why are you still here?" I ask you. I mean it's my dream. I get to decide who stays and who goes. And right now I want you gone. I'm being childish but I don't care. I get to be mean to you here. I could never say this to you when I'm conscious.   
  
"Whoah? What's with the attitude? You're the one that called me remember?"   
  
Seriuosly can I not control even my dreams now. Are those yours now too?   
  
Wait.   
  
"Tiffany are you really there?" I have to make sure.   
  
"What are you talking about? Ofcourse I'm here jerk." You called me a jerk. I guess my earlier question really got you mad.   
  
I poke my head out of the shower and see you leaning on the sink. Crossed arms. With a what- the- he'll-is- going look on your face. You look so hot and the steam from the shower isn't helping me get passed that. You're wering the pajamas he got you. When I see this I know it's not a dream.   
  
"Kim Taeyeon! Are you feeling okay?"   
  
"Yeah! I'm fine!" Why am I shouting. I guess I'm really suprised it's not a dream and you're really standing in my bathroom. As I take a shower.   
  
"Umm..why are you shouting? I'm right here." You move you hands to empahsize the distance between us. That was really cute and I can't keep my smile in.   
  
"I don't know. But can you get me a towel? That's kinda why I called you."   
  
"Sure. But are you sure you don't have anything else to say to me?"   
  
"No." What was that about? Do you know something? I've been pretty careful. At least I think I have. Calm down she thoght you were sick earlier she's probably just worried about you. That's all. But just to make sure.   
  
"No. Nothing. Unless you want to shower with me?" I want to read your facial expression. Your face turns into a frown not the OMG-I-knew-you- loved-me face I was scared to find.   
  
"No. I don't want to shower with you. Pervert. I'll get a towel." with that you leave the bathroom. I let out a sigh of relief.   
  
I can't believe that you heard me say your name. I need to be more careful if I want keep my promise. I can't lose you. I can't.

TBC

**Chapter 2: Smoking Gun**

My dreams are getting the best of me. I continue to hope for the impossible. I continue to have faith in the unimaginable. All I want is to feel you and to be felt by you. And that's only possible in the realms of my unconscious. Dream by dream I become addicted to that reality. A reality where you're mine and I'm yours. Bodies and souls belonging to each other. I'm addicted to you. And the only way to quench my thirst is to sleep. Fall into unconscious and imagine. The questions I'm too scared to ask you I can ask you there. The things I'm too scared to tell you I can tell you there. And I do every night. I tell you and you tell me. Every dawn I dread waking up to an empty bed. To the coldness of my room. Nightfall is my favorite time of the day and dawn is the worst. It's when I realize it was all a dream. An impossible dream. Reality hits me and I'm forced to wake up from you.  
  
How I wish I never agreed to let you stay at my place. I thought I would get more chances to see you but I never knew you would find him. Now what once was a dream come true has turned into a nightmare. He comes over anytime he wants. He can have you anytime he wants. But I can't hate him. I can't hate the man that makes you happy. I can't   
hate the person that causes your smiles because those are the only things that keep me going. To make it worse he's a nice guy. He respects you, has a job, is well mannered, and can give you everything you ever wish for. I'm grateful to him because he makes you happy.  
  
I remember the day you introduced him to me. You were so nervous. You wanted me to approve of him. Like I'm your mother or something.  
  
"Taeyeon if you don't approve I promise I won't see him again. But he is really a nice guy and I really like him. So please be nice." You looked at me with pleading eyes. I wanted to tell you right there that he was no good for you and that you should never date anyone for your entire life and that instead we should travel the world away from   
everyone and their judgement. Just you and me. But I couldn't. I couldn't do something so selfish.  
  
"Tiffany calm down. The guy isn't even here yet and you're already sweating like a crazy woman. I don't see why you need my approval anyways. You always do things your way." You always make things hard for me. You want me to choose whether or not you should date this guy. If I say no I still can't have you. If I say yes at least you'll be   
happy.   
  
The doorbell rings and we both look at the door. We look back at each other. It rings again.  
  
"Well? Aren't you going to get that? I think it's for you." I ask pointing at the door. Really. You really expected me to answer.  
  
You move for the door and turn around as you keep walking. You mouthed the words 'Be nice' as you open the door. I simply nod. What am I supposed to do say no and be a complete ass to him for taking you away? Though that is what I want to do I tell myself to keep cool.  
  
As you open the door I try to supress a gasp. I can't believe the person is standing infront of me is him. How is it possible? My bestfriend is going out with the girl that I love. With my girl. My mind explodes. I can't form coherent thoughts. Now I know I can't ever have you.  
  
"Wooyoung.....he's the guy you're seeing. Umm...."  
  
"Yeah...he...we're....I'm sorry we kept it from you. We just wanted to see how things worked out before telling anyone."  
  
"Umm...I don't know what to say....I guess congratulations. You guys make a cute couple." I try to force a smile out to seem genuinely happy for you. But I'm not. My heart wants to yell out. To confess. To be angry at you for not noticing but I can't. It pounds and pounds and soon it's the only thing I can hear. I sit infront of you and him. He   
holds my place. He is holding you. You smile at me and then turn to him and smile aswell. Two completely different smiles. He received the smile I want. My heart is breaking and I can feel as the   
wounds become deeper and deeper with every touch he gives you.  
  
Tiffany why can't it be me? Why him?  
  
  
I can't belive you and Wooyoung are together. That night I quickly excused myself from dinner claiming I had a stomach ache. Actually every part of my body was in pain. My whole body was coming to terms with never having you. Any glimpse of hope I had when you became my roomate disappeared when I saw Wooyoung come through the door. How did   
I not see this coming? I felt like the whole world was mocking me for being so stupid. For holding onto something I had lost a long time ago without even knowing. I laughed when I remembered how you two met. It was me. I introduced you two.  
  
I learned to deal with the pain through dreams. Where none of my reality is real. Now I don't even know if that's helping anymore. I feel more lost than ever. More alone than ever, every morning when I wake up and see that you're not next to me.  
  
I finished dressing after my shower and went to make myself breakfast. I look for the toaster. I can't seem to find it.  
  
"It's behind the coffee maker." You say to me. You scared me. I turn around to see you leaning on the counter.  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"The toaster. It's behind the coffee maker. You were looking for that right?"  
  
"Yeah. I was. Thanks." I turn around and find the toaster behind the coffee maker just like you said it was.  
  
"Taeyeon why do you say my name when you sleep?" You say from behind me.  
  
Frozen. I was frozen. My body temperature is dropping. I can feel the blood pumping throughout my body. It's as if I killed someone and the smoking gun was discovered in my hands. What do I do? What do I say? My mind and body fail to respond.  
  
Caught.Exposed. The truth comes out and I can't do anything but stay still hoping it was another one of my dreams. I blink. Nothing. I blink harder. Nothing. I'm not dreaming.  
  
How can I tell you why I say your name? How can I tell you I love you? How can I tell you you're mine in my dreams? That I dream of you every night?  
  
I can't.  
  
"Earth to Taeyeon. Hello anybody home? I'm talking to you." you say from behind me. I heard you. I just don't know what to say. Leave. Just leave. I need more time to come up with an anwer.  
  
"What? I'm sorry Tiffany did you say something?" I can't think if anything else to say. Playing dumb always buys me more time.  
  
"Yeah....last night when I came from Wooyoung's place....I passed by your room and....I heard you say my name. I opened the door and you were sleeping. Why did you say my name?"  
  
Hearing you say his name only made things worse. When you were with him in reality, I was with you in my unconcsious. I now see why I can't have you. I've known why I can't. But just now is when it hit me. I see why now.I only have you in my dreams, he has you in real life. You don't know of my dreams, you only know what you see and you   
don't see me.  
  
"Oh that...well you see I've been having nightmares." I lie to you. The biggest lie I could tell. I called them nightmares. The things that make me the happiest person alive. I called them nightmares. I feel like I have betrayed them. They bring the joy and happiness I can't find in reality and I insult them by calling them nightmares. It's like calling heaven hell.  
  
"Nightmares? So what does that have to do with me?" Everything. You're the only reason I'm having these "nightmares".  
  
"I don't know...but you've been in a couple that I've had. In one of them you were running away from me and I was chasing you. We're running in the woods and then you fall and I can't help you up. Then something else comes in and takes you." This is the only dream I've had about you where you're not with me. I haven't had it in a while and I'm suprised that I told you this. I was suprised I remembered it well. It was before you and Wooyoung got toghether.  
  
"Then what happens?"  
  
"Nothing. I wake up. I don't know why but that one was really scary. I guess I must have said you're name when I was having one of the nightmares involving you."  
  
"Do you remember any other nightmares that involve me?"  
  
"No....Oh wait there was this one nightmare where I'm going into the restroom because I really need to pee. So I open the door and I see you."  
  
"Huh? How's that a nightmare?"  
  
"You weren't wearing any make up."  
  
"That's not funny..." you said with a frown. It looks like I got you mad. I mentally sigh. I've managed to make you forget about me saying you're name.  
  
"Its not. It was seriously the scariest thing I've seen in my life."  
  
"Yah! It's not that bad Kim Taeyeon!" you yelled at me. I simply smiled as I succeded in making you upset. I really like your upset face. It's just too adorable.  
  
"Well anyways I need to get ready."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"I have a date with Wooyoung."

TBC

**Chapter 3: Dream Come True**?

"So you and Tiffany...?"   
  
"Taeyeon I was going to tell you-"   
  
"How could you? You knew my feelings for her!"  
  
"I know but one thing led to another-"  
  
"And you just forgot about how I felt. Wow! Some best friend you are!"  
  
"Taeyeon the last thing I wanted to do was hurt you."   
  
"Well guess what? You failed. She was the only thing that mattered to me and you knew that. You knew that!"  
  
"I know that Taeyeon. But now she's the only thing that matters to me too. I love you Taeyeon and you're my best friend but I'm in love with Tiffany. I'm sorry."  
  
"Best friend? You call this being a best friend? A best friend wouldn't do this to me!"   
  
"Okay understand what I did was wrong and I apologize but you also have to realize she will never be with you. You tried for 6 months and nothing happened Taeyeon. It hurts me to see you like this over something impossible. I watched you try and it hurt me Taeyeon but you have to move on. Please."   
  
"Leave."   
  
"Fine. If that's what you want. But please don't interfere with me and Tiffany."   
  
It's 2 am and you're still out on your date with Wooyoung. I can't help but think back to day he took you away. I wonder if he ever has any guilt over how things turned out. He was the only person I trusted when it came to you. I talked about you for hours and hours and he would listen and laugh along with me. He told me to be bold and confess to you. I never listened. I was always a coward and he would let me know that. Telling me I'll never know until I try. Telling me there might a chance you'll like me back. But I never conffessed to you. Instead I continued to talk to him about you. Maybe that's how he began to like you too. Maybe I drove him to you. Maybe one day he began to wonder how great and awesome you really were and acted upon his curiosity. He probably asked you out for coffee since I told him you liked coffee. Then he took you out to dinner. But nothing to fancy because I told him that those kinds of places make you uncomfortable. When he brought you back home he didn't try to kiss you goodnight because he knows you don't like to move things too quickly. That's probably how it happened.  
  
I can't sleep. Everytime I close my eyes I see you with him. Tonight I won't be able to escape my reality. Tonight I won't be able to go to you in my dreams. Tonight you're with him and I'm alone. Alone in my room waiting to hear you enter the apartment. Every noise I hear becomes related to you. An ambulance passed and I thought you might've gotten in a car accident since you're a horrible driver.   
  
I need to sleep. The only thing that calms me down on days like these is looking at the stars. The stars remind me of you. You can look but you can't touch. They feel so close but are the farthest things away from me. They shine but you shine brighter than any star. Their beauty is the only thing I can compare to you but still they don't even come close. It's at times like these, when I need you so much I can't focus, that I look for the stars.   
I walk out into the balcony and I look out into the stars. There are so many it's hard to focus on one particular place. It's like trillions of white little rocks were thrown into the air and got stuck there. The rules of gravity don't apply to them. I can feel myself getting sleepy as the stars take their full effect on me. I let out a yawn as I stretch.   
  
"Ahhhhhh!!!!!"   
  
"Ahhhhhh!!!!!!"   
  
"Since when have you been standing next to me?!" I can't believe I missed you coming in. You're always so noisy.   
  
"I don't know...a couple minutes. Why are so scared? Did you have another nightmare again?" You're wearing pajamas. Wow I must've really been out of it if I missed you coming in and getting changed.   
  
"Yeah something like that." I did have a nightmare but I wasn't sleeping.   
  
"Well I'm sorry I scared you. Maybe I can make it up to you?"   
  
"What?" Really that last question caught me off guard. You probably meant it in a non-make out session way but that's what I imagined you meant.   
  
"My friend from school is into old folk stories and she gave a dream catcher. She said it cathes your bad dreams or something. I don't really remember but I'm sure it will help you with you're nightmares." You hurry back into your room. I can here you moving things around. You're really making a lot of noise and at one point I think you might've fallen.   
  
"Sorry I took so long. I didn't remember where I put it." You give me a small smile as you hand me the dream catcher. It's pink and blue colors interlace each other around the ring.   
  
"Thanks Tiffany. I'll definetly use it tonight." It makes me happy to know you cared enough to give me this. It means I was in your thoughts tonight. This means more to me than you'll ever know.  
  
You smile and look back to the stars. I remember why I came out here in the first place. You're face isn't as bright as it was when you left. I don't want to hear about your date with him but I want to know why you look sad.   
  
"How was your date?" I finally force myself to say. Why did I ask? I immediately regret it.   
  
You look back at me suprised. Like you forgot I knew about it.   
  
"Oh...that we just talked about things we needed to talk about." Can you get anymore vague? You shouldn't answer me if it's not going to be a clear answer not that I want a clear answer but you know how I hate ambiguity.   
  
"What kinds of things?" It's as if my mouth has a mind of it's own. What am I doing? I don't want to know anymore!   
"Our relationship."   
  
"What about your relationship?" Somebody please stop my mouth. I think it wants me to die of heartache if it keeps going.   
  
"He decided it wasn't really working out anymore."   
  
Did I hear you right?  
  
"What? So you guys broke up?" My mouth has been good to me.   
  
"More like he broke up with me." I can see you begin to cry. I don't want you to cry. I'm the one that's has all the pain in this...whatever this is called. I'm the one that's supposed to suffer not you. You're supposed to be happy. You're supposed to be Tiffany. Seeing you cry makes me a million times weaker than seeing you smile. I want to hold. To tell you I'm here for you. But just as I'm about to go to you, you come crashing into me.   
  
I can feel your hard sobs on my chest. You're warm tears coming into contact with my cold skin. You must have been holding it in all night. I'm so selfish. How could I not see how much pain you were in? I hold you tighter with every sob you cry. I want to take away all the pain you're feeling.  
  
"Hold me Taeyeon. Pleas hold me. Make it go away. Make the pain go away please." You tell me when you finished sobbing and have finally calmed down. What you don't know about is the pain I'm in seeing you like this. So I hold you tighter hoping to ease my pain aswell.   
  
How can this be? I'm finally holding you but this is not what I dreamt of. The happiness I thought I would feel is replaced by agony and pain caused by your tears. This wasn't supposed to happen this way.

TBC

**Chapter 4: The Beginning. The Middle**.

**The Beginning.**  
  
  
"Crap. I'm gonna be late for class." Usually I wake on time but today seemed different. I didn't feel like going to school. It's the same thing everyday. Sit in a room for over an hour. Listen to the proffesor dilingently while taking notes. Sit and wait while my classmates ask the same questions they asked the day before. Class ends meet with Wooyoung have lunch with him at the same place we always do to talk about the same things we always do. The same routine over and over and over. I just can't take it anymore. I can't wait until we graduate so we can finally experience things not school related. But that won't happen for another two years.   
  
"Life sucks!" I'm talking to myslef. This is when you know things aren't going well.   
  
I finish getting ready at my apartment. Living alone is....well...lonely. No one to talk to. I wish Wooyiung could move in but people would get the wrong idea about us which would make us awkward. So no. I'm stuck living in an apartment way to big and way to expensive. Good thing my parents are nice enough to pay for it while I attend college.  
  
As I leave the apartment I see the same people I see everyday. I hear the same noises I hear everyday. I make my way to the subway station and wait in the same place I always do. Once the subway is here I sit in the same place I always do next to the same person I always do. For me life is on constant repeat. Like a scratched CD that keeps jumping back to same part over and over and over and over again.   
  
I finally make it to campus. I'm not late to class. But I kinda wanted to be it would've been something different. The same people are here early and the same people are here late.   
  
"Did you catch the new episode of House yesterday?"  
  
"I'm sorry? Are you talking to me?" Wooyoung why does you're voice sound really femine? I look to my right. The most beautiful pair of eyes met mine. I was stunned. Stopped. I wanted to say something but no words came to me.   
  
"I..uhh..." That's all that I manage to say to you. I really have a way with words don't I?   
  
"Hi I'm Tiffany. I just tranferred schools." As you speak I can smell the lotion on you. Strawberries. My favorite fruit. Your eyes are sending shockwaves throughout my body and it's making it difficult to form thoughts. I've never been this nervous before but I like it.   
  
"Oh. Okay. I'm Taeyeon. I'm sorry but my friend normally sits there so I was talking to him." I finally said something. And it wasn't just sounds this time. I mentally high-five myself.   
  
"Oh I'm sorry. Then maybe I should find myslef another seat." You say as you gather your things. What? Now I mentally punch myself for making it sound like I wanted you to move.   
  
"No wait!" I reach out to grab your hand to stop you from leaving. You look back at me. You look at our hands. I let go. Nice move now she thinks you're a weirdo.   
  
"I didn't mean it like that. I'm sure my friend could find himself another seat. Please sit here." Okay now I'm sounding pathetic and desperate. So now you probably think I'm pathetic, desperate, and a weirdo. I sure know how to make first impressions.  
  
"Are you sure?"You look at me questionably.  
  
"Yeah. Positive. I mean look around there are plenty of empty seats. I'm sure he'll be able to find one."   
  
"No, I mean are you sure you want me to sit next to you?"   
  
"Why wouldn't I want you to sit next to me?" I mean I'm starting to believe this is love and it's only been a couple minutes since I met you. I'm not going to let you pass by.   
  
"Because I'm new and I like to talk so I'm probably going to be a distraction. You seem like someone who doesn't like to be bothered." I admit I don't like to be bothered. But let's face it you're already a distration even if you're just sitting there. So I minus well keep you close. Right?   
  
"It's okay. Really. And maybe if you have questions I can help you?"  
  
"Fine but you've been warned." You give a smile. This was the first time I saw it. Words fail to describe how I felt the moment the smile escaped you're lips.   
  
When you finally sit down is when I see you Wooyoung standing outside of the class. He's talking to some of his guy friends. I need to tell him to choose a different seat. How embarassing would it be if he came into the class and made you move seats after I told you it would be okay?   
  
"Wooyoung I need you to change seats."   
  
"What? Why?"   
  
"There's this really cute new girl I want to sit next to."   
  
"Wow! Really? How cute is she? Where is she? Maybe she's my type?" He starts to look inside the class room trying to find you. But I stand infront of him blocking his view.   
  
"She's not your type?"  
  
"Why not?"   
  
"Because she's my type!" I say to him as I hit him on the arm.   
  
"Fine. Whatever you say. But she better be worth our friendship. Not sitting next to each other will surely cause a tear in our relationship." He pretends to sob dramatically. He looks like one of those cheessy actors you see in Spanish telenovelas.   
  
"Thanks! You're the best. But please stop that. People are starting to stare at you." As I say this he makes it even more dramatic. He really likes attention.  
  
"How could you do this to me?!! Do I mean this little to you Kim Taeyeon?!!!" He's really going all out on this.   
  
"Oh My God! You're so embarissing!" Sometimes I wonder how I became friends with him.   
  
I go back into the class to find you taking out things from your bag. As I sit down you look at me and smile. I'm looking forward to more of those.  
  
"Where did you go? I didn't see you leave."  
  
"Oh I was just taking care of something." When I say this Wooyoung comes into the class. He looks at me and then he   
looks at his now former seat. He looks back at me and gives me two thumbs up. I pray that you didn't see that.   
  
"What was that all about?" God wasn't listening.  
  
"That? Oh he was just telling me that it was okay for you to sit here. See I told you he wouldn't mind."   
  
"I'm glad. I don't think I would want to sit next to anyone else." What? What was that? Before I could process anything the professor came in.   
  
"Alright class. Where did we leave off yesterday? Oh that's right blah blah blah blah blah....." I'm looking at the professor but my thoughts keep going back to you. My eyes keep wanting to look at you. I pretend to pay attention but the only thing that's making sense right now is you. This is going to be fun. Sitting next to you. Finally something different is happening to me. Something exciting in the form on you.   
  
**The middle.**  
  
  
It's been three months since we met. We have become closer as friends and I am starting to spend more time with you than I am with Wooyoung. We study together. We eat together. We do everything together. I don't think you mind because you smile a lot. I'm happy you smile a lot because then I know you're happy and that makes me happy. You always seem to know exactly what to say to make me feel better. When I'm upset it only takes a smile from you to make me see the beauty in life. I wonder how there is someone in the world like you and why am I so lucky to know her? My feelings for you grow day by day. I realize know that I can't live without you. That I won't have a dull day with you because you bring sunshine into my life. That I love you Tiffany and I need to tell you or else I'm going to explode.   
  
"Wooyoung can I tell you something?" Me and Wooyoung are sitting in the restoraunt we always go to. He knows that I like you but he doesn't know how much. I'm hoping he can help me tell you.   
  
"No."   
  
"I think I'm in love."   
  
"I thought I said no."  
  
"I need to tell her how I feel. I just can't keep doing this to myself."   
  
"Why are you still telling me? I said no."  
  
"But how can I tell her without making it weird?"   
  
"Are you even listening to me?"   
  
"What if she rejects me?"  
  
"You know you're basically talking to yourself right?"  
  
"I don't think I can handle losing her."  
  
"Sigh. I thought you were over talking to yourself but it appears as if it got worse."  
  
"So can you help me tell her? Please?"   
  
"You know you can always count on me. But you really need to stop with the whole talking to yourself thing. It's creepy."   
  
"I prefer using the term thinking out loud."  
  
"Still creepy."  
  
Today is the first time that I'm going to tell someone how I feel about them. We've been friends for about three months now and my feelings have progressively gotten stronger. Day by day you become a bigger a part of my life. You have become why I wake up in the morning. I'm going to tell you this today.   
  
Wooyoung has helped me plan this. He told me where you were and even helped me rehearse. The plan is simple. Walk into the music room, stand infront of you, hold your hand, look into your eyes, and tell you. Simple right?   
Okay here I go. I walk into the music room. Step one complete. I see you sitting by the piano. You begin to play and the sound begins to come out. To me Beethoven has nothing on you. Once you finish playing you stand up and make your way to your bag.Okay you can do this Kim Taeyeon.   
  
"Hi Tiffany."   
  
"Oh hey. I didn't see you come in."  
  
"Yeah I didn't want to interrupt. Uhmm...I need to tell you something." I make my way to you. Today your wearing my favorite outfit: jeans and a t-shirt. I think you look the best when you dress down so this is going to be harder since you look extremely hot right now.   
  
"What is it?" I stand infront of you. Step two complete.   
  
"I've been meaning to tell you this for a while..." I take your hands. Step three complete.   
  
"Okay so tell me." You look into my eyes. Step four complete. I see you are anticipating what I'm about to tell you.   
  
"I love...I-I love....I love....I love the way you play the piano." Step five failed.   
  
"You love the way I play the piano?"  
  
"Yeah. I've never seen anyone like you. The way your hands move across the keys. It's like your hands are floatmg in mid-air but yet the music still comes out. It's amazing." I don't know why I couldn't confess to you. Everything was in place. Everything except my courage. I think I left that at home.   
  
"Well thank you. I could say the same about you and guitar. But are you sure that's what you were going to tell me?"   
  
"Yeah why wouldn't it be?" You really can't make this easy for me can you. I'm already killing myself over not telling you and you questioning what I did tell you isn't making things better.  
  
"It just seems like you had something really important to tell me."  
  
"What I told you was important. I do love how you play the piano."  
  
"Okay then."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Alright."  
  
"Alright then I'm gonna go now."  
  
"You do that."  
  
"Bye. See you later."  
  
"Bye."  
  
I walk out of the room and Wooyoung is waiting for me. I really don't need to explain what happened in there to anyone. I rather that moment remain in the heads of the two people who awkwardly lived it.   
  
"So how did it go?" He asks. Apparently my facial expressions aren't obvious enough.   
  
"I failed. The biggest fail possible by human kind. That's the kind of fail I failed."  
  
"So....it went bad?"  
  
"Yes! Wooyoung it went "bad". I didn't tell her. I chickened out just when I was going to tell her. Now she thinks I'm some sort of piano expert."  
  
"Huh?"   
  
"Don't ask."  
  
"Cheer up Taeyeon. Come on let's think of an easier way to tell her. You still want to tell her right?"   
  
"Of course I do. Now more than ever. So we need to come up with something fail proof."  
  
"Before we do, can we go eat first? I can't think on an empty stomach."  
  
"Yeah let's go."   
  
My second chance at telling you how I feel has finally presented itself. It's been a month since the last time I tried and I'm hoping things go better today. Wooyoung again helped me out on this one. He realized the trip to the beach we were taking with our biology class would be perfect. The plan again is simple. When the professor asks us to pick partners I ofcourse will pick you. We spend the day together at the beach working and playing. When the sun sets, there will be a campfire and I will sit next to you. When everyone else is having a conversation amongst themselves I will ask you to take a walk with me. We walk along the shoreline until I ask if you want to sit. When we sit on the beach I will say that I have something to tell you. You ofcourse will ask what and I will tell you to close your eyes. When you do I will lean in and give you a kiss. And then as Wooyoung put it "we live happily ever after" or at least that's the plan. Simple but not fail proof.   
  
"Okay guys now that you know what you're looking for and what you are doing choose a partner and...well...do it. Have fun but not too much fun." When the proffesor finally let us go I quickly looked to you. You were standing across from me in the big circle our class made. You looked back at me and smiled so I took it as a sign that you wanted to be my partner. When I was about to walk to you I was blocked by the massive body of our classmate, Taecyeon. He made his way to you. My eyes grew weider this was not part of the plan.   
  
"Tiffany do you have a partner?" I heard him ask you.   
  
"No I don't." Why do I feel betrayed? You officially don't have a partner. But we made eye contact.   
  
"Cool. Then I could be your partner." Say no. Say no. Say no.   
  
"Oh..I...Okay."Nooooo!!!!We were supposed to spend the whole day together to build up to my confession once the sun setted.  
  
I walked over to Wooyoung. He looked at me confused to which I just pointed to your direction.   
  
"Taeyeon you were supposed to be quick!!"  
  
"I thought I was being quick but apparently somebody else was faster. Now I don't even have a partner for this stupid project."  
  
"I'm sorry Taeyeon. Maybe you could work with Sunny I don't think she has partner either."  
  
"There's a reason she doesn't have a partner Wooyoung!! She's annoying!! Why can't I just work with you?"   
  
"I already have a partner. I'm working with Nickhun. He's so dreamy, and nice, and have you seen his abs? To die for!!"  
  
"Oh my God!! Wooyoung I knew you were gay!!!!"   
  
"What?! No!! I'm not!! I'm just practicing for my role in the musical "Will and Grace." I'm playing Jack." I forgot Wooyoung was in the drama club and likes to use method acting. Maybe I've been spending to much time with Tiffany? Nah!!  
  
"I'm just saying it would explain a lot. A lot."  
  
"Haha very funny. Hurry up and find Sunny. The whole plan isn't ruined yet. You still have the campfire part."   
  
"Right. I have to stay optimistic!!"  
  
Being partners with Sunny wasn't that bad actually. Turns out there is more to her than annoying aegyeo. She was really nice and made the project fun. Sometimes I even forgot what my plan was, but then quicky remembered when I saw you and Taecyeon playing on the beach. Seeing you and him made it more clear as to why I needed to tell you. I can't see you with anyone else. I want you to be mine and mine alone.   
  
The sun was quickly setting and the campfire was being started by the guys. People were starting to sit around the   
fire and before Taecyeon could sit down I sat down before he did. Next to you. I felt victorious at that moment. But when I looked at you and smiled you didn't smile back. You looked really tired. Maybe I shouldn't do this today? What am I talking about? It's now or never Kim Taeyeon!!  
  
"Hey Tiffany you want to go for a walk?"  
  
"Sure."   
  
We walk away from the group. I can feel Taecyeon staring at us. But I ignore him make our way to shore. We walk for a couple minutes. Silence. Why aren't you saying anything? I look over to you. Maybe you are just tired.   
  
"You wan to sit down for a while. You look kind of tired."  
  
"Yeah I kind of am tired." I knew it.   
  
"It was probably all that playing with Taecyeon." I meant to say it as a tease but a hint of jealousy slipped in as I said it.   
  
"What about you and Sunny? You two looked like you were having fun."   
  
"Huh? Not really. It was fun. But it would've been better if I was with you."   
  
"Then why didn't you ask me to be your partner?"   
  
"You were with Taecyeon." You just nodded at that statement. I don't know what that means. It's always mixed signals with you. But I kind of like that.   
  
Silence again. Neither of us is saying anything. We are just sitting on the beach looking at waves and the stars. I need to say it now. The setting is perfect for this kind of thing.  
  
"Tiffany?"   
  
"Taeyeon?" You said this the same way I said it. I don't know if you are mocking me or not.   
  
"I need to tell you something."   
  
"You already told me you love my piano playing."  
  
"What? Oh. That's not what I want to tell you though."  
  
"Well I don't play any other instrument."  
  
"I know. It's something I've been keeping from you."  
  
"What is it?"  
  
"I need you to close your eyes before I say it."   
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because I don't think I can tell you if you are looking at me."  
  
"But I want to look."  
  
"Tiffany please?" You make me not want to tell you. You don't make things easier.  
  
"Fine. I'll play along." You close your eyes. This is it. I need to do it. Wait. Is my courage here yet? I take a deep breath. Now it's here.  
  
I lean in to you. The rhythm of the waves in the background become one with the rhythm of my own breathing. The breeze grazes by us sending shivers throughout my body. I lean closer. I close my eyes.   
  
"Tiffany!!" I pull away as fast as I can. Superman was amazed at how fast I was able to move.  
  
"Hey what are you guys doing here all alone?" Taecyeon seriously has the worst timing in the world. I was so close.   
  
"Nothing. Just talking." I say to him. He is my worst enemy right now. Everything was going so well. I was there. Right there and he came and ruined it all.   
  
"Oh that's cool. Well anyways Tiffany I just talked to my dad and he said it was cool if I borrowed the car Friday night. So it's all set."   
  
"Friday night?" What is this guy talking about?   
  
"I asked Tiffany out but she said the only way she would go out with me would be if I had a car and that it had to be on a Friday because she won't go out on school nights. Everything is set and ready all I need is for her to say yes to the date. So?"   
  
I looked to you. You were looking down and playing with the sand. I already wanted to kill the guy for interrupting me but he seriuosly just out-did himself. I want to grab him by the neck and throw him into the ocean while yelling that you are mine and he should back off. But you aren't mine. So I just look at you waiting to hear your answer. You look at me like you want me to answer for you.   
  
"Didn't you have something you needed to say to me?" Oh crap. I can't tell you now. Not while he's here. Think Kim Taeyeon. Think.   
  
"Yeah but it can wait."   
  
"Are you sure? You said it was important."   
  
"Yeah but not as important as your answer to his question." What am I doing? I'm practically pushing you to him.   
  
"You want me to answer him?"   
  
"Guys I'm still here." Taecyeon says. We've been staring at each other. I almost forgot he was still here.   
  
"Yeah. I guess I do." Why am I doing this to myself?   
  
You look away to the ocean. You take a deep breath and look back at me. You smile and you stand up.   
  
"Taecyeon pick me up at 8 o'clock."   
  
"Really?"   
  
"Yeah. I guess it's your lucky day." With that the both of you walk away leaving me alone on the beach.  
  
I failed again.  
  
It’s been a month since I last tried to confess to you. Since that day we’ve been kind of awkward toward each other. Mostly me towards you. I just can’t get the image of you and Taecyeon on a date out of my head. The whole school knows of your date with him. That’s practically all they have talked about since “Friday Night.” I’m still very confused on what you meant that day. Maybe you were really curious about what I wanted to tell you.   
Wooyoung keeps telling me to just give it up. That this is only hurting me more. But I can’t give up on you. I need to tell you. Even if you reject me you need to know. Know that you bring my once repetitive, dull world light and excitement. That my heart beats one million times faster when you’re a couple inches away from me,and a million times slower when you move a couple inches away from me.   
  
  
“Class can I have some volunteers to get some things from the stock room?”  
  
Sorry proffesor I’m not in the mood to be teacher’s pet today. So not me.  
  
“Tiffany and Taeyeon it’s so nice of you to volunteer.”  
  
“I didn’t raise my hand though.” I really don’t feel like having minutes of awkward conversation with someone especially you. I look at you and you look back and give me a smile. I really don’t want to do this.  
  
“It’s okay proffesor I can go by myself.” Apparently my displeasure showed in my face for you to say that. I feel really guilty ofr avoiding you lately. I need to fix this.  
  
“It’s okay I’ll go with you.”  
  
The way to the stockroom was as awkward as I expected it to be. I didn’t even attempt at making eye contact.  
  
“ Did you get all the scalpels we needed?”  
  
“Yeah I think I did.”  
  
“Okat lets go then.” I tried opening the door. But it was locked. I tried again.  
  
“Open the door.”  
  
“I can’t. It’s locked.”  
  
“What?!”  
  
“Don’t worry. Just call someone to get us out of here.”  
  
“Good idea.” You take out your phone and dial a number.  
  
“Hey can you come to the stockroom. Our door is locked. Yeah. It’s not funny. Okay. Hurry. Thanks, Taecyeon.” The last part really makes it worse for me to be here with you like this. So close but far away at the same time. So frustrating.  
  
“So you and Taecyeon are together now?”  
  
“Yeah. We’ve been going out since that night at the beach. Which reminds me, you never did tell me the really important thing you needed to tell me.” You look at me like you’ve just discovered the cure for cancer. Should I tell you?  
  
“No I never did tell you. Did I?”  
  
“Tell me now. There’s no one around to interrupt this time.” You walk towards me. You stop really close to me. So close I can feel your breathing. My heart is racing and mouth turns dry. This is my chance.  
  
“Tell me.”  
  
“Tiffany, I-I love…”   
  
The door opens.  
  
“Guys I’m here to save you.” Taecyeon. Again. Worst. Timing. Ever.  
  
“Yeah I don’t know what I would have done without you Taecyeon.” I smile at you. My sarcasm goes unnoticed by   
Taecyeon, who simply smiles like he just saved the world.

TBC

**Chapter 5: The Middle. The End**?

Two weeks after the stockroom incident Taecyeon left to America. Secretely I was the happiest person in the world when I heard the rumor around school but I played it cool infront of you. Things slowly returned to the way they were before the awkwardness between us started. We began to hang out together. To eat together. To study together. For a while a wanted to confess again but I want things to happen naturally between us. No rushing into things. It was nice having you around all the time.   
  
"What's wrong Fany? You look really stressed?" You look like you normally do during final weeks. You're here but you're not really here. You sit picking at your food in the restaraunt. Poor stake.  
  
"I am. My landlord decdided to up the rent next month. I have no idea how I'm gonna get the money. I barely have enough to survive each month as it is already." I smile at your problem because it's not really a problem at all. I have a solution.   
  
"Why don't you move in with me?" I said it before I even realized I said it.  
  
"What?!" Why does this sound like such a crazy idea to you? It makes perfect sense to me. I'm kind of hurt by your reaction.  
  
"Yeah. I mean my place is big enough for the both of us. You can have your own room. And you won't even need to pay a single cent since my parents pay for everything anyway." I try to hide the huge grin that my face wants to release.   
  
"I'm not sure. I wouldn't feel right not paying for anything and mooching of your parents."   
  
"They don't have to know. Plus you can save all the money and buy me something nice at the end of each month."Please say yes. This would make it much easier for me. I need to have you close to me all day.  
  
"Okay but only if I can paint my room pink."  
  
"Pink?Why that disgusting color? Why not something like blue or purple?" Really? Pink? You're such a girl.   
  
"Pink is not disgusting! It's the prettiest color there is! And I need it to be able to sleep!" You really feel strongly about this color. I'm so jealous. Of a color. Maybe I should paint myslef pink?   
  
"Okay. Fine. But anything pink stays in your room." I actually don't care what you do to your room as long as the room is five steps away from mine.   
  
"Thankyou." "For letting you move in or for letting you paint the walls pink?" I really can't tell.   
  
"For both." You lean into the table to give me a hug. Your arms wrap around me and I can smell the lotion on you. My favorite smell in the world.   
  
"Thankyou Taeyeon, I don't know what I would do without you." You whisper into my ears sending shivers throughout my body.  
  
"No problem." Is all I managed to say. Actually, big problem. I just realized this will be the hardest thing ever. Having you five feet away every night.   
  
Today is the day you move in, and you failed to tell me that you have a lot of stuff. I helped you unpack everything except your close. I didn't want to risk accidentally looking at your underwear. That would make it really hard for me not to imagine you in them every night while you're five feet away from me.   
  
"Taeyeon can you help me put my jewelry away?"   
  
"Yeah sure." I pick up the box labeled "Jewelry" but as I do a small chain slips out.   
  
"What's this?" The chain looks really old and delicate. I pick it up carefully not wanting to damage it. It's a silver key. Very simple but very beautiful.   
  
"Oh that? My mom gave that to me when I was young. Her mom gave it to her and so on. It's been passed down for I don't know how many years."  
  
"Why don't you wear it?"  
  
"In a sense I am. You see it comes with a lock." You take out the lock chain from under you shirt to show me.  
  
"What my family has done is, they give both the chains to the first born daughter. She wears the lock and gives the key to their true love. Cheesy, I know but it's kind of a tradition in my family."  
  
"Oh. That's-" I get caught off by your hands wraping around my neck. You face is so close to mine. If only I were to move a couple centimeters our lips would touch and you would know. I feel your breathing on my cheek as the coldness of the chain contrasts with heat of my face.   
  
"I want you to wear it."   
  
"What?! Why me?!" Why are you doing this. I want nothing more than to be the key to your lock but why do you want me to wear this? My heart is racing.   
  
"When my true love finally shows up, you can give me the key."  
  
"So you want me to wear it until your true love comes along?" I'm really confused. If that's the case then why don't you just keep it in a safe or somethning. Jeezz...you really know how to wind someone up for no reason.  
  
"Yeah and trust me that's going to take a while. You're going to be wearing the key to my lock for a while. Until I find someone who is dorky, responsible, cute, kind of short, can make me laugh, but most importantly, is brave. Until then the key belongs to you, Kim Taeyeon, so take care of it."  
  
"Wow you have really specific qualities you're looking for."  
  
"Yeah I do. I guess I'm picky. Maybe you can help me find someone? Do you know anyone that meets those requirements? Think hard." You look at me. I can only think of one person.   
  
"Yeah I do." I think I do. One person I know has all those things you're looking for.   
  
"Tell me who." I want to say it. But I don't want to make the wrong assumption.   
  
"Wooyoung." He is really the first person I thought of when you described your ideal love.   
  
"Wooyoung?! Seriously,Taeyeon?!"  
  
"Yeah." Why are you so upset it already hurts that Wooyoung is someone you would consider dating. Not me. Why do you have to make it harder on me. I'm pushing my feelings aside for you and you yell at me.   
  
"Ughh you are so frustrating!" Why are you yelling at me? I'm doing this for you! Can't you tell!  
  
"How am I frustrating?" Wow you really have the nerve to call me frustrating. I am frustrated. Now more than ever.   
  
"Forget it." What is wrong with you? Are you bipolar? If so tell me cause that's a seriuos illness. You might need help.   
  
You've been living me with me for a couple weeks now. I've learned things about you I never knew. For one thing, obssesion doesn't begin to cover your relationship with the color pink. Secondly, you are by far the messiest person I have ever met. Thirdly, you cannot cook a proper meal even if your life depended on it. I found this out the hard way. You also are very lazy. Tempermetal. Bossy. Loud. Noisy. Clumsy. The list could go on. But all of these things are what I love about you. They make me fall for you all over again everyday. The best thing about having you as my roomate is that I get to see you. I get to be with you. I love being the first person you come to when you need something, even if it is how to turn on the microwave. I love that you trust me.   
  
"So Taeyeon, you want to go to the movies?"  
  
  
"Not really. I don't feel like going out." School has been really hectic lately. This weekend things finally calmed down and I want to spend it relaxing. Not at some noisy theater. Besides if we go together guys will probably start hitting on you.  
  
"Okay maybe we could watch one of the movies I have."   
  
"What movies do you have?" I imagine they're all sappy romance movies. Probably more than one are Disney related.  
  
"Uhmm let's see...I have Cinderella!!"  
  
"What are we 7 years old?What else you got?"  
  
"I have Titanic."  
  
"What? Do you know how many times I've watched that movie? No. Something else."  
  
"I have The Notebook."   
  
"I guess that one is okay."   
  
"Yay. I haven't watched that in a while."   
  
You go into your room to get the movie. Once the movie begins I realize how close you are to me. The smell of you lingers so close to me I can almost taste it. I want to taste it. You are sitting so close that if you were to turn to your left our faces would meet. Why are you so close?  
  
I couldn't even concentrate on the movie. All I could think of was how close you were to me. I fidgeted with my hands as the movie played, with the occasional reaching over to get popcorn from your lap. Why do you have to put the popcorn there? It's hard to not make it awkward when I reach to get popcorn.   
  
"Wow that was really sad. Don't you think?" you turn to me when the movie is over.   
  
"I don't see how it's sad. They fell asleep at the end."   
  
"They didn't "fall asleep" Taeyeon. They died. Were you even paying attention?"  
  
"Yeah I was." Not really a lie since I was paying attention, just not to the movie.   
  
"Whatever, I'm hungry, let's go out to eat. I won't take no for an anwer."  
  
When we reach the restarount we bumped into someone I didn't expect to see.   
  
"Hey guys, mind if I join you?"  
  
"Hey Wooyoung, yeah sure. What are you doing here?" I ask. Really what are you doing here?   
  
"I'm supposed to be meeting someone but she's late."  
  
"Who?" You ask.   
  
"Sunny. We're working on a project for government together."   
  
"Oh that's cool."  
  
"Not really. She's kind of annoying. A person can only take so much cuteness in a day."   
  
"Yeah I know right. The worst thing is I think she doesn't even know she's doing it." You add.   
  
"Why are you guys picking on Sunny. She's actually a pretty nice girl once you get passed all of that."   
  
"You guys must've gotten real close that day at the beach for you to stand up for her like that." You say.   
  
"I guess. But I just think you guys aren't giving her a chance."  
  
"Are you saying you gave her a chance, Taeyeon?" You ask.   
  
"Oh that reminds me. Taeyeon, what did happen between you and Sunny that day at the beach? There were some rumors going around school that you two got pretty close. Like tongue action close. Is it true?"  
  
What?!! Who spread those rumors??!! Why are saying this now Wooyoung??!!! Are you trying to ruin me?!!   
  
"Tongue action?" You ask me. Why are you looking at me like that?! You couldn't possibly believe something like that. Can you??!! Before I can aswer my vision went dark. I felt two tiny hands cover my eyes from behind me.   
  
"Guess who!!" Went the voice. I already know who it is. I don't want to be right. That would only make this worse. If I'm right things will become much more complicated.  
  
"Sunny??" Please let me be wrong. Please be wrong.  
  
"Bingo!!" Why??!!! God, do you have something against me? She let's go of my eyes. I wish she left her hands where they were. As soon as I focus my vision I see your very upset face. Is it anger? Is it suprised? Is it confusion? I can't tell.   
  
"Taeyeon, I missed you so much!!" What is she doing? I glance over to you and your eyes are fixated on the person who is now hugging me. Very tightly.   
  
"Missed me?!! We've only talked one time since we met. And that was at the beach. Over a month ago!" I don't mean to be rude. I really don't. But this situation is not getting better. Neither is your facial expression. You're probably mad that kept a relationship from you. Please let me explain once she leaves.   
  
"But you can't deny the connection we made that day."   
  
"What?" I have to admit that she were really nice that day. Maybe if my heart wasn't yours things would've been different. But this is way too much right now!!   
  
"Sorry to interrupt your little reunion but, Sunny we really need to get started on the project." I knew I could count on Wooyoung to save me.  
  
"Oh yeah. I guess I'll see you later Taeyeon. Bye Tiffany." She waves goodbye and begins to walk away but not before she gives me kiss on the cheek.   
  
"Bye." You said to her. I can see that you are upset with me. I promise Sunny and I are not in a secret realtionship that I have kept from you.   
  
"So you guys made a connection? I see."  
  
"Tiffany, no it's not like that. There was no connection. And our tongues ne-"   
  
"You don't need to explain yourself. It's your life. You and your tongue can do whatever you want. Can we go home? I'm not feeling very well and I don't think adding anymore food will help me." You smile at me but I can see that it isn't sincere.  
  
"Okay."   
  
The walk back to the apartment was really quite. You're usually very talkative and active but tonight you were calm. It was really weird. I didn't even want to look at you for fear of what you might do. I hope you didn't believe anything Wooyoung said. Wooyoung I'm going to kill you!! Why would he say something so stupid!!!   
  
"We better hurry. It looks like it's going to rain soon."  
  
"Yeah it does." Why do you look so sad? Is it because you think I lied to you? That's probably it.   
  
"Tiffany about Sunny-"  
  
"I already told you it's none of my business."  
  
"But...see...that's the thing it isn't my business either. I don't know where those rumors came from. I promise that I've never lied to you." I hope you understand that me and Sunny aren't like that.   
  
"You do know that keeping things from people is also considered lying? So by saying you haven't lied to me you are also saying you've never kept anything from me. Have you ever kept anything from me?"   
  
"Not that I can think of." I lied. I can't tell you now. Not after all that's happened today.   
  
"You can't think of anything? Not one thing?" You continue.  
  
"No." There is one thing. The fact that I love you. I've kept that from you. But I can't tell you. Not now. It doesn't feel right. I want it to be right when I tell you.  
  
As we stand facing each other no words are spoken. We are just standing. Looking into each other's eyes. Why can't I tell you? It's like the words are there but some invisible force is keeping them inside of my throat. Like my words have been kidnapped from me and no ransom has been asked for. Helpless, that's what I am. Words unspoken. They remain words unspoken. I'm scared that those words will remain inside of me forever. That I will never release them. There is nothing holding me back. Nothing stopping me from telling you how much I love you. But I just can't verbalize it. I'm scared I'll never be able to. It's raining now.   
  
The water begins to cover our bodies drop by drop. But it's doesn't bother us. One of us has to say something we can't stay here forever. I just don't want this moment to end. I don't want to be the reason this moment ends.   
  
"I think we should go inside now, Tiffany. I don't want you to get sick." I need to say it. It doesn't seem like you will anytime soon.   
  
"Rain."   
  
"What?"  
  
"Rain. It's a lot like people. Most of the time we have no choice but to fall. It's like we are meant to fall. We are designed to fall. Like Destiny. All we can do is hope that someone will be there to catch us. Someone to break the fall, so that maybe it won't hurt as much." The tears that fall from you blend in with the rain. Why are you crying? I don't understand? Is it me?? Am I the reason?   
  
"Tiffany, I'll catch you. I'll never let you fall." I grab you and bring you into my arms. Our body heat contrasting with the coldness of the rain. Our hearts beating together as one.  
  
"I've already fallen." You whisper into my ear. You pull yourself away from me and run into the apartment building.  
  
It’s been a couple weeks since that night. I can’t help but notice how much you’ve been avoiding me. I barely see you know. I feel like something is missing. Did you take what I said to you as conffession? Is that why you’ve been so distant with me? Is this you rejecting me? I didn’t even mean it as a conffession I just meant. No hidden intentions were in the words I said to you. I hope you get over this. I seriuolsy can’t live without one of your smiles. It kills me to not see your smile around the apartment. You’re barely home these days. And at school it’s like you want to be the person farthest away from me. You even moved seats.   
  
You aren't home. It's really early for you to be up. I wonder where you went. Was it what I said that night?But I'm not sure if you took that as a conffession.   
  
You come in a hurry, straight to me. You look really excited, like you want to tell me something. Holding my hands and looking into my eyes you say you need to tell me something.   
  
"What is it?" I hope it's about that night. I think we need to talk about that.   
  
"I want you to meet someone?" So it's not about that night. I wonder who you are really excited to introduce to me.   
  
But even more I'm wondering why you're acting like that night never happen. Maybe you didn't see it as a conffession. I didn't even mean it as a conffession. I just meant it. No other intentions were added to what I said to you.  
  
"Who?"   
  
"My boyfriend." You smile. Why are smiling like this is the best news ever? My heart is breaking into a million pieces. I can't say anything. I can't feel anything. Numb. Deaf. Mute. Blind. At this moment I can't move. What do I say?   
  
Once Wooyoung was ready to leave he came into my room. I don’t want to see him. I don’t know what to say to him. Why did he do this to me? He betrayed me. I can’t even make up my mind abiut what I’m feelimg right now. Am I mad? Am I sad? What am I am? I can’t give this feeling a name. I feel like a caged bird. I’m want to be released. I want to yell at him. To say your mine and he knew that. To hurt him for taking you away when he knew. I want to yell at you. Why are you doing this to me. But all of these feelings are kept inside me. Just like my feelings for you. Caged inside.  
  
"So you and Tiffany...?" Is all I maaged to say.  
  
"Taeyeon I was going to tell you-"  
  
"How could you? You knew my feelings for her!"  
  
"I know but one thing led to another-"  
  
"And you just forgot about how I felt. Wow! Some best friend you are!"  
  
"Taeyeon the last thing I wanted to do was hurt you."  
  
"Well guess what? You failed. She was the only thing that mattered to me and you knew that. You knew that!" I can’t control myself any longer. Tears start to flow. I cant stop.   
  
"I know that Taeyeon. But now she's the only thing that matters to me too. I love you Taeyeon and you're my best friend but I'm in love with Tiffany. I'm sorry."  
  
"Best friend? You call this being a best friend? A best friend wouldn't do this to me!" I can’t stop crying.  
  
"Okay understand what I did was wrong and I apologize but you also have to realize she will never be with you. You tried for 6 months and nothing happened Taeyeon. It hurts me to see you like this over   
something impossible. I watched you try and it hurt me Taeyeon but you have to move on. Please."  
  
"Leave."  
  
"Fine. If that's what you want. But please don't interfere with me and Tiffany."  
  
"Wooyoung!"  
  
"What?"  
  
"You better make her the happiest person alive. I promise to not tell her of my feelings for her if you make her happy. I can't keep that promise unless you do that. Make her happy and I won't interfere, I   
promise. Becaue if you make her cry..."  
  
"I know."  
  
When he leaves I can’t pretend any longer. I cry. Cry out of pain and anger. The pain of never having you slowly seeps into my heart. The anger of him taking you engolfs my heart making it hard for me to breathe. I cry silently though. I don’t want you to hear me. If you here me I wont be able to keep my promise. My stupid promise. As long as you are happy I will keep my promise. Even if your happiness isn’t with me.

TBC

**Chapter 6: Push and Pull**

**Tiffany's POV**  
  
  
I got home from my date with Wooyoung to find you sleeping on the couch. How did things end up this way? Me with him and you with....I can't even bring myself to think about it. I tried hard to make you see. I gave you hints the size of Mt. Everest, yet you still didn't see. Did you see? Did you see and didn't want me? Maybe you've never felt like I did. Maybe that's why you never read into things. Maybe I read too much into things. Whatever the reason is, the fact remains, I don't have you. I don't have you, but I want you.  
  
We have a push and pull relationship. I feel like I was always the one pulling you. Giving you obvious hints, wanting to hang out with only you, moving in with you. But you are always the one pulling away. Always running away. For some time I felt like you wanted to tell me you liked me too. Like the time at the music room, the beach, or even the stockroom. But something always got in the way and a lot of the time that thing was you. If it was a confession I would've confessed back, tell you how you make me feel.   
  
Maybe I should've tried to tell you too. One of us had to do it and I was waiting for you to do it first. I was too scared you didn't feel the same. What if I had told you first? Would you tell me? Is there anything to tell? Everytime I tried to get you to answer that question you said no. No. No. No.   
  
I'm such a coward. I should've told you. Even if you did reject me. At least I would've known for sure. I wouldn't be wondering what if. I hate not knowing. I hate that for a while I thought I knew, but you always pushed away.   
  
Now I'm still wondering. I'm going out with your best friend and you're okay with it. Don't get me wrong Wooyoung is a nice guy but he is not you. Very similar but not you. He has your sense of humor but yours is better. He makes me laugh but I like it better when you make me laugh. He is dorky but you look way cuter being dorky. He is short but he likes it when I make fun of him for it, unlike you who makes the most adorable faces when I tease you about it. He is no you. But very close.   
  
I hate myslef for doing this to him. For playing with. Because that's what I'm doing. I'm giving him false hope. He will never hold me like you do. His arms will never be your arms. His laugh will never be your laugh. His smile will never be your smile. He will never replace you. And I'm just lying to myslef. I have been ever since that night. The night in the rain when I realized you will never be with me. I realized I needed to stop trying because you will never see me.   
  
As I walk over to your sleeping form I can't help but smile at how cute you look. How your chest rises up and down as you take in deepr breaths. You face shines as the moonlight comes in from the open balcony. You look so peaceful until you start to make faces. Faces of displeaseure. My heart sinks as I remember what you had told me earlier. Nightmares, you call them. And I've been a part of a couple. I hate that I appear in your nightmares. I would rather be a part of your dreams. You begin to breathe faster and deeper obviuosly in pain.   
  
"Tiffany.." You whisper. My heart breaks. You're in pain because of me. You look so scared and like your about to cry. I want to wake you up and tell you everything will be okay. But I stop myself from moving you. I want to look at you sleep a awhile longer. I don't like being selfish and I don't like seeing like this but this is the only moment where I can enjoy you're compay. Instead I continue to stare at you as you sleep.   
  
"Why are you so blind?" I whisper to myslef. I know you can't hear me but I still ask you. You look more beautiful as the moonlight hits your face. I want you. Bad. Before I know it, I'm on my knees face to face with you. I begin to lean in. Closer and closer. I want your lips. If you remain sleeping as I do this, no one has to know. It can be my little secret. I lean in closing my eyes. The closer I get the hotter your breath gets, the louder your breathing sounds. I move closer and closer until my lips meet yours. I rest my lips against yours and the feeling I get is imppossible to compare to anything else I've ever felt. Butterflies not only in my stomach but all over my body. I want to take the kiss deeper but I remember that you are still sleeping and remove myself. Everything around me is much brighter. The moon seems to be bigger, the moonlight seems to shine on more things. You look more beautiful.   
  
"Tiffany what are you doing?" You voice wakes me up from the kiss I just gave you. I don't think you know what I just did.   
  
"I was..uhh..I was just about to wake you up. It looked like you were having another nightmare." I can't believe you woke up after I gave you the kiss. Why not as I gave you the kiss? Then we would have to talk about it. But no. Just like everything else you manage to avoid it. Now it's jsut awkward for me.   
  
"Oh. I see. Did you just get here?" You ask as you walk out to the balcony.   
  
"Yeah I did." I said following you. Please don't ask how it went. I don't want to deal with lying to you about how much fun we had. Because most of the time that I'm with him I'm thinking about you. So please don't ask.   
  
"Where did he take you?" Why do care so much where he took me? I rather it was you I was with all night.   
  
"Just to a restaurant." Hopefully if I remain vaugue you won't ask anymore.   
  
"Was it expensive? I mean it has been 6 months. Right?" You really are horrible with getting hints.  
  
"It wasn't bad."  
  
"What did he get you?"  
  
"Nothing expensive. Just flowers and a card."  
  
"Did you like it?"  
  
"Yeah I did."  
  
"Well I got you something too."  
  
"Really?! What is it?!" I can't believe you would get me something. Why would get me anything? This is between me and him. But still anything that comes from you I will take.   
  
"It's something I've been meaning to give back to you." You reach for the necklace I gave you. Why are you doing this? I gave that to you. It's yours. It will always be yours.   
  
"Here. I think you found someone who deserves this." You say to me as you place the necklace in my hands. No. I won't take this. It's your necklace. You are the key to my lock. Only you hold the key. No one else will do.   
  
"No. I gave the necklace to you." I let some anger out as I push the necklace back inot your hands.   
  
"You said the necklace belonged to me until you found your true love. So you can give it to Wooyoung now." You said pushing the necklace back into my hands. This time with a little more force.   
  
"No! The necklace is yours, keep it!!" I push the chain back into your hands. This time keeping my hands over yours to prevent you from giving it back.   
  
"Give it to Wooyoung. He is the one you want." Why are you being like this? Can't you see that the necklace belongs to you. Not Wooyoung. You. Only you.  
  
"No!! He isn't!!" I yelled before I had I chance to think about it.  
  
"What?" You ask. Looking into my eyes. My grip on your hands weakens but I don't want to let go.   
  
"He isn't my true love."  
  
"Still. I want to give the necklace back." You said pushing the chain back into me. You push hard making lose my balance and falling back pulling you doing with me.  
  
We lay still. You on top of me. If time could stop at this moment, it would be ideal. I don't need anything else. I just need you and the moon to keep us company. Nothing else matters as we lay on the floor of the balcony looking into each others eyes. I feel your heartbeat on mine. I feel your breath on my lips. You look back into my eyes. I can see you looking at my lips. I knew it. I knew you felt the same way. I close my eyes giving you persmission. Please do it. I can hear your breathing getting louder indicating you getting closer. I can almost taste your lips on mine.   
  
You push yourself up.  
  
"I'm sorry about that. Please take the necklace back." You say as put the necklace back in my hands and walk away. Leaving me on the floor. Breathless. Still waiting for you. Feeling the emptiness where you once were. Which is all over me. My entire body was covered by you. Now it feels cold, missing the warmth your body gave me a few seconds ago. My heart remains puonding. The only thing that tells me that this really happened. It wasn't a dream.

TBC

**Chapter 7: Lost Hope. Regain Hope. Lost Hope, Again**

**Tiffany POV**  
  
  
Everytime I feel like giving up on you, you give me hope once again. You make me believe there are desires behind what you do, or don't do. Like there is a chance, a very miniscule chance but still a chance nonetheless. And just as I begin to feel hope returning you push away. Why do you do that? Just as I'm about to come to some sort of conclusion, you make me question. By giving me hope or taking it away.   
  
Maybe it's my fault. I admit dating Wooyoung wasn't my brightest idea, but he was the closest thing to having you. He is so similar to you Taeyeon, and that's the only reason I'm with him. He reminds me of you. When I'm with him I pretend like I'm with you. Pathetic, I know. But it's the only thing keeping me from breaking apart. I hate myself for doing this to him. For using him in such a way that will only hurt him. But it's just that it has gotten way out of control. He has become attached to me. I know that the longer I keep this charade going, the more it's going to hurt him. I don't want that. I need to end it soon.   
  
I have come to realize that no matter how close he is to being you, he will never be you. And I need you, Taeyeon. Still all of these thoughts will remain in my head. I don't think I will ever have the courage to say them. Not to you. I don't want to know how it feels to be rejected by you. I don't want to look into your eyes as you tell me that you're sorry but you can't be with me. I don't think I'll be able to handle that. I don't care of that makes me a coward, because I will still have you near me.   
  
The necklace you gave back is still in my hands. I'm still lying on the floor. Why are you giving this back? Did you realize what it meant and want nothing to do with me? Is that it? Is this your way of rejecting me? I need to find out.   
  
I pick myself up and walk to your room. I always thought I was a little safer at night because I knew you were only a few feet away. It also made me a little nervous, I was afraid of what my hormones would drive me to do knowing you were only a few feet away at night. Either way I was always happy you were always there, a few feet away, every night. Now as I'm standing infront of your door, I'm wondering what if I had acted upon my hormones. I quickly chase any thoughts of you and me on the same bed doing things you only hear stories about away, and I knock the door.   
  
"Taeyeon, can I come in?" I ask louder than a whisper.   
  
"If it's about the necklace, I'm not taking it back." You say from behind the door.   
  
"Why are you giving it back in the first place?"   
  
"So that you can give it to Wooyoung." Oh right she already said this.  
  
"Can you at least open the door so that we can talk about this?" Really rude. Not opening the door. Forcing me to talk to you through walls.   
  
"There's nothing to talk about. You said the necklace was mine until you found you're true love. You can give it to Wooyoung." What is up with you're tone? It's like monotone. Like you don't mean what you say. Like you're forcing these words out of you.   
  
"But I already told you I don't want to give it to Wooyoung."   
  
"Why not? He is your boyfriend."   
  
"So?" "You should give it to him."   
  
"I don't want to give it to him."   
  
"Fine, then don't. Do whatever you want with it."   
  
"Okay, then open the door."   
  
"Not going to work."   
  
"Just take the darn necklace!!!!" I yell. This is seriously getting really annoying. I gave the necklace to you. You don't get to give it back. I'm sure Santa does not go through this, why should I. I'm sure Cupid doesn't get his arrows back, why shoud I. No. I'm not taking no for answer.   
  
"Kim Taeyeon!! The neckalce is yours!! I gave it you!!! So you have to wear it!!!" I cannot contain my anger anymore. You need to wear it. It makes me happy knowing you have it on. It holds a special meaning that only I'm aware of. You need to wear it.   
  
"Kim Taeyeon...Kim Taeyeon...Kim Taeyeon!!!" No answer. I give up. At least for the night. You will wear the necklace. You will.   
  
I woke up this morning on a mission. Put the necklace on a sleeping Taeyeon. I need to very quiet if I am going to succeed. I tip-toe to your room. I check to see if the door is unlocked. It is. Weird. I walk in. Your not in your room. Where are you?   
  
"Did you lose something?" Busted. You're behind me. I don't want to turn around. I need an excuse. I lost my homework. I needed food. I needed money. I was going to take a shower. I needed clothes. None of my excuses made sense.   
  
"I was going to put the necklace on you as you slept." I guess the truth is the best excuse I could come up with. I turn around to face you. Your arms crossed. Even though you're shorter I can feel you looking down on me. I can see you just got out the shower because your hair is wet. It drips making puddles on the floor.   
  
"You don't give up, do you?" I shake my head.   
  
"Look I wasn't trying to be rude last night. But I truly feel like I can't wear the necklace. Like it's not meant for me, but for the person you love. Whether it be Wooyoung or not." How can you think that? You are the only person I want the necklace to belong to. It's meant for you.   
  
"But I already told you I want you to wear it. It really hurt me when you gave it back without an explanation."   
  
"Well, now you know why."   
  
"I still want you to have it. It's yours. Remember I told you to keep it until I find true love."   
  
"And you're sure that person is not Wooyoung?"   
  
"I'm sure. Wooyoung is a nice guy but..."   
  
"Then why are still with him?"   
  
"Because I see so much of somebody else in him." I look into your eyes. I didn't expect tears to come as I said this. But they did. The fell and I couldn't control it. It's like the night in the rain all over again. Realizing you will never see the true meaning behind why I want you to wear the necklace. Realizing I can never have you, even through someone else, because that person is still not you no matter how similar you are.   
  
The moment when again I felt like all hope was gone with you is the moment you hugged me. You hugged me and that miniscule chance returned to me. That possibility of an us returned. And it hurt more now, because I know that sooner or later it will be gone. Sooner or later one of us will push away.   
  
"Tiffany please don't cry." You whisper into my ear sending automatic butterflis to my body. I can feel your wet hair on my face and your hot breath on my neck.   
  
"Tiffany I'll wear the necklace. I'll do whatever you want, just don't cry. Please." You continue to whisper. The shivers remain. The closeness between is making me more nervous. And then you pull yourself away.   
  
"Tiffany I'm sorry. I didn't know it meant so much to you." You say taking the necklace from my hands and putting it around your neck. You look up and give me one of yor dorky smiles. The ones that never fail to make me giggle. I clean my tears away and take a deep breath. You will never know the true reason behind my tears.   
  
"Tiffany can I tell you something?" I nod.   
  
"If the only reason you are with Wooyoung is because he reminds you of someone else, then I don't see why you're with him. That will only hurt both you. Maybe him more than you.Just think about it." I nod. You smile at me and walk to your closet. That reminds me. It's 7 in the moring on a Sunday what are we doing up? I know why I'm up. But what are you doing up.   
  
"Taeyeon why are you up so early? It's Sunday. I thought you were sleeping that's why I sneaked in."   
  
"I going somewhere." You look at me apologetically. Why do you feel sorry about this? My curiosity is killing me.   
  
"Where?"   
  
"Sunny needs my help with some school work so she asked me to come over to her place." Sunny. I really don't like that girl. Maybe it's because she so obviously likes you. She is always looking for you at school, asking for help when she has the highest grade in class, leaning in too close when copying notes, sharing her food with you. I'm glad you suck at reding hints and haven't realized this yet. Fine. I'll admit it. She makes me jealous.   
  
"Why so early and why can't she come over here? She's the one that needs the help." I try to remain calm as I say this but inside I'm burning with jealousy.   
  
"She said she feels more comfortable at her house and it'll be better since she lives alone, so less distractions." Less distraction? Yeah right, I bet what she wants is less clothing on you. That little....calm down Tiffany, you lose if you get mad. Don't get mad.   
  
"What's so distractive about our place?" Nothing that's what. She probably wants you to herself.   
  
"I don't know, I promised her I would help her so I'm keeping my promise."   
  
"Oh. What does she need help with anyway?"   
  
"Biology class is getting harder and harder for her, especially the unit on sex and the reproductive system. She said she wants me to help her review some stuff about that." Help? On sex and the reproductive system?! Sunny you are a clever, clever one. I see what you did there. You plan to get Taeyeon to help you with that subject, while you're all alone at your place. Then you'll pretend you don't get it and say "maybe what I need is some sort of demonstration." You clever little..little..person.   
  
"I see." I really do see. I see right through her plan. That sneeky little-calm down Tiffany. You lose if you get mad. Don't get mad.   
  
"Tiffany are you feeling alright?" You say. You're looking at me as if something's on my face. You look concerned. But I can't let you see. I can't let you figure out I'm a jealous creep. I mean, you're free to do whatever-or whoever-you want. You are not mine no matter how hard I wish and pray that you were.   
  
"Yeah I'm fine. Why do you ask?"   
  
"It's just that you are breathing really hard and deep and your face looks like your about to punch someone."   
  
"Huh? No. I'm fine."   
  
"Are you sure?"   
  
"Yeah. Have fun with Sunny." I say as I leave the room

TBC

**Chapter 8: Pain**

**Taeyeon's POV**  
  
  
Pain. I don't think I've ever lived it. One can assume that the situation I'm in now can be painful. I admit it hurts. Not having you hurts. But is this the pain people in movies talk about? The kind of pain you hear people never get over. The kind of pain that makes you wonder why you've never loved anyone so much that it drives you insane. I don't think I'm having that kind of pain. My pain is different. To be able to have the pain we only hear in movies you need to lose something. I never had you, so I've never lost you. I feel the pain of never having you. I feel the pain of unfulfilled desires, of consistent want. Of a broken heart who is still perfectly whole. That's the pain I feel. Yet this kind of pain feels exactly the same as the pain you only hear stories about. It's all just pain at the end of the day, doesn't matter how it hurts, it just does.   
  
The necklace you so badly want me to wear is burning a hole in my chest. It lies on my chest and it hurts. It hurts because the meaning you place behind it is different from what I want it to mean. It burns. What I want it to mean is that you love me and that I'm your true love but that's not what it means. You just want someone to keep the necklace safe until that person come along and takes you from me. I could care less about Wooyoung. But it just hurts that you're with him, that he did this to me. I hate that I feel like some sort of jewelry box when I have the necklace on. That's why I gave it back. I was tired of how it gave me false hope. I gave it back and I was hoping you would see why I did but you didn't. You still wanted me to wear the necklace and in the end you made me look like the bad person. And I'm not. I'm only trying to protect myself from more hurt. From more pain. I'm tired of this. I can't do it anymore.   
  
The dream only made it worse. I woke to find that you and Wooyoung were still together. That you had not broken up. Reality hit me again and this time it hit harder and deeper. For a second hope returned to me in my dreams. For a second the chance returned in my dreams. But it all remained there. It was not real. That's when I new I had to stop. I had to try and get over you. I had to try and move on. But I just can't. I can't not have you. I can't not see you. It's like I'm addicted to the pain of not having you. I can't give up.   
  
Sunny is always good to have around when I need to clear my head of you. When I need time to breathe, to let go. She makes that easier. I used to do that with Wooyoung but due to unforseen circumstances he has been eliminated from by people to vent to list and added to the people to kill list. Now it's Sunny who I trust the most. But not enough to talk to her about you. I feel like I can be myself around her. Like I don't have to worry about saying too much or letting something slip. Even if something did slips I don't think she'll judge me for it. I like her. In a friendship way ofcourse. She is quickly turning into someone I can rely on and I like that.   
  
I got to Sunny's place at around 8 am. It was pretty early but I promised her I would help her so I can't take it back. Not that I want to because I need the distraction after the dream.   
  
"Hey you're here!" She says as she let's me into her apartment. It's a nice place. Looks like she is loaded. I thought I had it good.   
  
"Wow! This a nice apartment." I say still in awe of the place. It looks like one of the places you see in magazines and movies.   
  
"Thanks. My mom does most of the decorating. Would you like something to drink?"   
  
"Juice please."   
  
"Okay."   
  
"Where do want to study?" I ask trying to find a place to put down by backpack.   
  
"You can just put your things on the table." She says in a struggle. She can't reach the glasses in the drawer. I can see her shirt riding up as she tries to reach higher. Her short shorts are revealing way more of Sunny than I need to see.  
  
"Taeyeon." I've been staring. And I've been caught. She gives me a smile and walks to the fridge. I need to stop staring at people like that they might get the wrong idea. I sit down and let out an embarrassed sigh.   
  
"So, I still don't get it." She says obviously frustrated at what I'm trying to teach her. We've been at this for the last two hours. And I've realized Sunny has the attention span of a peanut.   
  
"Maybe if you paid attention instead of playing with my hair." I say taking my hair back from her hands. She is sitting very closely to me. I can feel her breathing on me. I've heard of students that learn better one on one with the teacher but Sunny is taking it too far.   
  
"But you have pretty hair." She says making eye contact with me.   
  
"And you have pretty eyes." She says leaning closer to me.   
  
"And you have a pretty nose". She says in a whisper.   
  
"But the prettiest thing about you are your lips." She says leaning in. What do I do? Do I stay still, maybe she'll stop. Do I push her off me because now she is on my lap. I can't do anything, she has her arms around me. I guess I should at least close my eyes.   
  
I can feel her lips on mine as I close my eyes. I don't know why I did it, but I responded. I moved along with her. Took breaths along with her and continued when she did. Then it happened. I saw you. I close my eyes as I kissed Sunny but I felt you. I felt like it was with you. Like her lips were yours. So I continued to kiss her. I took the kiss deeper letting her tongue in. She felt like you. It felt so real.   
  
She finally let's go of me. I feel so guilty. She got the wrong idea. I can tell she did by the way she looks at me. I didn't mean for this to happen. I'm sorry Sunny.   
  
"Sunny I-"   
  
"You don't have to say anything."   
  
"But I-"   
  
"It's okay if you don't want anything serious. Maybe we can start of as friends?" We just had a very hot makeout-session and you just want to be friends. I guess friends do that. Right?   
  
"Friends? But we just-"   
  
"Look Taeyeon, I like you. I think you're cute and funny and adorable. This was just me letting you kow that."   
  
"This your way of letting me know you like me?!"   
  
"No. Not at all. But you serioulsy suck at reading hints. I have been trying to let you know I like you for the last couple weeks but you never got it. So I decided to do something you couldn't miss."   
  
"Why not just tell me?" I sound like such a hypocrite right now.   
  
"I thought this would be a lot more fun. Don't you agree?"   
  
"Yeah. Sure?"   
  
"Look as I said before this was only me showing you that I like you. Now that you know we can take things slow, but only if you want to. So do you want to?"   
  
As she says this I can only think of one thing. I saw you when I was kissing her. If I say yes to her, I can also have you, in a very crazy way I would feel like I was kissing you when I kiss her. But I can't do that, not to Sunny. She doesn't deserve this. She deserves someone who will respect her, not someone who only use her to play out her dreams. She doesn't deserve a person like me. I can't hurt her.   
  
"Taeyeon you don't have to answer me now. I can wait for an answer. Just as long as you know how I feel, and are willing to consider is fine with me. So please think about it." She says as she gives me a smile. A very pretty smile. But not as pretty as yours. How can she smile? Isn't she scared I might reject her? That I might say no and all of this would have been for nothing? That she put her heart on the line for nothing? I wish I was as brave as you Sunny.   
  
"Sunny I don't--"   
  
"How about friends then? Can we be friends and see how things work out?"   
  
"Sunny you already are my friend." And someone I don't want to hurt so please don't push this anymore.   
  
"I know but I want to be the kind of friend you know likes you as more than a friend. Someone you can come to when you want to hang out or when you feel lonely because you know that friend likes you. Can you promise me that?"   
  
"I promise." What more can I say? I know she won't give up. She is stubborn. I value her friendship and I don't want to lose that but I'm scared I will when she realizes I can't return her feelings. I feel so guilty but at the same time relieved that she was okay with just being friends. She is really brave for puttingng herself out there like that. I wish I had an ounce of her courage then maybe I would be able to tell you. But I don't. Me and Sunny are different.   
  
"Okay. Let me walk you home, then." She says getting of me. I didn't even notice she was still on me. I guess I must've been comfortable which is odd because normally I don't like being so close to someone else.   
  
"Wait, don't you want to finish reviewing first?"   
  
"Taeyeon this is what I mean by 'you suck at hints.' I don't need help. I have the highest grade in class. I only said I needed help to get to come over so that I can confess to you."   
  
"Oh. You really went through a lot of trouble."   
  
"As long as you know I like you it's worth it. Come on let's go, before it gets any hotter outside."   
  
"Maybe we should stop for ice cream on our way there."   
  
As we made our way back to my apartment ice cream in hand I was suprised that there was no awkwardness between us. It was like the kiss never happened. Like she was being a friend. Sunny is willing to take the risk even if it hurts her. Even if pain is the outcome. I could learn from Sunny. I didn't feel guilty at all because it was so comfortable with her. It was weird. I could never do something like what Sunny did to me to you and then be go back to acting normal. Sunny is truly a friend I just can't help but think I will end up hurting her.   
  
We walk up to my door and the ice cream is quickly melting.   
  
"Let's finish this out here. I don't want to get your house all sticky with ice cream drops." She says. It's so cute. The ice cream is getting all over her face. Her lips are covered in melted vanilla flavored ice. I can't help but giggle.   
  
"What's so funny?"   
  
"It's just that you have a little-- here let me get it for you." I said reaching for my napkin.   
  
I bring it her face cleaning her lips of the stickness. We make eye contact and it happened again. As I'm cleaning Sunny's lips, her lips become your lips. Her eyes become your eyes. She becomes you. The feeling I got when I thought I was kissing you returned to me. Maybe it's because I know it's not you that I did it. Because I know that it's really Sunny and not you that I lean in. I close my eyes and close in on the distance between your lips and mine. Our lips meet and I can feel you respond to me and kiss back. Giving me permission as I push you against the wall. The ice cream that was once in our hands soon becomes a puddle of sugar on the ground, since our hands are busy with each other. The kiss get's deeper and deeper as our tongues become involved. It feels so real. Like I'm really kissing you.   
  
"Teayeon," You say from the apartment door. I turn around and reality hits again. I'm kissing Sunny as you stand by the door. The door I was supposed to go through instead of kissing Sunny. Reality hits again and so does the pain. The pain returns but this time it hits harder and deeper. Because you saw and because I was taken from the fantasy of kissing you.

TBC

**Chapter 9: Learning**

"Taeyeon,"You saw. I was kissing Sunny and you saw. In my head I was kissing you and but you were the one that snapped me out of the fantasy. You look....I don't know how you look. I can't read you. Your face is pale and blank. I don't know how to interpret that. Are you angry? Are you shocked? I don't know how you feel or what your thinking but I know what I am. I'm mad. Mad at myslef for letting this happen. For kissing Sunny. For giving her hope when I know I can't give her what she wants. Angry that I once again let my overactive imagination have the best of me. I'm confused that it happened. That I made it happened.   
  
"I think I should go. Bye Taeyeon." Sunny says as she starts to walk away. I don't want her to go. I need to clear things up. To tell her why I did it. Or at least explain that I didn't want it to happen.   
  
"Sunny wait!" I said trying to catch up to her. But as I say this you walk backinside with the same unreadable expression on your face.   
  
"Tiffa-" I said looking back at the now closed door. I'll explain later. I need to clear thnings up with Sunny first. I can't have her believe in something I can't give her.   
  
"Sunny wait up!" I said finally catching up to her.   
  
"Let me explain." I say to her.   
  
"Explain what? We both wanted it so it happened. No worries."   
  
"I don't want to give you false hope." I'm really sorry. I don't want to hurt her but I can see her face falling as I say this. But it's better if I say this now than later before I make things more complicated.   
  
"Then why did you kiss me? You kissed me. The kiss back at my place I take full responsibility for, but this kiss was all you. Why did you do it if you didn't want it?" She is suprisingly composed. I expected tears and running mascara but it never came. I wish they did come. I feel worse knowing she is holding back. I can see it in her face.   
  
"I'm so sorry Sunny. I didn't mean to hurt you." I say holding back my own tears.   
  
"Then why did you do it?!"   
  
"If I told you, you would hate me even more." I say. If she were to know that I used her in such a selfish way it would hurt her even more. I wouldn't be able to forgive myslef for it.   
  
"Fine, don't tell, just tell me if it has anything to do with her?"  
  
"With who?"   
  
"Tiffany. Who else? I saw how you looked at her when she caught us. Like you had been caught cheating on your girlfriend."   
  
"What? No."   
  
"You like her don't you?"   
  
"..." I don't know how to respond to that. Have I been this obvious? My guilt for Sunny increases as she finds out how I really feel. She put herself out there and she got rejected. I rejected her and now she knows why.   
  
"You should tell her."   
  
"But, doesn't it hurt? Don't you hate me?"   
  
"Ofcourse it hurts. I put my heart on the line and it got stepped on to say the least."   
  
"Sunny I'm so sorry."   
  
"Don't be. I wouldn't want to be with you if I knew you loved someone else. I appreciate your honesty. Really, I do. And it will hurt for a while, but I know your only doing this to protect me from any more pain. I have to get over it."   
  
"Sunny you deserve so much more than me."   
  
"Don't say that. You are a nice girl. A little oblivious to your surroundings at times, but very cute. At least now I don't have to wonder what if. Right?"   
  
"Right."   
  
"Take my advice, tell her. You owe to it yourself to not wonder what if."   
  
"Thank you. I promise you will find someone."   
  
"Do you have a clone?"   
  
"Uhh.."   
  
"Kidding. Not really, but you know."   
  
"Yeah."   
  
"Teayeon just take the chance, you never know she might like you back."   
  
"That'll happen." I can't help but be sarcastic at the impossiblity. It makes me laugh like a crazy woman.   
  
"Don't laugh. Life is full of suprises."   
  
"Okay, Sunny I think all these emotions are getting to your head." I say as I turn to walk back to my apartment.   
  
"Taeyeon were still friends right?"   
  
"Ofcourse!" I say giving her a hug.   
  
"You will always be my friend." I don't want to lose the friendship me and Sunny have. She is someone I look up to, now more than ever. She put herself out on the line without fear of rejection. She went for something she wanted and it didn't matter that she didn't get it because she won't ever wonder. She tried. Which is far more than I can say for myself. She made me see that even if rejection hurts, we have to take risks because otherwise we would never know. We never learn unless we fail.   
  
Don't let the fear of striking out keep you from playing the game. I've been told this way too may times in my life. But I finally get what it means. I can't base my life on fears or else I'll never live. I won't ever know unless I try. Unless I tell you.   
  
Truth is I don't want to keep this to myslef anymore. Truth is I want to know, I don't want to wonder what if. I can worry about the rules of the game later. I'm going to take a risk and I don't care if I fail. I don't care if I strike out and have to walk off the plate head hang low becuase I know I gave it my best shot. I'm ready. It took breaking the heart of someone I love to see that I need to live. And I won't ever live unless I try, even if I fail.   
  
"Thanks Sunny." I say releasing her from the hug.   
  
"For what?"   
  
"For teaching me how to live life."   
  
"I don't know what your talking about. But okay, your welcome." She says with a smile.

TBC

**Chapter 10: Confession**

**Taeyeon POV**  
  
"Tiffany can you open the door I need to tell you something," I say to your closed door. I've been knocking for the last 30 minutes and you won't open the door. You really need to let me say this to you. Why are you so stubborn? I know your in there, I can hear you moving around. Just open the door so I can finally let these words out of me.   
  
"Tiffany please open the door. It's important." I say shaking the door handle as if it would magically unlock.   
  
"Are you mad at me?" You're probably mad at me because I kept something from you. You probably think me and Sunny are in a secret relationship again.   
  
"Fine don't open the door. You'll have to come out some time, for food and water. I'm hungry, I'm feeling like having Italian food tonight. I can almost taste the yummy pasta, the bread sticks, and some really good wine. But none for Tiffany, she's being a little girl and won't open the door."   
  
"I'm not even hungry!"   
  
"She can talk! Fany open the door."   
  
"No!" At least she answered this time. We're getting somewhere.   
  
"Quit being a kid and open the door. Come on what I have to tell you is super duper important." It's funny the more you don't want to open the door the more I want to tell you. Before I would've given up telling you and moved on to something else but not today. It's definte today. I'm going to tell you whether you like it or not.   
  
"I'm not being a kid. Kids are short. Short little kids. I hate kids. They always ruin everything. They take away what's not theirs. I hate short little kids."   
  
"Woah! What's with all the hate on short people. I'm short, do you hate me?" I play along. This will get you to talk to me. "Yes!" I didn't expect that one. Do you really mean that?   
  
"Do you really mean that?" I say. I can help but a little hurt by that. You didn't even think twice before anwering.   
  
"Doesn't matter if I do. You'll just go to Sunny." Sunny? I knew this was about her. I need to tell you the truth.   
  
"Sunny? Tiffany, me and Sunny aren't together. What you saw was an accident. I didn't mean to kiss her."   
  
"So you were the one that kissed her?"   
  
"Not really. It wasn't her I was kissing." "  
  
Taeyeon you're such a liar. How can you tell me it wasn't her you were kissing when I saw it? Did you forget that I caught you, you liar!"   
  
"I'm not lying. I wasn't kissing her. Don't you want to know who I was kissing?"   
  
"No! Just leave me alone! Taeyeon you're a liar!" You say as you turn on the radio to full volume. I can barely hear my own thoughts as the music drowns out every sound in the apartment.   
  
"Tiffany!!! Tiffany!!! Tiffany!!!" I yell at the top of my lungs but it's impossible to make any sound louder than that stupid radio. You've been in that room all day. It's now rainng outside and you won't come out of the room. I'm starting to doubt if today will be the day. What are you talking about Kim Taeyeon?! Today is the day!! You will tell her how you feel so you won't have to carry it around anymore. The words are heavy to carry and I don't to carry them anymore. Today I will tell you even if it's midnight I will tell you before today ends.  
  
As I lay on the couch with my eyes closed I hear you coming out of the room. If I pretend that I'm sleeping maybe I can catch you by suprise. I hear walking around the kitchen. I thought you said you weren't hungry. Whose the liar now? Then I hear the front door open and you walk out. Did you just leave? But it's raining. So much for this plan.   
  
I quickly get up to chase after you. I grab an umbrella and start to run. Outside it's pouring rain. It keeps falling like the pipes of heaven exploded. It doesn't seem like it will stop soon and the water is making it hard for me to see. You don't have an umbrella since we only have one and I'm holding it. It's cold and I'm worried for you.   
  
"Tiffany stop!" I say finally catching up to you. I grab your hands and force you to stop. I pull you in close so that my umbrella will protect you from the rain. You fight me off but I pull you in harder into me.   
  
"Why don"t go back inside where it's not raining?! Better yet, find some place sunny! I bet you would like sunny places Taeyeon!"You say pushing me shoving me.   
  
"I already told you, me and Sunny aren't together!" I say trying to keep you still. Why do you keep bringing Sunny up? If I didn't know better I'd say you were jealous. At this moment Sunny's words came to me. 'This is what I mean by you suck at reading hints', the words entered my brain and remained lingering over me as if waiting for me to completely process. Are you jealous?! Jealous of me and Sunny? How could I miss this? Do you like me? Tiffany do you feel the same way? Have you been feeling the same way all this time?Why didn't you say anything? Why are you with Wooyoung then? Why haven't you said anything? Maybe I'm reading too much into it and this is just anger. Your angry because you think I kept something from you. Or maybe it's true what Sunny said and life is full if suprises.   
  
"Tiffany the kiss you saw-"   
  
"Don't say you weren't kissing her because I saw it. I saw it Taeyeon."   
  
"Teachnically speaking it was her I was kissing. And I admit I initiated the kiss but..."   
  
"There are no but's Taeyeon. You kissed her because you wanted to kiss--"   
  
"I was kissing you." I say looking into your eyes. There is no response from you. Shock is mostly what I can see.   
  
"What?" You say looking back inot my eyes.   
  
"I might've been kissing Sunny in reality but I was thinking of you. It was you who I was kissing. It has always been you. When I kissed Sunny it felt like I was kissing you. It felt so real and I let my emotions get the best of me. I'm sorry you had to see that but lately it's the only way I can have you. Tiffany I want you so much it hurts to be alive. It hurts to be in this reality. A reality where I don't have you. Where your not mine. So I stick to fantasy world. To dream land. In my dreams, Tiffany, your mine and I'm yours. It hurts to admit it but I can't keep this inside me any longer, or else I might explode. It eats me up inside knowing how much of a coward I am for not telling you. For not being honest with myself or with you. I can't take it anymore. I feel like this is going to drive me insane the more I keep it inside. What I'm trying to say is that, I love you. I. Love. You. I have since I first laid eyes on you Tiffany."   
  
I thought that by finally telling you how I feel would make me feel better. Make me feel the weight of the world finally off my shoulders. That feeling never came. That feeling so many have referenced when finally confessing something that weighed upon them for so long never came. It grew greater as I watched the rain drain the image of you. As you ran. Away from me. Every step you took, increasing the distance between us. Faster and faster the further you ran. The sound of your heels remained distant echoes in my ear drums as the time passes and the rain slowed. You ran away. I poured my heart and soul to you and you ran away. Nothing said. You shoved me off and ran. I was prepared for this to happen. Knew of the possibility of your rejection but I wasn't prepared for the pain. I lied. Pain isn't all the same. It doesn't all just hurt. Some pain is so strong that it numbs you. It voids you of any kind of feeling. Drains you dry of emotions. I can't feel right now. This moment is not being felt by me. It's like an out of body experience. I know I should be hurting. That this is the worst thing that could happen. But the pain is too strong to let me feel. To let me think about it. I'm stuck in the moment when you shoved me off and ran away. I don't want to leave that moment because when I do I wil feel it all. All of it will hit at once and I don't think I'm strong enough to survive once it hits. Maybe in a couple minutes or hours or days or weeks or months, whenever but not now. I don't feel now. I want to stay that way. For at least a couple more minutes before it hits.   
  
  
  
**Tiffany POV**  
  
  
I ran away. I don't know where I'm going but I ran. Ran as fast as I could when I heard those words. ' I love you.' You finally said the words I wanted to hear and wanted to say but I left. Didn't say anything and left you. Standing in the rain. I'm not even sure why I did it. I just did what my brain told me to do. It said run, so I ran. I wanted to to stay and tell you how I felt. Repeat the words you said to me. My heart was screaming them to you as my brain told me to run. I thought I was stronger than this. I was always the one to take the initiative and give hints but tonight I am a coward.   
  
But I can't tell you now. When you confessed I wanted to confess back. Yell at to the world that I love you too but I couldn't. It's not that simple with me. I have Wooyoung. I can't let myself selfishly hurt him more. If I'm going to tell you how I feel I want to do it freely, without anything holding me back. I'm mad at myself for making things so complicated. For hurting someone and hurting you and I both. You probably hate me right now. I would. I do. Not even a 'thanks' was uttered from my mouth as you said those words.   
  
I'm sure those words weren't simple to say. I'm sure it took you long to say those words. To confess to me what you have been through. The dreams, the fantasies. I wanted to give you a hug and tell you that you don't have to dream anymore that you can have me in reality, but in my reality I have Wooyoung. I wanted to tell you that you don't have to go around kissing people to feel like you are kissing me because you can kiss me anytime you want. I want you to kiss me anytime you want. But in my reality I have Wooyoung.   
  
I need to end it with him. Now more than ever. I have to come clean about why I've been with him. He was my Sunny, he helped me play out my dreams. He helped me be with you. I hate myself for hurting him. I hate myself for the mess I caused me. I only made things worse. I need to fix it before I can tell you. Before I can say the same words to you. Please wait.

TBC

**Chapter 11: Friends. Lovers. Or Nothing**

I don't know what I expected when I told you. Confessions are never easy. Placing oneself in a vulnarable position. Here I am. Here is my soul. Here is my heart. Here is all of me. Do you want me? I guess you didn't. You said no. No wait, you didn't say anything at all. You basically told me when you ran. That two letter word was replaced by the sound of your heels on the wet ground. Did I expect anything else? An answer in words would have been nice. An 'I'm sorry but I can't' would have been good. But your actions replaced words. Actions are stronger than words. Also more painful. You not only don't want me but were so disgusted by me that you had to get away from as fast as possible.   
  
Really Taeyeon what did you expect? Her to run into your arms and say those words back? Ofcourse not. I let myself lose control over something impossible. Life is full suprises. It is. It really is. I was sure suprised when you ran. I expected more from you. I mean we have been friends for a long time. Some sort of verbalized answer would have been nice. But you ran. I guess you don't need words when you have feet, right?   
  
I realize I sound more bitter and annoyed than hurt. Don't let this fool you, I feel it. It finally hit. But I think I deserved better. I can't help but be mad at my own stupidity for telling you. I lost you. The only thing that mattered to me in the world was lost once I told them how much they mattered to me. Oh the irony.   
  
Maybe of I had taken I much more strong approach. What if I had just grabbed you and kissed you? Then at least I would have known what your lips taste like. How they feel against my own. But I can only imagine what that would have caused you to do. You probably would have puked on me. You would have been so disgusted by me that you would've barffed all over me. But no worries, the rain would have washed it away.   
  
What good is the rain when it can't even serve to cover up my tears? It can't ever cover the sound of my loud sobs. Stupid rain. It just keeps falling. No sign of stopping anytime soon. Maybe if I stand out here long enough the gods will take pity on me and rewind time. Or maybe Superman. You know that one episode where Superman flies around the world in the oppsite the direction to make time go backwards? Or was that a movie? Is that even possible? All I know is that he did it and he saved the world. Where is Superman when I need him? Turn back the time to where I let those words out of me. To where those three words, those eight letters slipped out of my mouth sounding out 'I love you'. I want them back. I want you back.   
  
I walk back into the apartment and everything is the same as when I left it. Nothing has changed. But yet it feels different. Heavier. All of it does. Like I know it won't be the same anymore. Yet everything is. I didn't have you then and I don't have you now. Not before or after I left this apartment.   
  
I lay in my bed but I can't sleep. I don't want to sleep. I know what my brain will to do me when I do fall into unconcsiousness. I don't want that. Why should I have you there when I know I will never have you in real life? Why should I cause my heart more mysery? More pain than it already is under?   
  
I haven't heard you come back yet. Where did you go? You proabaly don't know either. Any place away from me is fine. Isn't it? 'Legs activate! Destination: Anywhere away from her!' That's probably what your brain told your body.   
  
I wish I had friend Tiffany back. Just that part of you. The part I can talk to about anything. I need that part right now. I wish I could sepeprate that part of you out of the rest of you. Borrow it for a couple hours as I talk to it and then place it back neatly with the rest of you. I just need someone to talk to. A friend. Sunny.   
  
"Hello?" Sunny says from the other line. I'm sure she's suprised at phone call in a middle of the night. I just need to talk to a friend.   
  
"I took your advice." I say fighting hard against the tears.   
  
"Hello? Who is this?"   
  
"I told her." I say my voice quivering.   
  
"Taeyeon?"   
  
"I told her and she ran..." I say not being able to hold back any longer.   
  
"Taeyeon stay there. I'll be there in a couple minutes. Just don't move. Okay?"   
  
"Okay. Thankyou."   
  
"We're friends. Remember? It's what friends do." She says as she hangs up the phone. I'm not being fair with Sunny. I broke her heart earlier too. She is feeling the same thing I am and I'm the cause. I'm her Tiffany. She doesn't deserve me crying on the phone over the person I chose over her. But I just need someone. I can't be alone. And we are friends.   
  
I hear her come into my room. She is wet. She ran in the rain for me. She ran the rain for me and you ran in the rain away from me. I can't help but feel guilty over Sunny's wet state.   
  
"Sunny your wet."   
  
"I came here as fast as I could. Traffic is crazy right now because of the wet streets, so I just ran. It's not that bad. I did it for you."   
  
"Why don't you change into some dry clothes?" I say as I look for some comfortable clothes for her to wear. I pick out some sweats and t- shirt and hand them to her.   
  
"Here." I say handing her the clothes. Our hands meet and the coldness of her hands send shivers down my spine. My warm hands soon equal the temparture of hers as she stays still and looks into my eyes. I feel worse now. She got the wrong idea again. All I needed was someone to be here and she seemed like the right choice. But why aren't I backing away? Why am I not moving either? Why am letting our hands touch just as much as she is? I pull away at this thought.  
  
She comes out of the bathroom in her dry clothes and sits down beside me on my bed. Suddenly her closeness makes me nervous. I don't want her to get it wrong. I don't want her to get anymore hurt. She lies down next to me and turns to face the ceiling.   
  
"So what happened?" She asks me. I switch my posistion to match hers.   
  
"I told her I loved her and she ran away." I say simply staing it. I take a deep breath as I continue to look at my white ceiling.   
  
"Did she say anything?" She asks still looking up.   
  
"Nope. Not one word. Pushed me away and ran."   
  
"I see. Did you run after her?"   
  
"I couldn't. My legs were like stuck to the ground. Like the rain was glue and I was standing in a huge puddle of it. I couldn't even talk until a picked up the phone to call you."   
  
"Thankyou for calling me. I like that you trust me."   
  
"Sunny I-" I say looking at her. Trying to make sure she doesn't read into it the wrong way but she cuts me off.   
  
"I know. Just friends. But I still like it." She says still looking up.   
  
"I'm sorry."   
  
"Don't be. Just as long as you trust me and want me as friend I'm fine. Well, not really completely fine, but sooner or later."   
  
"How don't you hate me?"   
  
"I don't think I'll ever be able to hate you. I like you way too much. I think that deep down I still hope that you'll like me back. That we won't be just friends. Because I'm honestly not okay with being just your friend but I have to be because that's what you want. Even if you just used me when you feel lonely or call me when you need to talk to someone, that alone makes me not hate you because I want you. All of you. Even if I can only have all of you some of the time." She say taking her eyes off the ceiling and looking at me.   
  
"Sunny-" Will she ever let me finish a sentence? Everytime I want to clear things up she interrupts making things more complicated for me. Let me talk.   
  
"What I'm trying to tell you is to use me. Let me help you get over her. Let me cure your broken heart. Use me."   
  
"Sunny I can't do that to you. You don't deserve that."   
  
"And you deserve this? This pain you're so obviously in? Let me ask you this, do still want her in your life? Like as a friend?" She asks me rainsing her voice a little. When I think about it I don't want to lose you. I still want to see that smile around. I still want the sound of your laughter in the apartment. Even if I have to be just a friend and lie to you about my feelings, I still want you in my life. Because honestly you are my life. I don't know what I would do without you in it.   
  
"Yes." I aswer truthfully.   
  
"Then let me be there for the moments the pain is too much. When you can't hold your anger and jealousy in anymore. When you feel weak because she left with Wooyoung. Let me be there for you. Don't worry about me. I'm a big girl and I know what I'm getting into. If I get hurt it will be my own fault. Let me help you." She says cupping my face in her hands looking inot my eyes. Before I can answer she crashes into me and our lips meet. My body responds to hers and I kiss back. Not holding back my emotions, tears begin to fall as the kiss deepens and our clothing falls to the floor.

TBC

**Chapter 12: Break Ups and Boundaries**

**Tiffany POV**   
  
  
The rain is still falling as I walk to Wooyoung's apartment. It's 1am and he's probably sleeping but I have to do this now. I know it's not fair to him. I know he's been there for me through a lot of things. But I never wanted him to be there. I never wanted him, I wanted you. And now that you've confessed to me I can finally have you not some replacemt of you but you, all of you. I can worry about him later but right now the possiblity of having you is here and I'm not going to let it pass me by. Before I can do that, I need to end it with him. I need to have you completely and I want to be yours completely so I have to do this.   
  
I knock on his door and wait for him to open.   
  
"Tiffany? What are you doing here? You're wet. Did you walk here? Come in." He says letting me in. Suddenly guilt bulds up in my body. It's like this liitle bubble guilt has spread throught my body causing my courage to dwindle. Breathe Tiffany. You need to this for her.   
  
"Wooyoung I need to tell you something."   
  
"Okay, but first get of the wet clothes. I don't want you getting sick." He says going into his room. He comes back with a pair of sweats and t-shirt and hands them to me. After I change into the dry clothes I sit myself on the couch and position myslef to face him sitting next to me. This isn't going to be easy but I have to do it.   
  
"So what was so important that you had to walk in the rain for Tiff?" He calls me Tiff. I always found that awkward. Tiff. You call me Fany. I prefer Fany.   
  
"I don't know how to say this. I want you to know that I never meant to hurt you. I never wanted to involve you in any of this."   
  
"Involve me in what? What are you trying to tell me?   
  
"I love Taeyeon." I think the faster I say this the less complicated things already. Like their not already complicated.   
  
"What?" He says above a whisper.   
  
"I'm so sorry I lied to you. I thought that by being with you I would be able to get her out of my mind. But it made it worse and soon the only reason I'm was with you was because you reminded me so much of her."   
  
"So you used me?" He says hurt obvious in his eyes.   
  
"I'm so sorry." There is nothing else I can say. Shame has rid me of any other words.   
  
"Sorry? What is that going to do? You're breaking up with me and I can't do anything about it. I feel like such an idiot."   
  
"You're not an idiot. It's me. It's my fault."   
  
"How am I not an idiot? You used me because I remind you of someone else. All of this has been a lie. How could you do this? I thought you were better than this, but I guess I was wrong about that too."   
  
"Wooyoung I-"   
  
"Just leave. Please."   
  
"Wooyoung-"   
  
"Just go!!!" He says making his way to his room slamming the door shut. If I were him I wouldn't want to listen to me either. I make my way to door and walk out. I did it. Wasn't very pretty but it's over. I can be with you now. I don't know if I'm happy or completely angry at myslef for letting things get this way. For letting someone like Wooyoung get hurt. But what I do know is that I can't wait to get home and tell you I love you too.   
  
I walk into the apartment tripping all over myself in excitement. I enter your room to find you sleeping. I don't care if your sleeping I'm finally going to tell you I love you.   
  
"Taeyeon wake up." I whisper into your ear. I'm sitting on your bed now.   
  
"What?" You mumble. You snuggle closer to your pillow and yawn the most cutest yawn known to man.   
  
"It's about what you said to me earlier tonight."I say still in yor ear. At this you spring up and stand before me. You look nervous and shocked at what I just said.   
  
"Oh my God!! Did I do something to you? Did I say something inappropriate? I know I shouldn't have drank all the solju in our fridge. But you were so stubborn about not opening the door and I was bored so I drank." You say looking more and more nervous as the words come out of your mouth. Did I hear you right?   
  
"What?"I say barely believing what you just told me.   
  
"I was drunk. I say things when I'm drunk. Things I don't mean. One time I told Wooyoung I loved him, and that he was the only person in the world for me. It was so awkward the next day when he asked me about it. I didn't say anything like that last night did I? Please tell me I didn't embarass myslef." You say to me.   
  
So you were drunk. You didn't mean anything you said to me. So you don't love me. I'm not in your dreams every night. The schock of what you're telling me is covering up the pain in my heart. I was so stupid, ofcourse you don't love me. It was stupid me trying to believe in farytales. It's like I was weightless when you confessed to me but knowing that the confession was nothing more than drunken words, the weight is rushing back in. The pain is coming. I'm at the point where I know the pain is only a couple feet away and I can't stop. I try and try to stop myself from moving, from going to the pain but I can't. The pain is coming and I have to be away from you when it does come. When it hits.   
  
"No you didn't say anything." I say trying to hold back the tears. It was a lie. I believed a lie like an idiot. I shouldve asked you if it was true before running. Or maybe I shouldve confessed back. It's not like you would've remembered anyways.   
  
"Oh thank God. So what is it that you wanted to tell me?" You say in a more relaxed tone. Sitting next to me on the bed.   
  
"Oh nothing. I was just worried about you. It was raining last night." Trying to control tears is really hard. One moment I think I'm fine and relax but the next moment I can feel water swelling up. I need to ge away from you so I can cry in peace.   
  
"Was it? I don't remember."   
  
"Ofcourse you don't you were drunk." I say leaving your room.   
  
As I walk out your room I see Sunny walking out of the bathroom. The freshley showered and wearing your sweats and T-shirt. Sunny looks suprised to see me. I walk passed her holding in the tears that are becoming harder and harder to control. I hate it when I get angry because then I cry.   
  
  
  
**Taeyeon POV**  
  
  
  
"Did you tell her?" Sunny says as she walks into my room.   
  
"Yeah. I told her I was drunk and I say things when I'm drunk. Things I don't mean. Just like you said."   
  
"Hey hey!! Don't put the blame on me. You are the one that said you still want to be friends with her and this was the only way that is possble."   
  
"Yeah I know. Sunny I can't do this."   
  
"Do what?"   
  
"This, with you. What we almost did earlier, when you were taking your clothes off and I stopped you, I can't do that to you. I know you said you don't care if you get hurt, but I care. I don't want to be the cause of your pain. If I'm going to be just friends with Tiffany I can't have anyone else hold that pain too. I don't want you to get hurt. I'm sorry but I rather we keep being just friends with clear boundries. I understand if you can't accept that but all I need is a friend."   
  
"Okay. I understand. It was stupid of me to do what I did earlier but a girl has to try right?" She says tears starting to form. This is exactly why I can't do this to her. She comes off as strong but she's weak. Maybe weaker than I am.   
  
"No Sunny. I girl doesn't have to try. Love should just happen. You are better than this. Do you understand?" I say stopping the tears from falling with my hand.  
  
"Yeah I do. Seeing how much you care for Tiffany that you are willing to be just a friend has made me understand what it is to truly care. I want to be there for you too. But just as a friend." She says extending her hand.   
  
"Friends." I say taking her hand and shaking it. It's a simple gesture but it let's me know that Sunny and I won't be in the complicated stage of a relationship. I think she finally got that in my heart there will only be you.  
  
"Friends is good. I can be friends. But can you be friends with her? I can see how much you love her Taenyeon. It's way more than my feelings for you and that's why I can be friends with you. But your feelings, your feelings for her are way too strong to be just friends aren't they?"   
  
"How do you know me so well?" She seriuosly hit it right on the dot. I can't be just friends with you. I can't just watch you with him. I can't do that. Before I told you I loved you I was blinded by my courage, but after I told you and you ran and I saw how you reacted there is no doubt that I have no chance in the world. I felt how it would be without you in my life and it was the worst feeling in the world. The worst pain in the world. It hurts to be only a friend to you, to watch you from the distance, to admire your perfect beauty from afar, but I would rather have that pain than the pain of not having you at all. That's why I faked being drunk, to get you back. I'm an idiot for telling you in the first place. I guess courage has always been my worst enemy.  
  
"I needed to know more about you, so I stared at you during class but you never noticed since your attention was always on Tiffany. The way your eyes lit up whenever she smiled at you, the way you looked at her when she wasn't looking, and the jealousy that turned you green whenever she left with Wooyoung. It was pretty obvious to me or to anyone who took the time to pay attention. But since you weren't together, I thought I could help you get over it. But I can't, it's too deep. I can only be here, as a friend. But you, you and her, you can't be just a friend, it will hurt too much." She smiled at me. A genuine smile.   
  
"But I can't not have her Sunny. I can't not have her near me, not have that smile even if I am not the cause of those smiles, at least I will get to see them. I almost died when I saw her wearing Wooyoung's sweats, but because I saw her it made me forget about that. Because I saw her and saw she was fine after running in the rain, it made me forget why she ran in the rain. She makes everything better, even if she was the one that made things worse."  
  
"She was wearing his clothes?"  
  
"I guess she went over to his place after I told her. It will always be him. I have to live with that. I have to, if I want to be near her. I have to."

TBC

**Chapter 13: I Panicked**

**Tiffany POV**  
  
How do you call this feeling? This feeling of almost having something but not getting it. Failure. Is this failure? Did I fail?My head hurts from all the crying I've been doing. I'm such a hypocrite. I'm always the one to make fun of a girl who cries over love. To point out that they are being weak, that no person deserves their tears and yet they are crying like a baby. But here I am, not being able to stop the tears. Meanwhile you're doing things I don't even want to think about with Sunny. Why else would she have your clothes on? Why else would she need a shower? I'm such an idiot for falling for you.   
  
The pain of not being with you is taking over my whole body. My room feels colder tonight. Now I don't even have Wooyiung to got to. I don't even have some part of you to pretend with. I'm just going to sit here and wait for the pain to stop.   
  
But it's not like anything has changed. I'm still here. You're srill here. I will just pretend like nothing ever happened, because nothing ever did. You never confessed. I never confessed. It's all just the same as before the rain. If freindship is as far as our relationship will go then I will accept that. No matter how bad it hurts. No matter how hard a want to cry and no matter how hard a want to hit and yell, there will never be more to us. That's the part that butts the most. I will always be in the sidelines. Supporting your fight, but never actually being the person your fighting for. I have accepted the fact that I will be a cheerleader to your life. Never the game. We will remain as friends and as much as that will kill me, I don't want to not have you in my life. Even though I want more, I'll take what I can get. Because I love you. I've loved you since my firtst day of school and you will never know that. I will keep it locked inside me.   
  
Sunny holds a place that I want. A place that I envy so much. She holds a place in your bed. A place next to you. She knows what your lips taste like. She knows what it is like to feel you and be felt by you. I wish I did to. My desire for you growed as I got closer to you. But know I will never be able to calm that desire. I will never be able to taste your lips and feel you because it's pretty clear you don't feel the same way I do. You have Sunny for that. I will only be there as friend and nothing more. I will be there when you need someone. I will shove these feelings so far down me, that maybe one day I will feel like they aren't there anymore. Maybe one day I will be completely numb. I think being numb would be better than being in love. Rather no feeling that one particular feeling that will cause me pain.   
  
So I will pretend like nothing happened, and stop these tears. I will put on a fake smile and pretend. Like I never lived through a confession from you. Like I never lived through the pain of finding out it was never a confession. And it will hurt to pretend, but i have to do it in order to keep things as they were before.   
  
  
**Taeyeon POV**  
  
"You know what you need?" Sunny asks me. She's still here. I don't want her to go. I don't want to be left alone with you. I'm afraid I'll break down again. I have to be strong. If this will ever work.  
  
"What?"   
  
"You need to go out. You need to get of this apartment for a while. It holds too many memories for you. So you need to get out of here for a while."  
  
"Where do you want me to go?" I ask wondering what she wants me to do.  
  
"I don't know, a club?!" She says with a twinkle in her eyes.  
  
"I don't like clubs. They make me uncomfortable and honestly I don't want to go to place with alot of people. I just don't feel like going out Sunny."  
  
"I'm telling you it will be good for you and as a FRIEND I am demanding you to get out for a while. Maybe not a club but somewhere that is not here."  
  
"Where?"  
  
"Me and a couple of friends are going up to the lake and you are now officially coming with me. So get ready!" She says bombarding me with my pillow. I try to cover up and protect my very important head but she just keeps pounding on me as she laughs the most creepy laugh. I think she is enjoying this way too much. Alright Sunny two can play at this game. I grab the other pillow and counter attack by swinging it to her face making her fall of the bed making a thud sound as she falls. I wait for her to make a sound. No sound. I wait for her to move. No movement. I'm scared. I look over the side of the bed.  
  
"AAAAAHHHHHHH"  
  
"AAHHHHHHH" She screams at my face. She doesn't look very happy and begins to chase me around the room. She is very mad, I can tell by the way she is breathing. Almost like a snarling sound. Like a mad puppy.   
  
"TAEYEON!! THAT WASN'T FUNNY!! I SERIOUSLY BLANKED OUT FOR 5 SECONDS!!! I DIDN'T EVEN HIT YOU THAT HARD!!!"She screams at me as I rush out my door.   
  
"TELL THAT TO THE POUNDING THING THAT WAS MY HEAD!! AND I'M NOT GOING!!" I say turning around expecting a pillow in my face. Instead I am tackled by a snarling bunny on the couch. She pins me with her legs and begins pouding on me withe pillow once more. I try to defend myslef and counter attack but it is obvious she is a seasoned veteran at pillow fights. Maybe she went to one to many slumber parties.  
  
"YOU ARE GOING AND THAT IS FINAL!! YOU NEED--"  
  
"Ahem." The sound of a throat clearing breaks our concentration from the fight. We turn around to find you standing by the kitchen table with a sandwich in one hand.  
  
"Hey Tiffany!" Sunny says. Obviously trying to break the awkward moment.  
  
"Sunny get off of me." I whisper. She quicly gets off me and straightens her clothes. I do the same once I stand from the couch.  
  
"Where don't you want to go Taeyeon?" You ask taking a bite from the sandwhich.  
  
"Uhhh...-" Is all I could manage to say before Sunny interrupted.  
  
"The lake. I inveted her to the lake and she is being to stubborn to accept my request, which caused this little confrontation." She says with a giggle.   
  
"Oh. You should go, Taeyeon. Sounds like a lot of fun."  
  
"You want to come?" What does Sunny think she is doing? I thought the whole point of me going to lake was to get my head straight and thoughts away from you. This makes me wonder what her intenions are. I look over to her with a completely dumbfounded expression. She simple smile and nods. Like it was part of the plan.  
  
"I don't know. It sounds like it is something private between the two of you. I wouldn;t want to be the third wheel." You say with ahalf a smile. Taking anther bite of your sandwhich.  
  
"What? Not at all. There is a whole bunch of us from school coming. So it would only make sense if you came. Right Taeyeon?" She looks over to me and smiles. I look over to you and she your expecting eyes. Obviously waiting for an answer.  
  
"Yeah. Sure, the more the merrier right?" The more the merrier? What the hell is that?  
  
"Okay then let me get ready." You say leaving for your room. As soon as the coast is clear:  
  
"What the hell Sunny?"  
  
"What? I panicked! It's not like you wouldn't want her there either. What you don't want her there?"  
  
"It's not that. You know I would want her there all the time. But weren't you the one who said I needed to get out,and this place holds too many memories and what not?"  
  
"Well I panicked, so there has been a change of plans." She says shrugging her shoulders like it's no big deal.  
  
Once we got the lake I realized having you around in short shorts is probaly not the best strategy if I want to be just friends with you. Your legs make it really hard for me to not stare, but once you add sweat to that it maked it impossible for me not to stare without the helpful slap in the arm from Sunny. Her friends turned out to be really cool. There was Sooyoung, that girl seriously eat, I think she likes Sunny because she kept looking at her and the only time she shared her chips was when Sunny said she was hungry. Then there was Jessica, whom I didn't talk to because she was scary to even look at, I swear the temparature was 10 degrees lower around her. Then there was Yuri who was just plain hot and the only one who managed to make Ice Princess smile. There were others but I only remember thm. My attention was taken up by you the whole time.  
  
"Hey guys, you want to go explore the wooded area?" Yuri said pointing to the tress sorounding the lake.  
  
"No." Seriously the girl is ice.  
  
"Too bad because everyone else wants to go." Said Sooyoung.  
  
"Fine."  
  
"We should go in partners. That way it is safer." Yuri is really into activites.  
  
"I call Sunny." Sooyoung grabs Sunny's hand and draggs her to the trees. Sunny looks over to me and says sorry. I look around and realize me and you are the only ones left. This is going to be interesnting.  
  
"Lets go." I say reaching out for your hand. Friends hold hands, right? It's normal to hold hands of you're friends so there is no way this could be interpreted as me being madly in love with you. The feeling I get when I hold your hand, that is not normal. The tingling sensations that travel through my body when you take my hand and smile at me, that feeling is not normal for friends to have. But you don't know of this feeling and you will never know.   
  
"Taeyeon I'm scared. There aren't any bugs here are there?" Really? Ofcourse there are bugs here. It's the woods. But the face you make, makes me lie to you. I want protect you. It's funny how I lie to prtect you.  
  
"No. No bugs." I say as we make our way deeper into the woods. Your hand clutching hard against mine and your head against my shoulder.  
  
"You are a really bad liar." You says to me but it is almost as if you don't want me to hear.  
  
"Better than you think." I say more to myself than to you.   
  
"No, you really are bad at lying." You say.  
  
"Not really."  
  
"Really? What about you and Sunny? You said you two weren't together and I find her in our place in your clothes, then I find her in our sofa on top of you. Not to mention the kiss I saw the other day. That, Taeyeon is what I call a really bad big fat liar." You say crushing my hand harder as you say this.  
  
"Ouch! First of all I didn't lie about me and Sunny. We really aren't together. She is just a really good friend of mine. And second of all. have you been working out because that really hurt!!" I say taking my hand and caressing it against my chest. It's not only the pain, but my heart started to race faster as you held my hand. I need to get out of your grasp, as soon as possible.  
  
"Fine, whatever, it isn't any of my business anyway. We are just friends." The last part you say more to yourself again.  
  
"Fine." I think if I try to explain anymore, you really won't believe me. So I will just live it as is.  
  
"Taeyeon, where are we?" She says breaking the silence after about 10 minutes of mindless walking. My mind was too preoccupied by you to pay any attention.  
  
"We're..you know..we're..here." I say. I have no idea where we are and the sun is setting and as I look at you things get worse. We are lost, the sun is setting and there is a spider in your hair.  
  
"Tiffany." I say in a whisper. I walk closer and closet to you, keeping my eyes on the creature on your head.  
  
"What?"You ask. Unaware of the thing on your head, I want to keep it that way. If you scream, I'm scared some sort of animal will think it's a mating call or something. So to be safe I have to be quick and keep you in the dark about the spider. I don't want a very heated bear or lion to find us, then what?  
  
"Don't move. Close your eyes." I say walking closer.Slowly. Slowly. I don't want to scare it and then land on you.  
  
"What? Why?"  
  
"Just do it." I demand. I can see the spider crawling on your head. Oh crap it's on your forehead. 1...2...3  
  
"AAAHHAHHHH!!!GET IT OFF!!!GET IT OFF!! GET IT OFF!!" You say junping around. The spider flew off the first jump, but I want to see you jump around some more. I can't control my laughter as you keep jumping and screaming. You keep running around in circles if you keep this up you are going to run into some-   
  
As we fall to the ground our eyes meet. You are on top of me. Your eyes are wet with tears. I shouldn't have laughed. I forgot you scared you were of bugs. I can feel your hot breath on my cheeks, you loud breathing echoes in my ears. I can't move. If I were to kiss you now, there is no way I could take it back. I haven't been drinking, so that's out. I swallow, but my mouth is dry so it hurts. Your eyes are serioulsly the most mesmerizing. I want to get off and play this off but I can't stop looking into your eyes. I can't stop looking at your lips as you moist them with your tongue. I breathe harder as my heart beats faster. If I take a chance, if I do it, I know what your reaction will be. You will run away, just like that night in the rain. I won't give in to my desires but I don't want this moment to end. My whole body feels like it's floating. Like I can fly, like I can touch the sky. And I am not dreaming. I know I have to get up, but I don't want this moment gone. Not until I can be sure it will never leave my memories.   
  
"Tiffany, I think it's gone now." I say. Any more longer and this would've been very suspicious of me, so I end the moment.  
  
"Are you sure?" You ask. I rustle your hair with my hands to make sure it is really gone.  
  
"Yeah, I'm sure." With that you pick yourself up and dust yourself and I do the same. It is pretty awkward for a moment then I realize:  
  
"We are still lost."

TBC

**Chapter 14: Lost**

**Taeyeon POV**  
  
  
  
"We're still lost." I say   
  
"I'm scared." You say. I feel very impotent right now. I'm supposed to protect you. To make you feel safe. But instead I got us both lost. This was a stupid idea. I know nothing about the woods or hiking, I don't even now how I got lost. This just proves that no matter how hard I try, you will always be the first thing in my thoughts. When I should've been thinking about where we were going, my attention was on you. No matter how hard I try to lie to myslef you are the only important thing in my life. I can't deny the power you hold over me, though I hide it well. On the brightside, we are lost and we only have each other.   
  
"Don't worry, I'm sure we'll be able to find our way back. Do you remember where we came from?" I ask. You look at me apologetically.   
  
"No, I wasn't really paying attention. Sorry, I was kind of distracted."   
  
"Me too. But I'm sure that the others are getting worried. We were supposed to meet about half an hour ago. So they'll come looking for us in no time." I try to sound reassuring. There can't be two people completely afraid. What good would that do? One of us has to stay calm.   
  
"Yeah. They can't just forget about us. Right? They have to come looking for us. Right?" You ask your voice shaking.   
  
"Right! We have to stay positive and productive. So wouldn't it be better to find a place with less trees, so that if- I mean when- they come looking for us it will be easier for them to find us."   
  
"I don't know. I think it'd be better if we stay where we are. What if it rains? The trees can protect us from the rain. I think we should stay in one place."   
  
"You're right. It would be safer. So I guess all we have left to do is wait."   
  
"Right! We shall wait. I'm sure they'll be here any minute."   
  
"Any minute now." Awkward silence filled the atmosphere. What do I say? The leaves really compliment your eyes? You know if I had to choose, I'm glad I got lost with you? I hope a bear doesn't find us? I hate not knowing how to act around you. It's part of your whole effect on me. The presence of you around me makes me a nervous fool, who can never find the right words to say unless there is somebody else around. After the 'confession' I think it got worse. I'm being extra careful with what I say in case I say the wrong thing and make you run away again. I can't have that pain again. I won't let myslef.   
  
Our posistion is kind of awkward too. Instead of being close to each other, like any other person under these circumstances would be, we are about five feet away. You're leaning on a tree across from the tree I'm leaning on. Our eyes awkwardly making contact from time to time. No one says anything, just standing and waiting for our rescue party to get here.   
  
"You know what would make the time go by faster?" You ask out of nowhere.   
  
"What?" I ask genuinley curious. I would give anything to make the time go by faster so that you can be safe again.   
  
"If we were drunk. I always find time goes by way faster when I have a couple shots in me. Don't you Taeyeon?"   
  
"I wouldn't know. I've never been drunk before." The lie I told was new. It was a new lie. Ofcourse something like this would slip. I've never been a good liar, you were right. I didn't get time to come up for an anwer, it just slipped. The truth slipped and my lie was uncovered. My heart began to race in hopes that you didn't hear anything.   
  
"What do you mean? Earlier today you said you were drunk last night."You say looking at me with the most intense eyes. What do I do? I can't just not answer.   
  
"Oh right, I forgot. I meant I've never been drunk until that night." Is all I could come up with. When in doubt fake amnesia, I saw that somewhere.   
  
"How do you for-" The rain starts pouring. Thunder strikes. Interrupting your question which I'm pretty sure I couldn't have answered. It seems as mother nature is on my side. The tree you're under barely has any branches on it to protect you,and my tree isn't any better as my clothes get soaked in rain water.   
  
"I think we should find a better tree!" I yell over the rain to your side. "  
  
I can't hear you!" You yell back.   
  
"I said I think we should find a better to tree. To protect us from the rain!" I yell but it seems as if you can't hear and I can see you running to me. You skip over the puddles and make your way to my side. Your soaking wet and are breathing heavy. This makes me want to do so many things to you but again I supress my desires and just look you in the eyes. You look back into mine.   
  
"What did you say?"   
  
"I said I think..." The way you are looking at me makes it hard for me to continue my sentence. I don't see what part of what I said could make you look at me like that. It's like you're expecting me to say something special.   
  
"I said I think we should find a better tree." Your eyes leave mine and look at the ground. But then they return and give me smile. A forced smile.   
  
"Yeah that's a good idea. Let's find a better tree." You say leaving my side and walking away. We find a huge tree not too far away. The leafs are the size of your head. I measured when you weren't looking. Which was a lot of the time. You barely even looked in my direction. Like you didn't want me to see you. The waiting only makes it harder. Anticipation builds up. The rhythmic rain falling to the puddles of mud before us. Everything has a pattern. The rain falls. Drops of water hit a leaf. The leaf shakes and the droplet continues its descend down as gravity pulls it down. The droplet then hits the ground adding more volume to puddle. A small incriment but, as it accumulates, soon it will be hard to believe that there once was solid ground under it. I wish life was this calculated. We would now what to expect. We would now what came next so we would be able to prepare ourseleves. If things were calculated, expected there would be no pain. We would know not to do certain things. But there would also be no joy, the joy of spontinuity. The joy of being lost, and then finding ones way. Or never finding ones way, but that wouldn't be very joyful, would it?   
  
"Waiting for rescue is boring." I say trying to lift up the mood. After over ten minutes of silence and listening to the same sounds, I had to say something. Anything. But as I look at you I realize you are paying no attention to what I said and are completely zoned out. Your eyes completely concentrated on the falling rain. Your head follows the fall of one droplet and when it hits the ground you quickly find another drop to follow.   
  
"Tiffany what are you looking at?" I ask trying to see what is so interesting about rain falling. I can see it can be relaxing but you are completely immersed into the drops.   
  
"I feel sorry for the rain."You say taking your eyes off the rain and looking at me. Then returning to your previous position.   
  
"Why?"   
  
"Because it's stupid. It keeps falling. Putting it's faith on a stupid tree whose leafs have no interest in holding the rain. The rain keeps falling and the leafs keep dropping the rain. You would think that sooner or later the rain would get a clue but it doesn't. It keeps hope that one day the leaf will respond and keep the drop of water. It's so stupid." Your eyes never leaving the rain.   
  
"You must really not like the rain. Didn't your mom teach you not to call people names? Or in this case weather names?" I say trying to lighten up the mood. I don't know why you are saying this. Or what any of it means. But I can't stand seeing you so sad. The smile I love so much has no trace in your face. If I were to tell people that you have the most beautiful smile in the world they would not believe me. And I wouldn't blame them. Your smile is gone and I want it back. I don't know why you are so sad but I don't like it. I don't like seeing you like this, it makes me believe that there is nothing I can do to make you feel better because the only person that can make you feel better is not here now.   
  
"Actually I love the rain. It makes me feel like I am not alone." Not for one second do your eyes leave the rain. This is beginning to freak me out. Ofcourse you're not alone. Why are you saying these things? Why are you acting this way? This isn't the Tiffany I love. This isn't the bright Tiffany that my heart belongs to. But this makes me realize just how much I love you. My heart feels like it is breaking into a million pieces seeing you like this. You look like you are in so much hurt and pain and I can't do anything about it. I can't do anything about it but be your friend.   
  
And friends hug. So I do. I pull you into my arms and hold you. Squeeze you so tight that it is probably making it hard for you to breathe, but I don't care I want to squeeze the pain out of you and put it on me. Let me hold your pain. Hold you against my chest and just hold you. Soon I can hear you cry. The warm tears making their way to my cold and already wet skin. Tears come faster and faster as you cry louder and louder. Why are you in so much pain? I run my hand through your hair trying to soothe you. My other hand against your back, almost feeling your hear beat.   
  
"Shh..Shhh," I say trying to calm you down.   
  
"Listen to me Tiffany, you are not alone. Okay? You will never be alone as long as I am here. I'm here. You. Are. Not. Alone." I say bringing your face in my hands. Holding it infront of mine. I can see your red eyes and your wet cheeks. These images make my heart so much weaker than a smile from you. You have no idea how hard I want to break down and cry and tell you not to cry. To tell you, you don't deserve to cry. To tell you I will hold your pain. But I can't. I'm only your friend. The rain stopped and I remain holding and calming you down. Me sitting on the ground with you on my lap. Your arms a  
  
round my neck and your head on my shoulders. I didn't realize how tired you were until I heard you snore in my ear. I turn to look at you and am once again awed by your beauty. Your sleeping form more beautiful than when you are awake. Something about your eyes being closed makes you look so peaceful. I allow myslef to look at your face, letting my eyes wander every aspect of your lips, eyes, nose, and cheeks with the help of the moonlight. It's like you're an angel. True beauty. But it isn't your looks that I love. It's everything about you. It's the way you look at things with such sincerity in your eyes, the way your smile can brighten up a room in an instant, the way your laughter can engolf the most silent of rooms and make it sound like music, it's even the way you snore in my ear. It's everything about you that I love. And you will never know. Because even though I want to tell you, I know that it will hurt you so I will bury my love within myslef and let it hurt me instead.   
  
But maybe for an istant it won't hurt. Maybe if I let myslef feel you, it won't hurt. You are sleeping and maybe if I let myslef, I can do this. If I lean in and touch your lips. I bring my hand to your lips and trace them slowly,to not wake you. I continue to trace your chin, then your cheeks, then your eyes, your eyebrows and finally your forehead. All of it in great detail. Making my whole body shake from the tingling and butterflies. Your still sleeping. You didn't notice. Maybe I can get away with more. I look at your sleeping form. I might not get another chance to do it. But it feels wrong. Like I'm taking advantage of you. But you will never know. I lean closer and closer. Closing my eyes. I can feel your steady breathing. Your warm breath contrasting with my cold skin. I lick my lips, which became dry from the nervousness. I swallow and move closer and closer. I stop right before my lips meet yours. Is this right? I can't do this. But I want to and you're sleeping so you will never know. It will be my little secret. I lean in the last liitle bit closing the distance between us. Your lips taste sweet. Though I am merely touching your lips with mine I can smell your breath and taste you. You're still sleeping and I think I can get away with more. So I deepen the kiss. Making your lips open to mine. To my suprise you accept them. You open your lips and take mine in. You deepen the kiss and our breathing becomes heavier. We move in rhythm until I can't take it any longer and need to seperate for air. As I release our lips, I realize you are still sleeping. Your eyes are still closed. Your breathing returns back to even. You kissed me in your sleep. I don't know if I should be dissappointted or relieved that you were not conscious of what you were doing.   
  
"Taeyeon! Tiffany!" I heard I distant voice call. It sounds like Sunny. I think they found us. I look over to you. I don't want to wake you. But I have to. I gently shake you.   
  
"Tiffany wake up. I think they found us." I say shaking you. You lazily open your eyes to reveal redness reminding me of why you fell asleep in the first place. The pain in my heart returns. "  
  
Tiffany! Taeyeon!" I can hear the voices getting closer.   
  
"Tiffany they found us. Come on let's get up and make some noise so they know where we are." I say picking us up.   
  
"Guys we're over here!! Sunny!!! We're over here!!" I yell at the top of my lungs. We continue to call out until I can see a small figure walking towards us. I can let out a sigh of relief knowing that we are safe now. Most importantly that you are safe.   
  
"Come on let's go." I say grabbing your hand. But you don't move. You stay put.   
  
"Come on. They found us. We can go home and take a much needed shower." I say giving you a smile. I'm scared you really weren't sleeping when I kissed you. I've heard of people doing things in their sleep and then not remembering when they wake up. I hope you are one of those people.   
  
"Taeyeon, thankyou for earlier. I really needed that."   
  
"What do you mean?' I really hope it's about the hug and not the kiss. But why would thank me for a kiss?   
  
"For the hug. I needed that." You say pulling me into a hug. When you release me you start to walk to the approaching figures. But then you turn around and say something I really didn't expect you to say.   
  
"You're not going to understand this, and you'll think it's weird because it will make absolutely no sense to you but to me it will,okay? So after I say it you can't ask me about it, okay?"   
  
"Okay." What are you talking about? You seriuosly have gotten really mysterious lately.   
  
"Promise me you won't ask."   
  
"I promise."   
  
"I regret running away. It was the stupidest thing I've ever done. I'm sorry." With that you leave and join Sunny and the other girls. What just happened?

TBC

**Chapter 15: Letting Go**

*Italics*= Dream  
  
  
**Tiffany POV**  
  
  
*"Tiffany the kiss you saw-"   
  
"Don't say you weren't kissing her because I saw it. I saw it Taeyeon." How can you not see that seeing that tore my heart into billions of pieces? That it hurt even more to know that I can't say anything about it. That it hurt to know that you're not mine. That it hurt that the fact was proven to me with a kiss. A kiss that wasn't mine.   
  
"Teachnically speaking it was her I was kissing. And I admit I initiated the kiss but..."   
  
"There are no but's Taeyeon. You kissed her because you wanted to kiss--"   
  
"I was kissing you." The words you say echo so loud in my ears. Making it hard for me to hear my own thoughts. Disabling me from responding with my own confession.   
  
"What?" Like an idiot. That was the only word that swam in my brain. The only word I was able to coherently speak.   
  
"I might've been kissing Sunny in reality but I was thinking of you. It was you who I was kissing. It has always been you. When I kissed Sunny it felt like I was kissing you. It felt so real and I let my emotions get the best of me. I'm sorry you had to see that but lately it's the only way I can have you. Tiffany I want you so much it hurts to be alive. It hurts to be in this reality. A reality where I don't have you. Where your not mine. So I stick to fantasy world. To dream land. In my dreams, Tiffany, your mine and I'm yours. It hurts to admit it but I can't keep this inside me any longer, or else I might explode. It eats me up inside knowing how much of a coward I am for not telling you. For not being honest with myself or with you. I can't take it anymore. I feel like this is going to drive me insane the more I keep it inside. What I'm trying to say is that, I love you. I. Love. You. I have since I first laid eyes on you Tiffany."   
  
"Taeyeon I love you too." You love me. You feel the same way I do. I'm suprised I was able to say those words back. My brain was pure water when I heard those words come out of your mouth. You love me.   
  
"Really?" Your eyes open wide and your smile even wider. You giggle and grab me. Your arms tight around me as you pick me up and spin me around. The rain falling on us. Drenching us in cold water. The only warmth is between us.   
  
"Yes. I love you!!" I say giggling. Letting myslef be caries away by you. You finally let me down and release your hold. Looking into my eyes. My heart beating faster anticipating your next move. You lean in closer and I close my eyes giving you permission. Before my vision goes completely dark I can see you close your eyes too. My heart beats faster and faster as I feel your breath hotter and hotter. Your heart beat louder as your body moves closer to mine. Your arms tight around me, mine around your waist. Finally the moment my heart has been waiting for. The moment I have desired since the moment I laid eyes on you. Your lips met mine. Heat traveling through my body, and I saw fireworks. Cliche I know, but I did. I swear I did. We move in sync, my lips becoming more and more a part of yours. I open my mouth and let you in. At this moment you are mine and I am yours. The kiss I have been waiting for, it was all I wanted. All I want is you.*   
  
"Tiffany wake up." I hear you say. Your touch lightly waking me from my fantasy. It felt so real. Like I really did have your lips. Like it was a real kiss. I can taste your lips on mine. I guess that's the power of dreams. Make you believe in a world so out of reach. Make you fall for something impossible. But it felt so real.   
  
The kiss felt so real. I dreamt of what would have happened had I not made the stupid decision to go to Wooyoung before I confessed. Of what would've happened had been careless and let my instinct takeover. Had I done what I really wanted to do rather than what would have been the right thing to do. If I had done those things in real life it's not like you would have remembered. You were drunk. When you said those words. That's what hurts more. That those words were nothing more than alcohol indused actions. The words meant nothing to you, but everything to me.   
  
I need to let you go. I need to realize that a kiss, like the one in my dreams, will never happen in real life. Ironically I feel like the kiss that we shared in my dreams woke me up. I've been hoping for something too happen between us, but nothing ever does. Something is always in the way. I don't think I'll ever have the courage to tell you how I feel about you. I don't think you will ever know. I just can't risk losing. I can't risk not getting the response I want. But I also can't just watch you. I can't just sit in the sidelines and be a friend. I'm not strong enough.   
  
What if you find someone? What am I supposed to then? I don't think I wil be able to take that blow. My heart is not strong enough. What I need is time. Time to let these feelings subside. Maybe time will make these feelings go away. If time does do that, I know it will only be possible if I am away from you. All I need is a couple months. A couple months away from everything. And maybe just maybe I can come back and not feel this way. Maybe when I say I only want to be a friend to you I will mean it. Maybe. Maybe or maybe not. But I have to try, having these feelings for someone who will never return them isn't healthy and I can't take the pain.  
  
Earlier today was a perfect example of how you are beginning to make me loose my sanity. I heard you clearly. Even over the rain, I heard you. You yelled at me and I clearly heard 'I think you are the only one for me!' How can a perfectly sane person hear that when you said 'I think we need to find a better tree!" I blame it on the rain. Stupid rain. It's always there. Imagine my dissappintment when you told me what you really said. I let myslef get wounded up with some illusion that my mind made me see. I caused myself pain. Ofcourse you didn't confess. How could you when there is nothing to confess? Still I believed it like an idiot and ran to you only to have my hopes come crashing down. I couldn't let you see how torn I was. I barely even looked at you for the rest of the time. And when I finaly did look into your eyes, I just couldn't hold it in any longer. Though you said that as long as you are here I will never be alone, it broke my heart to know that you never be there like I want you to be. You will never be mine, so you won't always be there. What you said was like an empty promise though you meant every word of it. But still I cried myself to sleep knowing I was safe in your arms. Your warm embrace held me to sleep.   
  
But I just can't do this to myslef anymore. I just can't let myself get my hopes up only to have them crashing down. It's not your fault. It's me. Stupid me. Falling in love with something impossible. The biggest mistake of my life was running away from you. I will never let myself forget how stupid it was of me. Classic Fany. I should've just kissed you. It was my only chance and I ruined it. Stupid Tifffany.  
  
As I am lost in my thoughts about you, as always, I can hear you screaming at our rescue. My throat hurts too much from all the crying. So I let you do the screaming.   
  
"Guys we're over here!! Sunny!!! We're over here!!!" Sunny. I can't blame the girl for falling for you. I did anyways. But I don't hate her. I just hate that you like her and can't admit it to me. I hate that she is the firt person you called for. The first person you wanted to see. But I don't hate her. I hate myself for not having the bravery she has. For not being as bold with my own desires and wants.  
  
There is something I need to get of my chest. I need to tell you I regret running. I know you won't understand because you don't remember. But I still want to tell you. Or the part of you that told me. The part of your brain that made you say thise words to me. I want that part to hear my regret. That way when I leave I will go knowing you know I regret running. Or at least a part of you will. I stay still when you pull on my hand. You look back at me.  
  
"Come on let's go." You pull once more.   
  
"Come on. They found us. We can go home and take a much needed shower." You say giving me a smile. I need to thankyou for holding me earlier. Though you don't know how much those words affected me, they helped me get through.  
  
"Taeyeon, thankyou for earlier. I really needed that."   
  
"What do you mean?"   
  
"For the hug. I needed that." When I look into your eyes I realize this will be one of the last times I will able to. I can't handle this. This uncertanty that always builds inside me whenever I look at you. I bring you into my arms and hug you. I don't know how I got the gutts to do it, but I did. I held you in my arms and held you. It took so much strength not to break down and cry. This will be one of the last hugs, if not the last hug, before I leave for I don't know how long. However long it takes to get over this. To get over you. Hopefully.   
  
"You're not going to understand this, and you'll think it's weird because it will make absolutely no sense to you but to me it will,okay? So after I say it you can't ask me about it, okay?" I need to say it before I leave, I just have to.  
  
"Okay." You look very confused. I know how you hate when people are vague. But please try understand. I'm doing this for you.  
  
"Promise me you won't ask." I need to make sure.  
  
"I promise."   
  
"I regret running away. It was the stupidest thing I've ever done. I'm sorry." After the words left my mouth I quickly tunr around not wanting to see what your face looks like.   
  
  
**Taeyeon POV**  
  
  
You told me not ask. So I won't ask. If I ask, it will mean you will find out I was lying about being drunk. It means...what does it mean. Does it mean you don't believe me? That you know I wasn't drunk, that you know I love you. I'm not going to ask. Even if I wanted to ask, you've been locked in your room ever since we got back home so I can't just break the door open. Why would you regret running away? Why is the stupidest thing you've ever done? I wish it would be easier than this. If only you hadn't made me promise. But I promised so I can't ask. I'm not sure I want to ask either.  
  
At times like these is when I need advice from Sunny.  
  
"Hello,"  
  
"Sunny she told me she regretted running away."  
  
"Who is this?"  
  
"Sunny? Who is this?" I ask. Not recognizing the voice. Seriuosly who is this?  
  
"Sooyoung. Who is this?" Sooyoung? Who? Oh the girl from before. How could I forget her? How could I forget her appetite? Why is she answering Sunny's phone?  
  
"This is Taeyeon. Can you put Sunny on the phone, please?" I'm not jealous, just being protective.  
  
"Hello?" I hear Sunny's voice.  
  
"Why is she answering your phone? Are you guys together now? What are her intentions?" Again not jealous. Sunny is a good friend and I wouldn't want to see her get hurt. Well more than I already did. I guess that is one of the reasons I'm being this way too.Because I know I hurt her, so I have to protect her.  
  
"Woah. Dad, calm down. Sooyoung and I are barely getting to know each other. And she and I were about to know what her true intentions were before you interrupted, so this better be quick! We would like to continue." She says over the phone. What about me? Aren't I her friend?  
  
"First of all I'm not your dad. I'm just being a good friend,that's all. And seond of all I need to talk to you."  
  
"Fine. What do you want? Be quick."  
  
"Tiffany told me she regretted running away. What does she mean?"  
  
"How am I supposed to know? Do I look like a psychic? What do you think it means?"  
  
"I don't know. Maybe she regrets running away when I confessed but why would she regret that? Maybe she feels bad about it but why should she when she thinks I was drunk and can't remember anything anyways. So why would she aplogize? Ughh...I don't know."  
  
"Why don't you just ask her. Seriously Taeyeon, you make your life way too complicated."  
  
"I can't just ask her Sunny. She made me promise not to. That's another thing, she doesn't want me to ask her about it."  
  
"Then you shoud already know the answer."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Don't you know? Gosh Taeyeon you are some clueless, sometimes. What am I talking about, you're clueless all the time!"  
  
"Hey!!"  
  
"If she doesn't want you to ask, it means you shouldn't ask. Because you should already know the answer. The answer should be so obvious, you shouldn't have to ask her."  
  
"What, that's stupid Sunny. And you call me clueless!!"  
  
"I call you clueless because you are!! Taeyeon, us girls don't like to give you the answer. Then what woudld be the point? The other person has to find the answer. It's simple!!"  
  
"I'm a girl and I'm not like that. I hate when things are unclear and ambiguous."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yeah!"  
  
"Then why don't you confess to Tiffany? You know make things clear and defined?"  
  
"That's different. You know how hard and impossible that would be."  
  
"Would it?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Would it?"  
  
"Yes! Do I have to remind you of how she ran--" It hit me. The thought came to me like a rolling wave. The water hit me and it was suddenly so clear. It was like I found the last missing piece of the puzzle. But I never needed that piece because the picture was clear without it. I've been so blind. How could I not see it? You feel the same way.  
  
"She ran away!! She regrets running away!! Why else would she regret running away if she didn't feel the same way? Sunny she likes me!"  
  
"Bingo!! And we have a winner!!!Finally, I thought I would have to strangle you if you didn't get it. Now can you please let me and Sooyoungie finish what we started before we were rudely interrupted. And Taeyeon, go get your girl!!"  
  
I get off the phone and run to your room, nearly tripping over myself. Before I open the door I stop. What do I say? Should I confess again. I probably should, I mean you do think I was drunk the last time. I should probaly tell you why I lied. Tell you I was scared. I hope you understand. I can't hold this excitement any longer. The smile on my face growing wider as I open the door.  
  
The smile fades away as I look inside. Empty. I open the door to find emptiness. You're gone. All of things are gone. All of your clothes, your make-up. Vanished, like you never existed. The only proof that tells me you were real are the pink wall's and your scent. The straweberry lotion that I love so much lingers in my nose as I continue to look for any of your stuff. Nothing. You left nothing behind. Where did you go? Why did you go? The more I question the more I can feel my heart beginning to tear. I can feel it coming. The physical pain is coming. Soon the tears will be uncontrollable. I look around for any sign of you. Again I find nothing. Only the pink and the smell. I sit myself on thebed nad wait. It's inevitble, it will come. Just a matter of time. A couple seconds later the first tear falls. The first of many to come. Why did you leave? We were so close.

TBC

**Chapter 16: It's All In The Past**

The alarm rings interrupting me of my sleep. So annoying. My head starts pounding as my sleep begins to fade. I can't even open my eyes. The pounding in my head is too strong. The pulses sound like a drum was purposely placed next to my pillow. Quarter notes. I try to open my eyes but the light is too bright. My nose stings at the scent of alcohol around me. Now my head hurts, my eyes feel like their going to pop out, and my nose feels like it's about to bleed. The alarm is still wailing non-stop. I reach over and swing my hand around lazily trying to find the clock. It doesn't seem to be there. I open my eyes, grunting at the pain and realize I am not in my own room. Where the hell am I? The room is unfamiliar, cold despite the light brightly shining through. The smell of alocohol mixed with tabbacco lingers in the room. Definetely not home. I try to lift myslef off of the bed but I am pushed back my the force of my aching head and the hold of a hand on my arm. I look over to find a girl. Who the hell is she? No part of her face registers in my brain to come up with an answer. She's pretty, young and sleeping. Why is she slepping? Why is she sleeping next to me? I look down and find myself in nothing but a bra and underwear. I did it again!! Good job Kim Taeyeon, you managed to wake up in a stranger's bed for the fifth time this week. And it's only Tuesday. World record?   
  
"Are you sleeping?" I gently shake the girl. I don't even know her name. I don't even know where I am.   
  
"Mmmhhm?" That's always the first thing they answer. Then they curl up into the pillow and open their eyes. Just like she did. She's even more prettier with her eyes open.   
  
"Hey, I think I'm going to go now." I pull myslef out of bed and start to pick up my clothes scattered all over the room. Jeans on the computer chair. Shirt on the drawer. Left shoe on the desk. Right shoe by the door.   
  
"Wait! Where are you going?" She gets off the bed, revealing her nude body. Toned. One of the best ones I've seen in a while. Not many people take care of their bodies anymore. More people should. Her eyes pleading for answer. She's a needy one. Crap.   
  
"Look...." I pause letting her know I need a name to continue.   
  
"Nicole." She quickly inserts her name into my silence.   
  
"Nicole. Pretty name." Well it is.   
  
"Thankyou." She smiles. She has a pretty eye-smile. Almost as pretty as yo- I stop myself, shaking my head, before my thoughts lead me somewhere I don't want to be.   
  
"Look Nicole, last night was fun. But that was it. It was only fun. Didn't you have fun?" I hope she understands what I'm trying to say. One night stands aren't meant to be made into more.   
  
"Yeah I did. It was fun, but-"   
  
"See fun. Nothing more." I give a smile. I don't want to be an ass but I can't give her anything more. I turn around and head for the door. Leaving the girl, Nicole, behind. If people were to look at this scene I could see how they could hate me. I hate me. Before I leave the apartment I hear her say something that made me hate myself more.   
  
"But you were my first." I can't do this to her. I have to tell her I'm no good. She deserves way better than me. I walk back to her room. Finding her siting on her bed head down. I'm an ass. Why would I do something so wrong to someone like her? The more I do this, this sleeping around with every girl, the less I feel like there is another way of release. I know I won't be able to stop but I can't just leave this girl. There is something about Nicole that reminded me of the person I used to be. I kneel infront of her, cupping her hands in mine and lifting her head to look at me. She's been cryng. Jerk. Taeyeon you are a jerk.   
  
"Nicole, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry but I just can't stay." Sincerity in every word I speak.   
  
"It's okay. I understand." Her voice breaking.   
  
"No. It's not okay. What I did was awful. I almost left you without saying anything. Without saying goodbye. But I didn't because you looked beautiful as you slept. But the thought of leaving you as you slept and making you wake up alone, that thought, it went through my head and I almost did it. Having those kinds of thoughts makes me an awful person. Nicole you want nothing to do with me. I use people. People like you. Then I leave them. You don't want me. You want Prince Charming. You deserve Prince Charming. Okay? I'm so sorry that I was your first, you deserved better." Her eyes never leaving mine. Her eyes are so pretty. Almost as beautiful as yo-I stop myslef before thoughts of you slip in.   
  
"You're not awful. Awful people don't do what you just did."   
  
"Awful people have their moments." A smile finding it's way through my face.   
  
"Just don't say anything about it. I have a rep to protect." I light up the mood making her smile. I know she has forgiven me. My heart feels lighter as she smiles at my lame joke. I won't be able to stop hurting people, but I think I should be more careful from now on.   
  
"I have to go. Nice meeting you Nicole." I lift myslef up extending my right hand over to her. If she takes it, she has forgiven me. If she for even a second hesitates I know she is still hurt. But luckily she immediately takes my hand in hers and shakes it diplomatically. She has forgiven me.   
  
"Nice meeting you..." Oh how the mighty tables have turned. I chuckle at her. I think it's better if she doesn't know. Why give her a name. I name to a person, though she acts as she has forgiven will later remember with spite. No, it's better if she doesn't know.   
  
"Goodbye." I take my leave and exit the apartment. I hope she finds someone worthy of her love. Hope it doesn't get wasted on someone who will never be able to return it.   
  
Through my hangover I was able to find a way back home. Traffic is never bad on Tuesday mornings. It's the Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays that I have to look out for. There are more people out those days. Looking to unwind after a long week at work. Work I don't have to do, thanks to my parents' very generous weekly allowance. But it's those people I look for because they are looking for the same thing I am. No strings attached. I think that from now on I'll only go out on weekends. Weekdays are too dangerous. I don't want to encouter another Nicole situation.   
  
As I step into my apartment, the smell of breakfast awakens my stomach eliciting a grumble. It smells so good. Eggs. Pancakes. Sausage. American? Who would be cooking American breakfast? Come to think of it who is cooking? Who is in my house? I grab an ubrella from the doorway and move slowly to the kitchen. Stealthly make my way to the kitchen. I raise the umbrella over my head and jump infront of the kitchen entrance. Startling my intruder.   
  
"AAAHHHHHHH!!" Sunny yells at the top of her lungs dropping the pancake she held in her spatula.   
  
"Sunny!!" I let out a whine. I can't help but feel annoyed. I really thought their was a burglar that suddenly got hungry in the middle of the job.   
  
"What the hell?! Are you trying to kill me?! Geez, this is waht I get for making you breakfast and cleaning up a little! Gosh if you wanted waffles you should've asked!!!" She throws a pancake at me. Which I catch. With my mouth. I got skills. Sure, skills only a dog should hold, but skills nonetheless.   
  
"Pancakes are fine." I say between chewing and biting on my next piece. Wow, Sunny is a good cook. No wonder Sooyoung is so happy.   
  
"What are you doing here anyways?" I wonder if she can understand me? I barely can with all the pancake goodness in my mouth.   
  
"Your place looked like a mess last time I came here. I'm not about to let you live in a dump, so I helped you out." Now that I look around my apartment is literally shining. She did this all by herself? I mean I have to agree this place was a dump.   
  
"You're telling me you cleaned this up all by yourself?"   
  
"Well..."   
  
"You used my credit card to hire a cleaning service didin't you?"   
  
"Did you really think I would touch this place? When I said dump I meant dump."   
  
"Did you use my card for anything else?" I don't care if she did. I just hope she bought me something too. Something shiny.   
  
"No. Yes. I bought me and Sooyoung these couple rings we really wanted. We'll pay you back we promise." It's cute how she panicks. Her eyes really worried. Should I play with her head?   
  
"Don't worry about it. Take it as a present from me. After all you are my best friend." I'm too tired to mess with people right now. Besides they make a really cute couple.   
  
"Thanks Taeyeon. By the way, where were you?" She sits on the ding table eatig her meal. Placing mine infront of me. I can tell by her tone that she is not happy. Why does she even ask? She knows I don't know. I never know. To me it never gets anymore detailed than a bed at some chick's house. I don't want it to get more detailed than that.   
  
"I don't know." I don't think telling Sunny about Nicole would be a good idea. My headache isn't getting better and I don't want her nagging to make it worse. Sorry Sunny but you nag like an old lady. Not a compliment.   
  
"Taeyeon you need to stop doing this to yourself. It's not healthy." She sounds like my mother. I love her and all but she's not my mom.   
  
"I'll stop when I stop."My attention is almost completely taken by the delicious breakfast. Sunny is really a good cook, or maybe I'm just really hungry?   
  
"When will that be? I'm scared you'll get some sort of disease if you keep going on like this. It might kill you. Ever since-"   
  
"Don't. Don't say it. Don't go there." I know where this is heading. Where it always does when me and Sunny start arguing over this. Worst of all she's right. That's why I try to avoid it. But she always goes there.   
  
"Well it's true, you know it better than anyone. You may try to hide it and burry it deeper but it's true. Ever since Tiffany left three years ago you've been on a downward spiral. And as your friend I'm telling you it scares me. It started with the drinking. I thought 'Hey she needs time. Let her get over it. Time will heal it' But it never did. You just got worse and the drinking turned into sleeping around with other girls to fill the void alcohol couldn't fill anyomre. And you know what? No matter how many glasses of vodka you take and no matter how many girls you sleep with, it will never change. She left and you need to get over it and move on." Her words stung deep in my heart. Every word she said was true and stung. It hurts. But I can't let her know that. I can let her know that she's right. I'm not over you. I try and try but no girl will do. No number of shots will do. I'm still hoping one girl will, that one day I'll take that shot that clears my heart of you. Because you don't deserve it.   
  
"I am over it." I lied.   
  
"You're lying. You're not over it. Not over her. This is the girl, you loved with all your power and she never returned the feeling. We thought she did but she didn't. And you never once called her, never once in three years did you try and contact her. You guys were friends right? Why didn't you call her if you were so over her? Huh? Because you're not and you haven't gotten any closer to even begin to get over it." Again the truth hurts.   
  
"I'm over it. And if she wanted to talk to me she could've called too, she knows the number. Never once did she call either but I don't care anymore. I'm over it." Lies. Everyday is a struggle. I swear that I won't think of you anymore everyday. That I won't love you anymore. I remind myslef of how stupid I was for falling in love with something impossible. I hate myself for turning into an idiot for you. For being so blinded by my love that I didn't see the person I was tuned into. Depressed and lonely almost to the point of insanity. I hate that person, she was a coward. Crying herself to sleep for a person that didin't even bother to say goodbye. Never even bothered to call in three years. I hate myself for thinking about ending it all, just taking the pain away, for almost going through with. If it wasn't for Sunny making me throw up the pills I would't be here. All I needed was a goodbye, but I never got one.   
  
"Are you?" This time it sounds like she wants to believe me.   
  
"Yes. She's in my past. It's all in the past. I'm just trying to have fun. I'll make you a promise. How about of instead of me going out every night I minimize it to just weekends? That will reduce the chances of me cathcing a disease and therefore dying." I propose to her the plans I had already decided on. I was going to do it anyway but she doesn't have to know.   
  
"Are you sure you're over her? I don't want to see you have a major melt down in the future, because if you do, I'll be there to tell you I told you so." I can see she is truly worried.   
  
"It's all in the past. I promise." Smiling always makes one seem like we are sure of what we say. Like we're confident. So I smile hoping she gets that from my smile. Though I am the complete opposite. Because everytime I close my eyes it's still you I see. Even after three years it's still you. And I don't want it to be. Even after three years the necklace hangs from my neck hoping one day you'll come back for it.

TBC

**Chapter 17: Beginning To Move On**

**Tiffany's POV**  
  
  
*"Tiffany don't leave." I hear you say from behind me. I stop walking bringing my suitcase to a stop as well. I don't want to turn around in case what I heard was just an illusion. So I just stop letting the sound of your voice echo in my ears. Letting sit and pulsate in my ear drum. Music. The words that you say are like music to my ears. It's exactly what I want to hear.   
  
"Why not?"   
  
"Because I love you. And you love me. So stay." Too good to be true. At this moment I realize what this is. Too good to be true. A dream. Yet I play along knowing it's not real. Like I always do.   
  
"What took you so long?" I say running into your arms. Your touch feels so real. Your embrace is so warm and tight. I don't want this to end. I want this to be real.   
  
"I guess I was a little slow wasn't I?" You are a dork. The dorkiest laugh comes out of and I can feel your hot breath on my neck. If the laugh wasn't enough you snorted. It's things like these that make me love you. These faint memories of your behavior are what keep you alive in me. What keep me thinking of you.   
  
"A little? Snails run faster!" The hug not stopping. I don't want to let go. Now that I have you I don't want to let go.  
  
"Snails don't run." Such a smart ass.   
  
"Shut up." I bring my lips to yours too make sure you follow my orders. Our lips pressed together I start to feel heat rising in my face. We separate. Your eyes are beautiful. I lean in again this time more softly than before. I press my lips against yours. I let my tongue lick your top lip letting you know I want entrance. Your eyes open only to be closed again as you let me in. We move as one. In perfect rhythm. The kiss is gentle and sincere but there is a sense that the right move can make this into much more. We separate as our need for oxygen becomes more than necessary.*  
  
"Tiffany wake up. We're here." My father's voice interrupting my sleep.   
  
"Thanks." The sensation of your lips on mine slowly fading. It was a dream. I haven't had you appear in my dreams in a while. This only reassures me. I need to do this. I don't want to hurt.  
  
"Are you sure about this? 3 months is a long time. I don't know what I'm going to do without you." I can see his eyes pleading me to stay.  
  
"Yes. I have to go back to Korea. I know you don't want me too, but I have to." I get out of the car and start to make my way inside the airport. In a matter of hours I will know if all I did was forget how much I loved you or if I truly did stop loving you. Right now I'm thinking it's the former.  
  
"But three months? That is way too long Steph, I'm going to miss you too much." His eyes filled with worry and confusion. I can understand why he is so confused. Why would I go back, right? He knows the pain you caused me, and he wants make sure it never happens again. I'm not sure it won't.   
  
"You have nothing to worry about." The 'don't worry' part, that I'm not even sure about myself.  
  
"Don't I? Tiffany she hurt you without really hurting you. What if she hurt you intentionally. I can't let her have so much power over you." He's right. You never intentionally hurt me. It was all me, and still I was so broken. What if you wanted to hurt me? What then?  
  
"I know dad, but I have to actually try this time. I can't run away anymore. I ran for three years and still she was the only thing I thought about. That's why I need these three months. I'll try for three months, if it doesn't work then at least I can say I tried. Right?"  
  
"Right. Just be careful, I don't want to see the Tiffany I saw three years ago comeback in three months." Me either. I was so broken. Home was a strange place to be at. Everything felt so real. All my defenses were shattered. All my cracks becoming weaker with thoughts of you. It was horrible to witness such a site and I can see why a father wouldn't want his daughter to go back to the cause of the cracks.  
  
"I won't comeback that Tiffany. That Tiffany never tried and all she did was regret. She was scared and insecure but it's different now. I promise."  
  
"Okay."   
  
During the plane ride all my thoughts were focused on you. I wonder if you changed? I'm scared you have. I'm scared you aren't the same and all I'm holding on to is nothing but a memory. I'm scared these feelings will make me the same Tiffany that left. The same scared girl I am when you are around. I hope you forgive me. For leaving. For not calling. For not saying goodbye.   
  
One thing is for sure I hope you are still the Taeyeon that I remember. Regardless of what I feel about you. Regardless of whether or not you are mad at me. I hope you are still you.  
  
  
  
**Tayeon POV**  
  
  
I don't like thinking about you. I don't like remembering you. It reminds of how much of a coward I was. How much of a coward I am when I think about you. So I avoid the next thought of you by taking another shot. It's like a game I play. Let's see how many shots it takes to get rid of you. But then that game got tiring, mostly because even in my drunk state all I did was cry over you. I don't even know why. You were never mine. I never did anything about what I felt. Those thoughts only made me feel more pathetic, which in turn drove me to the bottle. Those actions made me drunk and lonely which lead me to the sleeping around. That's fun. There is no connection needed between me and my partner. We both know what we want. There are no broken hearts because none of us are risking our hearts. It's a win win situation. But it's only temporary. Soon the loneliness sinks in again. Thoughts of you return and the cycle begins once more. That is what my life has been like for the past two years.   
  
The first year after you left, I spend it by the phone. Waiting. Every call I got I thought it was you. I would pick up the phone ready to tell you to come back, that I loved you and I knew you liked me too. But the voice on the other end would be unfamiliar and robotic compared to yours. I would rush through the conversation, thinking you might call while I was on the phone. Disappointment would rush in every night that you wouldn't call. Still I kept hope that maybe tomorrow. Maybe tomorrow would be the day I would get my chance. Tomorrow never came. I sat and waited for a call for a year but the call never came. Did you expect me to call you? If you did you should have left a contact number, or an address. That would have helped. I waited for a year, like a fool. During that year my dreams of you became more intense. I slept. I waited. I slept. I waited. I slept and waited some more. I slept so much that eventually I couldn't dream anymore. Suddenly I didn't even have you there. I didn't even have the one thing that kept me relatively sane. The one place where I had you, where we were happy, where I got to touch you, where you were still here, suddenly that place was gone and I didn't know what to do. The dreams became something I needed. They became a part of me. I needed them to get through the waiting. To get through breathing each day.  
  
Now I think I need to stop this downward spiral. It's pathetic. I've been holding on to something I never had for three years. I need to get my life back. Start taking steps to getting over you. Start doing things that are healthy. Stop doing things that I know will hurt me and are hurting me. I need to get it together fast.   
  
"Here is your coffee miss." The waiter hands me my order.   
  
"Thanks," I never knew there was a coffee place outside my apartment. I've been living here fore a long time and I had no idea. It's good too. I don't know what I'm doing here, but it helps me think. I did more clear thinking here than I have in my place ever. I need to come here more often.   
  
"Can I get one coffee to go please?" The familiar voice makes me look. It's Nicole, I never thought I was going to see her again, let alone on the same day. I'm not sure if I want her to see me or not. Before I can make a decision:  
  
"Never mind! Can you get my order sent to that table?!" She points at me. Too late. I'm always too late.  
  
"Hey can I sit here?" She makes herself comfortable despite not receiving an answer. I think this is good. Making new friends is good. Part of the moving on deal, right? But she doesn't even know my name. I won't tell her unless she asks.  
  
"Sure,"   
  
"Thanks," She places her head on her hands as she leans on the table. Like she is expecting me to start the conversation.  
  
"So, what have you been doing since the last time I saw you? Five hours ago." I really never thought I was going to see her. Ever.  
  
"Shopping,"   
  
"Cool."  
  
"...." The waiter comes with her order, temporarily disturbing our nice and awkward conversation.  
  
"So what did you buy?" I ask pointing at the brand name bags on the floor.  
  
"OH!! I got these amazing pair of earrings that will go well with anything. Also I pair of jeans...." She goes on and on about her shopping eagerly. Too eagerly because she ends up squeezing her cup of coffee too hard spilling the hot beverage all over hands.  
  
"Be careful!" I say handing over a napkin.  
  
"Don't lick it!!" How old is she?? I reach over my seat to stop her from becoming cat. How old is she? I grab her hands before her tongue can make any contact with her skin. Unfortunately it makes contact with mine. Gross.  
  
"What's that?" She asks as I begin to wipe my hand with a napkin.  
  
"What's what?"  
  
"That. Around your neck, it looks like a key."  
  
"If it looks like a key, then it's a key."  
  
"So it's a key?"   
  
"Yes."  
  
"Where did you get it?"   
  
"It was given to me."  
  
"By who?"  
  
"What is this an interview or something?" She looks like a little kid with big round curious eyes.   
  
"Oh, so it's special? Who gave it to you? Boyfriend? Girlfriend? Who?"  
  
"It is special."  
  
"So who gave it to you?"  
  
"A friend."  
  
"It's pretty. Why did this person give it to you?"  
  
"I don't know, she said she wanted to keep it safe but she never came back for it." Why am I telling her this?  
  
"She? So it was a girlfriend? Were you guys in love?" The last question she said how a 7 year old would say. I'm really wondering about her.  
  
"Love? No." I loved you, you didn't love me. She asked if "we" were in love. "We" weren't, I was.  
  
"Can I have it?"   
  
"What? No!!"  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"Because it's mine." Why would I give it to her? What possible reasons does she think will make me give her the necklace? As if she heard my thoughts she leans over the table. Bringing her mouth to my ear.  
  
"You took something of mine remember?" Oh. I did, didn't I? Crap.  
  
"So because I was your first, you want me to give you my necklace?" She nods.  
  
"But it means nothing to you, other than it was my necklace. No." I'm not going to give her my necklace. It's mine you gave it to me.   
  
"Fine. Can you at least tell me your name?" It looks like she gave up on the necklace and she finally asked for my name.  
  
"Kim Taeyeon."  
  
"Well Kim Taeyeon it was nice meeting you." She stands and grabs her bags. She extends her hand. I'm confused. Why does she leave after she asks me my name. Nicole is weird.  
  
"It was nice meeting you too. Again." I stand up and greet her hand with mine. She pulls me in for a hug. As she backs away, she lifts her hand up to reveal my necklace. How?   
  
"Now we have to meet again Kim Taeyeon." She says as she takes my necklace with her. Scratch that, Nicole isn't weird, she is smart. Now I have to see her again if I want the necklace back. But I'm not sure if I want it back.  
  
Walking backwards she bumps into the door spilling all her coffee on herself. Why is this girl so clumsy? She screams in pain as the hot coffee finds it's way to her skin. Ouch!! She must be in pain. I should help her. But she took my necklace. I should let her suffer a little more, it's not like she will get third degree burns. Right?  
  
"Nicole are you alright?" The guilt took over me. I need to make sure she's fine.  
  
"Yes. It only burns A LOT!!" She screams at me as I try to wipe the coffee off with a napkin.   
  
"Well it's your fault. Even little kids know to watch where they are going when holding hot liquids."  
  
"I'm sorry for not being a little kid."   
  
"Are you trying to be sarcastic? Because you suck at it." Well she does.  
  
"Whatever. What am I supposed to do now? I can't be seen like this!" She jumps up and down at her own frustration. Cute. I let out a small giggle at her act.  
  
"Don't laugh!!" She slaps me on my arm.  
  
"It's funny." The giggling turning to laughing.  
  
"Stop it!! You don't have a coffee stain on your white jeans!!" She slaps me harder. She's really strong.  
  
"OW!! Fine let me help you."  
  
"How?"  
  
"You can take off your clothes in my apartment." That didn't sound right did it?  
  
"What?!"   
  
"What I meant was I live right across the street. So if you want to, you can change into your new pair of jeans in my place."  
  
"Can I?? Please!!"  
  
"Okay, lets go."  
  
We walk out of the coffee shop. By "walk" I mean sprinted to my place because Nicole was afraid someone would see her.  
  
"You can change in the bathroom." I say once we get home.   
  
"Where is it?"  
  
"The door on the left," I say pointing down the hallway. The door at the end is my room. The door on the right has been empty for three years.  
  
"This one?" Does she not know her rights from her lefts?? Before I can say no she opens the door. Your door.  
  
"It's pink!!" Her eyes lighting up at the color of the walls.  
  
"Yeah." I can't make myself walk over to the door to close it. But I want it close. Every time I open the door, I open everything else too. I remember the day you left. I remember the pain.  
  
"Who's room is this?"  
  
"No one's. Can you please close the door?" Please? I can feel it coming. Hurry!  
  
"But it's so pretty!!"  
  
"Please close the door and go change." It's building up. I can feel it. Just close the door.  
  
"Fine." She closes the door and turns to the bathroom. I feel my heart slow down. So close to feeling it again.  
  
That room holds so many dreams. I slept and I waited in that room. I don't want to become that person again. I won't let myself. I need to keep that room closed, I need to begin to forget, I need to begin to move on.  
  
"Thanks." Nicole interrupts my thoughts.  
  
"You're welcome." Silence. Not uncomfortable though which is weird.  
  
"So when do you want our date to happen?" She says out of nowhere.  
  
"What???!!" What date??" I don't remember agreeing to any date.  
  
"Don't you want your necklace back?" She pulls out the key from under her shirt. Right, she has the key. Your key. Do I want it back? I think it would be better if I don't get it back sense I am starting to move on, but it has become a part of me. It's always with me, but my neck feels light without it now. Is that sign, or is my neck feeling empty without it?  
  
"I'm not sure about the necklace, but I'll take the date." Nicole wouldn't technically be a rebound.  
  
"How's tomorrow night sound?"  
  
"Sounds good."  
  
"Good, then I guess I should be going now."  
  
"Let me walk you to the door."  
  
"I know where the door is." She giggles. There is a knock on the door.  
  
"Fine I'll just walk to answer the door with you on my side so that way it only looks like I'm walking you out but in reality we are going to the door for completely different reasons." Another knock on the door,  
  
"Lets go then." Another knock. I wonder who it is. I'm not expecting anyone.  
  
"Just a minute!!" I yell to the door. I take Nicole by the hand and walk her to the door.   
  
I open the door for my visitor. It's you.

TBC

**Chapter 18: Just Do It, Knock**

**Tiffany POV**  
  
  
Just do it Tiffany. It's not that hard. You've done it hundreds of times. Why are you so scared? Do it. Just knock. Bring your hand up and knock. It's easy. Take a deep breath. Come on just do it. What is so hard about knocking? You are already here so the hard part is done. Bring your hand to the door and knock. Knock Tiffany. Why are you so nervous? This was your home too so there is nothing to be nervous about. Nothing to be scared of. But if I'm this nervous now, how will I react when I see you again. How will you react? I thought this was going to be easier. I can't even knock on the darn door. How will I look you in the eye and tell you why I left? How will I tell you I loved you, loved you so much I had to get away?   
  
But first things first. I bring my curled hand to the door. Knocking. No response. I knock again. No response. Maybe you aren't home. Maybe you moved! The thought never crossed my mind. How could I not even think of the possibility of you moving? I knock again.   
  
"Just a minute!!" You didn't move. I heard your voice for the first time in three years. My stomach momentarily lost all sense of gravity as I can feel it on my shoes. My heart racing as I both anticipate and dread the moment you open the door. It feels like centuries have passed since you answered. Waiting is always the hardest when it comes down to the last couple of seconds. Finally I can hear you walking to the door. Your footsteps getting closer and closer. No turning back. You open the door.   
  
Every second marking an image in my brain. Every sound echoing in my ears. The door squealing, the knob turning. The whoosh of wind caused by the door opening in my hair. You. The girl next to you.   
  
Silence. You don't say anything. I smile. Yet you don't move. Your facial expression still the same as when you opened the door. You were smiling, obviously at the girl standing next to you. Who is she? A new roommate? A girlfriend? The last thought burning inside of me. But it shouldn't. I shouldn't feel like I already hate the nameless girl. But some part of me is telling me not to like her, when I shouldn't care. Why haven't you said anything? Why haven't you moved? The smile on your face no longer visible. Now it looks like confusion.   
  
"Hi," That's the first thing people say to one another right? But you still haven't said anything. Nothing. Three years and you have nothing to say to me. Maybe it's because you're angry with me. I left for three years, no call, no e-mail, nothing and here I am again. Without any warning. Who do I think I am right?   
  
"Taeyeon?"The girl next to you calls you. Which you respond to. You turn your to her and smile. You turn back to me.   
  
"Hi," You finally said something.   
  
"I think I should go now. See you tomorrow night."She kisses you on the cheek. The feeling of hating her suddenly makes sense now. But it shouldn't. Or maybe it should because I already got the answer I was looking for. Not even five minutes. It didn't take five minutes to realize I still had feelings for you. What am I going to do for the rest of the three months I'm here?   
  
"Bye." You respond the kiss with your own. I can't do anything about it. She's probably your girlfriend.  
  
"Do you want to come in?" You turn back to me when the girl leaves. Your confused eyes looking into mine.   
  
"Sure." I try and smile but I can't. I'm too nervous.   
  
"Okay." But yet you don't move. You continue to look at me not moving from the doorway.   
  
"Okay. Well are you going to let me in?" I point at the blocked doorway.   
  
"Oh! Yeah! Sorry!" You finally move from the door letting me in. The place looks exactly the same as when I left it. It's like it hasn't been affected by the three years that passed. The owner on the other hand looks tired and like she hasn't taken a decent shower in days. Completely different person than the one I left. Still looks like a little kid though. And at that I smile.   
  
"You want something to drink?" You ask me as I take a seat on the couch.   
  
"Water is fine."   
  
"Water? Okay." Five minutes later you comes back with the water. What took you so long? You hand me the glass making yourself comfortable on the other side of the couch. Suddenly the couch feels so much smaller. But I feel so detached from you.  
  
"So, nothing changed much since the last time I was here." I want to start a conversation to get things rolling. I came here determined. I just don't know where that determination went.   
  
"Yeah. Seems that way doesn't it?" You look around the place as if to make sure you are right. But why does it sound like there is hidden meaning behind your words?   
  
"So how have you been?" I didn't expect things to be so awkward between us.  
  
"Fine, you know? Just wondering where you've been. You just kind of went MIA."Your eyes never meeting mine.   
  
"I went back home."   
  
"Oh, that's nice."   
  
"Yeah it was. Got to clear my head from a lot of things." The awkwardness not going away.   
  
"Like what kinds of things?"   
  
"Well-"  
  
"I mean those things had to be very big since you left without a word to anyone," Your eyes making contact with the floor. Not sure if you sound angry or hurt.  
  
"It was just-"I try to continue what I was saying. To begin to explain myself.  
  
"Why did you leave?" Sudden. I didn't even get to to finish what I was saying. I didn't expect you to be so forward. Seems like more things have changed than I thought. But how do I answer this? In my head this conversation went differently. Not like this. This is sudden. I look at you, your eyes pleading for an answer. But as soon as we make eye contact you look away. And I remember why I left. In less than half an hour I realize why I came back and why I left in the first place. In less than half an hour you managed to make me realize I still have feelings for you and why I decided to rid myself of these feelings. Because you looked away, and it hurt more than it should have.   
  
"I just had to clear my head." It's not a complete lie.   
  
"And it took you three years to do that?" You sound calm but like your holding something back. I knew you were angry at me.   
  
"No." The thoughts are still here. My head hasn't cleared.   
  
"Then why are you back?" You look back at me. It sounds like you don't want me back. Like your life has changed and there is no room for me.   
  
"Did you not want me back?" I'm afraid of what you will answer.   
  
"I don't know." Those words hurt. A lot. The whole reason I'm here is to try to be something with you more than friends. But you're not sure if you want me here. What am I supposed to do now? The fear I was scared of returning slowly climbing it's way down my body.  
  
"Oh. Then I think I should get going then. Nice seeing you again Taeyeon." I stand up for the door. My footsteps are heavy with regret. I came here to clear things up but I couldn't bring myself to do it. To tell you everything. Nothing has changed. I'm still scared. I thought I would be able to do it.   
  
Every step I take heavier and heavier as I realize I'm in the same place I was when I left. Only this time it's much more harder to leave.  
  
Before I take my next step. I feel you. Your arms around my waist.Your hot breath from behind me on my neck. Your body tight against me. It was sudden and quick. One second I'm on my way out, the next I'm in your arms. Your tight hug making it hard for me to breathe. Your back hug has given me the answer once more. Never once in three years did I feel this way. Nothing and no one made my knees grow weak with one touch. Never made my stomach drop with their voice. I don't love anyone the way I love you. Because I do. In three years I never stopped. In three years I only repressed these feelings. I only managed to forget them because as soon as I looked at you I knew. I still love you.   
  
"I missed you so much Tiffany." You say from behind me. Your hug tightening as you say this. My knees are so weak, your arms are the only things keeping me up.   
  
"Please don't leave again." You whisper into my ears. Do you have any idea what you are doing to me at this moment? How hard I have to fight the urge to turn around and kiss you? Do you? Because if you do please tell me, so that I can give in to myself. What does this hug mean to you? Does it mean the same thing it means to me? Please, I need to know.   
  
"Okay."

TBC

**Chapter 19: My Weakness and My Fear**

**Taeyeon POV**  
  
  
What if you never come back? What if you won't come back after three years this time? What if you leave and never come back? I can't let that happen. Not this time. This time I can stop you. I told you to leave because I had no idea what else to say. I have no idea how I feel. I decided to begin to move on ad on the same day you decide to return. I don't know of I should still move on or not because I don't know of you're leaving soon. Is this just a one time visit or a vacation or are you back fir good. I've been waiting for you to walk through that door for three years and you finally did today. It's too much to take. But I don't want you to leave. I can't be the cause of you leaving this time. Because what if you don't come back. What if the life you made while you were gone is too good and you realize coming back was a mistake. That you should have stayed. What if I never see you again? And all I offered you was a glass of water. I can't let you leave. I need to stop you from taking the next step. From opening that door. From leaving. I don't want the last thing I see you of you be your back. Your flowing hair. Which flowed over your gentle shoulders. I can't let it happen. I stopped you from moving. My arms around your waist. My head in your neck. It was sudden and unexpected for me to that. It surprised even me. I just had to stop you. To let you I didn't mean what I said. I didn't want you to leave. That I never wanted to see you walk out that door.  
  
"I missed you so much Tiffany." I did. Every thought I had was clouded by images of you. Your smile. The way your eyes form beautiful crescents unmatched even by the beauty of the moon. The way your smile grew so wide I could see all of your teeth which shined brighter than the stars at night. Every chance I got I made sure to look at the moon and the stars. The only things that came close to your beauty but still not close enough. Every girl I spend the night with was you. Every kiss I received was you. Every touch I gave them was you. All of me was you. I missed you so much I forgot how much I loved you. Silly I know, but did. I forgot how you made me feel , the only thing I felt   
was the emptiness you caused. It was like a hole in my abdomen. It was always there. Lingering pain. Always there to make me do something stupid to get rid of it, like sleeping with another girl or taking another shot. Both very temporary cures.  
  
"Please don't leave again." I don't know when you are going back home. Where you're staying or why you came back. But if I lose you again. I just can't. See this is exactly why I asked you to leave. You make me so insecure. You make me doubt myself. You make me a coward. The person I was when you left, the person I don't want to ever be again, that person, I can feel her crawling inside of me. As soon as you walked in she woke up. I'm scared that you'll make me so vulnerable again. I'm scared I'll become her again. But I don't want you to   
leave. You're my weakness. You are my fear.  
  
"Okay." I hear you say. Does that mean you won't leave? That you'll stay. But not here. You can't stay here. I want you to stay just not here. I think it'd be better if you stay at a hotel or rent a room or something. You can't stay here. If you stay here I know I will lose to myself faster. I will become old me again much sooner if you stay   
here. It will be too similar to the past if you stay here. Something's have to change. I have to change.  
  
I let go of my hug. I don't know how you took the hug. I meant it. I really did. All of my emotions were put into that hug. All of the longing I felt was released in that hug. I hope you know I missed you. I hope that message got through to you. I wonder what you thought of it? I just wanted to hug you. Like a friend who hugs another friend   
they haven't seen in three years. That's the kind of hug I hope you take it as.  
  
"Where are you staying?" The conversation before was awkward. Partly because I never kept eye contact and partly because I didn't know what to say. Still very awkward because of those same reasons. I keep looking around the room when neither of us is talking. And when you do talk, I look at your mouth moving or at your forehead. I just can't   
bring myself to look you in the eye.  
  
"I'm at a hotel right now. But I was hoping to get my room back. I mean if you don't mind? Or do you think it'd be too soon?" It's good that you are staying in a hotel right now. But I can't have you live here again.  
  
"Actually I just rented the room out. Sorry, but I bet the hotel room is way better than it is here." I lied to you.  
  
"Oh don't worry about it. It's not like I didn't expect that to happen. I'll probably look for a place to rent or something while I'm here." You said but I can tell you were really hoping to get the room   
back.  
  
"So how long are you back for?" I have to ask.  
  
"Three months."  
  
"So you will be leaving again?" Suddenly I regret looking like a dumb ass when I hugged you. What was the point of asking you to never leave again when you will be leaving again in three months? This is exactly what I'm talking about. I made a fool of myself for no reason. I'm an idiot because of you.  
  
"I don't know yet. Three months is like a deadline. If everything goes well, then I'll just stay here but if it doesn't I'll leave in three months."  
  
"Deadline? Deadline for what?" You really know how to reel me in.  
  
"I don't want to jinx it."  
  
"Jinx what?"  
  
"I told you I don't want to jinx it."  
  
"Fine. Don't tell me. It's not like I wanted to know."  
  
"Actually I will tell you, just wait a little while. I have to figure somethings out first." Before I could answer there was knock on the door. And I realized we are standing in front of the door. We didn't move after our hug, more like my hug, ended. I open the door.  
  
"Nicole?" Why is she here?  
  
"Taeyeon I left my jeans in your bathroom." Oh that's right. She spilled coffee all over herself earlier. I laugh at the memory. She had to come change in my bathroom. How could I forget? It happened not too long ago. She looks very cute, like she is trying to be very quiet about it. Like she doesn't want anyone to hear her. She literally whispered.  
  
"Why are you whispering?" I whisper back.  
  
"Because it's embarrassing!!" She whines in a loud voice. For someone who doesn't want to be embarrassed she does a swell job of doing it to other people.  
  
"Hurry. Before I take a picture of them and put them all over the Internet for everyone to see."  
  
"You wouldn't." She looks at me with a very serious face. Of course I wouldn't. I just like messing with her. I don't know why.  
  
"Try me." I say giving her the same look. With that she sprints into the apartment tripping over herself finding her way to the bathroom. I close the door and look at you. You force yourself to smile. Like a tired smile. I just keep looking at you trying to figure it out. But I can't.  
  
"So I thought about it. And I was thinking the movies." Nicole interrupts our little staring contest.  
  
"Movies? For what?" I ask.  
  
"Our date. Remember?" Oh that's right. I forgot. I agreed to go on a date with her. I wasn't sure if I wanted the necklace back or not. But know I need it back. What if you ask for it?  
  
"Yeah of course I remember. Tomorrow night. The movies sounds good. What movie do you want to watch?"  
  
"I don't know. I guess we could think about it then. Listen,I have to go. So tomorrow at the theater next to the mall." She says as she opens the door to leave.  
  
"Yes. Place next to the mall. Got it. I'll be there." I will be. I need that necklace back. I just hope Nicole won't play any games and will just give me the necklace. But things are never that easy, are they? No they never are.  
  
"Bye."  
  
"Bye." I turn to you and see you have been listening to our conversation all this time. Of course you have, you were here all the time. But it's almost like you weren't here. You didn't make sound or moved an inch. Like you didn't even want to be here. I understand. You're probably really tired due to the jet lag and all.  
  
"So is she your girlfriend?"You finally ask. I know you've been wondering if she is since you saw her earlier. Something about how you looked at her made it seem like you assumed her to be my girlfriend.   
She's not though.  
  
"No."  
  
"Hey, I have to get going. I have a lot of things to do. You know this being my first day back and all." You begin to walk for the door.  
  
"Okay." I say watching you leave. I want to stop you again. Just like I did earlier. But I can't make myself look like a fool twice.  
  
"See you later." You say as you open the door. Darn it. The urge to stop you overwhelms me again. I give in. I run over to you and stop your hand from twisting the knob any further.  
  
"How about coffee tomorrow?" I ask. Your face only inches away from mine. For the first time today I saw your eyes. Like really looked at them. For the first time in three years did I get to see them again. And boy did I miss them.  
  
"Tomorrow? Don't you have a date tomorrow?" I do. Darn. I keep forgetting things when I'm with you. Amnesia. You are like amnesia to me.  
  
"I do. But it's at night. Maybe during the day. Like for lunch or something. I thought it would be a good way to catch up." I'm trying so hard to keep my voice even and confident.  
  
"Okay." You nod.  
  
"Okay."  
  
"I really have to go."  
  
"Okay. Bye."  
  
"You need to let go of my hand Taeyeon." I do, don't I? The only way you can leave is if I let go. I don't want to let go.  
  
"Sorry." I say letting go. Cold. My hand felt so cold when I did. You open the door.  
  
"I'll see you tomorrow for lunch then." You say stepping out of the door.  
  
"Yes. There's a really good coffee place right across the street from here. I guess it's new or something because I never saw it before but it's pretty good. I went their earlier today."  
  
"Taeyeon that place isn't new. It's been there for decades. Me and Wooyoung used to go there all the time." Wooyoung. How is that guy? Haven't seen him in awhile. I hate that guy. He took you away.  
  
"Oh really? I didn't know. I really thought it was new." It smelled new too. Like one of those places that just opened and still smelled like fresh paint. Maybe they had just painted and it was new. New to me anyways.  
  
"Wow. That's why I always told you to go out more often. You miss out on places like those." You said with a laugh. Like it's funny.  
  
" I know. I guess my mind was preoccupied with other things during that time."  
  
"Like what?" You.  
  
"Nothing. Don't worry about it. You should get going. There isn't much daylight left."  
  
"Yeah. I'll see you tomorrow then."  
  
"Alright. Bye." I said waving you off. But you didn't move. You just stood there and kept staring at me. Me in the doorway, you outside of my door. Just staring at each other.  
  
"I missed you." You say. Those words sending chills all the way to my heart. You missed me. Meaning I was in your mind when you were away. I crossed your thought at least once when you were away. You missed me.  
  
"I missed you too." I say. More than you can ever imagine.  
  
"Now I seriously have to go." You say walking backwards.  
  
"Goodbye." I wave you off once more.  
  
"Bye." I see you turn around and walk off before I close the door. I lean on the door and smile. Because you are back. Then I frown because you will only be here for three months. I hope whatever it is you are here for works out because I don't want you to leave.  
  
But what if you do leave in three months. I won't be able to stop you then. There is nothing holding you here. I don't know if you are dating anyone and I don't want to think about it either. But when you leave, which you already said you were, what am I going to do? I think it's better if I try to not get attached to you. To be glad that you are back and enjoy the time you will be here as friends but not get attached. Because this is temporary. Three months temporary. Like one-night stand that lasts for three months, or a shot whose soothing warmth lasts for three months. Eventually the pain will return when you leave and it will hurt more if I get used to you again. Used to your laughter inside these walls. So I won't let myself. I won't. I'll put a distance between us. Subtle but enough for me to not get used to you. Enough for me to remember this happiness is only temporary. Even though I don't want it to be. Even though I want your laughter to fill the empty walls. I can't let them in. Because I'm scared I'll be that girl again. The girl that slept and waited and slept and waited and slept and waited some more.

TBC

**Chapter 20: Are You Jealous?**

**Taeyeon POV**  
  
"Sunny she's back." I called Sunny. She is the only person that knows how much I love you. She was there when I couldn't stop the tears from falling. She was there to save me.  
  
"Taeyeon you have to stop calling and expect Sunny to pick up every time. There are two people living here now. You are lucky I'm not the jealous kind." Sometimes I feel sorry for Sooyoung. She tried so hard to get where she and Sunny are right now. She loves her so much and I know she isn't very fond of me. She doesn't hate me either. She is just protective of what she and Sunny have knowing how Sunny felt toward me. So if I had a say, I would say that Sooyoung indeed is the jealous kind.  
  
"Sorry Sooyoung. Is Sunny there? I need to talk to her."  
  
"Sunny it's for you." I can already hear the hint of jealousy in her voice. I don't know why, Sunny and I have reassured her of our relationship many times. I guess it will always be there.  
  
"Hey, what's up?" I heard Sunny's worried tone. The same tone I hear when she wants to tell me something important. It's like she already knows why I called her.   
  
"Sunny she's back." I repeat myself. I know I told her I was over it. But I know that she didn't buy into it. She knows me too well.  
  
"Where is she?"  
  
"Some hotel. She wanted to stay here but I told her I rented out her room. I didn't know what to do."  
  
"I bet. So..."  
  
"So..."  
  
"Do you still have feelings for her?" She knows the answer. I can tell by the way she asked it.  
  
"Yes. I never stopped. I lied to you Sunny, I'm not over it. Never even started to get over it, like you said. I just don't what to do. She was never mine. She moved without saying a word to anyone and know she is back after three years and I still feel everything I felt for her. She was never mine so I don't know how to act around her. It was really awkward when she came over-"  
  
"She came over?"  
  
"Yeah, I was with Nicole-"  
  
"Wait, who is Nicole?"  
  
"This girl I had I one-night stand with. She took my necklace and now she is holding it as ransom so I can go on date with her."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"Yeah. At first I agreed to go on a date with her and didn't care about the necklace because she is actually a cute girl, but know that she is back I want the necklace back. What if she asks for it?"  
  
"This Nicole girl, do you like her?" Do I? She's cute, bubbly, funny, actually she is a lot like you. I guess in that sense I do like her, because I think she reminded me of you.  
  
"She's cute. I wanted to begin to move on after you yelled at me, and I thought Nicole would be a good start to that. But now.."  
  
"But now Tiffany is back and you don't now what to do, right?"  
  
"Right. Tiffany, Tiffany said she is going back in three months so I'm scared of getting too close only to have her leave again. You better than anyone else know how I was when she left, I don't want to be that again. But when I saw her again I instantly forgave her for all the pain I was in."  
  
"She will be leaving in three months. Did she even say why she was back?"  
  
"No, she only said if the thing she is back for works out well she will stay."  
  
"I see. You want my advice? I say you give yourself a chance Taeyeon. I know you never got over her. Look before she left we thought she had some feelings for you as well, but she left and you never got a chance. Why don't you move on in a different kind of way? Move on from the old Taeyeon, the one you keep saying you aren't anymore but so clearly still are. Move on from the Taeyeon that never gave herself a chance and try this time. Because for all we know Tiffany is here for you too." It's funny how Sunny makes so much sense. Maybe I don't need to move on from Tiffany but from the old me.   
  
"Taeyeon I think you love her more than you tell me you do. I know you do. So try this time. Sure she says she is only here for three months but make her stay. Make her see how much you love her. I sound so cheesy right now, so you better be taking this seriously. Remember all those stories you told me every time I would come over, about how you waited for her every night after her date, about how you cooked for her because she is a lousy chef, tell her those stories Taeyeon, tell her how you were broken when she left. Tell her you love her."  
  
"I'm scared, she makes me scared. What if I get rejected like when she ran away?" I am scared of you. You have so much power over me.   
  
"All I am saying is that in three years you couldn't get over her. You will never know unless you try, so try Taeyeon. See it like this: If you don't try for the next three months, then the rest of your life will be like the past three years."  
  
"I guess you are right. I don't have anything to lose anyway, I already know what it is to be without her, so I will try." I never felt so sure about anything related to you as I do about this. I need to try. Or else the rest of my life will be like the past three years.  
  
"Of course I am."  
  
"Wow so humble!" But she is right. Sunny is always right. She makes all of my complicated, confused thoughts that you cause and she organizes them very neatly for me to see.   
  
"I have to go, Sooyoung can't keep her hands to herself over here. STOP!! Where are you going?! I have to go I think she is mad now, you kind of interrupted something."  
  
"Sorry, I do that a lot don't I?"  
  
"Yes. Yes you do. Just think about what I said. Give yourself a chance."  
  
"I'm meeting her for coffee tomorrow, then I have that date with Nicole I just hope she gives the necklace back as quick as she took it off."  
  
"Can't help with that one. Sooyoung come back here!! I really have to go Taeyeon."  
  
"Alright, thank you for helping me out and sorry again."  
  
"Don't worry about it. Bye. Sooyoung!!"  
  
"Bye."  
  
Something Sunny said caught my attention, about how I waited for you to come home from your dates.   
  
***Flashback***  
  
*Sitting always gets to me. Nothing gets done when I am sitting other than the waiting I am doing. Waiting since you left with him. You looked so mesmerizing when you left. The dress hugged tightly at your curves, your favorite fragrance hanging all around you. The smell of you still lingering in the room, all over me, all around me reminding me that the smell of you is the only thing I have right now while he gets to have all of you. I sit in wait for you to come back, and when I finally hear you coming down the hall, I run back to my room and pretend to sleep until I don't have to anymore. But tonight you are not home at the usual time. Thoughts of you and him together, alone, with each other keep running through my head. I can't keep doing this, this waiting. It's not really waiting for me because there is nothing after the waiting, no reward for me. You are late and I want to go wherever you are with him and snatch you away. I can't do that though, you are not mine and that hurts. It hurts, more than I tell myself it does.  
  
I finally hear your footsteps coming down the hall. I want to see you before I go to sleep tonight, so this time I don't run to my room I wait for you to come through the room. I hear you opening the door.  
  
"Taeyeon you're still up. It's past midnight. You should go to sleep, there is school tomorrow." You say as you turn on the lights.  
  
"I couldn't sleep."  
  
"Are you not feeling well?" You come over and place your hand on my forehead. The coldness of your hand sending shivers down my body. I close my eyes and let myself feel your skin on mine.  
  
"I'm fine. I was just worried about you."  
  
"Oh, that's sweet of you Taeyeon." You give me a smile, like the kind you give him. It's the most uplifting feeling, knowing I did something to make you smile.  
  
"I was worried about you too." You say wrapping your arms around my neck. You have no idea. No idea of the burst of butterflies my body was so suddenly under. Of the feeling my heart gets when the smell of you hits so close. No idea and you never will.   
  
"You were?" I say not believing you.  
  
"Yeah. There wasn't anything in the fridge when I left, so I brought some food for you. I was worried you hadn't eaten all day." You take out a bag from your purse. Suddenly I feel very hungry. There really wasn't anything in the fridge all day.  
  
"What is it?" I ask taking the bag from you.  
  
"It's spaghetti."  
  
"Yum." I take the bag and immediately empty it's contents. I sit on the sofa and begin to dig in. I was really hungry. Waiting does take a lot out of you. Before I take my next bite, I notice you looking at me. On the other side of the sofa, just looking at me eat. The blush slowly starting to creep up my face.  
  
"Aren't you going to eat too?" I ask you just to say anything really. I had no idea what to say to that look in your face.  
  
"I'd rather just watch you eat." Why? I'm really sloppy when I eat. I can feel all the sauce on my face already.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"You look really cute with all that sauce on your face. Like a little kid." I hate it when people call me a little kid but when you say it, it almost sounds like a compliment to my ears.  
  
"Don't call me a kid, you know I hate it." I act how I usually would act if any other person would call me that.  
  
"I know, but it's true. Look at the mess you've made of yourself!" You lean over and wipe my face with your fingers. Tracing your hand all over the mess on my face. Stunned. All my senses were shut down, except the sense of feeling. I felt everything the moment your finger touched my lips. Then your finger went into your mouth licking it clean of the sauce. I can't even comprehend why you would that. My head burst into a million pieces when I saw that, needless to say my thoughts ran wild at that sight.  
  
"Wow that's really good. Let me have some." You take the fork from me and begin to eat.  
  
"Taeyeon you know what my favorite scene from a movie is?" You put a fork full of noodles in your mouth.  
  
"No."  
  
"It's from the Lady and the Tramp. You know the scene where they are eating spaghetti?"   
  
"Yes, so what do want to do try it?" I meant it as a joke, but as soon as I finished my sentence you shoved a single noodle in my mouth. My gaze followed the noodle until my eyes met your mouth. Your eyes very happy with their trademark crescent shape. I don't move as I see you eating away at your side of the noodle little by little, sucking away the distance between us. You stop right before our lips meet. I could almost feel your lips on mine when you moved back.  
  
"How was your date?" I need to get my thoughts off of what you just did, and this the only thing I have been thinking about since you came in.  
  
"It was good." You say but somehow I know better than to believe that.  
  
"You don't sound like it was good."  
  
"Let's just say I'd rather be here. With you." The last part of that really made my heart swim in butterflies. But I can't let you know that.  
  
"Cool." Is all my head gave me room to say.   
  
"Cool? That's it? Whatever. I'm going to bed." As you stand up to leave for your room the doorbell rings. I wonder who it is this late of an hour?  
  
"Wooyoung? What are you doing here?" You ask as you open the door. Wooyoung. I hate that guy. I few months ago, he was my best friend. Now I want yo kill the guy. What's he doing here anyway?  
  
"You left your jacket in my car. I thought you would, be looking for it." Why was your jacket in his car? Better yet why did you take off your jacket in his car? But I can't have these thoughts, you can do whatever you want.  
  
"Thankyou. It's my favorite jacket. I guess I'll see you later." You say to him.   
  
"Yeah, I'll get going." He kisses you. A small peck on the lips, but you respond to it. Reminding me of what he can do, and I can't. The boundaries he can cross and I can't. I hate that guy.  
  
"Bye." You turn around and close the door behind you. When you turn around, you see I was looking all this time. Your eyes seem apologetic. Great, now you feel sorry for me. You pity me now. I'm a loner, while you have a great relationship, that's probably how look at the situation. You are still looking at me with those same eyes, those eyes I can't have but still can't look away from. Stop looking at me like that.  
  
"What?" I try to sound as cold as possible. If I sound warm, you will make it harder for me. After seeing that kiss, I need to stay away.  
  
"Taeyeon I...I..."  
  
"What?" Still trying to keep that cold tone.  
  
"Forget it. I'm going to bed." With that you go to your room and shut the door behind you.*  
  
***End Flashback***  
  
I remember that perfectly. How couldn't I? It reminds of why I was so confused about you. Giving me hope, but then just as easily taking it away. So I never made a move, and when I did you ran away. But then when I figured out why you ran away, that you might like me back, you ran away again for three years. I think Sunny is right the only way I can be free from what you do to me is if I try. I'm gonna try this time. Make you see, and if even a part of you wants to run away I won't let you. Not this time. But how?  
  
  
**Next Day**  
  
  
Okay. You can do this Kim Taeyeon. You will be able to hold a conversation today. You can talk to her, it's Tiffany, your friend. Nothing to be nervous about. Nothing to be worried about. So why am I sweating, like a sumo wrestler right now? Why can't my fingers stop tapping the table, why can't my legs stop shaking. I really need to stop that before the coffee falls off the table. Again. Why am I so nervous? Is it because I have finally made a decision? It's not like I'm going to tell you now. I need to get that necklace back. Still this is the first time I will be seeing you since I decided to tell you. This is the first time I have been sure about it, and I get to see you. Why are you late? It's almost empty in here, after the lunch rush. Did you leave again? Why am I thinking that way, stay positive Taeyeon. You are probably stuck in traffic. Do you even have a car right now? I don't even know. Did you bring someone with you? I don't even know that either and I don't even want to begin to think about you dating anyone.   
  
"Can I get a coffee sent to that table?" I hear your voice. Wow, you look....you look wow.  
  
"Sorry I'm late." You say taking a seat on my table.   
  
"It's O.k. Don't worry about it."   
  
"I was really looking forward to this. I couldn't sleep at all, I guess the nerves got to me."  
  
"Why? It's just you and me. Nothing to be worried about." I try and repeat what I've been telling myself for the past half hour to you. Did I sound convincing?  
  
"That's exactly what I was nervous about. Thankyou." You take the coffee from the waiter.   
  
"Why? Nothing to be nervous about. Just wanted to catch up with you. That's all." Again, do I sound convincing enough?  
  
"I was worried you didn't want to talk to me. I left without a word to anyone and here I am three years later. Suprise!" Suprise indeed.   
  
"I can't say I wasn't hurt when you left without telling me," more than you will ever know. "But I'm glad you are back."  
  
"Really?" Your eyes lit up at me.   
  
"Yeah. I really missed you."   
  
"I missed you too."  
  
"But enough with all this mooshy stuff. Tell me about what you did while you were away. Three years is a lot of time, what did you do in the States."  
  
"I finished school. I transferred back to my old school,and am currently looking for a job." That's it?  
  
"That's it? Is that why you are back? Did you get a job offering or something?"  
  
"No. I'm back to make sure I have no regrets."  
  
"No regrets?"  
  
"Yeah. The reason I left was because I was scared I was never going to get what I wanted. I was scared and I was a coward, so I ran away. Now I am back and ready to not be scared. You probably have no idea what I'm talking abut, but you will."  
  
"Oddly enough, I know exactly what you feel like. Scared of losing that was never yours. So close-"  
  
"But so far away." You finish my sentence. You know exactly what I feel like. I think I know why you are back. I think I know why you left. I think I need to ask first before I make any assumptions.  
  
"Tiffany, honestly, no vague answers please, just tell me straight out, why did you leave?"  
  
"You really want to know?"A teasing smile already on your face. You have no idea how much I want to wipe that silly smirk off your face with a kiss on the lips. Oh, self-control never fails me.  
  
"Yes, honestly please."  
  
"I left because I-"  
  
"Taeyeon!" An unfamiliar voice interrupts your words. I look up to see one of the many faces. One of the faces I never fail to recognize. Whether it be walking the down the street holding the hand of their significant other, or buying an ice cream, or the new must have pair of shoes, I always see them, the many faces of the bodies that replaced you once. I don't know why but I always remember them, whether they recognize me is a different story. I guess I just get close to people too easily even if they are just a one-night stand, they helped me get through another night of not having you, of not knowing where you are, or if you were sleeping in the arms of another person. I recognized her. She was once a body that replaced yours.  
  
"Taeyeon is that you?" The voice came again. Your eyes look confused, as are mine not knowing the name of the voice.  
  
"Hey, yeah it's me." I am not the kind to be rude to someone, no matter how much I want to yell at them for interrupting what you were going to say.  
  
"Wow, it is you. I never thought I would see you here. I never thought I would see again at all."  
  
"Yeah, me either..." Pausing lets them know to insert their name in the blank.  
  
"Uee, I guess I never properly introduced myself that night did I?" Uee sure is making things complicated right now.  
  
"No, you did. It's my fault, I was never good with names. So what brings you here?" I ask, if I get a conversation started fast, the faster she will leave and the faster I will get to know your answer to my question.  
  
"I'm here for some coffee as I see you are as well, with such pretty company too," her eyes wandering to you. The way she looked at you, I just wanted to gauge her eyes out. I suddenly don't feel like being polite to Uee anymore. She needs to leave now.  
  
"Yeah she is pretty isn't she? Well, I think you should get going now." My cold tone making it known how much I want her gone. Obviously not picking up on the hint Uee continues to look at you with those same lustful eyes. Uee seriously needs to leave, like now. Like she is already late on leaving.  
  
"Uee. Uee. Eyes over here, I'm over here. Yup, up here not over there. Here." I say pointing at myself. Uee finally gets a clue and removes her undeserving eyes from you. I feel better now.  
  
"Well, I'm going now. But whenever you feel like you need some company, please call me. I'm sure you remember how much fun that night was, I look forward to an encore." She starts to write her number on a napkin.  
  
"No need to give me your number, I already have it." I don't have it nor do I want it.  
  
"It's for her." She begins to give you the napkin. Like hell I'm going to let that happen.  
  
"She doesn't need your number either. If she wants to talk to you, she can ask me for your number." I say taking the napkin from her and putting it back in her hands. I try to smile to keep the atmosphere at least appear friendly.  
  
"Well, maybe I can get your number..." She paused. That's my trick. How dare she use my trick on you? I am really starting to not like Uee.  
  
"Tiffany doesn't have a phone." I quickly get in before you can answer which you were. You are nice like that.  
  
"Oh." She finally gets it.   
  
"Yeah." I say.  
  
"I guess I'll be waiting for your call." Don't wait too long. As she says this she turns to leave.   
  
"She was nice." Seriously? Did you not see how she looked at you?  
  
"She was."   
  
"It didn't seem like you wanted her here though, like you wanted her gone. Why?" Again, did you NOT see how she looked at you?  
  
"No it's not that, it's just that I was really curious about why you left and when you were about to give me an answer she comes and interrupts. Can you answer me now, why did you leave?"  
  
"I'll answer if you answer one question first."   
  
"Fine. But you have to answer that question. I really need to know."   
  
"What did Uee mean by 'remember how much fun that night was' and she 'looks forward to an encore'?"  
  
"I'm pretty sure you know what she means." I wasn't expecting you to ask that question but I also didn't expect me to be so honest about it.  
  
"Oh." Your eyes no longer in contact with me and on your coffee.   
  
"Will there be an encore?" Your eyes on your coffee, your voice soft and almost a whisper.  
  
"No. Now can you answer my question? Why did you leave?"  
  
"I have another question." You look at me with a pout. Like a puppy. Your eyes hold the cuteness and adorableness a puppy holds, your cheeks looking so pinch-able right now. How can I say no to that? It's impossible.  
  
"Fine, but promise that after this question, you will answer my question?"  
  
"Promise!"  
  
"Shoot!"  
  
"What is Nicole to you?" Nicole? Oh that's right, you were there yesterday. Why do you care about Nicole? Why would you care about what Nicole is to me? You could be just looking out for a friend, or you could be jealous. I did say I was going to be more forward, so I'll assume your jealous.  
  
"Nicole is someone I recently met. She's a nice girl." I want to see how you react. When you left I was pretty sure you liked me. I want to know if you still do. If you react to this as I want you to, then maybe you won't need to answer my question.  
  
"So are you like, dating her?" Your eyes never leaving mine. I don't know how to read you. It looks like you really want to know, but at the same time you don't want to know. Like you want me to hold back.  
  
"Well as you know we are going on a date tonight. So..." Even though I have no idea how to read your face, I want to think it's jealousy. Though I'm not sure.  
  
"So...you are dating her." I bitter smile forms on your lips. I get my answer.  
  
"Not for long though." I continue to play with you. This is actually more fun than I thought.  
  
"I see, she will get 'a night to remember'"  
  
"If that's what it takes. She has something of mine and I need it back." I like this game. Me knowing more than you do.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Secret!" I bring my index finger to my lips. Causing another pout from you.  
  
"Hey you can't be mad!! You still haven't answered my question. Why did you leave? No more questions from you. Why did you leave?" I'm pretty sure I know, I need conformation.  
  
"I..."   
  
"You..."  
  
"I-I need to go." You grab your bag and in a split of a second you are out the door before I can even bring myself to stop you. No, I'm not letting you leave this time. I didn't chase after to you once, I won't not do it twice.  
  
"Tiffany!!! Wait!!" I yell at your quick walking figure ahead of me. Not turning around, you continue to walk down the crowded street. Why are there so many people here? I wish I could just freeze everyone, including you.  
  
"Tiffany!! Hold up!!" I call at you once more, this time you hear me and finally stop but still you don't turn around. What's wrong with you? Did I take my little test too far?  
  
"Where are you going?" I say reaching to turn you around. Though your body faces me now, your head hangs low.  
  
"I just forgot I needed to take care of somethings." Your eyes still on the ground.  
  
"Are you sure? Why did you leave so quick like that?"  
  
"I don't know what I was thinking. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have left like that. I should have told you. I should have said goodbye. I should have told you. I should have told you. I should have told you. I should have told--" I see a single tear fall to the ground. Why are you like this? I hold you in my arms to stop any more tears from falling. I don't want you to cry, I don't want to see it, to hear it, to even know that you shed tears. Your arms tight around me. It's almost as if you are hugging me now. Actually making it really hard for me to breathe.   
  
"It's okay. It's okay. Tiffany there is something I need to tell you. I-"   
  
"Miss." I hear a voice from behind me, followed by a tap on my shoulder.  
  
"Miss, you left without paying." The waiter from the cafe. I forgot about everything once I saw you run. The waiter looks apologetic for interrupting our moment.  
  
"Here." I give him enough money to cover for both of us. Once he leaves I turn back to you.  
  
"Tiffany I need to tell you I-"  
  
"I really need to get going Taeyeon." You start to walk away again. This time much more calm than back at the cafe, probably the reason why I'm not stopping you.  
  
"But I really need to-"   
  
"Tell me after your date. I'll call you." I'm trying to confess here. Stop and listen to me. Still I can't bring myself to do anything other than watching you slowly walk away.  
  
"But-"  
  
"I'll call you." The distance between us big enough to make me think twice about yelling over at you. It is a crowded street after all. I don't want to make a spectacle out my confession either. I guess I'll just tell you some other time.  
  
"But I love you." I whisper to myself.

TBC

**Chapter 21: Stupid Legs**

**Taeyeon POV**  
  
"Nicole over here!" It's not really a date right? I mean I said it was a date, she said it was a date, you think it's a date, but it doesn't feel like one. I wasn't excited for this. I just want the necklace back. I'm so stupid, how did I let Nicole take it off so easily? Now I have to go on this date to get the necklace back, so that I can finally tell you. Please let Nicole play nice God. I promise you I will not be as clueless and oblivious to my surroundings anymore if you just let things go smoothly tonight. It's just a movie and then once that is finished Nicole will give me the necklace and done. Right? Right?  
  
"Hey Taeyeon, how are you?" I mean Nicole is nice girl and she is pretty and all but I only want the necklace but I also don't want to be a jerk about it.  
  
"Fine. C'mon, let's go in." I pull her into the theater. I just want this night to be over soon.  
  
"What movie are we watching?"  
  
"I don't know, you choose." I look up to the movie display. "Titanic", "Pride and Prejudice", "Gone With the Wind", "Ghost". What is this?  
  
"Excuse me. Sir do you have any new releases?"   
  
"Not tonight miss. Tonight is couple night. So we will only be playing romance." The ticket boy replied to me.  
  
"Perfect!!" Nicole jumps in joy.   
  
"Taeyeon which movie do you want to watch?"  
  
"I don't know. I was hoping to watch an action movie. So now I don't know, so you choose."  
  
"Let's see." She brigs a finger to her mouth in deep thought. What could be so complicated about choosing a movie? Any one of them would be the perfect movie for couples to watch together.  
  
"Have you decided yet?"  
  
"Shh! Let me think!!" She looks so serious. Like the choice she makes will change the course of the world. Her eyes straight lines in concentration.  
  
"Sorry. But I mean, there's not much variety. We could watch the romance movie, the romance movie, the romance movie and if those choices aren't of your liking, we can choose to watch the romance movie."  
  
"I know right!! It's beautiful."  
  
"Just choose."  
  
"I think we should watch Ghost. What do you think?"  
  
"Ghost it is! Two tickets for Ghost please."  
  
The movie was actually good. It was a romance movie but it actually had a mystery behind it. So it wasn't all love and butterflies. Actually most of it wasn't love and butterflies, only the beginning was. It was actually really sad and dramatic and it made me think of you. It made me think about how I couldn't tell you I loved you and what if I died without telling you. I would need to find a psychic and then I would need to use her body as a medium. Then I would need a penny to make sure you believe her when she tells you she can see my ghost. Then I would make my ghost self strong enough to move things, and be able to tell you I love you. The movie me made me think of dying without telling you I love you. I don't want to die without you knowing that. I might die today, tomorrow, next week, or ten years from now. I can't die without you knowing.  
  
"Thanks for the date Taeyeon." Nicole brings me out of the thoughts as we walk out the theater.  
  
"No problem."  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"About what?"  
  
"No problem? You were pretty distant tonight. I tried holding hands during the movie but your hands were in your pockets all night. I tried to get close but you kept moving away. Why did you even agree to the date?"  
  
"Was I that obvious?"  
  
"Only a little."  
  
"I'm sorry Nicole. At first I wanted to give this a try but then I realized I can't. My heart is taken and it will never be free to love another."  
  
"You think I didn't know that?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"That night. At the bar, before we...you know. I saw you. You looked broken. Drink after drink I saw you drown away the pain you entered the bar with. I felt sorry for you, but not like pity, more like I wanted to help you. I let you seduce me. I let you use me. I'm still letting you use me."  
  
"Why? Why would you that?"  
  
"I wanted to fix you. I want to fix you."  
  
"There's nothing to fix."  
  
"Isn't there?" She pulls out my necklace from her under her shirt.  
  
"This. Whatever caused your pain. Whatever made your eyes look like they do now, it has something to do with this and a girl named Tiffany."  
  
"How do-"  
  
"That night, you cried yourself to sleep clutching to this necklace and sobbing the name of this Tiffany girl."  
  
"It isn't any of your business."  
  
"I know."  
  
"Then butt out and just give me the necklace." I knew things were never going to be easy. Who does she think she is? Fix me? I don't need to be fixed.   
  
"No."  
  
"What? The only reason I came here today was to get the necklace back. So please just give it back."  
  
"Back at the apartment you said you didn't care about the necklace, and agreed to the date anyways. What changed?"  
  
"The person who gave it to me returned. I'm afraid that she'll ask me for it and I won't have it. So please give it back."  
  
"The girl from yesterday?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Is she Tiffany?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"She's the girl you cried over. She's the girl that caused your pain, why do you even care about her?"  
  
"Look I'm trying to be nice here, please give it back."  
  
"I already said no. Why would you care about someone that caused you so much pain, that you cried yourself to sleep over it?"  
  
"She didn't cause me pain. I caused myself pain. I was a coward and I paid for that. Now can you please give it back?"  
  
"Is she the one that turned you into the awful person you said you were? It broke my heart when you said that to me. No one should ever think that of themselves. What made you think that of yourself? The fact that you were a coward is that it?"  
  
"I already said none of this was your business so why do care so much?"  
  
"I told you I want to fix you."  
  
"I'm not broken. Nicole you're a nice girl. And I think I know what's going on. I appreciate that you want to fix me, but I'm not broken and if I were, I don't know you enough to let you 'fix' me. I have friends for that."  
  
"I thought we were friends."  
  
"We are. But I think you are trying to keep the necklace to keep me around because you know..."  
  
"What?" Her eyes grow wide and I know I am correct about my assumption.  
  
"Because I was your first." I whisper to her. I knew there was a reason she was so clingy. I completely understand now, she is barely in college so it all makes sense. I seemed mysterious at the bar and it intrigued her, she saw I was in pain (which I admit I was in) and she wanted to 'fix' me like she saw in the movies. I admit I am broken but only one person can put me back together. You.  
  
"Nicole, I'm sorry but I can't return the feelings no matter how long you keep me around. But I promise you we can be friends, I can be like your-cool-much-more-experienced-in-the-area-of-love friend. The one you look for advice. I know you felt used that night, and that's why I thought myself as a horrible person, so I don't want to hurt you. I will be there I promise, but just as friends."  
  
"I'm sorry Taeyeon. I just didn't want to feel used. I thought all you thought of me was as an easy girl, so I wanted you to see that I'm not that kind of girl. And well you seemed really cool that night at the bar. Like in the movies! So I was really excited about you, but I guess it was wrong of me to use the necklace as leverage."  
  
"Yes it was wrong. That necklace means more to me than you will ever know. So now can you give it to me?"  
  
"I can't."Her eyes on the ground.  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"This isn't your necklace. It's a replica. I made a copy in case you snatched it off the first five minutes of the date and then ran off never to see me again."  
  
"Nicole!! How--Why would you think that? You know I would never do that?" Nicole sure is a weird kid. I kind of did think of doing that though.  
  
"Well now I do!"  
  
"Can you bring it to my place tomorrow?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"But the real one. Not a copy of it. The real one Nicole."  
  
"Yeah. The real one. I got it."  
  
"Oh and throw away the copies. The necklace is kind of special to me, and I don't like knowing other people are wearing the same one."  
  
"But it's cute. Fine."  
  
"Alright see you tomorrow."  
  
"Bye." Nicole really is a unique girl. I can understand how one can grow attached to their first, but doing anything to keep them close to you is a little worrying especially when they steal from you. She deserves better.   
  
So I guess I should go home now. The date went better than expected. I will get my necklace back and managed to save the my relationship with Nicole. Home sounds good right now. I turn to take my next step. But crash into a body before I can lift my foot causing me to fall to the ground.  
  
"I'm so sorry." I hear the voice. Hands finding their way to mine as they try to pick me up.   
  
"It's fine. It was my fault I didn't watch where I was going." I continue to dust myself off as I look up to the "stranger".  
  
"Tiffany?!"  
  
"Hello!" Your eyes turning into the very familiar but still so powerful crescent shapes. I could stare at them forever.  
  
"What are you doing here?!"   
  
"I'm just taking a stroll down the street. What are you doing here?"  
  
"What do you mean? You knew I had a date."  
  
"Oh, when the girl said 'the one next to the mall' she meant this mall?!" You turn and point to the mall on our right. Nodding your head as if you just discovered the mall.  
  
"Yes, she meant this mall." I start to walk ahead of you to see if you follow. Which you did. The streets are crowded and busy tonight. The colors of the neon lights hanging on the entrance of our local bars, restaurants, and cafes open late at night, reflecting upon the wet ground. It rained earlier. The same rain causing the pedestrians to walk faster than usual under their unnecessary huge umbrellas.  
  
"Oh, so where is this girl. I don't see her anywhere. Did our poor Taeyeon get stood up?" Your mouth forming into a pout and your voice as if you were talking to a baby.  
  
"Actually she just left. And I'll have you know we had a splendid time."   
  
"Did you now?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Did you get what you wanted back?"  
  
"No. But I will tomorrow."  
  
"Can I know what it is that you wanted?"  
  
"Still a secret."  
  
"Fine. Did she get a night to remember?"  
  
"No. She won't either. We realized we were better off as friends."  
  
"REALLY?! I-I mean...really?"  
  
"Yes, why did you get so excited?"  
  
"I just felt she wasn't the right fit for you that's all."  
  
"Who would be a right fit for me then?"  
  
"Oh I don't know."  
  
"Sounded like you did for a minute there. So what are you doing here? Wearing that?" I finally got a chance to look at your outfit. Black jeans, sneakers, khaki trench coat, a black fedora on your head and a pair of aviator sunglasses in your hands. Like right out of a detective book.   
  
"I was just walking around. You know...looking at things-"  
  
"Were you following me?!"  
  
"WHAT?!"   
  
"Are you stalking me??!!"  
  
"WHAT?!?! NO!!!"  
  
"Stalker!"  
  
"NO!!! This is just a coincidence!" You look so cute when you've been caught. I can tell you are frustrated by the fists you have formed.   
  
"Fine. I'll leave it at that. StalkerFany."  
  
"I'm not a stalker."  
  
"Detailed follower?"  
  
"Taeyeon!!"  
  
"Alright, alright. So how are you?"  
  
"Fine."  
  
"Cool." Awkward silence followed as we continue to walk down the crowded street.   
  
"This is awkward." You say. Like I didn't know that.  
  
"It is."  
  
"It wasn't like this before."  
  
"Should I go back to calling you a stalker?"  
  
"No. Why do you think it's so awkward? It wasn't like this earlier at the cafe shop. I think it's because we are afraid to say the wrong things."  
  
"What 'wrong' things can you say?"  
  
"Not wrong, just things we are afraid to say."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Like things we want to say but are just to afraid that it comes out wrong. So we just don't say anything at all. "  
  
"I know what you mean. Like it will be said too soon or not soon enough."  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"So what are you afraid to say?"  
  
"Like you said, I'm afraid it will be too soon to say anything."  
  
"Right. So I was wondering, during three years. Did you.." I think I want to ease into things. No matter how determined I am I can't help but feel insecure about everything when I am with you.  
  
"Did I what?"  
  
"Did you see anyone like dating is what I mean?" I'm not sure that your answer will change anything. I am just curious.  
  
"You want to know if I dated while I was in the states?"  
  
"Not really dated more like still dating?"  
  
"So if I'm currently in a relationship?"  
  
"Exactly."  
  
"Why do you want to know?"  
  
"Just curious. Friends need to know these things about friends."  
  
"Have you seen anyone? Since friends need to know these things about friends."  
  
"Me? I asked first."  
  
"Well I asked second."  
  
"First wins."  
  
"Second is better."  
  
"How is second better? First is the best, so you have to answer me   
first."  
  
"Says who?"  
  
"Says me."  
  
"Well then I guess I have to answer now. Since you say so and all."  
  
"You do."  
  
"No."  
  
"No?"  
  
"No. I've been asked by many suitors and very very handsome men while I was home but none of them were my type."  
  
"Really? You mean blonde, blue-eyed, tall men are not your type?"  
  
"No. Truth is while I was gone I couldn't keep my thoughts away from a certain person. This person was all I could think of, so those guys never stood a chance. Truth is my heart belongs to said person."  
  
"Lucky guy." You begin to laugh. Uncontrollable giggling. People begin to stare at us as we walk past them. I stop along with you as you regain your breath.  
  
"What's so funny?" I turn to ask you.  
  
"Nothing."  
  
"Seemed like something."  
  
"Taeyeon you-" Your eyes wander to mine as you try to continue your sentence. Those brown eyes. I could live in them. They look so warm and inviting. Inviting me to look deeper, to step closer. To hold you. But I restrain. I simply continue to look deeper. To stare. To hold on to this moment of silence between us. That even though we are   
surrounded by a busy street, surrounded by the sounds of the city the moment seeems endless in silence.  
  
"Your turn." You whisper to me. Never leaving my eyes.  
  
"My turn?"  
  
"Are you seeing anyone?"  
  
"No."  
  
"What about Nicole?"  
  
"Friends."  
  
"The Uee girl?"  
  
"One time."  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"Completely." You nod your head. But before you bring your head back up you rest your eyes on the ground. Closing them. As if you are trying to look for some courage within you. I can't confess because I don't have the necklace yet. But I can't stop you from doing so.  
  
"Taeyeon I-" You bring your head back up but your eyes don't find their way to mine. They land on my neck. My very empty neck. The one that doesn't have a key necklace hanging from it. Your eyes finally finding mine. I wish they didn't though. So full of confusion and almost pain. Hurt. You're hurt because I don't have it on. I can't look at them. Your eyes the looked pained, like you were looking forward to me wearing it but I'm not. It feels horrible to know I have hurt you. I lower my head in hopes that when I lift it back up you won't look at me like that.  
  
I don't know how long we stayed in that position but when I look back up your retreating figure is all I get to see. My feet have apparently grown roots into the ground because they are unwilling to move. Run. Go after her. Go. She's leaving. Hurry. She might leave for good. Run. Go after her, stupid legs! Run. Move. Do something! Why aren't you moving? Why aren't you responding to me? I can't see you anymore. Have I lost you?

TBC

**Chapter 22: I'm Scared. Ditto.**

**Tiffany POV**  
  
  
I'm scared. I'm scared I am too late. Did I lose my chance? Was I stupid to think you would still wear it after three years? Clearly I was, because I did. I thought that you would still have it on. That maybe you figured out what it meant and decided to wait for me. But why would you? I never called, never said where I was going, never knew why I left. It just hurts to know that you never thought it more than a necklace, because I never told you. And when I was about to tell you, when I thought it was right the moment, when I thought I was strong enough, I look up to find an empty neck. The insecurities, my doubts, my scared self returned. Because how could I tell you when I know there might be a possibility you gave the necklace away knowing what it meant. How could I tell you when you might be in love with someone else? I have been to scared to ask that. Sure you're single but that doesn't mean you aren't in love. I mean look at me.   
  
"He-Hello?" I promised I would call.   
  
"Hello?"  
  
"Who-who is this?" You were probably sleeping. It is two in the morning. But I like to keep my promises, I also like to hear your voice. The latter was mostly the reason why I called.  
  
"It's me."  
  
"Oh hi Tiffany, why are calling at this hour? Are you okay? Is everything okay?" Why do I like the fact that you sound so concerned? Maybe it's because this way I know I am in your thoughts. I know you're thinking of me and are worried for me.  
  
"Yes. Everything is fine, I called because I promised you I would. Remember?" I would hate it if you didn't. It would make me look like a fool. Because I left you earlier when you wanted to tell me something. I left you because I was scared of what you were going to tell me. I think you really are dating Nicole but are just too afraid to admit it to me, maybe because it's a new relationship.  
  
"Oh yeah. I do remember. I'm sorry." You suddenly stop and all I can hear is your breathing on the other side of the line. I can imagine you on your bed looking up at your ceiling. Just lying on your bed. I just listen to your steady, rhythmic breathing. I can almost feel your breath tickling my ear as I lie on my bed in this hotel room. The white walls, almost a light shade of blue due to the moonlight coming in from the window.  
  
"Why do you run?" Your voice breaking the sound of breathing. Why do I run? Fear. Confusion. Fear of not ever receiving what I want. Confused about what you feel.  
  
"Why do you run? All you ever do is run. Run away from me. You leave me standing alone a lot Tiffany. It's like a habit of yours isn't it? You leave me in the rain. You leave me for three years. You leave me in my own apartment. You leave me in a cafe shop. You leave me in a crowded street twice, in the same day. Why do you that? Do you know how much it hurts to see your figure walk away from me and all I can do is stare at you? How much it pains me to watch you back away from me? Watch you leave me and not know whether or not you will come back." Your voice becomes clouded in emotions and rises and falls in desperation. And once again I am confused. Why are you saying this? What does any of this mean?  
  
"Taeyeon I'm-"  
  
"It hurt so much. When you left. So much. Why did you leave? You never even said goodbye to me. You just left without a word to anyone. And I was so confused because I thought...I thought."  
  
"What did you think?"  
  
"It doesn't matter anymore. You hate me for not having the necklace. I'm sorry I'm an idiot."  
  
"You aren't an idiot Taeyeon."  
  
"Yes I am! Very much so. Very much an idiot. I messed it all up."  
  
"What did you mess up?"  
  
"Everything! I messed up everything because I am an idiot. An oblivious idiot."  
  
"Taeyeon you have to be more clear. I'm not sure I understand."  
  
"See! I'm an idiot, I can't find the right words to say yet I know exactly what I want to say to you. I want to tell you everything but I don't because I'm scared."  
  
"Please Taeyeon just say what you want to say. What do you need to be honest about?"  
  
"All of it.."  
  
"This is complicated."  
  
"You are telling me. Did I tell you I saw a movie?"  
  
"I know."  
  
"You know?! Oh that's right!! StalkerFany!!"  
  
"Not a stalker!" I wasn't stalking you. It really was a coincidence. I only got to see you and Nicole say your goodbye's to each other.  
  
"It's okay. You looked really cute dressed like that today. Really." How can a simple compliment like that make me blush so much? And once again I am confused by your words. Maybe I should try to say something, but I just can't seem to think of the right words to say. The words are like a tied knot in the middle of my throat that I can't seem to swallow and I can't seem to verbalize. They are lingering words, just out of my reach, and I know they're out of my reach so I don't even try.  
  
"The stars look really pretty tonight. There's also full moon out." I haven't noticed the sky at all and when you point it out I can't help but look out my window while sitting in my bed, with my knees curled up to me. The window to my left giving me a perfect view and you're right they look beautiful. Almost every star is brighter than the next as if they are trying to outshine each other. The moon is huge tonight as well, not to be outdone by the beauty the stars possess.  
  
"Wait a minute, where are you?"  
  
"The balcony has a perfect view." So much for you lying on your bed.  
  
"Oh. Don't fall."  
  
"I already did." Nearly a whisper on the other line.  
  
"What?"  
  
"So can you see them? The stars."  
  
"They're beautiful."  
  
"The stars, they know me."  
  
"How can they know you?"  
  
"I tell them things I'm scared to say to anyone. I come out here when I really need to talk to someone."  
  
"So you're crazy, is what you are trying to tell me?" I hint of teasing in my voice.  
  
"Yes. Completely. I can't even deny it. I rely on dreams to take me from my reality. To a place where I get to have all that I have ever wished for. The stars are my only companion when I need them there, they are always there. Unless it rains, then I can't see them."  
  
"How bad can your reality be?" You sound so hurt like you are holding back. I wish you wouldn't though. I wish you would just let it all out. What is "it" though? Am I just reading too much into this? Right now my mind is telling me that whatever you are afraid to tell me probably has nothing to do with me, my heart wants to believe other wise. It wants me to just spill it. Just run my mouth and be honest, but my mind is rational and unwilling to bend to my hearts desires. Maybe that's the problem, I think too much. I thought this would be easier. I thought I would come back and everything would just naturally flow. I would tell you of my feelings, of why I left and why I came back and then I would get an answer from you. But it's not simple. It's gets complicated when insecurities get in the way. I guess I lied to myself when I said I had the courage to do it. Because once again you caused me to be in limbo between a definite yes or a definite no. And I can't find the courage to ask you. You are going to have to be strong enough for both of us, if you do like me. You are the one that is going to have to be honest because I can't do it. I'm too scared of you. Of losing you if you don't feel the same way. So please if you like me tell me, I'll wait my whole life if I have to, because I'm not strong enough.  
  
"It's not what I want it to be."  
  
"What do you want it to be?"  
  
"Everything it is in my dreams."  
  
"And that would be?"  
  
"Did I tell you I saw I movie?" Obviously trying to change the subject.  
  
"What movie did you see?"  
  
"Ghost."  
  
"Sounds scary."  
  
"It was. But not like the 'oh-my-god-run-he's-right-behind-you scary but like the kind of scary that makes you realize you need to start to make changes in your life. Like the kind that makes you wonder what the hell you have been doing with your life and why things that should be the most simplest of things to say sometimes are the only things you don't say. Yeah, that kind of scary. I think that makes me more afraid than a guy chasing after me with a butcher knife. What if I never get to say the things I really want to? What if you never know?" You stopped yourself after that last sentence. I could almost hear you catch your breath, I could hear your rapid thoughts in your head, wondering if I heard that. I did.   
  
"Know what?"  
  
"..." All I can hear is your breathing on the other side. Contemplating whether or not you should tell me. Tell me what? Steady breathing, inhaling, exhaling, inhaling, exhaling.  
  
"Know what Taeyeon?"  
  
"..." Inhaling, exhaling, inhaling, exhaling, inhaling, exhaling.  
  
"Know what Taeyeon? What if you never get to tell me? What if right now is the last you see of me? What do want me to know? What if right now is all we got? Know what Taeyeon? Please answer me."  
  
"Ditto."  
  
"Ditto?"  
  
"Ditto."  
  
"What does that mean?"  
  
"Ditto. Did I tell you I watched a movie?"   
  
"Yes. Yes, Ghost. Why are you trying to change the subject?" Why do you go back to the movie? I get it, you saw a movie, let's move on. Preferably to what you wanted to tell me please.  
  
"You haven't watched it?"  
  
"No. Taeyeo-"  
  
"You should, it's a really good movie."  
  
"I know you told me it made you realize you have to say things before it's too late and now you aren't saying anything at all. You keep going back to the movie instead of applying what the movie taught you." You are really frustrating.  
  
"I'm a hypocrite. I say I will do things then do the complete opposite."  
  
"Me too."  
  
"You never answered me. Why did you leave? Why are you back?" I never answered because I was scared. What if you and Nicole are more than friends? What do I do then? Did I come back for nothing? I know I said I was going to try this time, that no matter what I was going to make you hear me, make you see, but then I saw you. It became so much harder when I finally saw you. All my determination withered away when I heard you had a date the the after I returned. It made me realize you had a life I wasn't part of. Silly of me to expect otherwise. And I just can't do it.  
  
"I left because I was scared."  
  
"Scared of what? Tiffany when I saw you left, when I saw your empty room three years ago, I was going to- I was going to-because I thought you and me- but then all I saw was an empty room. So why did you leave? What were you so scared of that it was impossible for you to say goodbye to me, to anyone? What was so scary?!" Again your voice full of emotion. Rising in anger and desperation in your tone.  
  
"You!" I let it out. It just rolled off my tongue so easily, like a practiced song. An easy statement to make, but full of truth. A one syllable word has never held so much truth to me until now, not a yes or a no but a you. Because the only thing that has ever held me in such a tight grip has been you. You have so much power over me, and you don't even know it. A snap of your fingers and I could be sharing the same bed with you if that's all you want, another snap and you can make me disappear. And that is scary. Having someone hold so much power over you, especially if the person has no idea.   
  
"Me?" Confusion replacing the anger and desperation.  
  
"I was scared of you, of what you were capable of doing to me. Of what you're still capable of doing to me."  
  
"What did I do?"  
  
"Nothing. And that's exactly why it scared me so much. You can do everything to me without actually doing anything. And that's scary, I had to get away from you. I had to, because I knew you never meant to scare me. You never knew."  
  
"Knew what?1 That I scared you?! How did I scare you?!"  
  
"You don't. What you make me scares me. What I turn into when I am around you scares me, because with you around I'm not in control. I lose myself when I'm around you. So I left to see of I would be able to find myself."  
  
"Why did you come back?!"  
  
"Because I wasn't scared anymore. Because I thought I would be able to face you and tell you and be honest. But then I faced you. I saw you and the scared me returned. It crawled back inside me. And I'm scared all over again."  
  
"Why do I make you scared?"  
  
"Because you don't know. You don't know and yet have complete control over me."  
  
"Know what Tiffany??"  
  
"That I love you!!" I didn't expect it. The words I have been keeping from you. The feeling I've been hiding. I just yelled them at you. Let them escape in a single breath. A single breath was all it took. All those years of not telling, of keeping it myself, all those years released in one breath. I don't know how I feel. Half of me feels relieved. The other half feels....scared. Because you haven't said anything. Because all I'm hearing is steady breathing. Inhaling and exhaling on the other line. My heart beating faster and faster in anticipation. Say something! Anything!  
  
"Where are you?" Finally breaking the silence. Your voice sounding urgent and needy.  
  
"Seoul Hotel."  
  
"Room?"  
  
"909."  
  
"If you move Tiffany I swear....don't you dare move. Do you understand me? Stay there. I don't care if the world is ending you stay in that room. Do you understand?"  
  
"..." Are you coming over? Why?  
  
"Don't move." Is the last thing I hear you say before the line dies. I am so confused right now.

TBC

**Chapter 23: Silly Confessions**

**Tiffany POV**

\*knock knock\*

I never thought that saying those words would make me a ball of nervous. A shaking body on this bed.

\*knock knock\*

The door is the only thing that separates us. This white door is what is holding us apart. But yet I can feel your heat on the other side. Your urgency on the wood door. The knocks.

"Tiffany are you there? Open the door."

"Tiffany?"

I remember the feeling I got whenever you said my name. I rush of happiness would surround me. Like standing in the middle if the part on a windy day. It still feels like that, like the breeze in my hair. But I can't shake this feeling, this doubt. Why are you here? This is the only thing that is holding me back from that opening that door. What keeps me standing by the knob, hands in my pockets.

\*knock knock knock\*

The sense of urgency rising in every knock. It got louder.

"Tiffany? Please open door."

"Why?" I say more to myself than to you. I never would have thought you could hear that but apparently your standing closer to the door than I thought.

"Tiffany?! Tiffany please open the door, I heard that. Don't think I didn't. I know you're in there so just open up so we can talk. Please?" Your voice echoes through the thick piece of wood separating us.

"Why?" I say a little louder, placing my forehead against the door. This time I want you to hear.

"Why what?"

"Why...why don't you have it on?" The necklace meant everything to me. I hoped one day you would realize I loved you. It meant I wanted you to see.

"I can explain, the necklace.....I don't have it."

"Where is it?"

"Someone has it. They took it." The words come out forced and almost like a whisper.

"Who?" Why do I keep pushing it? I should just open the door and let you in, forget about the necklace and talk about what I said over the phone.

"N-Ni-Nicole."

"You lied to me then. You said you guys were just friends, and she has my necklace. And you know what it means, yet she still has it. Why did you lie to me?" I hate liars. I hate them. They say things they don't mean, give hope to people only to drop them. To have the crash into themselves, into all their expectations. It's a cruel act. To lie. It brings pain to the hopeful, to optimist. People shouldn't be allowed to talk if all they're going to do is lie.

"No! I didn't lie to you. Me and Nicole are just friends. And I do know what the necklace means, that's why I've kept it since you left. I never took it off, because I know what it means."

"So why does she have it? It's my necklace!"

"She took it Tiffany, I would never give it to her. That's why I went on a date with her, so I could get it back."

"Why would she take it in the first place?"

"Because she thinks....I...we...Tiffany that's not important. Look I'm getting the necklace tomorrow. Can you just please open the door, the people next door are starting to give me looks. One guy said he was calling the manager. Open the door Fany."

This is it. The moment. I take a deep breath.

I open the door and see you standing with your head down. Hair covering your face, hands in your pockets. You're soaking wet.

"You're wet." You look up to see me and your eyes grow big in shock. Our eyes meet and I know you know.

"Hi." You release in a sigh and one of your dorky grins as if it's all you are capable of saying.

"You're wet." Like that's all capable of saying.

"It was raining, and I....didn't have an umbrella."

"You ran all the way here?"

"There are no buses this time of night."

"You could've taken a cab."

"I guess it slipped my mind." Silence. Neither of us says anything. I don't think either of us know what to say.

"Tiffany?" Your voice sounds rough against the silence. Maybe you will be catching a cold, why don't I feel guilty?

"Yes?"

"I...I'm just going to ask, because if I don't you won't." I simply nod, probably more than I should have.

"Over the phone...when you called..what you said...." I can see how hesitant you are to ask.

"I meant it." So I take control. Again. Your eyes surprised at my sudden statement.

"I meant it, and if you came here to tell me you don't feel the same way I understand. But I just couldn't keep it to myself anymore, I needed to tell you. I felt like I was going crazy. And I know it was a silly confession, I mean over the phone? Really? Who does that? No one! That's who. But it was unexpected even to me. I.....why aren't you saying anything?" You've been staring at me with that shocked expression, why don't you say anything. Your stupid grin turns into a full smile and your reach for your cell phone in your pocket. You look though it and dial a number.

My hotel phone rings. Right now is not the time so I ignore and continue to look at you expectantly. But you just keep staring at me.

"Aren't going to get that?" You say to me. One hand by your ear holding the phone and the other in your pocket.

"It can wait."

"No I can't." You shake your head. Confused I go over to the phone in the corner of the room and answer. My eyes never leaving yours.

"Hello?"

"Can I speak to Tiffany please?" I hear you say, before I can hear you on the phone.

"Taeyeon what are you doing?" I hear my echo before you answer into your phone.

"A silly confession for a silly confession. I love you too Tiffany. I have ever since I met you. And I know it's a silly confession I mean over the phone? Really? Who does that? No one! That's who. But it was unexpected even to me. I.....why aren't you saying anything? Can I come in?" You have been standing outside the door this whole time. I nod. You come in and make your way to me.

"Tiffany I love you." You grab the phone from my hand and hang it up. I still can't process this. You feel the same way. You love me back.

"You love me?" You look into my eyes and nod a faint smile forming in your lips.

"I have ever since I met you. Your smile, your laughter, I fell for you Tiffany." You say as you lean in closer to me. You breath tickling my nose. The sensation runs through my body and I can't resist as I lean in closer. Our lips mere millimeters apart. So close that I can feel your skin on mine. Ready for either of us to make a move. The fact that our eyes are closed makes it more sensual. The lack of one of my senses triggers the other 4 into overdrive.

Hearing. I hear your rhythmic breathing coming from inside of you. Every breath you take registering in my brain. I can hear your heartbeat on top of mine. The slight thumping coming from your chest making my heart beat faster in anticipation. Silence. The silence in the room allowing me hear it all.

Smell. The lime fragrance that hangs on your clothing combines with the smell of the rain and makes you practically irresistible. Every time I inhale I take in some of the minty flavor that leaves your mouth, almost like I'm already kissing you.

Touch. Your body pressed against mine. The wet clothing against my warm skin sends shivers down my spine. With your hands gripping my upper arms and my hands resting against your chest we create a warmness that only exists between the both of us. It stays inside us. Your hands feel cold but the constant friction your thumb makes against my skin makes this situation even more consequential. Something is about to happen and I won't stop it.

Taste. Finally your lips meet mine. The taste of rain water on your skin quenches my thirst for you. The taste of mint in your breath refreshes my cloudy mind. Your soft, cold lips mold into mine moving with me. There is nothing left to do but to taste you. The kiss deepens as your tongue slides over my bottom lip and I let you in. Our tongues clashing against one another, like they too have been waiting for this to happen. Like they too have been searching for each other. With the kiss deepening the need for air makes me stumble backward onto the flat wall behind me. I'm not going to let a simple need like oxygen ruin what I've been waiting for. You press yourself harder against me when you feel me lacking balance, leaving me literally hanging between you and the wall. The only place I want to be. Our fingers find each other's and curl into one. You slow down and we can now catch our breath. Both our breathing hard and deep. You lean into my body, your face in my neck. Your hot breath almost burning my skin.

"I love you Tiffany. I fell hard." You whisper.

"Me too." I let my arms hold you tight. Knowing I have you now.

TBC

Chapter 24: Real

**Taeyeon POV**  
  
I wish I could lay here forever. Have you in my arms for the rest of my existence. I wish I could just close my eyes and lay here and hold you tight and sleep with you forever. I wish I could force my eyes shut and get some rest but for the first time in years sleep escapes me. I can't sleep. My arms tremble, my breath is shallow, and my eyes they refuse to close. I fear that if I close my eyes and do sleep I will wake up and find it was just a dream. Like it always is. Like it always has been. I don't think can handle that. Not when it's feeling so real. When your warm breath is so close to my lips, and your hair tickles my ears. I don't want to wake up and find this gone. I don't want to wake up and miss this, even more now that it felt so real.   
  
"You're up?" Your fingers begin to draw little shapes on my arm, the same arm that held you closer to me, and I wish it didn't because my heart sped up and it scared me, how much you affect me.   
  
"I haven't slept."  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"I couldn't," you look at me, asking me why not,"I didn't feel like it."  
  
"You're weird," you giggle as you nuzzled into my neck again.  
  
"I was scared that if I went to sleep, I would wake up and realize it was just a dream." I swallowed not because I was scared but because I knew I sounded silly,"I don't want you to be a dream," You looked at me again. And I don't think I say it enough, but it really makes me scared. How just one look weakens me, so easily, too easily.   
  
"Don't worry," you press your lips under my chin, "I'll be here when you wake up, I promise. Now sleep."  
  
The sun was shining, it was a new day out and I should be getting up instead of going to sleep but I just felt so tired suddenly. I nodded and you kissed me again, this time on the lips. Long enough for me to want more but you moved away and back to my neck. I felt your hand drawing shapes on my arm again and it was hypnotizing. Every circle and heart and straight line your finger traced lulled me to sleep. So I closed my eyes and slept.   
  
When I woke up you were still there, in my arms, realer than ever. 

Epilogue

**Taeyeon POV**  
  
  
"What was she doing here?" You ask me in tone that really scared me. I almost didn't answer.  
  
"I don't know," I shrugged, my hand in my pocket holding the necklace tighter.  
  
"You don't know? Then why was she standing so close to you when I opened the door?"  
  
"She was saying goodbye," Nicole came over to give me the necklace back, the real one, and she was saying goodbye when you opened the door but I couldn't tell you that. You're already so angry, I didn't know you could get so angry.  
  
"That close to your face?"  
  
"Tiffany don't be mad," I say trying to hug you but you push me away and walk into your room. It was a mess, I noticed walking in.  
  
"I'm not mad," but you are. I can tell because you're not looking at me and you're moving very quickly trying to unpack your luggage.  
  
"You sure?" I step over the piles of clothes that were spread across the room. It really was messy in here.  
  
"I just don't get why she was here," if I tell you it'll ruin the surprise, but you're so angry. Why can't you be easy to work with?  
  
"She was-"  
  
"Forget it," you move past me, towel in hand, "I'm going to take a shower."  
  
"Tiffany listen-" the door slammed before I could finish. You are so stubborn, I was going to tell you the truth but now I won't. You moved back into the apartment today and I already think this is a bad idea, well not really.  
  
----------------------------------------  
  
"You're still mad?" Apparently you are because you're not answering.  
  
"What are you ordering?" Still no answer. We ate our entire dinner with you not talking to me. Maybe I should show you the necklace now but you haven't looked at me all night. And even though you're extremely attractive when you're mad, I don't like you being mad at me. I reach for the necklace under my shirt and look at you expectantly as you put another bite of your cake in your mouth.  
  
"Tiffany," I smile but you didn't look at me.  
  
"Wow I'm so tired," I fake a yawn and stretch my arms wide but still you looked at your cake. Anyone would have guessed I starved you.  
  
"Tiffany," I call again after a moment but still you won't look at me. This time your nails seemed more interesting than me.  
  
"Hey," I shake the table and the forks on our plates rattle a little but you still don't look at me. This is getting frustrating, if you just looked I'm sure you won't be mad anymore.  
  
"Tiffany," I say a little more sternly and I guess it startled you because you look at me with wide eyes,"I'm trying to show you-" just as I raise my hand to the necklace the waiter decides to ask if we're ready for our checks. Once he leaves I try again.  
  
"I'm trying to show you I got my necklace back," I pull my hair back and lift my head up a little showing you the key that hung around my neck, smiling.  
  
"Good," you nod a little.  
  
"Good?," you cried because I didn't have the necklace us, you got mad at me for not having it, and you nearly killed me when I told you Nicole had it but if I do have it all I get is a "good". Why do I even try?  
  
"It's your's, of course you should be wearing it," you lean into the table and rest your head on your palm.  
  
"But you got mad at me for not having it."  
  
"Because you gave it away," you point a finger at me.  
  
"I did not! She took it!"  
  
"Whatever," you roll your eyes and I squint mine because I can't believe what I got myself into,"Is that why she was here earlier?"  
  
"Yeah, this was supposed to be a surprise you know? I was going to show you I had the necklace on and you were supposed to be all happy that I had it on and-"  
  
"We lived happily ever after?"  
  
"Yes! Exactly that. You aren't even a little happy?"  
  
"Of course I am, because that girl doesn't have it on anymore," you sneered.  
  
"Her name is Nicole."  
  
"I don't care."  
  
"She's nice."  
  
"You still like her?"  
  
"What?! No, of course not," where is this even coming from?  
  
"Good," you look at me and you lean back in your chair, arms crossed, "I don't want her in our apartment anymore. Understand?"  
  
"Yes ma'mam," I salute because I think I understand that you were jealous now.  
  
"Let's go."  
  
  
**Tiffany POV**  
  
As soon as we stepped out of the restaurant it began to rain.  
  
"Come on," you pulled me behind you. I like it when you hold my hand like this, "We can wait for the rain to stop inside one of these shops."  
  
It feels nice, having you. Especially after so much time of wanting you. Now that I can kiss you and hold your hand like this, it feels nice. It just fits, your hand in mine, your lips against mine, my name in your voice, everything is just nice.  
  
"Why did you stop?" You turn to look at me because I just wanted to have this moment with you. I said nothing and brought a finger to my lips.  
  
"What? You want a kiss?" The rain was falling really hard and it was difficult for me to hear you, even while having you so near, "Oh how romantic, a kiss under the rain. Yes, very romantic and stupid. This is dumb," you shake your head and I just look at you because I know this is just you being you, "Come on let's go.You'll get si-" and so I have to be me and kiss you first and also because you talk too much. I dreamt of kissing you under the rain once, it doesn't compare.  
  
"Remember when I told you people are like the rain?" I ask and you nod hastily, out of breath.  
  
"I love you," I do, because you broke my fall.  
  
"I love you too," and I know I broke yours.

**THE END**