

She wanted to be in his place.

# Your Place

It's not healthy for you to keep thinking so much about her, **she's** gone.

Taeyeon stepped inside her house and went straight to her room avoiding any contact with who was on the living room. As she closed her door she could hear the voice of her father calling her name. She threw her bag on the bed and rushed to lock the door before someone would barge in. Too late when a hand stopped her from doing so. She thought about shutting the door with the hand still there, but she looked over her shoulder at a photograph on her nightstand beside her bed and changed her mind.

*Mom taught me to be polite and treat everyone nicely. I'm not going to disobey her just because she's not here anymore.*

She let the not-so-welcome person to come in and stared straightly at the dark orbs of the older girl. “To what do I owe this pleasure?” Taeyeon’s voice was full of sarcasm. “Can you just have lunch with the rest of the family like a good teenager? Or is it too much to ask?” Taeyeon broke the eye contact and looked one more time to her mother’s photo. Looking to that photo was a routine already, every time Taeyeon had doubt about something, she would look to the only thing she had to remind her of her mother. Taeyeon looked down after some time thinking and then returned her look at her soon-to-be stepmother. “No, it’s not too much.” Taeyeon watched a smile growing on the older girl’s face, not too big, it was kind of a sly smile that Taeyeon hated since the first she saw it. The older girl turned around and started to walk towards the door with Taeyeon going after her with her head hanging low. When her stepmother stepped out her room, Taeyeon had a last look on her mother’s photo and let out a sigh.

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Taeyeon sat across her father at the table as she wanted, and had to look at the scene of her father with that other woman who was not her mother. She couldn’t understand how her father could have replaced her mother; and it was way worse to watch him with a girl who could be his daughter — just two years older than Taeyeon. She looked at her plate and tried to eat just a little, but the couple in front of her was making her lose her appetite. She was playing with the food because was the only way she could avoid the other two people there.

“Taeyeon, something wrong?” Taeyeon looked up at her stepmother who was giving her a fake worried look. “I’m fine, just not that hungry.” The older girl smiled at Taeyeon and the latter couldn’t help but stay looking at it, she never saw someone smiling with the eyes before. That was not the first time Taeyeon find her stepmother stunning. That was one of the reasons she would never see the other girl as her mother. Taeyeon liked to provoke the older girl every time she had a chance; helped her father with his food before the older could do so and gained a death glare. She had to hold her laugh, but it totally worth it. When she felt she wouldn’t hold the laugh anymore, she excused herself and left going back to her room, this time locking the door before someone would show up.

“I’m not underage anymore ... I should move out right, mom? ... I can’t leave now, just because of dad, but I will as soon as possible.” Taeyeon jumped on her bed and reached for the photo frame next to her. She laid her head on the pillow and started to look at her mother’s smile. “I shouldn’t like her, I know ... dad’s girlfriend, it should be gross ...” She kissed the photograph and put back on the nightstand.

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Taeyeon was coming home after some random party with her friends. She’s not the kind of person who likes this stuff, drinking, chatting, dancing or having sex with some strange, but she had a lot of things in her mind she wished it wasn’t there and she needed to leave that house to distract her mind with something else. Taeyeon went straight towards the stairs to go to her room. At the first step, noises coming from the kitchen caught her attention. Thinking that could be her father and he needed help since he’s already old, she went to the kitchen. Once there she found someone else instead of her father. “Oh, it’s you.” Taeyeon didn’t waste too much time looking at her stepmother and turned around to leave, but stopped when she heard the older girl talking to her. “You hate me, don’t you?” Taeyeon turned back to face the latter and notice how revealing her clothes were, in her mind a lot of unpleasing thoughts started to show up, she couldn’t help it but imagine why she was like that and what she would do or did with her father. “Stop staring at my legs and answer me.” Taeyeon snapped out of her thoughts and gazed at the girl before her. “Kind of. It’s nothing personal, for me you’re just a hole to my dad’s dick.” Tiffany chuckled and didn’t look surprised at all with what Taeyeon said. “A hole that you would like to have too. But you’re just a teenager, you’re a nobody. The day you own a multimillion company maybe I’ll give it a thought.” “Because everything you want is money, my dad’s money ... you’re a whore, an expensive one.” “Too bad that you don’t have money enough to buy me

as you want so much then.” Taeyeon felt her anger growing as the latter continued talking, she hated to see that sly smile and being the proud girl she is, that wasn’t something she would tolerate.

She roughly grabbed the girl’s shoulder and pinned her against the fridge, her face just a few inches from the latter’s. “He’s old enough to be your father. Do you have no shame, Tiffany Hwang?!”

Tiffany ignored the angry girl holding her and slowly started to lean her head forward and as she expected Taeyeon didn’t try to stop her. She kissed the short girl who was just a few seconds before was red-faced with so much anger. She locked her arms around the girl’s neck and pulled her closer making Taeyeon just give up and kiss her back. Taeyeon wrapped her arms around Tiffany’s waist pulling her up so she would lock also her legs around her. Taeyeon sat the girl on the sink and hugged her closer to deepen their kiss, but she was stopped when Tiffany pulled away showing the same sly smile that Taeyeon hates. “And you? Do you have no shame for kissing your dad’s fiancé, Kim Taeyeon?” With clenched fist, Taeyeon looked at Tiffany as she would kill her right there with her bare hands, but noises of steps coming closer make her walk away from the girl and Tiffany jump off the sink. “Is everything okay here? I heard some yelling. You’re not arguing with each other, right?” Taeyeon avoided looking at Tiffany. “No, dad. No one is arguing.” “Great.” “We were just talking about Taeyeon studies.” Taeyeon saw her father smiling happily with the lie and clenched her fist tighter, she could feel her nails would pierce her flesh. Taeyeon took a cup off the sink and went to fridge ignoring how her father was talking to his girlfriend. She didn’t want to hear them or look at them, she focused in taking a bottle of milk and pouring some in the cup to give it to her father. When her gaze was back at her father, Tiffany was no longer there what made Taeyeon feel easier. She gave her father the cup and waited he sip all the milk down. That was something she would do every day since her mother passed away. After placing the cup on the sink, Mr. Kim looked at his daughter who for him seemed just fine. “I’m glad you and Tiffany are getting along.” “She’s going to be your wife, so I’m trying.” “I know it’s hard for you to see someone taking your mother’s place, but it’s good to know that you’re getting over it. It’s not healthy for you to keep thinking so much about her, she’s gone.” “... I know, dad. I know.”

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Taeyeon observed how beautiful Tiffany were wearing the white dress. She was beside her father looking at Tiffany walking towards the altar, with the stunning eye smile that everybody was staring at, all the attention was on her. As Tiffany was walking closer and closer to her father, all Taeyeon could think is that she wanted to be in his place. And Tiffany was aware of that. She stole a glance of the short girl looking at her and smiled even wider with those cute eyes of hers. Taeyeon didn't want to smile back at her, but she felt a small smile curl the corner of her lips. She kept staring the beautiful bride and her beautiful smile till something started to feel wrong. Tiffany was no longer looking at her and her eyesmile was gone. Taeyeon followed the place Tiffany was looking at and saw why she wasn't smiling anymore. Taeyeon walked to her dad and tried to help him, he was with a hand over his chest and having a hard time to breathe. The attention wasn't on the bride anymore, all the eyes in the church were on her father, except for one. Taeyeon's eyes were staring at her.

He died — poisoned.

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Tiffany was interrogated by the police, Taeyeon was as well just like everybody close to the family was. Taeyeon stayed in the hospital for hours till the family's lawyer showed up to talk to her. He made her sign a lot of papers, but it was like she was in another space, she couldn't concentrate in anything he was telling her, till something among the bunch of stuff he was saying caught her attention. He said they couldn't prove it was Tiffany, and the girl was sent home after hours she stayed at police station. Hearing that, Taeyeon turned her back on him and rushed towards home.

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Tiffany was sitting on the couch, her eyes staring the ground when she heard the door opening. Taeyeon grabbed the girl's arm roughly and started to drag her upstairs. Tiffany tried to say to her to stop, that she didn't do anything, but she was so scared of the girl that her voice didn't want to come out. She was thrown on Taeyeon's bed and tried to escape, but Taeyeon sat on her and pinned her down holding her both wrists. "Taeyeon, please listen to me ... I didn't do anything." Tiffany was the verge of tears. She was trying to avoid Taeyeon's gaze, she couldn't face the girl. She felt Taeyeon leaning closer to her and her fear was growing, she was terrified thinking about what Taeyeon would do to her

for what happened to her father.

“I know.”

Tiffany looked at Taeyeon instantly, she thought she had misheard what the girl said, but she repeated. “I know you didn’t do anything.” Tiffany looked at Taeyeon’s sick look on her and got even more terrified. “I-It was you ... you poisoned his f-food —” “And milk ... You wanted money, don’t you?” Money is the thing I have the most now.” Taeyeon grabbed Tiffany’s chin and forced the girl to look at the photo frame on the nightstand. “My mom used to say to me that if I wanted something, I could have it ... I just needed to pursue it and if anything dared to stay on my way, I just had to get rid of it.” Tiffany tears were streaming down her face and the fear had taken over her entire body, she didn’t try to escape from Taeyeon, she stayed quiet under her power. “I wanted you, Tiffany Hwang. It’s just too bad my dad had to stay on my way .... But now that I have everything he had ... You are mine.”

I felt her hand holding my chin so strongly, I thought my bones would crack and break into pieces.

I could no longer see the portrait she wanted me to look at, my eyes were blurry because of my tears, but once she moved my head to look back at her I could see the smile on her face. If that was a normal situation, I would find that smile the cutest thing I ever saw.

How can I still think she's cute? With her looks it's impossible don't think that way. But with what she was doing it was impossible don't feel terrified too.

"You don't need to cry. There's no reason for that." She let go of my chin and stayed on top of me without taking her eyes from mine. I don't know what exactly she wanted, but while she was just quietly looking at me, I started to stop crying, not because I felt less scared or more safe, I think I just didn't have more tears left. "Did you finish?" I felt the urge to cry more and more when I realized what she was waiting was exactly for me to stop it.

Every single little thing she was doing was creepy because she kept that normal look like nothing that unusual was happening and that's the way a person gets scary, when you do something evil, something you shouldn't do and yet your face doesn't reflect the severity of what you're doing, then you know there's something wrong with you.

"Okay, so let me say this before you make a bad decision. Don't you ever try to stop me from doing what I want. And you do whatever I want without thinking twice. Understood?" I nodded instantly, I didn't agree with that because I wanted, of course, but the way she has of talking to me shows that she can do anything without hesitation and a person who killed his own father just because he was an obstacle to get a girl, you know it's someone who's capable of anything and you never contradict this kind of person. Not if you are smart. "You know what I want, don't you? Or I need to say it?"

"N-No." I sat up avoiding looking at her eyes and started to unbutton her shirt while she kept still observing what I was doing like she enjoyed that the most, I actually think she really enjoyed that the most. Like she said, I wanted money, then she had the money and I was her property.

When I finished with the buttons, she took off the shirt by herself and tossed somewhere on the floor. I would continue with what she wanted, but she pushed me back to the bed and started to look at my torso with an displeased look on her face. I looked at the same place she was looking at and I realized

that maybe she didn't like the wedding dress I had still on. I would sit up again to take off the dress when she, with one rapid move, she tore the upper part of the dress, then got off me and roughly tore the rest of it. She wasn't being gentle with me, that was a warning. She pulled the dress and also tossed to the floor. I thought, when she was talking to me, that if I collaborate with her, she wouldn't be that bad to me. But I saw I was wrong once she went back to the bed, climbed on top of me and, at first started to nibble on my neck, but then she started to get rougher and rougher biting me. With one hand she was holding my arm, so tightly I knew once she let go I would be able to see the shape of her hand on it. She wasn't holding me like she was preventing me to escape or something. She knew I wouldn't try to fight her back, that would be a really stupid decision, and I'm not stupid. I endured the pain she was putting me through. I thought that was the best decision, just endure because it would be over eventually, I just had to behave. I hugged her body that was on top of me. One hand over the back of her head and the other over her back. I wanted to dig my nails on her skin every time the pain was too severe and for a weird and unknown reason, when I would look at her perfect skin I thought on don't doing it because I didn't want to damage what was perfect. I made the best decision, she started to stop hurting me and move her kisses up along my jaw till she got to my lips. Her kiss was as good as our first one, it didn't matter if the occasion was something I wanted to run away from, I always wanted her in the first place. I wanted so much her to continue just kissing me, but she pulled away and got off the bed. I knew that wasn't a good thing. She made me roll over and I stayed there with my face buried on the pillow because I didn't even want to look at what she would do. She must have gone somewhere because I heard her footsteps going away and the returning. When she was back on the bed she pulled my hips up and took off my panties. I waited for the pain that indeed came and it was really bad. I knew that was dildo and not a small one, and that was definitely on purpose. I wasn't virgin, but still, that hurt a lot. She was thrusting that thing on me merciless, it would be impossible that it wouldn't hurt. I grabbed the bed sheet firmly and tried to once again just endure it to make it end sooner. I shut my eyes and just let her do her thing and the pain started to become bearable, and the whole thing started to get better as I knew it would. My grip on the bed sheets was tighter because of the pleasure she started to make me feel and I took my face off the pillow to let my moan be heard by her, I liked it, I couldn't help it and she would like to know, we both win. At some point I totally forgot that she was dangerous and crazy. I was in such bliss, panting hard, my knees getting weaker and I wasn't able to keep my hips up anymore, but she held it for me as I felt my orgasm building up 'till I reached my climax and she let go off me. I felt her lying down on top of me and kissing my temple. "So? Better than my father?" "Absolutely." — That wasn't something I was saying just to please her. It was obvious that she can't even be compared to him, but otherwise I preferred him, he at least didn't scare me, he wouldn't

make me feel threaten like she does. She rolled over to my side and covered my body while I stayed in the same position she left me. I was observing her and waiting to see if she would do something else with me, but it looked like she wouldn't. I was wondering what pleasure she got doing that? I wanted to be able to hear her thoughts even knowing they could scare me more than I already was. She was lying staring the ceiling and I felt that was hard to keep my eyes open. I spent the day on the police station with people accusing me for something I didn't do and I was really tired. So I gave up to my sleep even knowing I could don't wake up again because of that tiny and dangerous person beside me.

Surprising even myself, I opened my eyes again with the sunlight shining through the window. My eyes roamed the room, still a little blurry, but I saw Taeyeon wearing a suit looking more adult than I ever saw, and still cute. I rubbed my eyes and sat up wrapping the blanket around myself. My eyes unwittingly closed with a yawn that escaped, when I opened them again she was right beside me, scaring the shit out of me. "I'll go sign some papers and you stay right here till I come back." I nodded instantly, I didn't want to see her on her mad self, the calm was already frightening. She stayed for some seconds still looking at me like she would say something more, but she looked away and left. I wouldn't stay there wondering what the hell happens on her head, I was sure it was messed up. I touched my neck and it was still hurting, I would need to have a look at what she did there. So I was ready to leave the bed when something caught my attention. I looked at the portrait of her mother and I finally understood why her father always hated the attachment she has with it. I thought it was bad that he wanted her to forget her mother, but he was right, I could bet she was as sick as Taeyeon. I left the bed and ran to my old room to get some clothes. When I was all dressed up I caught some money and my cellphone to get the hell out of there while I still could, because I knew sooner or later Taeyeon would get sick of me and then I didn't want to imagine what she would do with me. I rushed down stairs and went straight to the door.

"Where you think you're going?"

With my hands on the door knob, I froze. I felt the fear growing up and my heart pace getting faster with her voice behind me. Then I knew that was the only mistake I made, nobody is perfect, everyone make mistakes. The problem is, sometimes mistakes are lethal.

I turned over and saw her sitting on the couch with her eyes glued on me. "The lawyer just called me and said I didn't need to go because the police are coming to talk to me." She stood up and walked to

me, I wouldn't open my mouth to say anything, what would I say? She would probably get mad if I tried to come up with an excuse. She pointed to the second floor. "Go to your room ... and when I say your room, it's my room, now my room is your room." I slowly did what she wanted, I was thankful she told me to do only that, she could be way worse. But it was too soon to be thankful. I stayed in the room for a few hours until she showed up with a smile on her face, the cute smile that usually make me feel like smiling back, but on that case it didn't happen.

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I walked down stairs with her and once I got to the table she prepared for lunch I had the confirmation that some mistakes are indeed lethal.

The table was set to only one person. She made me sit down and stayed by my side with a hand laid on my shoulder. "I really thought I could trust you and things could work out for us, but it seems like this is not what you want." I realized what she would make me do and I started to feel a knot in my throat and unwilling tears forming on my eyes. "I d-do." "You don't." She moved away and sat in front of me. "I saw the way you looked at me the first time I was introduced to you ... you liked me. On the church, on your wedding, instead of looking at my father you were looking at me, you always wanted me, but you would still marry my father ... you tortured me every time you preferred my father over me because he could give you everything his money could buy." She pulled the plate closer to me. Her cute and creepy smile still there. "Look who is being tortured now." I tried to beg her, with tears pouring from my eyes, but she still didn't want to listen to me. Her response was simple. She stayed there smiling and just calmly said. "Eat it."

Taeyeon kept observing the terrified girl who refused to eat. She was patient, she sat in front of her and ignored when she pleaded and cried. She loved to see the despair in her eyes. She wanted to make her suffer and she did. Tiffany couldn't eat what could cause her own death, who would? But Taeyeon didn't care how much she would beg and how hard that was. Tiffany would eat it, didn't matter if she wanted or not. "If you don't eat this by yourself, I'll push it down your throat." Taeyeon still sounded calm making Tiffany more scared than she already was. Tiffany gave up on trying to reason with Taeyeon. She did what the girl wanted before she would start to get violent. Tiffany remembered how slowly Taeyeon killed her father and maybe that was what she would do to her too, she still would have time to escape from the psycho girl. She forced herself to eat and the fact that the food tasted totally normal helped a bit. But something that didn't help at all was Taeyeon there watching her and appreciating every second of her despair. Taeyeon had a small smile on her face every time Tiffany stole a glance of her. As Tiffany finished the meal, Taeyeon with a satisfied smile, took Tiffany's hand and walked with her back to their room.

Taeyeon and Tiffany sat on the bed and started to change her clothes. Tiffany stayed there imagining what would be the next thing she would do to her, what could be happening on her sick mind.

Taeyeon changed the suit for something more simple while Tiffany hoped that was a good sign. "Do you remember what I told you yesterday?" Taeyeon sat behind Tiffany giving the girl a back hug. Tiffany nodded and repeated what Taeyeon instructed the night before. "I won't stop you from doing what you want and I'll do what you tell me without thinking twice." "Smart girl." Tiffany felt a weird feeling as Taeyeon kissed her cheek innocently. "The police are coming to talk to you and they think you were the one who killed my father. I want them to continue thinking like this." All Tiffany could think was how to use that opportunity to get rid of Taeyeon, but she still knew Taeyeon wouldn't be stupid and easy to fool. "I have my eyes on you. If you dare to try anything funny, you can be sure you'll regret badly. You know I'm the one with the power here to get rid of someone. So do a good job on making them believe even more you're guilty. Understood?"

Tiffany started to think that was the reason why she was still alive, just because Taeyeon needed her. Because after trying to escape, she lost her value. She needed it back. "Taeyeon ... I really like you ... I worth it." Tiffany waited for a good reaction from Taeyeon or that the girl would be comprehensive. Taeyeon liked her after all, enough to kill her own father. Taeyeon rested her chin on Tiffany's shoulder to think about what the girl said. "I wanted a life with you, I thought things could work out, but you proved otherwise." "Forgive me." "You don't like me as much as like you. It broke my heart." Tiffany could be terrified for being around Taeyeon, but she wasn't stupid. Taeyeon was a psycho killer who had just poisoned her and she knew she would be okay if Taeyeon could trust her. Taeyeon liked her after all, she said herself and Tiffany knew it since the first time they exchanged glances, and living with her she would provoke the poor girl all the time because she liked how cute Taeyeon was. She would appeal to her feelings ... If Taeyeon had any.

"Give me a second chance. I'll prove to you, I worth it." Tiffany put her hands over Taeyeon's that were embracing her and turned her head to look at her, hoping that the affectionate gesture would convince the girl. Taeyeon moved her head and kissed Tiffany's lips tenderly. "Prove it."

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Tiffany went downstairs once the doorbell rang. She opened the door and let the police in. They sat in the couch facing Tiffany who was on the other couch in front of them.

Tiffany responded to their accusing glare confidently and kept her composed self even though she felt scared as hell. They asked lots of things and Tiffany continued never leaving the daring expression off her face, what just let the detectives madder. Tiffany denied every accusation like Taeyeon told her to. She would follow the girl's instructions.

"Do you want to know what I think, Ms. Hwang?" Tiffany just showed a not so interested face.

"You tried to get rid of the father, but things didn't work out as you wanted. So now you're, shameless, going after the daughter. After all you wouldn't just give up on the money, right?" Tiffany pretended to be offended by the accusation. "I wouldn't do such a thing." "What other reason you would have to be here? With the girl who just lost her father? You are not her mother." "I'm just trying to help. She has no one left and I'm taking care of her."

The detective even chuckled after what Tiffany said. "What a good heart you have." Tiffany cynically smiled and nodded agreeing with the detective. "Where is the girl now?" "Studying. She'll do a important test soon and I motivated her to study more and forget what happened recently. She was devastated." "And I'm sure you helped her like a good step mother you are." "Exactly." They were impressed with how cynic, the girl before them, could be. "Can we talk to her?" "No." They didn't expect that answer at all. "Like I said she was very sad and finally she's focusing on other stuff. She needs a break. But as soon as I think she's ready to talk about such a traumatic experience, I'll take her to the police station and you can ask her anything you want." "Actually, she's an adult. We prefer to hear this from her." "As you insist."

Tiffany called for Taeyeon who didn't take much to show up and walk downstairs heading to where Tiffany was. Tiffany tapped the seat beside her, gesturing for Taeyeon to sit down by her side. Taeyeon was the best to pretend a sad face. "We are really sorry about what happened, Miss Kim." Taeyeon looked down nodding in such cute way that she really seemed a sad and innocent kid. "If it's okay, we would like to make some questions." Taeyeon immediately looked at Tiffany. "Again?" Tiffany placed her hand over Taeyeon's head tenderly. "You don't have to if you don't want." Taeyeon shook her head lightly without looking again at the people in front of her. "As you, gentlemen, can see, she needs some time, things happened so recently." They had no choice but to accept it since the own Taeyeon said so.

Tiffany walked them to the door and let the smile on her face fade as soon as she was alone with Taeyeon. She stopped facing the door taking a deep breath and felt a pair of hands wrapping around her waist. "Good job." She felt relieved that Taeyeon was being kind to her, but afraid of what she was doing, she was incriminating herself. "Taeyeon-" "Call me, TaeTae." "Tiffany felt like smiling, but didn't allow herself to do so. "TaeTae." She turned around hugged the shorter girl back. "And if they put me in jail?" "Did you kill my father? No, so they will never be able to prove a thing. They can look forever, you are never going to jail for this, don't worry." Tiffany nodded and hugged Taeyeon tighter. "I won't let anything happen to you." Taeyeon kissed the girl's temple and pulled away of the hug. She saw how Tiffany still looked very sad, the girl wasn't even managing to put a smile on her face. "Hey, since you did a really good job, I have something for you." Tiffany looked confused at Taeyeon as the latter took something out her pocket. "What's this?" Tiffany finally smiled, she couldn't help it as she saw Taeyeon was holding the most beautiful necklace she ever saw. "I know my father used to give you a lot of things, but, come on, my taste is way better than his." Taeyeon went closer to the smiling girl and put the expensive necklace on her.

Taeyeon said with her breath tickling Tiffany's ear, a little louder than a whisper. “See? It's better to stay by my side. I can give you everything you want.”

Taeyeon is smart, she had her point. Money is something that catches my attention. But I'm not stupid enough to let my guard down around her. I didn't know what exactly she wanted from me, and I decided that cooperate was the best decision to make. The difference between Taeyeon and her father was completely evident. Her father was a kind man, never treated me bad, was always gentle and thoughtful. He never wanted Taeyeon to be like her mother and it seemed like that was exactly what happened, she was the complete opposite of him. I said to her that I would stay by her side like she wanted, but she still didn't trust me, I could tell. But she let me go out as much as I wanted, she had her way of keep her eyes on me, apparently. She was right, how would I stay loyal to someone who could still kill me anytime she wanted? I would try my best to not make her disappointed or angry. It was too risk to stay there and yet too risk to try escape.

Taeyeon was the one who cooked for us every day, what was a real torture for me. I couldn't eat without thinking my food was poisoned, I started to get paranoid and I think that was what she wanted, torture me because I tortured her before. But, of course, I wasn't as cruel as she was. Besides the poison stuff, we were getting along pretty well. When I did the stuff she wanted, she wasn't bad to me; it wasn't good either, but way better than before.

Something that I like very much it's how much of her money I can spend and she doesn't care. It makes me relax a bit and forget that I'm probably dying slowly every day. I placed all the shopping bags on the back seat and went to the driver seat, I needed to rush back home before Taeyeon was back. We had agreed ... well, we didn't agree, she demanded. I had to be at home when she was back. I don't know the reason, but I had to follow her orders without thinking twice like she said. And I was kind of late, but it was not my fault, because I saw something that I had to buy, I had no choice.

I tried to find a shorter way back home because Taeyeon would be really mad and I wouldn't like to see her mad. Trying to find a shorter way just made things more complicated. I got lost, it was dark already and I was in the middle of nowhere. And to complete my misfortune, the car stopped working.

I don't know anything about cars, but I knew that one was brand new, Taeyeon had bought for me just a few days before, it should be working. I looked outside and it was so dark I couldn't see a thing and I wouldn't leave the car, it was scary out there. I unbuckled the seat belt and reached for my phone in my

purse. I tried to call Taeyeon, but I guess I was too far to have signal reception there. I had no choice but wait there for someone to show up and ask for some help. After a few minutes, when I thought things couldn't be worse, it started to rain. "You have to be kidding me." That was the only sound in the middle of the completely silence there was inside that car. After some more few minutes, another noise broke the silence and it wasn't me talking to myself like before. I looked at the rear view mirror and saw a car pulling over right behind mine. I stopped being happy about it and started to get scarred. I saw a lot of horror movies and getting help from a stranger in the middle of the night, raining, it never ends well to the person with the car that doesn't work. I decided I wouldn't open my door or my window and I would stay there and wait till the sun rise again, it was safer. But, unfortunately, the person on the car behind mine, decided to leave his own car, walk in the rain and knock on my window. It was dark and I didn't want to look too much to that person, because he would probably at some point give up and go away if I ignore him. But I looked briefly and I noticed this person had a tie that I saw before. To confirm what I was assuming, Taeyeon lowered her head and got closer to the window. I never felt so happy before seeing her. I lowered the window to talk to her and I didn't notice anything wrong because as the usual her expression was cold, her eyes with no emotion at all. But apparently, there was something wrong. "How could you?" Her voice was kind of cold-hearted, I was used to that already. "I wasn't doing what you're thinking, I swear." She turned away from me and started to walk back to her car. She was really thinking I was trying to escape or something and I was afraid she would do something bad to me. I left the car and went to her before she was too far and started to try to take her inside the car with me. "Stop walking around in the rain, you're already soaked." She was way more wet than me, and I thought she would be sick if she continued out there, I really cared about her. She was reluctant at first, but she went with me back to the car. I opened the door and entered right after her, I didn't want to get any more wet than I was already. We were sitting side by side in the back seat and her quietness was confusing me. She should be angry because she thought I was trying to run away, and she still wasn't. She was looking down still expressionless. Somehow I felt guilty because she kind of looked sad, on her own way, but still sad.

"I just got lost and the car has broken down. I wasn't trying to escape or anything." She turned her gaze to me and she didn't seem convinced at all. I reached for one of the shopping bags and took the thing that made me be late to go back home. "If I was trying to run away, why would I buy this for you?" She continued looking at me coldly and took the necklace I bought to her without changing her expression not even a little bit. "Since you gave me a beautiful necklace, I wanted to give you one too ... it's blue and I think is your favorite color." She looked at it and I started to think she didn't like it.

She was looking at it like she was analyzing and thinking, I'm not good at understanding the things she does. "Is this a present?" "Of course." "But you bought with my money." She was right, I did. Is it still a present? "This is a just a small detail." For one second I couldn't believe in what I saw and heard, that was rare or I was completely crazy because I could swear she chuckled. It was so cute, she should that more times.

My happy moment didn't last long and she was serious again. She put the necklace inside her pocket, what I didn't think was something good and a little disappointing. I wanted her to like it.

"There's nothing wrong with the car, I just made it stop when you were going too far." So she was aware of where I was all the time, I was right in not trying to run away. "Go to the passenger seat." She finished saying that and left the car going back to her own. I did as she said and waited for her to come back and hoping she wouldn't be with a gun to kill me or something like that. Fortunately, she didn't bring a gun, instead she had another thing with her. It was one of her blazers and that one was almost all dry, just a few drops of water. She must have been really careful to bring that to the car, in the rain, without letting it get wet.

She put the blazer around my shoulders and it was a relief because I was already shivering.

She left the other car there and drove back home in mine. I felt really bad as I saw how she was shivering. I turned on the heater, but she was still cold because her clothes were all wet. As soon as we were at home, I helped her to get rid of the soaked clothes and wrapped a towel around her. When she was drier I made her go to the bed and wrap herself on the blanket as I changed my wet clothes as well. When I got back from the closet I noticed her clothes weren't anymore at the floor where I had left them. Since she is very organized I assumed she had put them in the right place and went back to the bed. She's not a talkative person. We usually go to bed together without a word and she sleeps a few inches from me. It's not far, but she doesn't sleep touching me, what I don't really understand, but I don't question. That night wasn't different. We lay down without touching each other and started to drift off to sleep. As I thought it would happen, Taeyeon started sneezing, she was probably getting sick and again I felt guilty, that was kind of my fault. My first reaction was to get closer to her and tenderly stroke her hair, but when she looked at me, almost instantly once I touched her, I realized what I was doing and took my hand off her. We stayed staring at each other till she decided to spoke up. "Why you stopped?" "Because ... forget it." I moved closer to her and started again to stroke her hair. When she was close to me, I could feel her still shivering, she was still cold. "I'm sorry that you are

sick now.” She snuggled even closer to me and I hugged her so I could make her feel a little less cold. She shook her head a little bit and I presumed that was her way of saying “it’s okay”.

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I was finally taking Taeyeon to the police station. Like we planned, I just had to be a bitch and they would continue believing I was the one who poisoned Mr. Kim.

After some time I started to trust more Taeyeon’s plan and agree with her.

I was happy to see the necklace I gave to her around her neck. She had kept it after all and when I asked to her why she decided to put on just then and not when I gave to her, she said it was because she was all wet back then and she didn’t want to ruin her present.

I felt even more happy when she said that, I didn’t even care anymore about how cold she was.

One of the detectives walked with her away from me, it was funny to see how they thought I was the threat there and Taeyeon needed to be protected from me. I saw Taeyeon walking away and decided to sit down till all the stuff she would need to do was done. When I was about to sit, I heard a loud noise and looked again at Taeyeon to see what was happening. The detective was on the floor with a hand over his bleeding nose and Taeyeon looked furious like I never saw before. The entire place stopped to watch what was happening and then Taeyeon did something so stupid that I couldn’t believe she was doing that.

“Don’t talk like this about my girl again or I swear I kill you!”

Then I knew it was all over. She was screwed. What you had done, Taeyeon?

I knew that was the plan, but hearing someone talking like that about Tiffany had an effect on me that I didn't expect. She wasn't what they were thinking. She wasn't a killer, she would never be like that. It hurt me to see that was how people saw her. Then I knew I was screwed. They would need to be really dumb to not realize what was happening for real.

I had a look at Tiffany when a police officer was handcuffing me. She looked so surprised, couldn't even react. I saw the worried look in her eyes, was kind of relieving. At least I didn't do that for nothing. They weren't arresting me for the punch, it was obvious. They knew then I was the one who killed my father, they just needed to prove. While they couldn't put me in jail for that, they would put me there for another reason. I didn't like there, it was filthy and small, and I'm a little claustrophobic. I was alone in that cell, what was good at least. Once they put me inside, I had a look around. It had a bench, but I couldn't sit there, it looked dirty. So I stayed up waiting for my lawyer to show up. It didn't take long and someone showed up to talk to me. "You have a visitor." I didn't like that guy, who the fuck was he to even talk to me anyway? "Why did you do that?" I should say the truth for her. That she screws up my mind and make me act like I'm somebody else, somebody stupid. "And why are you here?" I stared at her dark eyes, it's hard sometimes to know what she's feeling.

She waited for that guy that I don't like to open the cell and did something that surprised me. I don't like people touching me, it's a little annoying, but that was the second time she hugged me and I didn't care. I just wished I could hug her back, but I still had the handcuffs on. "Do you realize you can run away now? It's your chance." She didn't let go of me and continued glued on me quietly. "Tiffany, are you okay?" I felt her nodding and slowly pulled away from me. She looked straight at my eyes, her face still really close to mine. The look on her eyes was comforting. That place was like a nightmare to me, but she helps me to put my head on straight. "Your lawyer will bail you out as soon as possible. You won't stay here for too long, don't worry." "You know things are not like this."

"It was just a punch." "It's not about the punch. They know now it was me, they will keep me here as long as they can." I felt her touching my cheek as I let my gaze down. I was realizing I could stay there for a long time. "I'll help you, TaeTae, don't worry." It surprised me to hear that. Why she was there and why was she being so nice to me? That was just a game after all. That was the moment she could finally get rid of me. So, why? "Time is up." I seriously wanted to kill that guy, I would put him in my list. "Stop being like you are and sit down okay? You can't stay up forever. I already called your

lawyer, he's coming. And be careful, okay?" She kissed me quickly and already started to walk back. She looked rather sad, I liked that. Is it wrong? Because it made me feel that she cared about me, is it a bad thing? "Wait." She stopped to listen to me even though she had to go already. "Hug me one more time." There was a reason why I wanted another hug, and she noticed looking at me. As soon as she was close to me, I whispered in her ear what I wanted. "Take my watch with you. If they find out anything about the poison, they'll take everything I have, so, please, take care of it, it's important to me." She slid her arms down around my waist and took the watch without the police officer notice. She is a really good thief by the way. Like I predicted, I stayed there more time than I wanted, while they started to dig up my life looking for anything that could prove I was guilty. My condition was not good. I couldn't use my money, couldn't go to my house and I was about to go to jail for real.

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"Things are not that bad, Miss Kim." I wasn't paying too much attention at my lawyer who was right in front of me. I had other things in my head. I couldn't help but feel disappointed. Tiffany never came back. I didn't hear a word about her since the first day I was arrested. I should expect that since our relationship wasn't the most normal one. It was normal that she ran away from me, right? I was a threat for her. "All they have is circumstantial, and I'm working really hard on it. I knew you since you were a little kid and your father always trusted me. I won't disappoint you." "Thanks, but ... do I really have to stay here? You know how bad this small place is for me, I want to get out of here." "I'm working on it. The judge agrees with me that you're not going to run away, but we still don't have too much money for now. I'm doing my best to find a solution." "Thanks."

As he continued talking things about the trial and looking at some papers, I saw the newspaper by his side. Something there caught my attention. "Can I?" I pointed to the newspaper and he immediately nodded handing it to me. It was right in the first page. I didn't know something could make me feel so bad like that. The only time I felt so much pain in my heart was when my mom died. Since then I was kind of numb. She was again doing what her nature tells her to do. She found another rich old man and was again doing what she does best, being a gold digger. She left me. I didn't have anything anymore, why she would stay there by my side? Could I blame her? She had her nature, always going after money, I should understand that was normal. But, I had my nature too. "Sir?" He stopped looking at his papers and glanced at me with the same kind smile she always had. "Yes?" "We're not going to lose,

right? I would never do anything like that to my own father, you know that.” “I know, Miss Kim.”

“I don’t have anyone left. Mom is gone, dad is gone ... please, you have to help me. You’re the only hope I have ... you’re the only person I have left.” I saw a loveable look on his eyes, caring like always towards me. That man was really loyal to my family and I had to use him, because like I said, he was indeed my only hope. And I had something to do as soon as I was free, something really important.

“... I won’t let you down, Miss Kim.” That was what I needed to hear.

The small cell, the loneliness and everything about that place bothered Taeyeon. She was patient, but all that was making her crazy, apparently more than she was already. She knew she couldn't continue there. When another girl was put in the same cell as her, Taeyeon wished she could be alone again, it was the first time she would enjoy being by herself. Being the unpleasant person she is, just brought problems. She got into a fight with the other girl in the cell, and as expected things ended up bad for her. Taeyeon is small and young, she's not used to violence despite the fact that she is dangerous herself. She just never had to defend herself physically. As result she started to stay in a different cell alone again. Her attitude never changed. Proud, she would never keep her head down to anyone and started to do what she was better doing it. She had a mental list of everyone who dared to cross her line.

The girl responsible for the cut on the corner of her lips and for the black eye was the first. She took the place from the police officer who Taeyeon hated at first sight. It didn't take long, Taeyeon still had a purple mark on her eye, when weird accidents started to happen. People getting electrocuted at the shower, people falling at the stairs, people shooting their own head ... Taeyeon could hate a lot of people, she never really needed a reason for that. It doesn't matter what the person did, Taeyeon would wait and the thing would be planned in her head. She wouldn't forget till the person was dead and no longer able to annoy her. Despite the things she did, she was considered someone with a good behavior. Nobody knew anyway, it were all "accidents". The only fight she was in, it was concluded as not being her fault. And she always made sure of being cute and kind with everyone who could be useful. She wasn't there for a long time and didn't plan staying longer either.

The lawyer of her family, who was loyal to her didn't matter what, just felt more and more sorry seeing how that place wasn't right for her. The injuries she had right in her face was the incentive he needed to take her out of there. If she was anyone else, she would feel sorry seeing how that man was worried about her. But that was Taeyeon. What she saw in him was her way out of there.

Knowing how bad was the idea of staying out of her own cell, she would stay there every time it was possible. Sometimes reading a book and sometimes pretending she was reading a book as the truth was that she was actually planning how to kill someone without anyone knowing it was her. That day she was really just reading a book when a police officer who liked her, one of the people who

was not in the list, told her to take her things. She knew someone finally bailed her out. She was eager to step out of that place and make her life be again what it was supposed to be.

Her lawyer was there to take her to his own house. He had spent his own money to take her out of there. Taeyeon made a mental note to pay him the double back as soon as she had her fortune back. He was someone who worth a lot, he was valuable if she had problems again. She wasn't stupid, she would keep him close. The entire family of her lawyer treated her really well. It made her realize how her father was someone who had a lot of loyal friends and for the first time she had something she was grateful for coming from him. She had finally a decent bed to sleep after staying on that cell, sleeping on the awful mattress, surrounded by dangerous people. She had peace again, especially in her mind. She lay down appreciating the silence of the room she was in, appreciating how she could move and sleep at different sides of the bed because she had enough space to do that. But she couldn't sleep, because she had a simple thing in mind and she had to do what she couldn't stop thinking about it.

She put on her jacket and went to the living room calmly like she didn't need any effort to move silently, she was like a shadow. A shadow that took the car keys and went to the outside with no worries. The family was already sleeping when she drove off and headed to the address she found out when she was still in jail. Nothing of what Taeyeon does is unplanned ... well, almost nothing. She didn't plan to punch a police officer and practically confess she was the guilty one of her father's death. But going after that one person was planned at the time she was arrested. She didn't forget, not even for a second that the person left her despite she promised she would be back.

Taeyeon sneaked out and in her own house several times. Going inside that house wouldn't be that difficult. She knew how the security works, how she could go in with no problems. A tiny shadow. She found an open window and entered the house with no problems. There wasn't signs of other people there besides the old man she saw when she passed the kitchen. She knew who he was and saw what he was doing, but he wasn't important. She was going after something else, something better looking, way better looking.

She went upstairs and found a room with lights on, she knew the girl was probably there with revealing clothes how she used to be when she was with Taeyeon's father. She peeked inside before going in and saw her beautiful target looking herself in the mirror. She was right about the clothes, she couldn't help but think about Tiffany like she used to do. She walked slowly and silently closer to the girl, watching

how pretty she was. She thought that wasn't her place, she should be somewhere else, with Taeyeon of course. She moved to Tiffany's back and covered her mouth before she could scream with the surprise when she suddenly saw Taeyeon behind her. Taeyeon only let go of the girl when she knew the latter wouldn't scream anymore. Tiffany turned around immediately to look at the girl behind her. She was surprised and scared for seeing Taeyeon there. Taeyeon was probably angry and she knew it. The sly smirk on Taeyeon's face just got her more scared and worried. But other thing caught her attention and let her worried. She saw the injuries on Taeyeon's face and she realized that was probably from a fight. Taeyeon was small and she always worried about her being in jail. She was afraid someone would do something bad to her and it seemed like that was exactly what happened. But she couldn't forget Taeyeon was there to do something to her, something bad for sure.

"Surprise." Taeyeon was doing her best to not show how angry she was. She wanted to torture Tiffany like before, scaring the hell out of her and getting her confused. She loved to mess with her mind. "What the hell are you doing here?" Tiffany had indeed left Taeyeon, but that wasn't something easy for her to do it. What she knew was that she wouldn't sink with her. When she knew things were getting worse, she made sure she was safe again. And Taeyeon didn't have anything to offer her anymore, and that was the deal. Taeyeon broke the deal, it was her fault. "Just wanted to see you." "Just say already what you want." Tiffany always liked the cold Taeyeon, she hoped she could see the petite girl smiling more, but she realized that wasn't a good idea. Taeyeon smiling was too scary. "I want you back." That could have sounded like something beautiful, something romantic, but there is something in the way Taeyeon talks that makes so frightening for Tiffany to even think about it. It's like she is an object, something she would use in a way she didn't want. Because she was used with people using her, but the way Taeyeon wanted her was just too much. "Want me back? To what? To kill me ... I know exactly what you want and how mad you are. I'm not stupid." That was indeed what Taeyeon had in mind. She couldn't forgive Tiffany for leaving her. Tiffany was then in the top of the list, she wanted to give her the same ending her father had. "So, you prefer to stay here ... Okay, it's your choice. I understand. You're just an ambitious whore-" "An expensive whore ... like you said before, remember?"

She couldn't be back over Taeyeon's power. It was just too dangerous.

"Don't you miss me? You simply forgot about me and moved on so quickly ... you never felt anything for me, didn't you?" Taeyeon wasn't smirking anymore, she had her normal face on, the cold one. "I

like you more than I ever liked someone ... but, I won't stay by your side and let you kill me ... I can be a whore, but I'm not dumb." Taeyeon nodded accepting what Tiffany had said. Of course she wouldn't just leave and forget about it, she wouldn't rest till getting what she wanted. But that wasn't the day. "Okay then. I'll leave you with your boyfriend." Taeyeon said the word boyfriend almost laughing. "Because you prefer to stay with him and I saw him at the kitchen ..." Tiffany was trying to get what Taeyeon could possibly have in mind, but she isn't easy to understand. "And he was taking some little blue pills. And since you're not new at this, you know exactly what is going to happen soon. So ... enjoy your night, because I know it's going to be ... big time." Taeyeon didn't forget the mocking tone, but it didn't seem like that could affect Tiffany at all. She didn't make any effort to not look sad about it, it wasn't like she wanted to hide how hard that was for her. Taeyeon ended up understanding Tiffany didn't want things to be like that, but Taeyeon had the blame for all that. And she didn't enjoy seeing Tiffany sad. But Taeyeon is too proud.

Her expression didn't change at all. She didn't try to look tough or like that wasn't a problem for her. She didn't bother in showing she wasn't doing it because she wanted; who would want that? That wasn't easy for her, she didn't want to, but, still, she was there, doing it. I couldn't be mad at her for doing that. I could do worse to get what I want, she was way better than me. I understand there's something so important to her that she does anything to get it and be with me wasn't really the best decision to make. I think I never in my life did something kind to someone, at least not because I was being truly nice. I never worried about anyone to act like this, besides my mom of course. That was something she taught me and that was what I would do. Never will exist someone clever and more astute than her. My mom was the only person I would listen to and she had the only orders I would follow. What I decided to do was in my head as I tried to sleep. I had to think about what I would state in the court and a lot of important things, but Tiffany was taking over my mind and making all my thoughts be about her. I would need to do something about that.

I wasn't nervous when I had to go to the court. Most of people would be desperate with the possibility of spending years in jail, especially if that depend on what you're going to say. But I had things under control. I don't usually get nervous, I think it's because of this lack of normal feelings I have.

I knew exactly how to behave, what to say, how to say it. I just had to do the whole thing well and I would be okay at the end. And that was what I did, and I did it well. My face helps a lot to convince a jury, I look too innocent to kill my own father and take his money and woman. I knew things were going great to me, and then I heard the name of the next witness. I saw her putting her hand over the bible and swearing on it and couldn't understand why she was doing that. Maybe she had to. It was what I concluded after all, she wouldn't do that just because she wanted. If she wanted to turn me in, she would have done it already. But she still could screw me, because she had to. It wasn't her fault people asking those things to her, it was mine. I heard the first question and I saw how she was answering the truth. Swearing for her was probably a big deal.

"Describe your relationship with the defendant." "Well, the first time she met me I could tell she hated me. I would marry her father, who was already old, and I'm just two years older than her. How she wouldn't hate me?" That was the first time that day I felt nervous and afraid. Afraid of what she was going to tell, because she knew a lot of things that could prove I was guilty.

“So you’re saying she hated to have you as her stepmother?” I knew where the prosecutor was going with that. He would probably implying that I hated her as my stepmother, but I liked her in another way. I was watching Tiffany putting me back in jail and I once thought she cared about me. Seeing that I could only think I was dead wrong. “Taeyeon hated to have me as her stepmother ... as she hated me in any other way, she never sympathized with me. I was the gold digger who was taking her mother’s place, she wanted me far away of her and her father.” I could tell he wasn’t expecting that. No one was, not even me. I thought she would stop after the first sentence. After that I could see what she was doing there. She denied I liked her before my dad died and told how I hated her after, because I thought she was the one who poisoned him. On her version of the story, I only started to like her a little bit when I was alone and she was the only person by my side. She said I was shaken and devastated, and it was when she stayed there for me. She made me look so innocent with what she told. Like I was the big victim there. Then I wasn’t feeling nervous anymore, because she was actually helping me. And I wouldn’t forget that. I didn’t talk to her, she didn’t even looked at me at the court, but she was by my side. And that was the deal, right?

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So I went to her new house at night, going the same way I went the first time. I wasn’t there to bother her, or even talk to her. I was there that time because of her husband. I didn’t stop to think twice once he was dead. I knew that was something Taeyeon would do, and I knew she did. It was not like I was sad or something. I wouldn’t miss him, just like I wouldn’t miss her father and I was the only person to inherit his money. I was rich, I had loads of money like I always wanted and it was just mine, I didn’t need an old man anymore. I felt like I finally got what I dreamed of. But, the thought of Taeyeon doing that to take me back, was haunting me. Because I wouldn’t go back to her, especially after she killed one more person so simply like that. She had to stop thinking she could do anything she wanted, like she was a god. And I had to make sure she knew that, that I wouldn’t be again with her before she would do another crazy thing.

I went to her lawyer’s house, I knew she was there. She would use his kindness, especially because at that moment she really needed. He let me in, he was a good man, kind — like I said before, the perfect person for Taeyeon to use it. I went to the room he said I could find Taeyeon. I didn’t bother to knock and step inside seeing Taeyeon sitting on the bed, staring at nothing. It was like she was thinking, but

still really creepy. I had seen before that creepy way of thinking, she does a lot of creepy things and the time I spent with her was enough for me to know almost every single one. I learned to deal with that and I don't get scared. That was how I sat beside her with no worries about what could be her reaction.

"Overdose of Viagra, seriously?" I didn't stop to look at her and it seemed like she did the same to me. "He was old, he shouldn't be taking those things too much. But I can kind of understand. With something like you at home, he probably wanted to enjoy it." I didn't know if she was saying that to be mean or she was just saying for no apparently reason. "You shouldn't interfere in my life like that. Why did you do something so stupid?" "Don't worry, I'll leave you alone." That was something that made me look at her surprised. Because she doesn't usually speak like that, like she was being kind, maybe. "You talked about how I broke our deal, right?" "I don't understand where you're going with this." "Well, I just kept it this time." I was starting to get that. "If I stay by your side ..." "I'll give you everything you want." I was hard for me to believe she did that just to be good to me or just to keep a promise. She's not like that. She is the kind of person who does exactly everything to get what she wants. And what she wants is usually a disturbed desire, like having someone. So how was she helping me and being good to me? That couldn't be right.

"I don't believe in you." She stopped staring at the wall and looked at me in the eyes. "So, just go. You'll see how you can now do anything you want and I won't bother you. You're rich, like you wanted. Enjoy it." I didn't want a killer being obsessed with me, but I didn't want her to do that, to leave me alone and don't go after me anymore. I knew that was what I would feel if she, one day, decided to stop bothering me. Because I liked her and I knew it. I tried to deny it and forget it, but I wouldn't, it's impossible.

"So you did that for me?" "You never liked sleeping with him, like you never liked to sleep with those men before him. And you always pursued money, didn't you?" I never heard her sounding that benevolent. "I just gave you the things you wanted. And now we're even. I'll leave you alone."

I didn't know if I should really believe that and go like she wanted. Like forget about what happened and move on with my life. My legs didn't seem that willing to move when I was still sitting on that bed looking at her cold eyes. My hands though were fine. I searched in my purse for something I wanted to give her back. She looked surprised when I took her wrist to put her watch back in its place. She never told me what that meant for her, but I knew when she gave me that on the police station, the watch was important to her. "I thought you hadn't—" "You told me to keep it till I could give you back and that it was important." She looked at the watch in her wrist again for a while and stood up going to look for something in a drawer. I had no idea what she was doing, but it broke my heart when I realized what it was. "Here." She handed to me the necklace I gave to her. She shouldn't be giving me that, something I gave her with so much love. It was one of the sincere things I did when I was with her. "It was a present." I tried to give it back to her, but she didn't want to take it. I didn't know why she returned that to me. And I didn't want to stay there and maybe here her explanation of why she did that. I was mad and I would do what she wanted then. Just forget about all that.

It was hard to believe in Taeyeon's sudden kindness. A person like her has no reasons to be good to anyone, after all she worries only with herself. Other people to her are not really that important. So how could I not worry with her planning something against me? I wouldn't just simply believe that psychopath suddenly gave up on her obsession like she wanted me to believe. Despite I didn't hear a word about her besides her trial, I was still afraid she would do something to me. Something to make me pay for leaving her. She can't blame me for that. Who, being sane, would still be by the side of a killer. She was capable of killing her own father, what she wouldn't do to me? And I'm the bad one? She kills people without giving a shit about it.

I think the worst on this is that I worried about her every second she was in jail. I felt my heart aching when I saw someone had hurt her there and even after getting what I wanted I was thinking about her. I woke up every morning hoping that I would find good news about her trial on the newspaper. I knew she was guilty and still I was there hoping she wouldn't spent years in a cell. I could remember she was claustrophobic and she would never be comfortable in a place like that. That psychopath was monopolizing my thoughts.

I was more than happy when I found out she was found not guilty and soon she would take her stuff back. She would be back in her house, the place she likes the most and her money, plus her company and everything would be back in her hands. After sometime I found out about it, I stopped to think why I was so happy. I guess I couldn't avoid loving that psycho. And the fact that it had been months and she never showed up again, made me feel sad. I couldn't even enjoy my money, because all I could think about was her. It started to seem like she meant when she said she wouldn't bother me anymore. And that was bothering me so much I couldn't ignore it. She was indeed being good to me that time. She killed another person, but it was because of me, to give me what I wanted. I think that's her way of being nice to someone. At least she likes me.

I couldn't help anymore but go after her. I wanted to see that cute, and still cold, face again. And maybe try to steal a smile from her, she has the best smile. I don't know why she doesn't use it more.

I decided to go to her office instead of going to her house. It was almost evening and I knew she would be working till late, she usually likes to work. And apparently I know a lot about her. And I didn't even spend that much time with her. Her secretary talked to her and quickly she said I could go inside Taeyeon's office. I find it weird because it didn't look like she was working. I expected to see her on her desk with lots of papers like she likes to do, but she was sitting on the couch waiting for me to come in. It's weird to see her doing something normal, because her normal is not like that.

"Surprised seeing me?" She stood up when I showed up and gestured to me to sit down next to her. "Yes, I am." She was being so ... weird — the word to describe because she wasn't like she used to be. I don't know what exactly was different or maybe everything was different, but she wasn't being her. "Why so polite like this? You're acting like we are not close." She sat down after me and looked right at me. Another thing that was different, she doesn't talk to me without be looking at somewhere else. "I was just trying to ... forget it." For me, she looked rather sad and seeing any emotion on that face is something rare, hard to notice. "Isn't it late already? You shouldn't work that much. Want to go somewhere with me?" She didn't really answer, she just nod and stood up to take her stuff before we left.

I didn't want to go too far, I just wanted to enjoy her silent company because I was really missing that. Even though I was trying to make her talk more as we walked down the street without knowing exactly where we were going. "Were you sleeping before I entered your office?" I think anyone would have

some kind of reaction to that question. Feel embarrassed or hesitate to answer, anything, but she just did what she does the best. “Yes, I was.” She answered so simply and that wasn’t weird for me. What was weird is that she was sleeping at her office. Taeyeon is organized, I even think she has OCD. She wouldn’t sleep anywhere else besides her bed for sure. “Why were you sleeping in your office instead of going to sleep at home?” “Is it important to you?” She didn’t want to answer me that time, I even think she got quite mad. “It’s just, it’s not you. It’s not something you would do.” “Yeah, but I did.” I understood insisting there wouldn’t be the best idea ever and I kept myself quiet as we continued walking to anywhere, it didn’t really matter. As we got to end of the street, Taeyeon held my hand and made turn around and we started to go back to the same place. And she let go of my hand quickly. Not surprised about it, she never seemed fond of skin ship of any kind. I think she wanted to finish that walk. “Why did you show up?” I expected I would be the only one there talking. But she surprised me. “Can’t I visit you?” She stopped walking and I did the same when I realized it. I couldn’t understand what she was thinking or feeling just by looking at her, she’s just too hard to understand. “I let you go like I said I would. I didn’t bother you. What are you doing here?” She sounded so calm, so cold, so her. I guess she doesn’t like to let people know what is on her mind.

“I wanted to see you.” I think she was processing what I said and got back to my side starting to walk again as I followed her. We went back to the same place and she walked me to my car. It looked like she wanted me to go. I couldn’t help but feel sad. I would just go inside my car and drive back to try forget that I really went after her and didn’t work that well. But I needed to ask something that was bugging me since I realized she really let go of me.

“Why did you give up on me?” She didn’t look surprised hearing such straight question and she did that thing again. But that time, I hated. “I realized you can’t give me what I want. It’s pointless to insist.” She answered simply again.

She didn’t wait for me to go and she left. She went to her car, started the engine and drove off as I still was trying to understand what she had just said and if I should feel sad or mad. I couldn’t give her what she wanted. That was another thing that would bother my mind, because I couldn’t understand at all what she was talking about. And she wanted something I didn’t have. Could she say anything else that would hurt me more than that? I don’t think it was possible.

*She took the little girl to the playground, but the little girl could only look to the other kids without understanding why she was there. She should be at home, there, it was clean and it didn't have a lot of people, it was silent like she liked. "Can we go home, mom?" Taeyeon didn't let go of her mother's hand and looked at her like she was pleading to leave. "It's fun, you're going to like it." She wanted to convince her daughter, but she could already expect it wouldn't work. "I don't see anything enjoyable about this." "It's about playing with the other kids. You'll have fun." Taeyeon had a quick look at the kids running and she had confirmed what she already knew. "No, we both know I won't. I see no fun in getting dirty and playing in the sand where cats urinate on it. There's a lot of germs there and I'll probably end up sick just by standing closer to it." Taeyeon tried to leave taking her mother with her, but her mother didn't move with her like she wanted. Her mother knew she wouldn't change that about Taeyeon, but she had to try anyway. "I'm sure you'll be fine." "Mom, those kids are full of bacteria. I won't get close to any of them." Taeyeon turned around, walking away from the place she would never go and pulled her mother by the hand to go with her. Instead of insisting more, Mrs. Kim let Taeyeon take her. She didn't want to upset her mother, but Taeyeon knew she would understand, because nobody could understand her better than her mother. She would be, maybe, disappointed, but there was nothing Taeyeon could do about it. She would never go to that place. Instead of arguing or making Taeyeon do what she wanted, Mrs. Kim took the little girl back home, asking everything she had done at school. Asking about her day was the way she found to make Taeyeon talk more. And with her mother Taeyeon was more open than she naturally was.*

*"I don't like my teacher." "And why not?" Her mother couldn't help but feel amused by the way Taeyeon talks. It was like she would say anything that was in her head. She used to think it was because she was a kid, and kids do these things. "She keeps pretending to like me when I know she doesn't."*

*"She's not pretending, she really likes you. You're adorable being so different from the other kids."*

*"She doesn't like me." She knew Taeyeon was being paranoid and she was stubborn, she wouldn't change her mind. It wouldn't matter the things she could say, Taeyeon wouldn't be convinced.*

*"It doesn't matter or it does?" Taeyeon stopped looking to the ground as they were walking and looked up meeting those eyes she loved the most. "I love you. Do you need anyone else?" Taeyeon knew she didn't. That was more than necessary.*

*At home she could hear the loud voices coming from her parents' bedroom. That was something common every night. Taeyeon couldn't understand what exactly was being said, but she could hear her name in the middle of their fight. She knew that was because of her. Everything about her bothered her father. He wanted her to be more like the other kids and the fault would always end up being her mother's. Taeyeon didn't want to stay there sitting on her bed while such a thing was happening. She left her bed with a jump and walked fast to the room in the end of the hall. She opened the door and went straight to the men who stopped yelling as soon as she showed up. Taeyeon went to her father and started to hit him, but she was too small. The scene was cuter than it was scary. "Don't yell with my mother!" Taeyeon could only reach his legs, but for her it didn't seem like a problem. She looked furious hitting her father's legs despite she couldn't hurt him for being so small. Her mother took her as fast as she could and started to take the girl back to her own room. Before leaving Taeyeon looked at her father over the shoulder of her mother who was carrying her and said one last thing she had in mind. "You are mean."*

*Taeyeon's mother placed her on the bed and helped the girl to change her clothes to go to sleep. And she didn't forget to smile to the little girl even though Taeyeon rarely smiles back. "You should be sleeping already, don't you think?" Taeyeon could only agree with her. Disagreeing with her mother was something she always avoided. "But dad and I were bothering you, isn't it?" She covered Taeyeon with the blanket and kissed her forehead. "I'm sorry, it won't happen again." Taeyeon knew that it didn't matter how her mother didn't want that to happen again, it would like always. But she appreciated how her mother cared about her wellbeing and didn't want that to be a bother to her. The thing she hated the most was see someone being mean to the woman she loved so much. Her mother was the only person she was attached to, she wouldn't like to see someone being mean to her.*

*"I don't like him."*

*Her mother was about to leave the room, but she stopped when she heard what Taeyeon had just said. "You just called him mean, what must have hurt him very much, now are you saying that you don't like him?" She was surprised by what the girl was saying, but she wasn't surprised by her honesty and how simply she was saying that. "He's your father, he loves you very much. Don't say something like this." "I still don't like him." She was being stubborn and her mother knew she wouldn't change her mind. But what she was saying was too serious to be ignored like other things. "Kim Taeyeon, I don't want to hear you saying this ever again." She didn't need to look at her mother's face to tell she was serious.*

*She had used her entire name, it was enough to know that was an order she should follow. "Okay, I won't say it again." That would be enough to make Taeyeon obey. She was stubborn about a lot of things, but she wouldn't disobey a direct order from her mother. And her mother knew that was something Taeyeon could do, not say that again. What she couldn't ask was for her to feel another thing for her father, it wouldn't happen. Taeyeon had that on her mind, and there was nothing that could make her change that.*

*"Mom." For the second time her mother stopped before leaving to pay attention to her. "Sleep here with me." "Why would I do this?" Taeyeon made her cutest face to convince her mother, she knew it would work. "Please?" Her mother closed the door and lay down beside her, she was convinced by that cute face. How would she say "No"? Taeyeon hugged her mother's arm and closed her eyes to sleep. She never felt scared of the dark and she never believed there were monsters on her closet, but she liked to have her mother there with her, so she lied about it sometimes. What the little girl didn't know was that her mother never believed on her. She knew that girl better than anyone, she wouldn't believe the girl was scared, Taeyeon was never afraid of anything. Anyway she stayed there every time Taeyeon asked. She knew every habit Taeyeon had and she observed how would just get worse. "Good night, mom." Taeyeon kissed her mother's cheek once and closed her eyes to sleep again, but before really doing it, she placed more two kisses at the same place. Mrs. Kim wanted to make Taeyeon stop doing that. It was always three, she had to do things three times and that was concerning. "Darling, why do you do this?" "This what?" Taeyeon didn't even bother to open her eyes, and her voice was already really low. Taeyeon already looked so sleepy, she was barely moving her lips when she talked. Her mother didn't want to bother her. "Forget it, just have sweet dreams."*

*Taeyeon never liked to stay at home when her mother was at work, she felt really bothered in that part of the day. She would always do anything to make the time goes faster while her mother wasn't back. She would do her homework, watch TV even though she didn't like it, play with the cat even though she didn't like it either, especially because her mother told her she couldn't hurt the cat like she tried to do before. There was no fun on that animal, she couldn't understand why she had it. Her father had asked her if she didn't want to go out with him and do something, but like always she said "No".*

*While waiting for her mother to be back she went to the kitchen to eat something. She took things from the kitchen, put over the counter and looked for a knife to use it. She had to climb the chair to get to the counter, everything was too big to her. And instead of asking for an adults help, she preferred to do*

*things by herself. What couldn't end well for sure.*

...

*Taeyeon's mother loved to step inside home coming from work and find Taeyeon there waiting for her. That was one of the moments she could make the girl smile. While the other mothers she knew loved a free moment of their kids, Mrs. Kim loved any moment she could spend with Taeyeon. Especially because Taeyeon wasn't like the other kids, she would behave herself really well. Mrs. Kim always found Taeyeon on the living room waiting for her every time she came back from work. That's why she found concerning the day that she got there and Taeyeon wasn't smiling at all, and wasn't looking at the door with her eyes lightened up.*

*"Darling, are you okay?" Taeyeon was looking down at her hands that were placed on her lap, but she turned her attention to her mother as soon as she heard her voice. Mrs. Kim saw Taeyeon crying and let her things on the floor hurrying to the girl. "Why are you crying? Are you hurt?" She was looking first at her daughter's face, it was unusual to see her crying. "I cut my finger." She looked at the girl's hand and felt a huge relief knowing it was just that, something simple. She took Taeyeon up and the girl wrapped her hands around her neck. "I'll have a look at this." As she walked upstairs with the little girl, Taeyeon didn't forget to kiss her mother's cheek three times and asked her about her day. "How was your day?" "Good. Nothing much really happened. I'm more worried with your finger now." She placed Taeyeon on the bathroom's sink to look at the injury she said she had. Taeyeon was holding the finger with her other hand the entire time and when her mother realized how much blood the girl had in her hands, she started to get worried. "Taeyeon, let me see this." When she let go of the finger, her mother could see why it was bleeding so much. "Oh my..." She took Taeyeon so fast and walked back downstairs that even Taeyeon was a little confused, but she continued glued at her mother like a koala. Mrs. Kim drove to the hospital as fast as she could, while Taeyeon was more focused on her mother. She kept looking how her mother looked worried and nervous. She didn't like that, but she didn't want to bother her mother more than she was already, so she kept quiet.*

*The doctor had a look at Taeyeon's finger and went talk to her mother. Taeyeon didn't look that worried like they were. Mrs. Kim had to listen to the doctor saying her daughter could lose part of her finger and watch Taeyeon don't care at all, or maybe she didn't know how severe the situation was. She finished talking to the doctor and sat beside Taeyeon who didn't dare to say anything thinking her*

*mother was mad. "How much time you stayed there waiting for me to come back?" She couldn't understand how Taeyeon stayed there in pain waiting instead of asking for someone's help. "I don't know, some time." "You almost cut your finger off, Taeyeon. Why you didn't ask for help? Your father was right there in his office, why you didn't go there and asked for his help? Now you can lose part of your finger." She observed how Taeyeon listened to her quietly and stay with her mouth shut as she didn't seem worried about that. "Are you not going to answer me?" "I can't." She didn't understand Taeyeon. She had just told her about the finger she could lose and still the girl looked okay with it. Instead of caring she was acting weird. "And why you can't?" "You told me I can't." "So now you can, just say it." Taeyeon had a look at her mother and thought a lot before speaking up. "It's because I don't like him." Her mother thought she would forget about that, that she said it before without thinking. But there was her again saying the same thing. "You can lose your finger because of this." She expected she would put some sense into the girl sitting beside her on the hospital's bed. It didn't work. Taeyeon reached for her mother's hand and held it with the hand she could use on that moment. She looked into her eyes and her mother thought she would apologize for saying that.*

*Too bad she was wrong. "I prefer to lose my entire hand than depending on him. I hate him."*

*Mrs. Kim realized than there was nothing she could do to change that. She wasn't just being stubborn like she usually was, she meant it. Taeyeon would continue hating him. The worst part, she didn't know the reason.*

*...*

Taeyeon went back to the same quiet house after leaving Tiffany alone at the park lot. She never thought that house was that big. It used to look smaller. She sat at the couch and didn't bother to change her clothes or do anything else. She just sat quiet and lonely and heard the silence that took over that place, looking at the watch she still had on her wrist.

*Mrs. Kim knew that whenever she was asked to go to Taeyeon's school it was a sign of trouble the girl had caused. She knew Taeyeon never would do anything on purpose. The last she would want was to cause problems to her mother. But she was a kid anyway and sometimes she would do things she shouldn't. It was the case when her mother had to go talk to her teacher because of a drawing. The teacher was really concerned about that and Mrs. Kim couldn't understand why until she saw the drawing herself. She had thousands of reasons to worry about Taeyeon and about things Taeyeon does, but still, that was surprising. She had drawn her and her mother, still normal, but she had drawn her father too. That was the problem. Instead of him being with them, he was apart, in the other end of the paper and he seemed quite dead because of the rope around his neck and because he was hanging on a tree. She more than anyone didn't want to see that kind of behavior coming from her daughter. And every day she was getting more frightening because the hate she had for father just seemed to get bigger and bigger. She didn't know why Taeyeon hated her father so much. He was good to her, always trying to be a good father. There wasn't an explanation to that kind of hate. And not knowing why, was just more concerning.*

*After that day she thought talking to the little girl and telling her to not that again, but she felt like that would be useless. She just told her to not draw that kind of things again.*

*Besides those problems Taeyeon was a sweet little kid, who had some weird habits. Mrs. Kim wanted to take Taeyeon to a psychiatrist to see if she could help her. Taeyeon had some problems that could suggest she had some mental disorder. But her father was against that. He didn't want Taeyeon going on a doctor that just crazy people needs. She was weird already, he wanted her to do normal things like the other kids with the same age would do. So she had to watch Taeyeon just getting worse and worse.*

*The day she had to go to her school in a hurry, would never be forgotten. She got to the school and found Taeyeon in the outside where the kids would play. She was standing there and crying silently while her teacher didn't know anymore what to do. She didn't want to leave and just reacted really badly when someone tried to touch her. Her mother didn't need to listen to Taeyeon to know what was the problem. When she saw the girl had some mud on her shirt, on her hands and a little on her face, she knew what was wrong. "No, don't cry. Mom is here, I'll take this off you." She took Taeyeon home*

*so fast and the first thing she did was to take the girl to the shower. She wanted to clean her up as fast as possible because she didn't stop crying as she was in the car in the way home and because she wasn't responding to anything. To her mother that was so upsetting, seeing her little daughter like that because of mud, just because of mud.*

*"You are clean now, don't worry. And mom is staying here with you." She cleaned Taeyeon, changed her clothes and still Taeyeon was just quiet on her lap. She wasn't sleeping and she wasn't crying anymore, she was just quiet. She took the girl to her own room and sat in the bed with her. That was for sure the place Taeyeon would like to be, for her it was the cleanest.*

*"Are you hungry? I can cook anything you want." Taeyeon just changed her position and hugged her mother's neck, she wasn't saying a word yet. "And what about drawing with me? You love to draw with mom." That wasn't working. "And what about chase the cat and throw him from the second floor to see what happens?" That was her desperate attempt to make Taeyeon respond and, surprisingly, it didn't work. "Can you do anything to let me know that you're okay?" Then she felt something wet on her cheek and after that more two times. And she felt her heart stinging knowing what was happening to her daughter. She was just getting worse and she was just a little kid.*

...

Taeyeon had to go her room and sleep on that silence. She always enjoyed the times she had peace and her thoughts were the only thing she could hear. But maybe she was changing her mind. She could remember her mother and how much she wanted her to be there. She would ask her about her day just to make her talk and Taeyeon would answer just to make her mother continue talking. It was good to hear her voice. That was the thing she wanted to hear, but she was gone a long time ago and Taeyeon was alone. She wanted then to hear anything, even if it wasn't her mother. She just didn't want that silence anymore. But she knew she couldn't get that.

...

It was one of the worst things someone ever said to me, and I heard a lot of bad things in my life. And I don't even think she did on purpose, she just says what she has in mind. So I didn't have what she wanted. She probably had no idea how much it hurts to hear that, but maybe I deserved that all along.

And she was there in my mind again. I had everything I wanted and Kim Taeyeon was there in my thoughts. It was then when realized I didn't have everything I wanted, because I didn't have her yet and I wanted that psycho but yet cute girl. I had to know what she wanted and I didn't have, I would do anything to be what she wanted me to be.

So how would I know what she wanted? Asking her about would probably be a bad idea. I needed someone who knew her. And I knew who was that person. Since I couldn't wait I went to her lawyer's house right away. He seemed really surprised seeing me, but he was really polite and asked me to come in, we sat down on the couch to talk. I didn't want to bother him, but that thing about Taeyeon was bothering me. "I'm sorry coming here so late, but it's about Taeyeon." "Is everything okay with her?" "That's the problem, I don't think she is." I didn't want to make him worry, but I needed to know how to make Taeyeon to want me again. "I saw and talked to her earlier and she looked really sad. She should be happy that she is not going to jail and she has her things back. Do you have any idea of what could be the problem?" He seemed to know really well the reason. He let out a sigh and he looked sad as well for Taeyeon. "She's missing her mother. Now that she is all alone she probably misses her even more. And today is her birthday, it used to be a really special day for her, but she stopped celebrating this date when her mother died." I knew Taeyeon was close to her mother, but I didn't know she could miss someone to the extent of getting really sad.

"I understand."

...

*The thing Taeyeon used to like the most about her birthday was the presents she would get from her mother, how she could eat whatever she wanted and her mother would even eat with her and the fact that her father would be too busy working and wouldn't show up. Her mother always knew the best thing to give her, she would love any present her mother had for her. So she was excited that night would be one of those days she loved. She left her room, went to the bathroom to wash her hands to the umpteenth time that day and went down stairs happy that her mother would give her some really good present. But her happiness didn't last long when she saw someone that shouldn't be there. She went downstairs anyway and her mother was there with her father. He was the one who seemed happier. Taeyeon wasn't smiling before like the usual, so the changing on her mood couldn't even been noticed by him. But her mother knew. Her father at least knew she wasn't into hugging people except for her*

*mother, so he just smiled at her. "It was hard to be here today, but it's a special day, isn't it? I have something for you." Taeyeon just knew that he should be out of the country, she couldn't understand what he was doing there. Maybe just ruining her night. She didn't even wanted what he had for her. He never was there on her birthday, so why he decided to do that? Probably because mom asked, or more like insisted. But thinking about the reason was a waste of time. "You shouldn't be here."*

*She looked to the box he wanted to give her and turned around to leave. She went back upstairs living her father there dumbfounded and her mother probably mad. Taeyeon even heard what her mother said to him as an excuse. "She's just upset because you are always so busy. I'll go talk to her."*

*Taeyeon waited on her bedroom apprehensive, her mother would be there soon to scold her, and she had her reasons, Taeyeon knew she shouldn't have done that. She didn't even look at her mother's face when she entered the room, but her mother made her look at her by lifting her chin. "If you knew it was wrong, why did you do that?" "I told you already, I don't like him." Her mother was exhausted with that. She couldn't understand Taeyeon on that, she had no reasons to dislike her father, he was good to her. And she couldn't make Taeyeon change what she felt for him, do she had no other option.*

*"You are going back down there and you will apologize and say you are sad because he is never home and you better be a good actress." Taeyeon was surprised that her mother was actually talking calmly with her. "I'm not asking you to like him, I'm just asking you to pretend, to not hurt his feelings and to not cause trouble to this family. Can you do this? For me, you're mother who you love so much?"*

*"Of course."*

...

*Mrs. Kim observed Taeyeon apologizing and even crying. She said she was sorry for saying that and hugged her father like that was natural for her. That was scaring her mother more and more. She was afraid of what that could result in the future.*

...

I went there with question to be answered and I just came back with more. But something there could help me. He said how Taeyeon missed her mother, maybe she was feeling lonely. I didn't like to know she was all alone on that big house, I didn't want her feeling sad despite that she made me sad. I sound like a kid now. The thing is I like her, I wanted to see her being the normal psycho she is who likes to

kill people to have me. She was supposed to be doing crazy things to take me back. And that was supposed to make her happy.

Well, I was thinking, would it be a good idea to go there for her birthday? Because she didn't like her birthday anymore, or maybe she doesn't like to celebrate alone ... Taeyeon is so complicated. But I wanted to see her anyway.

When I woke up with someone hugging me from behind I first thought I should get off the bed and take anything to hit whoever it was, but I stopped to think rationally and recognize that perfume. "What are you doing here?" I have some serious problems to understand her. "Just wanted to see you." "Again?" "Yep." "In the wee hours, while I'm sleeping?" She wanted to get rid of me and I was leaving her alone. What the hell is wrong with this girl?

"I just ... I missed you."

...

She was succeeding in pissing me off. I gave her what she wanted, I gave up on her since she was afraid that I could kill her. It wasn't easy for me, I wanted her, but I tried to be good and let her go. She was just making things harder for me. "You're going to stop this." I took off her hands from around me and sat up, I was trying to keep my cool and don't be mean to girls like mom always said. "Why are you treating me like this? You like me, I know you do." She sat up as well and she looked rather mad too. "I killed my father to have you. I don't like you, I am obsessed with you. I think about you every single day, so can you stop making this harder for me? It isn't enough what I did for you? You really want to torture me, don't you?" "This is not what I want. I'm not trying to be bad to you." "So what the hell do you want from me?" I'm not good understanding people, but Tiffany is easy. Her facial expression is pretty obvious about what she's feeling. She was kind of angry and upset. That wasn't my intention.

"Just give me a chance." What was that she was doing? Was she crying? But, why? Was I that bad? "You said that I can't give you what you want, but you're wrong. You didn't even give me a chance. If you do, I'll show it to you." "I don't understand you. But I don't like to see you crying, so stop it right now, or I'll make you stop." She wiped her tears immediately and hugged me. I was surprised and I

didn't know what to do with her, but she's my weakness. I didn't want to give her any reason to cry again. "So what you want exactly?" She took my hands and made me hug her back, I didn't realize I wasn't hugging her. "Are you going to do what I want?" "Yes, I'll do what you want, what is it?" She took some time to answer, maybe she didn't know either what she wanted, she had to think about it.

"Let's start again. Ask me out." Where was I going with that? I really didn't think that would work. I actually didn't want her, that's the truth. But she was there insisting.

"Would you like to go out with me?" She opened such a big smile, it suits her face way better than those tears. How could I say no to her when she was doing that. She was smiling and crying, and she was even mad before. For her that was important. "Yes." She kissed me suddenly and left the bed, then she waved and left the room. What the hell was she doing?

After that I couldn't sleep anymore. It was already hard for me to sleep there and Tiffany disturbed me. I couldn't go back to my slumber. I waited sunrise and went back to the same routine. I left my bed and went to the bathroom to brush my teeth and take a shower. And then I would eat anything that was in the fridge and go to work. I think that keeping my mind busy is the way I keep myself away from craziness. I'm crazy enough already, I don't need anything that can make it worse. So I work, is something calm and peaceful. Although that silence I had to hear the whole time was already getting unbearable, at work it was just right, it was perfect, it was what it was supposed to be. And I'm good at that. I thought I was good at just killing people, but surprisingly that worked fine for me. It was something I enjoyed doing. I like how the papers are white with a lot of letters that make a sentence and then a text, everything makes sense at the end and every little part is important. I like to see these things. And yeah, I'm crazy. But analyzing things in a ridiculous way is not the only thing I do. I do important things, a lot of people depends on me. So many people in my hands, it would be fun to play with it, but I don't. Mom would be proud of me if she could see how I was going and how I was doing things. She would be proud I am better than him, I do the job better than him. She would proud to see how I treat my subordinates, I am nice. And she would be proud to know I treat Tiffany well. I did bad things to her before, but I was trying my best to be good. Mom would be proud already with me trying. That was why I was worried with that thing about going out with that girl I don't understand. And if I do something bad to her, something mom wouldn't approve. I wouldn't like such a thing. But Tiffany is a good company. She talks a lot. And she smiles a lot too.

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I went to her office, I'm very insistent when I want something and I had decided that I couldn't continue without that girl, I was going crazy to know that she didn't want me anymore and I had her before, but still I let go. Even though I had my reasons — good reasons. After all she's a killer, hard to deal with this. I usually do anything to get what I want and Taeyeon knows it really well, she even understands. That's why she didn't kill me after I left her, she knew I just needed to get what I wanted and she was a barrier at that moment. One good reason for me to go after her. Who else in that world would understand that? That I had my objectives and I go for it. I had to use my body, but the body is mine, I do anything I want with it. She understands and I grew to like her every second I stayed with

her, even the silent seconds. I love to see her quiet, it's like the most pure state she has, she's being herself utterly. It happens when she's concentrating, working and looking at a lot of papers. I ask myself how someone can do that kind of job, it's so damn boring, but she likes it. She looks so beautiful and even sexy that way. I was already sitting in front of her just waiting. I stopped, and started to look at every single movement of her eyes reading those papers, the movements of her hairs covering her eyes and she brushing off. Why such a beautiful creature doesn't like to touch other people? It's such a waste.

"Why are you looking at me like this?" I didn't even realize she was already done and saw how I wanted to do really bad things to her. I guess I was just immersed on those deep eyes and yet cute and adorable. "You are so beautiful, I can't stop myself but to look at you." One of the best things about her. She doesn't get embarrassed, so I can say those things and she will take it with normally. "You're really beautiful as well, but I don't check you out, I was told this is a really rude thing. But if I could I would, because you have an amazing body. And I'm sorry for the times I did this when you were engaged with my father, I used to look a lot at your legs and your butt. But I guess I don't need to apologize for the times I did this when you were with me, we had a thing, it was okay, right?" I love her weirdness sometimes. "It was okay. But are you saying I'm rude?" "No, you're very polite. And you have permission to check me out anytime you want." She doesn't even think before answering, she says what she has in mind. But something there was different, I never heard her talking that much before. "Why are you so talkative today?" "It's a date we are going to, it was supposed to have talks. Or am I wrong?" "No, you're completely right."

I couldn't believe Taeyeon was really talking to me, like in a real conversation. She used to answer simply all my questions and I would keep asking because it was good to hear her voice. She was putting an effort on that. I really appreciated.

"Anywhere you want to go? Anything you want to do?" We had dinner together, the best I ever had with her, I was sure she wasn't poisoning me. "No, it's okay, I know you have to sleep early, you have to go to work tomorrow and you are really punctual. That's why I want to apologize for waking you up yesterday." She was walking beside me going to her car and she looked really surprised to hear that, but she has an answer to anything. "You really disturbed my sleep, but I can forgive you." "I'll sleep way better now, TaeTae. It's good to know you'll forgive me." It was indeed good to know it was okay what I did. I just didn't understand her reaction to that. We were already about to get inside the car and she

stopped, and looked at me like I said something wrong or something.

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*Little Taeyeon ran inside her mother's bedroom looking for her like she was desperate to find her. She seemed angry, but not the cute angry she usually had, really angry. Her mother was in the bed just reading a book and she didn't understand why Taeyeon was there with her face red of anger and why she was mad like that, like someone did something to her that she hated.*

*"You look way better when you're calm, did you know that?" Taeyeon stopped looking at her mother and climbed her bed to sit beside her. She liked to be on that bed way better than seeing her father there, it was like it was made for her, it had her favorite thing there. "Why my favorite person in this world seems so mad?" "It's his fault." Taeyeon was speaking rather loud and when her mother heard that her father was the cause she wanted Taeyeon to keep her voice low so he wouldn't hear that since he was at home. "Your father's here, watch your mouth." "Why is he here? He was supposed to be working and leave me and you alone!" Mrs. Kim gave up, she knew that wouldn't be an easy one, and left her book on the nightstand to turn her whole attention to mad Taeyeon beside her.*

*"Keep your voice low, miss." She turned to look at Taeyeon and wanted to tickle her. Although she really seemed mad, she looked very cute with her arms crossed and pouting without realizing. "Tell mom what is the problem. You don't need to yell, I'm right here." "He keeps doing something I don't like." "And what is this thing you don't like that he does to you?" Her mother started to stroke her hair to calm her down, and she knew her really well. Taeyeon uncrossed her arms and moved to her mother's lap finding a comfortable way to sit there. "He called me "TaeTae" again." She knew why that was a problem. "He wants to be nice to you, try to understand." "No, he cannot call me like that." "Darling—" "No, only you can call me like this, no one else. Who does he think he is? He cannot do that." It wasn't a good idea to keep insisting on that, Taeyeon was only getting more uneasy and mad. "Okay, I'll make him stop. I don't know how, but I'll think of something." "Yeah, you better do or I will."*

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Taeyeon was looking at me like that, I was afraid I said something I shouldn't. Maybe she got offended thinking I was being sarcastic, but I wasn't, it was really good to have her forgiveness, for real. "Tae—" "What about have a walk and talk? You like to talk, you talk a lot. Or maybe shopping, you like to spend money." I thought she was mad. I guess I don't know her that well. Not my fault, she has the same cold expression to everything, so when she was gazing me that way I could only think she was mad. It's good to learn that she has that gaze to other emotions too. "You won't like to go shopping, believe me. But I would like to have a walk and talk with you, but just if you really talk to me. Deal?" She shut the car's door and walked quickly to my side grabbing my hand taking me with her.

"Deal."

She really tried to keep her promise. It's not natural for her and seeing how she was trying all night to talk to me more and treat me nicely was so comforting. It made me forget she said I couldn't give her what she wanted. It made me think what that was. I couldn't understand what she expected from me, but I was happy because it seemed like she was changing her mind. Maybe I could give her what she wanted even though I had no idea what it was.

For the first time I can say I wasn't afraid of her, not even for a second. She was doing everything she could to not do the stuff she usually does and makes her be really creepy. We were walking and walking around, until we went to a place quieter and there weren't much people around. A good moment to be afraid of her. But it was the opposite, I felt more scared of the place than of her. I felt like she would protect me if anything bad happened. Instead of being quiet and scary, trying to act different, she looked so cute. It was like she had no idea of what she was doing, but she was doing her best.

"Let's break our deal." When I said that, she stopped walking and she couldn't understand what that was. "Why?" I think she was wondering if she did something wrong and what it was. "I won't make you talk this much anymore. I know you don't like and makes you feel uncomfortable. You should just act like yourself." She takes deal seriously, really seriously.

"How was your day at work?" She would stay confused a little bit more so I pulled her shirt and made her continue walking by my side. "It was good." And there she was acting like herself again. Short sentences, cold voice and expression. So cute and creepy.

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*Taeyeon would need to wait for her father to pick her up at school. She wasn't excited at all to go with him, because she knew her mother would be working and her father would annoy her. When her class ended, she dodged her teacher and started to walk down street, crossed some streets and got the attention of some older people. What that little girl was doing alone? People looked at her and then started to look if there was someone with her and there wasn't anyone. She was walking alone to this cool store she saw before and she had to prepare herself to a special day.*

*“In what way can I serve you?” The attendant behind the counter was amused seeing Taeyeon looking around like she was seriously looking for something. “That, how much it is?” She pointed to thing that caught her attention the most. He thought Taeyeon was with her parents there and that wasn’t serious, she wouldn’t want to buy that for real. “1.5 thousand dollars.” “Wow, that’s a lot, it’s even in dollar.” Taeyeon looked at it a little more, she had to find a way to get that money and she would. “Can you hide it?” “What?” “Don’t let anyone buy this. I will buy it tomorrow. Until there, can you hide it?” Who can say “no” to such cute girl? “Of course, I can hide it until tomorrow for you.” “You are a really cool guy. I liked you.” She had a last look at the thing she would buy, didn’t know how but she would, and left the store like she entered, like it wasn’t a big deal.*

*Taeyeon walked back to her school and stayed up waiting for her father to show up. He was always late. It didn’t really matter, Taeyeon feelings for him wouldn’t change didn’t matter what. He could do any bad thing, it wouldn’t make any difference.*

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Our interaction went back to me speaking and her just answering. It was better to see her natural side. Especially because when she thought it was already late and it was better to take me home, she held my hand and made me change the direction. This time she held my hand longer and let go like it was something okay for her. I knew she wasn’t forcing that, she did that naturally, which made me really happy.

I slept really well knowing Tiffany was at home safely like I let her. That day I knew what was happening and I knew she wasn’t sleeping with anyone else, what makes me relieved. I could understand why she was sleeping with that old guy before, but I never like that and I will never do. I was starting to think she could be what I wanted after starting to act like that, going after me and everything. But even when I wanted to leave her alone, I wouldn’t stand to know she was with someone else. It’s because she’s mine. She’s not perfect, not at all, but it didn’t matter because she was mine and I would always accept her back if she wanted. Even though she wasn’t what I wanted. I like that pink and money freak.

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*She found a way to get the money she needed. It was for a really good reason and it was just a pleasure to her the way she did it. That day she was happy, the one to take her at school was her mother. She dodged her teacher again and made the same way she had done the day before to get to the cool store she had found. Once she was in she looked for the cool guy to attend her and he looked indeed surprised and amused by Taeyeon who kept her word. "Here, the money." Taeyeon had taken out of her backpack the amount of money she got for that and tiptoed to let the money over the counter. The guy couldn't be more surprised to see all that money coming from such a little girl. "Wait a minute, where did you get this money? Where are your parents?" "I get the money with dad and my mom cannot come with me. It's a surprise for her birthday." Taeyeon can be pretty convincing using her cute side to get things. The cool guy looked around to see if his boss was around and handed the item to Taeyeon that he indeed hid like she asked. He couldn't sell that to a kid, but he made an exception to the girl who wanted to give her mother a present. "Here, but be careful, let inside your backpack and don't show it to anyone." Taeyeon gave to him the back pack and he hid it the best way he could. "Just take it out when you get home, got it?" "Yes, you are a nice guy, I like you." Taeyeon waved to him and left the store going quickly to her school. As she was getting closer and closer to the school she could see her mother was there already and she would get scolded.*

*"Kim Taeyeon, where were you?" Her mother already seemed so worried. Taeyeon felt bad for doing that. "I was just walking around." "You cannot do this! What were you thinking? You are a kid! You cannot do this, do you understand?" Taeyeon didn't like to hear her mother yelling at her like that, especially when it was her fault. "I'm really sorry, mom, I won't do it anymore." It was impossible to keep angry with her for too long. Her mother took her inside the car and after fastening her seatbelt, she went to the driver's sit to go back home. "What are you doing tonight, mom?" Mrs. Kim looked at Taeyeon through the rear view and she hated to say that to her. "Dad is arranging a party for me. I'm sorry, darling. But mom is going to stay with you tomorrow." "Is at least the entire day?" "Yes, I'll stay with you the entire day, don't worry."*

*...*

I was preparing myself to go to work, putting on my serious clothing and going downstairs to have breakfast. I was thinking about calling Tiffany to ask her if she was okay, but it seemed like I wouldn't need to do that. She was waiting for me at the living room.

“What are you doing here?” I said without thinking and I hadn’t realized how that could sound rude. Luckily, she seemed to not care and even smiled to me. “Want company to breakfast?” Eating alone was something I was starting to hate so much. She was the best thing that morning. “Yes, can you stay here with me?” “Of course, I actually missed you.”

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*Taeyeon was with her pajamas on waiting for her mother to give her good night kiss. When she showed up Taeyeon jumped out of the bed and started to look at her from head to toe. “What are you doing?” For her mother that was funny. Any weird habit Taeyeon had was kind of cute. Taeyeon kept doing the same thing, she was too busy to answer. She looked the front, the back and when she finished she gave her mother a thumb up. “Perfect.” She made her mother laugh and take her back to the bed, covering her and giving her favorite plush, which Taeyeon hugged. Taeyeon was fascinated seeing how her mother was so beautiful. And it bugged her because that was such a waste, her father didn’t deserve all that. “You are stunning.” She squatted next to the bed and kissed Taeyeon’s forehead with the smile she had because of that comment. “Thank you.” Mrs. Kim stood up and turned the lights off having a last look at Taeyeon. She didn’t want to leave and let her alone. And she didn’t want to celebrate her birthday without the one who means the most for her. “Are you going to be okay?” Taeyeon nodded without thinking twice. She was upset her mother wouldn’t stay there with her, but she wouldn’t do anything to let her upset. “Tomorrow we’re going to eat a lot of cake together, okay?” “Okay.” Taeyeon waved when her mother, blowing her a kiss as she watched her leaving, she was hoping her mother would have fun at least.*

*She tried to close her eyes and fall asleep, but it wasn’t working. She rolled over on her bed hundreds of times and started to think of anything since she didn’t feel like sleeping at all.*

*She was spacing out, thinking about all sorts of things when she heard the door of the living room opening up. She would be scared and think it was a thief if she hadn’t heard who it was. It was too soon for them to be back, but they were and they were arguing as the usual and it just made Taeyeon angry to see how unhappy her mother was on her own birthday. Taeyeon pretended to be asleep when her mother checked if she was okay, she didn’t need anything more to worry about.*

*When things seemed calmer outside, Taeyeon left her room to start her plan of getting her mother happier and it was her birthday, she should be really happy. She went to the kitchen and left over the*

*counter the things she would need and headed back upstairs to take her mother with her. She tiptoed inside their room and went to her mother who seemed to be asleep already. Taeyeon poked her mother and got surprised when she realized she wasn't sleeping. "Something wrong, Tae?" Her mother sat up and turned on her lamp to see Taeyeon better. "I'm fine, just come with me." Taeyeon took her hand and made her mother go with her to the kitchen. Her mother didn't know what she wanted, but she would go with her to see what was the reason.*

*"Close your eyes." She stopped before entering the kitchen and waited for her mother to close her eyes. Taeyeon saw how her mother had bloated eyes, she knew she cried and she wouldn't forget that. She would do something about it later. "What are you doing, TaeTae?" "Just come with me." Taeyeon guided her mother, not letting her bump into anything and made her seat in front of the counter where she let the cupcake she bought earlier. "Can I open my eyes now?" "Not yet." She took the candle she found somewhere on the kitchen and put on the cupcake. Next step was to light the candle. She took the matchbox and she remembered that was something not allowed for her. "Mom, remember when you said I couldn't play with the matches?" "Yes, you wanted to light the cat's tail, what could I do?" "I understand, but now you have to give me permission." Taeyeon was already holding it next to the cupcake, just waiting for confirmation that she could use it. "Are you going to use it to light the cat?" "No." "So you can. Just this time." Taeyeon finally light up the candle and by then her mother knew already what she was doing, but it didn't make her less surprised at all. She knew how lovely Taeyeon was with her, but she would never stop being amazed by the things that little girl would do for her.*

*"I would sing for you if I liked to sing. So just blow out the candle and make a wish." Her mother would blow the candle like Taeyeon wanted, but she remembered something important. "Come here." She waited Taeyeon leave the other side of the counter and walk to her to put her sitting on her lap. She saw how Taeyeon's eyes were sparkling. "What about you blow out the candle?" "But it's your candle, do it and make your wish." "So blow out with me?" "Okay, this I can do it." At the time of blowing out the candle Taeyeon seemed so excited her mother let her blow by herself and she didn't even noticed. After that Taeyeon clapped her hands all happy because of the candle. "Made your wish?" Taeyeon turned over to look at her mother who nodded for her. "Is it about me? Because I think it is." "It's a wish, you're not supposed to tell anyone." Taeyeon accepted that pouting and took the cupcake to give to her mother to eat. Her pout didn't last long and she was happy she would eat that too and she had one more thing she was excited about.*

*"I have a present for you." "What you just did is already the best present I could receive today." "I know, but I still have another present." Taeyeon left her lap and ran out of the kitchen going to her room to take the present she bought and the cool guy she hid inside her backpack. She didn't have time to wrap it up, she didn't even know how she could do that, so she just took it and ran back to the kitchen where her mother was curious waiting. "Let me guess, you want me to close my eyes again?" Taeyeon nodded for her and waited until she knew her mother wasn't looking. She had the watch in her hands and went to her mother to put it on her wrist. "Now you can open." This time her mother was the most surprised she could be. She looked at Taeyeon and she didn't understand how that was possible. "Taeyeon, where did you get this?" "I bought. How else would I have it?" "This seems too expensive, how would you have money for this?" Taeyeon stopped to think about the answer, but not for too long or her mother would suspect. "It's from my piggy bank. But don't worry, until next year I can fill it up again." She didn't necessarily have to tell her mother she stole the money from her father. Totally unnecessary. "But, TaeTae, you were saving money for so long." "Yes, and now I found a good reason to use it. I found this really cool and you would like it. It looks great on you, anything looks great on you." Her mother stood up and took Taeyeon up kissing her cheek. "Thank you." Taeyeon wrapped her hands around her mother's neck and stayed quiet as her mother started to walk with her upstairs to put her back on her bed, it was too late already. Mrs. Kim would put Taeyeon back to sleep and maybe even sleep beside her like she would probably ask, but she had another idea Taeyeon would like. "Are you sleepy, Tae?" "Not at all." She closed the door of Taeyeon's room and walked back with her to the kitchen. Taeyeon was curious, but she waited to see what would happen and she really liked when her mother took all the sweet stuff she could find in the kitchen and started to give it to Taeyeon to hold it.*

*"I'm going to eat all this." "Yes, but not just you, me too." Her mother took Taeyeon to her room and put her on the bed, she found adorable how Taeyeon was looking at the food on her hands. "What do you think about watching a movie with mom?" "It would be a great idea." Taeyeon found a comfortable position on her mother's lap to watch the movie, but she wasn't that concentrated on that, she was more concerned about eating chocolate. Her mother watched Taeyeon eating and starting to close her eyes, until she slept with chocolate on her mouth. Mrs. Kim took all the food Taeyeon had in her hands and it made her wake up right away, but still she was so sleepy she barely could talk. She just made a face of disapproval and let her mother take her to the bathroom to brush her teeth. When Taeyeon was ready to sleep, she was attached to her mother and wouldn't let go. Mrs. Kim lay down with Taeyeon still over her and slept there with the little girl. She had way more peace on that room. It*

*was like it was her room too already, her favorite person was there.*

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Taeyeon liked my company. I can't explain, her face is so cold, she rarely demonstrates any emotion, but I could tell she was a little happy perhaps. She was quiet like the usual, but there was a difference there. It seemed like she was more tranquil. She had that watch she always uses and it seems important to her, she had that serious clothes, the tie I loved the most, she was perfect, couldn't be cuter.

"TaeTae, I have something for you." I didn't understand when she gave it back to me, but I would make her use it again. I took out of my purse the necklace I had bought for her when we were together and I saw her looking at it. I was afraid she would not accept it and it would break my heart again, but she surprised me. That girl really knows how to surprise someone. "Oh, my necklace." She took from my hands and put on like it was never supposed to leave her neck. "Thank you." Was she really accepting me back, just simply like that? I can't understand her, not even a little bit. A mystery to me.

"I'm happy you wanted back. It really looks beautiful on you." "Thanks." After that she started to be quiet again and she was just eating. I have never noticed like Taeyeon have some childish habits, I had realized just at that moment. While I was eating toast, she was eating cereal, and she seemed satisfied with that. It reminded me of someone. "You look like your father." I should have thought twice before letting escape that from my mouth. You don't need to be a genius to know that was a terrible thing to say when Taeyeon was such in a good mood, it could just end the good moment and it did.

*Taeyeon didn't forget how her mother cried on her own birthday and how unhappy she would be that day if it wasn't for her. So when her father decided to have lunch with the family to make up for what he did, she found outrageous. Barbecue is good, but cannot fix things. It's like this how Taeyeon's mind worked. She was indeed happy when she saw the fire getting so bigger when he tried to put out the fire and it burnt he's face. She just didn't like to see how her mother was worried and asked for her to call an ambulance. Taeyeon stayed still instead of rushing to get the phone and do something.*

*"Kim Taeyeon, call an ambulance, now." Taeyeon had to move when her mother was more firm with her. At the hospital when everything was calmer, her mother sat beside her as they waited the doctor take care of her father's burn. Mrs. Kim didn't need to think much about that. "It was you. He thought there was water on that cup and it wasn't. What did you put there?" It didn't worth lying at that point and Taeyeon wasn't afraid of any punishment, she was happy her father got a punishment for the night before.*

*“Just alcohol.” Her mother wasn’t that surprised hearing how simply she said that. She was just too tired of that hate she had for her father. “I can’t take this anymore. You will tell me the reason and I hope you have a really good reason to try deforming your father’s face.” Taeyeon looked down, she thought about what she could say and she asked herself why not saying the truth, she would understand, she had to. “Why do you hate him this much if he never, ever did anything bad to you?” Seeing her mother angry with her for that made her decided to just say it. “I hate him just because ... he doesn’t love you.”*

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Taeyeon stopped eating and she looked at me freezing my entire soul. I watched her leaning forward and getting closer to me on the other side of the table. She stopped and looked right into my eyes, she could really kill with that look. “I am nothing like him. I am better, always been and always will be. Now say it.” “You are definitely better than him. Way better.” I would think twice before saying anything to her after that. “Good girl. Be careful on what you say from now on, or you won’t have a head for too long.” And she wasn’t cute anymore.

After my huge mistake in saying things without thinking I had to do anything to make things be like before. Taeyeon was being so calm with me, like our lives were completely normal and we could be together. I tried to do the stuff she likes, such as staying quiet and stopping bothering her and it didn't work to make her be the cute Taeyeon she was with me a few days before. It was like she was exactly like when she killed her father and I was her new property. I'm not saying she treated me bad, but she was scary again. I shouldn't have said that, I know how is important to her to know she's better than her father. I don't know the reason for that, but she couldn't accept to be equally good in something or worse, she had to be better.

Is so damn hard to understand her, nothing that she does makes any sense. She is a really bad person, but I never saw her treating someone stranger without being super polite. She doesn't treat anyone bad. She is so serious and composed, and yet she eats like she's a kid. I don't see her having dinner, like never, she eats candy at night. She hates to talk too much, she only says the necessary, but if I sit beside her and don't say anything she gets mad and looks at me like she will kill me. And if I do talk too much she hates too. And it doesn't matter how weird she is, how things about her doesn't make sense, I just love her more and more every day. Each day I feel like waking beside her and hug her, kiss her, to have her by my side even though she hates to be hugged.

Why she has to be so hard?

I definitely had to find out more about her. Maybe I would understand her a little bit.

"Aren't you going to finish that before going?" Taeyeon didn't even eat all the cereals like she always do, she even eats more than once and more than one kind. "No, I'm late." She wasn't late, it was really early. She didn't even like my company anymore. She just took her stuff and left me alone there.

After having breakfast with Taeyeon I went to her lawyer's house to bother him again. There's nothing I can do if he is the only person who knows something about Taeyeon. Funny how I was going after something about Taeyeon instead of shopping. This is how much I love her. Her lawyer is a really cool man, very polite and very helpful. He asked me to come in and to sit, her wife asked me if I wanted

some tea, but I politely declined. I wanted to be quick, I still wanted to go buy some new shoes.

“And I’m bothering you again.” “You are not a bother. Actually I’m happy to know Taeyeon has someone to take care of her. So, any problem?” “No, not a problem, just ... could you tell me something about her life, like her childhood, how she was when she was little?” “I don’t know much about her personal life, but I know she had the same problems she has today. Like the perfectionism, actually it was way worse back then. But this is really vague, there is something specific you want to know? Just ask.” I didn’t want to really talk about that, but it was bothering me, I had to know. Couldn’t control my mouth. “How were Taeyeon’s parents? Like, were they good to her?” “They couldn’t be better, I think I know why you’re asking, it seems like there is a problem on this part, isn’t it?” “Yes.” “Well, they were good parents, they loved her very much. But it wasn’t the same among them. They got married really early because her mother got pregnant too soon and after this their wedding never really worked.” “Taeyeon really liked her mother a lot, right?” “Yes, sometimes I think that much more than her father. I just don’t know why.” “That’s good to know ... I think.” “Well, there isn’t much I know. Actually about her relationship with her parents that’s all.” “It’s okay, thank you very much.” Actually I didn’t know in what that could help me exactly, it just made me more curious. It made me wonder why the hell she liked her mother more and didn’t like her father to the point of being okay with killing him. I stood up to leave and he walked me to the door. I was already inside my car when I heard him calling me. He walked to my window quickly. “I think I know someone who can answer your questions better than I do.” “Really?” He couldn’t tell me something better. “Yes. Taeyeon has an aunt, her mother’s sister, here her address if you want to talk to her.” He handed to me a piece of paper and I couldn’t be happier on that moment. What a useful man he is. “Why I never heard about her before?” “Well, it seems like she doesn’t like Taeyeon that much. They are not close, not at all.”

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*Taeyeon was sitting on the couch of the living room thinking. She had to find a way to hurt her father that wouldn’t be so obvious. Her mother otherwise was in the kitchen with her sister instead of having thoughts about killing or hurting someone. But she wasn’t that happy either. Her sister was already consuming her big patience.*

*“Aren’t you afraid of her? I would be.” “She is my daughter, I have no reason to be afraid of her.” She was trying really hard to just cook Taeyeon’s lunch already and make the girl eat before going out*

with her father. "She's scary. She's sitting on that couch looking at nothing, look at her." Mrs. Kim stole a glance at Taeyeon and she was right, Taeyeon was just sitting on the couch doing that weird thing, but she was used to that already. "She's just thinking." "Thinking? I don't want know how she does other things too. She looks like one of those kids of horror movies that are possessed by the devil." "Enough. She's my little girl and she's an angel, never again say something like this." Maybe not an angel really, but really close to that. Her face is angelical indeed. "An angel?" Her sister asked as if that was the biggest absurd someone ever said. Mrs. Kim was already out of patience and it didn't matter what she could say about Taeyeon, her sister never was a big fan of the little girl.

"I'll show you why she's my little angel." Mrs. Kim let the knife she was holding over the counter to not fall for the temptation of stabbing her sister's neck and walked closer to the door where she could see Taeyeon. "TaeTae." Taeyeon snapped out of her vicious thoughts and looked at her mother right away. "Yes?" "Can you come here for a minute?" Taeyeon didn't think twice and walked to that kitchen to see what her mother wanted with her. She didn't want to stay there because she knew her aunt wasn't fond of her presence, so she would always let her mother alone with her.

"I'm having a really bad headache, Tae, and I don't remember what pill is good to this. Do you remember?" "Sure." Taeyeon took the box where all the drugs stay and put over the counter starting to search for the one her mother needed. "This one makes you sleepy ... do you want to sleep now and don't go out with dad?" "No, darling, I have to go." Taeyeon was disappointed, but she continued leaving those pills separated from the others. "Okay, this one gives you a stomachache, so no ... here this one is good." She gave her mother the one she thought it was the best and while she was taking it Taeyeon was putting everything back in its place. "Thank you, darling. Now let's eat." "Let me wash my hands." Taeyeon walked fast out of the kitchen and her mother was already way calmer for just talking with Taeyeon for a little.

"See? She's lovely." She looked at her sister and she saw a sly smile she hated because she knew exactly why it was there. "You know why she is like this with you. And admires me how you don't do anything about it." Sometimes the truth is the worst thing you can say to someone.

"See that knife over the counter? I'll use it to take off your tongue if you dare to talk about this again. And I'm not kidding, not at all." That was the first time Taeyeon saw her mother so mad to the point of being so calm saying that. She didn't know the reason why her mother was so mad with her aunt, and she couldn't care less. She just stepped back and waited a little to go back to the kitchen pretending she saw nothing and she heard nothing.

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And Taeyeon has an aunt who probably could be the answer to my questions. An aunt that hates her, must know a lot. And I was dead curious to know why she hated Taeyeon.

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*Mrs. Kim was in front of the mirror trying on the fourth dress already and she noticed how Taeyeon, who was sitting on her bed just looking at her all that time, was smiling cutely. She had a little smile on the corner of her lips while looking at her mother. "Darling, you're smiling. Has been weeks the last time I saw you smiling." She stopped looking herself in the mirror and walked over the bed to give Taeyeon a big kiss just making her smile bigger. "Are you happy like this just because I'm smiling?" "Of course, you have a beautiful smile." Mrs. Kim saw the expression on Taeyeon's face changing and she stopped looking at her eyes, she was starting to look down. She would already ask her what was wrong, but Taeyeon spoke first. "Beautiful?" "Yes, obviously. I love it." "More than dad's smile?" Her mother knew that was the kind of question to answer immediately. "Way more. You are better than anything in this world for me." The same smile was on Taeyeon's face after hearing that, or a even brighter. "I think I'll go with this one." Her mother took Taeyeon up and the little wrapped her arms around her neck like that was the thing she loved doing the most. Her mother was taking her to her room before going. She was placed on her bed and her mother instructed her to do her homework and stay quiet in the room until she was back. Before letting her mother go, there was something Taeyeon wanted to say to her. "Want to know why I was smiling?" Her mother knew already, but she loved to hear it. "Because you are really beautiful."*

I went looking for that aunt Taeyeon's lawyer told me about and it wasn't that hard to find her, I just got really surprised. She is gorgeous. That family has some good genes. I thought she would be an old woman, mean and all kind of bad stuff. But she looked really normal. She had kids, a big house, a cute dog. She's way more normal than Taeyeon for sure. Just judging by her looks, I would say she was kind and polite just like Taeyeon seems to be. But it seemed to also run in the family being not that receptive. I rang the bell and she was the one who opened the door. I found out that she was probably not so pleased to see me because she knew who I am. "Why in hell are you here?" Okay, it seems like I'm popular. "I just ... do you know me? How?" I think she wanted to kick me out of there. It looked like she wasn't that fond of me, even though I never met her before. "You are the one who was supposed to replace my sister. How wouldn't I recognize you?" I didn't know if she was being mean or anything. But I would just suck it up and try to find out anything about Taeyeon. It was my objective. "Well, yeah, I'm Tiffany Hwang. Nice to meet you." "What do you want?" Taeyeon is more polite than her. "I just wanted to ask you a few things. Quickly. It's important ... Please?" I hate to beg for something. "Why would I do this? Give me a good reason." "Because it's about someone of your family." That wasn't a good reason. I just, for a second, forgot she doesn't like Taeyeon. "Are you here because of Taeyeon? And that's your reason? Really?" I never felt like punching such a beautiful woman, but she's a bitch. Damn it, and Taeyeon even looks like her, just physically, of course. Taeyeon is way kinder than her.

"I'll be nice to you and tell you something really important about Taeyeon." I was starting to change my mind about her. But it didn't last long. "Stay away from her. If you are with her because of her money, just listen to me and go find someone else. It's just too dangerous. And, if money is not the case, then you are crazy to stay any closer to her for nothing." "I like her, it's not for nothing." "Then you are crazy." She was kind of being nice then. Just didn't like the way she talks about Taeyeon. "Why do you dislike her? She's your niece." "That thing is not from my family, and it will never be. Such a hateful and depraved mind cannot have come from my family." "So you hate her. There is a reason for this?" I really can't understand how someone can talk like this about her little niece. Come one, Taeyeon is cute. And she hasn't a depraved mind ... not most of times.

"Girl, listen. Taeyeon is not a person you want around, okay? She's dangerous. Her first girlfriend

knows this really well. And she doesn't have a healthy mind, she's sick. You better just stay away from her." "She's not that bad. She's not sick, she's quite normal." "Someone who was in love with her own mother is not normal. She is sick, and she will show you how sick she is sooner or later. Believe me, I know that girl since she was just a little baby." Some information is really hard to digest. I think I froze in front of her door. One of those moments you don't know what to think.

"When I opened this door and saw you, the first thing I remembered was my sister, you look a lot like her... do you understand now what Taeyeon probably wants with you? Just stay away from her, it's the best thing to do."

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*Taeyeon got home and looked around to see if there was anyone at home. She didn't find anyone at the kitchen, no one outside and no one in her parents' room. She knew her mother and father were supposed to be there and if they weren't was probably because they went somewhere. Taeyeon couldn't help but feel a little disappointed and worried. Her mother wasn't in condition to go out, she should stay at home. She walked to her room and entered leaving her backpack somewhere on the floor. She didn't even pay attention to her surroundings until she heard someone moving on her bed. She turned around and realized her mother was right there, just sleeping. Taeyeon wanted to curse herself for entering like that, she could have waked her up. She moved, this time quietly, and got close to her mother. She squatted closer to the bed and observed her mother briefly. She was worried because it wasn't that common to find her mother there. For Taeyeon that was a good place to see her mother. It felt just right. She brushed her hair away from her face and retreated her arm when she realized she had woken her up. "I'm sorry, didn't want to bother you." Taeyeon was speaking low, like her mother was still asleep. Her mother moved a little, rubbed her eyes and kissed Taeyeon's cheek. "You don't. Actually I should make your dinner and get out of your bed, you must be tired and hungry." Taeyeon stopped her from getting up, she noticed how she didn't look fine at all. "Did you take your pills? What happened? You usually sleep on your own bed." "I'm fine." "Mom, come on, you're obviously not fine." "Actually, I was feeling a little sick, so I came here because it's my favorite place. And now I feel way better. Don't worry." "And where was dad when you weren't feeling okay?" Her mother noticed the madness in Taeyeon's voice and she preferred just not to answer her. Instead she got closer to Taeyeon and hugged her. "How was your class today? How's your girlfriend doing?" "Stop changing the subject. He should be here, taking care of you. That son of a—"*

*“Hey, watch your mouth. Just because you’re bigger now doesn’t mean you can talk like this. Especially around me.” “I’m sorry, I won’t do it again.” “Great, that’s my girl. Now I’ll let you rest, you look tired.” Taeyeon stopped her mother again when she tried to leave the bed. “No, stay. You said you like my room, right? So just rest here, it’s okay. I need to study, I won’t even sleep right now.” “You study too much.” “It’s for you. I’ll get a job, a good job and you won’t need dad anymore. You can divorce him, finally.” Mrs. Kim wanted to laugh, Taeyeon is just too cute when she wants something and she looks determinate. “You should worry about getting a job to support your girlfriend. You’ll get married one day. I hope soon.” “Maybe, but not with her for sure.” “Taeyeon.” “I need something to distract myself. Isn’t it what dad said? And you made me agree with it. I didn’t want this.” Taeyeon knew that would lead to her being scolded, so she would finish that already. “I treat her really well, don’t worry.” “He’s your father. Try to let him happy, just a little bit? Just to keep this house in peace, okay?” “Okay. But I won’t get married, and you know it.” “You don’t need to if you don’t want.” Taeyeon kissed her mother’s forehead and stood up covering her with the blanket. She wanted her to be as comfortable as possible. “I don’t. Not even a little bit.”*

*Taeyeon checked if her mother was fine a few more times and went to her desk with some books to study like she said she would. But she didn’t stay there long, she was indeed tired. She was almost sleeping with her head over the desk when her mother left the bed to take Taeyeon. She took Taeyeon’s arm and made her walk to the bed. When she tried to leave after Taeyeon was already lying down, she felt the girl pulling her back to the bed and hugging her waist. “Kim Taeyeon, don’t you think you’re too old already to sleep glued on your mother?” Taeyeon didn’t even bother opening her eyes, she just moved a little to find the perfect position to stay. “I’m afraid of the dark.” “Afraid of the dark? Really? This is a bad excuse since you were little.” “Who cares? You love to sleep with me and you are tired. So just sleep and stop talking. You talk too much.”*

...

I went to Taeyeon’s house as soon as I finished talking with her aunt. I was really shocked and confused. I didn’t know what to do for Taeyeon not to hate me like it seemed like she did. I was in her bed waiting for her to be back from work when I found myself looking at her mother’s portrait that stays on the nightstand. I really looked like her. That was probably the reason Taeyeon’s father wanted to marry me. I was alike her dead wife. That couldn’t be creepier. And to know that about Taeyeon was the weirdest thing. But I couldn’t just simply believe in it. I couldn’t forget that her aunt

hates her, I can't really trust someone who hates Taeyeon to tell me things about her. But it was completely possible though. I just didn't know what to do. So when Taeyeon was finally home and entered her room already displeased to see me on her precious bed, I just did what I felt like doing it.

"I'm very sorry." I felt like crying seeing the way she looked at me. I didn't like the feeling of her hating me, and it was for just a simple thing that I said. "I never meant that. I didn't know what I was saying. You are so much better than your father ... I'm just really stupid." I think I found out a weakness. A useful one. "I just like you so much." "Stop crying. There's no need for this, I already forgot that." I left her bed because I didn't want to bother her and I know how paranoid she is about germs. When I stood up and stayed in front of her trying to wipe my tears, she did something I couldn't believe and it was when I realized how she cares, she really does. "You're forgiven. Now stop crying." She was hugging me. And I took a little of advantage of that. I glued on her and hugged her as tightly as I could. It was the best thing she ever did to me. I could feel her smell, I could feel her arms around me and how she cared about me. She had to pull me away or we would stay there hugging each other forever.

"Are you bipolar or something? You were crying a few seconds ago." "Yeah, but now I'm happy." How I wouldn't be smiling? It was a dream coming true. I didn't even care if she was doing that because I resembled her mother. I was too happy to care.

"Can I stay here with you today? We can eat pizza, you like to eat pizza at night."

"Yes." I think she just agreed because of the pizza. "But just don't start getting all sad again. I don't have the patience to deal with mood swings." "I won't bother you. I promise." "And don't start talking. You talk too much." "Sure."

I didn't stop to think a lot that night. I had found out how Taeyeon cares about me, it means she likes me, I had a chance. And when we stayed in her bed to watch a movie she let me rest my head on her shoulder. How would I stop to think about anything else? Taeyeon loved her mother? Who cares? She's dead. I was her new favorite thing.

It was good to stay with Taeyeon. Even if it was just watching a movie. I have to confess I liked to stay so close to her even though I knew that it was just, probably, because I looked like her mother.

And when I started to think about it, it just started to bother me. So I tried to keep this thought out of my mind as much as I could. I tried to concentrate more in the movie and it got to that moment when it's quiet embarrassing to watch with someone else. Even with Taeyeon. There's always that scene, that sex scene that you would never watch with your parents. I should have chosen to watch "Finding Nemo". I'm sure Taeyeon would love it. It's just too embarrassing. And I was asking myself if Taeyeon felt the same. Because she's usually emotionless I would think she was totally cool, but I don't know why I had this idea that Taeyeon was virgin. Not my fault, she's the one who hates to get all sweaty. And even she fucked me once, it was totally without touching me, it was really distant.

I couldn't imagine it. And I should have stayed quiet, but I was always stepping out of line with Taeyeon. I just stopped believing she could hurt me, because she actually never did. But she's crazy, I shouldn't keep my guard down.

"Taeyeon, did you ever have sex?" Yeah, I was stupid. She turned her head to look at me beside her and I already didn't like the way she looked at me. "What made you ask me this?"

"I don't know, I just ... I can't imagine it. Because you know, you're quite paranoid with germs and sweat. A little crazy." I felt like her eyes could kill me, but I had started already, and I saw that look before and I was still alive. "This is the kind of thing you are not allowed to talk about. My problems are none of your concern." She was even kind of cool with me. I should have just stopped there, but I'm too curious about her. "But you could talk to me about it. I'm a good listener."

"No, you are not. If you were, you would have stopped talking already. I don't want to hear your voice tonight anymore, understand?" That was for sure a sensitive topic that I shouldn't talk about. Didn't know why, but she really didn't like that subject. "Has something to do with your mother, right?" That seemed like it was the worst thing I could have asked. Like that wasn't allowed, no way, for me to talk about. "Yes, it does. I had a lot of problems because of this and my mother was the only person who helped me. And, no, I'm not a virgin." I was really surprised that she actually answered me. I thought it was good sign, but it was just the beginning of something really bad. "So, since you asked me something, I'm going to do the same." And she started what she does best.

"How you had the guts to have sex with those old men you slept with? Because you know, it's

disgusting.” I started to realize what she was doing, she was really mad. But it hurts to hear that, even though I started. “No, wait, you don’t need to answer this one. I know already how you had the stomach. Because you are a whore and you don’t get to decide what happens to your body. People just give you some dresses and some shoes and they can use your body, they can fuck the hell out of you whenever they want. Am I wrong? I don’t think so.” I shouldn’t have started that. I was really stupid. I had to hear that. And something like what she said coming from the person you love, just hurts in a way I couldn’t imagine I would ever feel. I shouldn’t have forgotten Taeyeon is crazy.

“Can I ask you another question?” She was so close to me and yet all I could was anger. She is usually rude when she says some things to me, but that time I just couldn’t take it. She wanted to hurt me saying that, and she did. “How someone ever did anything with you? Was this person crazy as well?” I could look at her eyes closely and there was nothing there. It didn’t change, not even a little bit and it was when I got scared. It was like she was completely cold. The only thing that, I think, stops her from hurting me it’s the fact that she feels something. So I was in a bad situation. But I chose that. She cannot talk to me however she feels like. I can’t say it was a good choice though.

“Probably. But I know someone who’s more. Guess who.” The euphoria in her voice was disturbing. I don’t think we would ever be able to be together if things were like that. We had to be a little tolerant and Taeyeon is not, not even a little bit. “Guess who, Tiffany.” I couldn’t find my voice, it just got lost. I could feel a knot in my throat, the feeling you have when you try so hard to hold back your tears that it becomes painful. I had to take a deep breath, because my voice wouldn’t just decide to collaborate with me. “You?” “No, wrong. It’s you.”

I didn’t understand that when I heard, but after a while, after she had already grabbed me by my hair and forced my face against the pillow, I realized what that meant. “You wanted me. For so long, teasing and provoking until I got to my limit. So I think you are crazy, not just because you wanted this, but because of what you just said.” “I don’t regret, not even a little bit.” It hurt so much, not just physically, but that was humiliating. “See? You’re crazy.” I felt her sitting on me and I think she wanted to take off my hair, because I could feel strands of my hair being pulled so hard I wanted to cry.

“What should I do to you? Someone needs to show you where your place is.” She leaned forward till she could look at me closely again. I felt her breath as she talked to me, it was so close. But I couldn’t see anything, I prefer just to close my eyes and look at her. “You keep forgetting and I’m done with

being nice to you. It's hard for me to hold everything back." But I didn't hate her. I had my own way of doing her stop.

"Will you hurt me?" "What do you think?" "I thought you wouldn't." I heard her laughing. It could be a good scene for me to watch, it's rare. Too bad the moment was the worst. "And what makes you think that?" "Because I thought you were better." She let go of my hair instantly and I could feel her getting back up. I had to crawl to get off her grip because she stayed there. And as I moved and sat facing her with a safe distance, she wasn't looking at me, she was looking at nothing like her eyes were lost somewhere.

"Do you have any idea of how many times someone did this? Or you think those men were nice to me?" She stopped staring at nothing and looked at me so coldly I thought she wouldn't give a shit to what I had just said. I thought that for just one second. "I am. I am better." "So why did you do this to me?" "Because you keep doing this, you keep ...you always step out of line." I found something that put her in such confusion she seemed not to understand herself. "I thought you were better." "I am!" It was like she was mad, but with herself. Because I didn't feel anymore she would hurt me, but she was still angry. She was baffled by something she says.

"But you hurt me." "I am good, I treat you well, I am not bad to you." I felt like I was the bad one, making her be confused like that. I shouldn't do that to her. It was not like her father had done anything bad to me, and it was what I was making her think. "I'm not bad. I let you sleep in my bed, I let you talk a lot, I let you stay here how much you want-" "So just don't hurt me. You never did this before. I was afraid." She moved fast closer to me and hugged so suddenly it took me some time to react and hug her back. "I won't do it again. Because I am good, I treat you well." "You do treat me well." "I do." "Yeah, you do, I just said you do." "Yeah, I do." I shouldn't mess with the mind of someone crazy. It doesn't have good results. She seemed really out of her mind, but still she was scary and cold.

"Just this time. Never again use something I say against me. It's a bad decision." "Yeah, I'm sorry for this." I didn't forget to notice how she never apologized. It was clearly because she didn't regret, her brain just had a bug. She just promised she wouldn't do that again and I think I at least can trust her promises. I think she keeps them. She pulled away from me and it was surprising that she kissed me. Not a naughty kiss, it was actually really innocent. It's unexpected coming from her. It just made me a little disorientated for a while. Even after she had already parted her lips from mine, I was still a little

astonished. She really can take my breath away.

“I won’t ... step out of line again.” “Is it a deal?” Why everything for her is always a deal? I think she’s just too practical. “Yes, it is a deal.”

She kissed me quickly again and moved to my side hugging me, making me lean my body on her. I just liked that too much, I rested my head on her chest and just enjoyed how she was running her fingers through my hair, right where she had hurt me before. I could stay there forever. Couldn’t remember anymore she had just hurt me a few minutes before.

“Who hurt you, Tiffany?” I felt that was something implicit on that question. “Tell me.”

It felt so good to feel her holding me. It was like she was protecting me. I didn’t care that it seemed like she had a reason to make that question. “My last husband hurt me. Even on the night you showed up. I wished you had taken me with you when you left. But you helped me after all. You are good to me. I’m really thankful for what you did.” “I am good to you.” She kissed the top of my head, I never saw her acting like that. Maybe knowing that someone else hurt me made her angry, like she’s the only one allowed. She’s a little funny. “It won’t happen again. I’ll protect you, I’ll take care of you. Just don’t ... do anything stupid, don’t make me angry.” “Okay. I won’t break the deal.”

I stayed with Taeyeon the whole night and even slept there. I couldn’t be happier. Or maybe I could, because when I woke up and she was right beside me, I felt quite happy. It was Sunday and she usually works every day, but, when she woke up, she didn’t do anything she rolled over some times and tried to sleep again. When she was finally up for real, it seemed like she would just stay at home.

I waited for her, sitting on her bed, to finish brushing her teeth and the bunch of things she does in the morning. She’s paranoid with cleaning, she stays in the bathroom for a long period of time.

When she was finally out I stopped to check her out a little. It was one rare moment when I saw her wearing shorts and I could see her legs. I liked what I saw and she noticed I was looking, but she doesn’t care.

“Are you done?” Her voice snapped out of it. “Yeah.” I stopped drooling over her and looked at her cute face. “Aren’t you going to work?” “No. I’m not feeling like going.” That sounded to me like “I want to stay with you”. I wanted to go look for her ex-girlfriend to know more about that mother thing, I didn’t believe that aunt that much. But I would need to postpone my plans. It wasn’t bad though.

Spending the day with Taeyeon wasn't bad at all.

I gave the idea of going to the pool. Of course there was something I would enjoy a lot there. I would have a good view. And Taeyeon's abbs are just breath taking, she's actually entirely breath taking. I wanted to bite her. She should wear less clothes more often. It sucked that I had something to do at night. Spending another night with her could lead to things that I wanted a lot. Instead of violence. I could almost see a sad face on her when I said to her that I had to go somewhere.

"But I'll be back, soon." "Why do you have to go to this party?" "Because now I have a business, and I need to meet important people. You know this." She understood. She didn't seem to like it though. "Okay."

I went to her closet, there were already a lot of things there that I bought and took to her house. I guess I was really used to staying there already. I just couldn't pick which dress I should wear, so I decided to use Taeyeon a little bit. I was sure she had a good taste. I put on the one I thought she would like the most and left the closet to let her have a look at it. And she looked at me right away when I showed up in the room.

"What do you think? Should I wear this one?" She was lying on the bed, but she stood up and walked to me, stopping really close. She didn't take her eyes off me and looked for a good while. Until she decided what to say. "Go take this thing off right now." It was when I realized she was mad, really mad. Even her voice came out stern. "I thought you would like it." "Are you out of your mind? How you dare to even think about going to this thing showing your legs like this? You're not single." With Taeyeon I can change my mood really quickly. I had just heard that, it was kind of unbelievable. I wanted to hear it again.

"What did you just said? ... Am I your girlfriend?" She otherwise still looked pretty mad. "I let you sleep on my bed, and talk a lot. What did you think you were?" I went back to the closet all happy, couldn't help but smile like a fool. I was her girlfriend and all that long she saw me like that. And I didn't know. And she didn't want me to show my legs to other people ... she's so cute.

I took off the dress as fast as I could and left the closet again. This time with less clothes than before.

“Am I really your girlfriend?” Taeyeon was distracted and she was getting tired of that conversation. “I already told you, what is—” She stopped right away when she noticed how I had just my underwear on. “Why you didn’t tell me this before?” This time I wasn’t the one checking her out, it was the opposite.

I kept the high heels and I think she liked what she saw. She stood still as I walked closer to her, she couldn’t take her eyes off a certain part of my body. I thought she would be shy, I don’t know, she doesn’t enjoy touching that much. But I think I changed her mind. She held both sides of my hips and started to slowly lead me back until I fell back on the bed. I couldn’t release my eyes from hers. They are so cold and so damn sexy.

“If I had told you before that you are mine, what would you do?” She stood still in front of me while I was in the bed, sitting, anticipating what that psycho would do with me. “Me? Nothing. You are the one who’s going to do something.” A sly smile grew on the corner of her lips, almost imperceptibly, but I know her long enough to notice. She roamed her eyes through my legs and stopped at my feet taking off my both shoes. I started to crawl backwards while she climbed the bed and went closer and closer to me. I totally felt like her prey. And she had the hunter eyes for sure. I stopped when I felt the headboard touching the back of my head and there was nowhere I could escape anymore. And I didn’t want it actually.

“Waited this for too long?” She stopped between my legs and the feeling of her so close already could make me lose my mind. “Yes, too long.” I wasn’t a fan of waiting. I waited really too long. I put my hands around her neck and pulled her to me already. The way she kissed me, I think she was also done with waiting. She didn’t wait to take over my mouth and command everything. And I don’t mind. Like she said, I’m hers. All I could do was crave for her to take everything off already, but I had to wait, running my nails through her waist and going up and down on her perfect and lustful abbs. She released my lips when I pierced my nail too strongly, and she just chuckled, I love how she didn’t care. Instead, she took off her shirt and her shorts so fast, I think she was in a hurry too. I was smiling when she started to advance to where I wanted. I felt her breath on my neck and how she was so sweet, not just her scent, but also the way she was placing kisses everywhere her lips could touch, and going down and down. Her hands otherwise were thinking ahead. She had her hand behind my back and with a quick move I felt my bra getting loose and she pulling off roughly. I wished I had that ability with bras. She had to take hers by herself, but I didn’t mind, I liked the view. She's taking it off and leaning back

to me capturing my lips again. It didn't take long and I felt her funny hands sliding down my body until she touched the most sensible spot she could. It seemed like my panties were on her way, so she took that off as well. I pulled her back to me when I felt like she was taking too long. She was fast, but I wanted faster. I tried not to make any noise, but my body wasn't really collaborating with me. It was collaborating with her. And I was sure she loved to hear her name coming out from my mouth so many times. Because she had a smile on her face the whole time. But I wanted to take off that cunning smile from there. She was too busy to notice until my hands were already touching the place that could steal a groan from her. And by what I felt on the tip of my fingers, I was sure she was longing for that.

And Taeyeon wasn't that quiet anymore.

She wanted that, there was no way she could deny it. Her body betrayed her. For the first time I was sure she would give it up to me. It feels good to dominate her, even if it's a little bit. I didn't have any condition of stop and take off her panties, I would kill her if she stopped. I just let my fingers slide inside and watched her above me closing her eyes tightly. She wouldn't stop me even if she wanted to. She was biting her lips trying to stop any noises and I keep trying to see the expression on her face as much as I could, but I also were losing any control I had over my own body. I gave up on keeping watching Taeyeon's face and just let my eyes stay closed. I didn't need to see anything, I could feel my hand hurting as it got more tiring to keep going, I could hear Taeyeon's fast breathing along with mine, I could feel her body closer and closer as she couldn't keep herself up anymore. Taeyeon was saving me from the effort, lowering her body closer to mine until her lips arrived over mine. We didn't kiss, we don't have enough air to this. But she stayed there with her body glued on my mine and her hot breath against mine.

My task was just getting harder, but there was no way I would stop it even though I couldn't feel my fingers anymore. I couldn't feel any part of my body anymore, so who cares about the fingers? I just kept going, and too distracted until I felt her pulling my hand off her. I got surprised, I was afraid for a second that I had messed something up, but she just looked really calm and totally out of breath. She slowed the pace a little without stopping. I was looking inside those cold eyes she has and, maybe I was crazy, but I felt some warmth doing that. I just closed my eyes again when I felt her face getting closer to me and she placed a kiss in a different place I thought she would. I felt her cold lips touching my forehead and her hand sliding up my arm until she intertwined her fingers with mine. I was again just under her dominion. I used to think that ever doing that could be the worst thing I could do to myself. But she proved me wrong. I'm not crazy for staying with her after all.

I remember waking up with the sun shining through the windows and closing my eyes again because I didn't want to wake up. But still I was too lazy to get up and close the curtains. I was still a little drowsy and it took me some time to realize I was with my head over Taeyeon's chest. A smile grew on my face right away. It was the first time I woke up first. She was probably tired, she had worked a lot the night before. Poor TaeTae. I looked at her quickly to see if she was really sleeping and she was in her dream land, she seemed just be sleeping really well. I wouldn't be the one bothering her. I stood

quiet with my head over her bare chest, I was appreciating the moment.

I should keep quiet and let her sleep, but her nipple was right there in front of me. How not to play with it? I think I was a little hyper. Just maybe. I had a good night.

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I had to wake up early, I work, different from a certain person. I always wake up when the sun start to shine through my window, it's my natural clock. But it wasn't just the sun that woke me up. I felt something tickling me. I was still sleepy, I thought at first in just moving and it would stop it, but it didn't work. So I heard a giggle and I realized where I was feeling that and I finally woke up for real.

"What the hell are you doing?" When I think Tiffany can't get crazier I wake up with her giggling and amused with my nipple. She wasn't surprised or embarrassed when I sat up surprised with what she was doing, not at all. She looked at me with the biggest smile she could and kissed my cheek.

"Good morning." I was trying to get mad, but it just didn't happen, it wasn't a reason to be mad, it was just weird. And she was there smiling, it's hard to be angry. "Morning." "I'm sorry that I woke you up." "It's okay, I had to get up anyway." I looked at the watch beside the bed and I realized I should have to be fast if I wanted to continue being punctual and giving good example to others. "I'm late already." I left the bed without blanket or anything and just went straight to the bathroom. She would like the view anyway.

I took a quick shower, I was already nervous knowing that I had sweat all over me besides other fluids that I didn't want to keep there. It feels just great to be clean. I left the bathroom wrapped in a towel and saw my clothes over the bed and Tiffany there covering herself with the blanket.

"I chose your clothes so you can go faster." "Thank you." I put my clothes on right there, I don't have the time to bother about and being shy. And Tiffany kept there looking anyway.

I did everything I had to do and I was ready to go, but Tiffany there on the bed looking at me like she was bothering me. It was like she wanted something.

"What?" "Just ... can I tell you something?" That was funny, I could almost laugh, but I think it didn't get to my lips. "Are you asking if you can say before really doing it? Progress."

“We made a deal and I’m trying to keep it, silly.” “Okay, this is good. Now what do you want to tell me? Go ahead.” She had an innocent look on her face that I don’t quite remember seeing it before. I was just willing to hear her because that caused me a lot of curiosity.

“I never did that before.” I stopped for a second to analyze what she said and I was sure there was something wrong on that sentence. “Yes, you did. I’m pretty sure you did.” “No, I’m saying that it was different.” I need to improve in understanding people, because I just don’t. “Different how?”

“Because I actually have feelings for you. It was not because I wanted something and I didn’t have to imagine that I was doing something else and with someone else. Because I actually love you, and I never did that with someone that I can say I love.” I couldn’t buy it. But I can’t be mean to that girl, especially when she was talking like that. “I need to go, I’m late.” I didn’t just answer her and left. I went to her and kissed her before going, I think that was more than enough. She understands. But that kept running through my mind.

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I think I learned how to be with Taeyeon. I didn’t expect much of her after saying that, I just wanted her to know. And the fact she kissed me before me brushing my teeth is really meaningful. It’s Taeyeon and she did that, it was a good surprise.

After she left it was my turn of getting up and starting to do what I had in mind for a while then. I would need to dig into her life, something she could never find out about it and find out who her first girlfriend is and what she did to her. Because doesn’t matter how kind Taeyeon was being, she’s still Taeyeon. But I would need time to do that, especially because Taeyeon’s life is a big mystery. I would do something else.

After doing my stuff I went downstairs and looked for the key of the basement. It was dark and scary there, but I had to find out anything I could about Taeyeon. That mother thing I thought it wouldn’t bother me, actually, started to do. The idea of her doing all those things with me because I resembled her mother was impossible for me to accept.

I was afraid of spider and other kind of things that could be there, but I sucked up and went down there anyway. There wasn’t any light, I looked for any lamp, but I ended up having to use a flashlight.

I was dying to get out of there so I just quickly had a look at the boxes I found on a corner and took one of them going back up and running with it to the living room. I just let it there on the floor, it had some webs, and sat down in the couch to have a look on what was within. I opened carefully, I was afraid some bat could be living in there or a cockroach. I took off the lid and backed off expecting a horrible thing to come out from there, but lucky me there wasn't. I looked inside and I saw some papers all mixed and I thought I had taken the wrong box and I would need to go back there to try another one. But I took some of the papers, it wasn't anything important, but as I took out I realized there was more stuff in there. I found some old pictures, that actually didn't seem that old, I just presumed it was because there was a baby on them and looking how cute it was I could only think it was Taeyeon. "TaeTae was so cute. Baby TaeTae." I started to look all of them, I couldn't help it, Taeyeon like that was just a totally new thing to me. I had to keep looking at it. I noticed how most of the pictures Taeyeon was alone or with that beautiful girl I saw before and I could only think it was her mother. It was rare to find any that she was with her father. I started to pay more attention to her mother as I kept looking at those photos. Taeyeon's lawyer had told me before but I was still surprised seeing how she looked young. She was indeed really beautiful like Taeyeon and her aunt. "Good genes indeed." Taeyeon was getting older and older on the photos, it was like seeing a fast move of her childhood. As she kept growing older her father kept not being present, not even in her birthdays. But her mother was always there. And the last picture caught my attention. I hadn't stopped to realize how, even when Taeyeon was already older, her mother looked so beautiful. I could almost understand if Taeyeon had any romantic feelings for her. Even I think I started to have too. And I didn't know how her mother had died, I just knew she did. But seeing a picture of her and Taeyeon together, and her being bald I could imagine what happened. I felt bad just by looking at that. It was like I could imagine a little bit of Taeyeon's pain of losing her mother and seeing it happening. "Poor TaeTae."

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I kept thinking on what Tiffany had said to me earlier. And I couldn't work, it was there to bother me the fact that I was a little cold. I had to treat her well and I was trying to do that. I don't believe I was failing, but on that moment I could have done better than that. She could be upset and mom always said to take a good care of my girlfriend. I failed on this before and I wouldn't do it again. So I left to go back home, I knew I wouldn't be able to work with that in my mind. I had to make things clear. I like to have peace and without talking to Tiffany about that and making sure I didn't upset her, I wouldn't have it. So I had to go back home.

It was the first time I left work so early to do anything that wasn't related to it. I drove all the way with the idea in mind of apologizing and going back to work. Because the only thing bothering me was how I acted, just had to apologize. I stopped the car letting all my stuff inside, I would go back anyway. I walked fast towards the door and find it open. I was in a hurry to just finish that and go back, papers were waiting for me. But something could keep me there a little longer.

I entered and find Tiffany on the couch with a beautiful smile on her face. I like that smile.

"Why back so soon? Something happened?" I wish I could understand better her expressions, to know what she's thinking or what she's feeling. But this is something I'm not good at. "No." I walked to her and sat beside her in the couch. Just because something happened the night before didn't mean I would just get there and act normally. And, yes, I know that I'm not normal. The idea of apologizing for something that I did makes me uncomfortable. It isn't true, I'm not regretting what I did, I just regret what I caused. And I like to keep my life calm and without problems to me.

"I came to apologize for what I did earlier." I looked at Tiffany beside me after letting out that lie. She wasn't smiling anymore. I would say she was confused, but I'm never so sure. "And what is it exactly?" I think I guessed right. "You know. When you said that to me and I just left. I think I was cold and I shouldn't act that way to you." Why can't her just answer me fast, she always stops having some expression that I rarely know what it means. Why does she have to feel so many things? "Do you forgive or not?" "I don't."

I think a frown grew on my face. That wasn't what I expected and that wasn't right. When I apologize the person forgives me. Otherwise what would happen next? Tiffany is a person that doesn't make sense.

"Of course you do. You have to." "Hey, calm down." Someone telling me to calm down doesn't calm me down. "You forgive me. Now say that you do." "I don't because there is no reason to do this. You did nothing wrong." I like to hear that, because it's true. What would I say to her on that situation. I even kissed her, I did nothing wrong indeed. "When I said that I love you I didn't expect you to say

anything to me. You actually kissed me before going, it was better than I expected.” “Yes, I am really good.” “Yes, you are.” She was laughing by them. I don’t know what is so funny about me that she laughs all the time. The problem is definitely with her, she talks too much, laughs too much, she does everything too much. “Okay, bye.” I stood up to go back to the car and go back to work and when I get to the door I remembered something important. “By the way, don’t say that anymore.” She raised her eyebrows and opened her mouth a few times not saying anything before finally speaking up. “And why not? I am not asking you to say that you love me, I’m just saying—” I cut her off, I knew what she would say, there was no need to let her continue. “I said that I don’t want you saying it anymore. Do I really need to give you a reason?” “I think you don’t.” A smile was far from appearing on her face. “No, I don’t.”

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I saw the pictures of Taeyeon for a long period of time. I couldn’t just stop. It was kind of fascinating to see her when she was just 8 and how she already had the cute face she has now. It was good to see how she really seemed to love her mother a lot. The pictures her mother was with her were different. It was like Taeyeon was a different person, it was like she was just normal and happy. It was scary to realize more and more that I really looked like her mother. Like a lot, even the smile. I presumed how her mother died and it hurt just knowing that Taeyeon watched her dying over the years. Nobody likes to know about the person you love suffering. I wondered if she was like the way she is now. I wanted to know how she used to be, if she was a little bit more normal and her mother dying made her be like she is. And apparently there was a way of finding out. Being the curious person I am I would go for it.

But first I had to avoid my death. I heard the gates opening and there’s only one person besides me who goes to that house. The owner of the house. I didn’t care anymore about how that box had a lot of webs and just took it and ran with it back to the basement throwing inside and getting back in time.

Taeyeon opened the door and I had a big smile to her. Something that I think she didn’t like, she didn’t seem that pleased with it. I asked her why she was there and everything and it just surprised me a lot when she sat down and apologized. I was confused, I couldn’t think of anything that she could be apologizing for, she actually was sweet to me. And it turned out to be because she didn’t answer me when I said I love her. I never thought she would I just wanted her to know. That’s why it hurt me to know she didn’t want me to say that anymore. And she meant, she was serious, almost angry when I tried to ask why. And then she left again.

That was torture to me, when I think things are going great, that I can actually give her whatever she wants, she says she doesn't want me saying I love her. I never understand her. She never does anything that it actually makes any sense. I was done with that shit. I would go find that girlfriend or even the devil if was necessary. And I promised to myself that I'd make Taeyeon ask me to marry her. And we would have kids and live happy ever after. And she would pay everything I buy, of course.

I went to Taeyeon's old school I asked a lot of stuff to a lot of people and everything they knew was always the same thing, that she was a little different from the other kids and she had some social problems, sometimes aggressive and very attached to her mother. They basically just told me what I knew. It was useless. I was getting impatient with that. I kept going to higher grades and asking about her to teachers and other people that could possibly give some new information and there was none. There wasn't any grade anymore and no teacher to continue asking about her. I started to think I was looking on the wrong place. I tried to remember what her aunt had said and I was sure she said "first girlfriend". I stopped to think when I was already inside my car ready to go to her lawyer's house to bother him again. And I realized, Taeyeon is kind of weird, why would she have a girlfriend in high school? She would probably have it just later. Who would date Taeyeon anyway? She's damn gorgeous, but she has the worst personality ever. I was curious about this girl. And wishing she was ugly. I didn't forget she was Taeyeon ex.

I would need to go to the college she attended. And I had a good feeling that I was looking on the right place. At least I know where she studied. I used to keep my eyes on her when I would marry her father. She caught my attention. I knew she studied in a very good university and she was one of the best students. It was good that she was intelligent, it would be easy to know anything about her.

I didn't know exactly where to start, that place was just too big, but I was in the right place because there was a picture of Taeyeon on the wall. I felt even proud of her. My TaeTae was important.

I asked a woman who apparently worked there if there was someone who could give information about Taeyeon. And it seems like I can't apparently do that. She said she couldn't give me any information about Taeyeon. I felt frustrated. I was sure that was the right place to look for the ex-girlfriend.

I started to walk back to the outside through the same hall. I looked at Taeyeon photo, she was so serious and pretty. And I saw what she was studying back then, it was something to do with numbers and money. I liked, maybe I would study that too one day.

I continue my way and I kept looking at every photo on the walls. Taeyeon was definitely the only good looking person there. And started the pictures with a lot of people, they were like teams. They

were probably a group that won something and there were their names there. I can spot Taeyeon from miles away. That little blonde and pretty girl could not be mistaken. Especially because she was gorgeous and the others I prefer not even comment about it.

“TaeTae had friends.” I never thought that was possible, but they were apparently her friends. Nerd friends. I looked closer and I didn’t like something there. There was another pretty girl too close to Taeyeon. How Taeyeon let that happen? I knew, it was obvious she was something important to her. Nobody insignificant can hold Taeyeon’s hands. Not even I can hold her hand. I was angry with that photo. Until I remembered that I did more than holding her hand, way more, so I calmed myself down. “Yes, I did way more than just touching her hand, I touched other places. All places.” I looked for her name on the list. “Yeah, I did, Lee Sunkyu.” What a name by the way. I couldn’t say much about her name though, mine is not that pretty too. I wrote down her name so I wouldn’t forget, even though it was hard to. When I turned around to continue my way the woman who didn’t want to answer me stuff was looking at me like I’m crazy. I think I shouldn’t say certain things out loud.

I had the name, I just had to find the girl. Maybe she was still studying there. Taeyeon would study more, she just didn’t because she killed her father and inherited all his money. So that girl with unique name would probably still be there.

I was in the middle of the campus there was so much people there. People smoking, guys looking at me in the way that would make Taeyeon kill them, hot girls, nerds. It just made me think that I wasn’t missing anything there. Good the day I decided to get rich on an easier way.

I thought in a way to find that Sunkyu girl. I just had to use what people likes the most and the pretty girls definitely can answer any question about anyone.

“I give a thousand dollars to anyone who can tell me where I can find a girl named Lee Sunkyu who’s apparently smart.” I was smart too, that would work. They stayed sitting there and looking at me surprised but as soon as I showed the money and put over the table, one of them started to talk. “Right there.” That was fast. Everybody likes money. She pointed to somewhere but that wasn’t a big help because there was a lot of people to where she was pointing. “Who exactly?” “That girl on the wheelchair.” Why it had to be that girl?

“Okay, thanks.” I started to walk to the girl she told me, but I began to slow down my pace every step I took. My thoughts weren’t leaving me alone. I was repeating to myself as if that could help me anyway.

*Tell me Taeyeon didn’t do that. Tell me Taeyeon didn’t do that. Tell me Taeyeon didn’t do that.*

Doesn’t matter how many times I can repeat something over and over again, the obvious doesn’t leave my mind. I was standing there looking from afar and I couldn’t bring myself to go there. It scared me what I could hear from her. Then my phone rang and I would do anything that could stop me from going there, anything else sounded good.

*“Where are you?”*

It surprised me it was Taeyeon and how early it was for her to be calling me. “At home. I wanted to take some clothes. I can’t stay just at your home forever.”

*“So are you coming?”*

“Aren’t you working?”

*“No, I left earlier, I was thinking about ... watching a movie with you.”* That sounded so sweet coming from her. How could I say no? Of course I would.

“I’m on my way then.”

*“Be fast.”*

“Okay.”

She needs to learn how to say bye to me when we are talking on the phone. But that wasn’t the moment to think about a trivial thing like that.

I had her name, I could find her another time. When I had the courage of course. I was happy Taeyeon called me, so I had an excuse to myself for not going after that girl and make her tell me everything about Taeyeon.

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I almost caused an accident in my way back, I was too distracted. But luckily I made it, still alive and when I saw Taeyeon sitting on the bed with a huge bowl full of popcorn, her cuteness made me forget anything that was in my mind. I just jumped on the bed and sat beside her. I kissed her cheek and she gave me a good surprise when she kissed.

“Why did you take so long?” “Sorry, I don’t like to drive fast, it’s dangerous.” She gave me the bowl and let me eat some popcorn while she kept looking at me. I started to find that at least curious, she doesn’t do this kind of thing. “What?” “Where are the clothes?” I had forgotten about that. “I forget to bring it ... you called and distracted me.” “Are you lying?” I almost choked with that question. She never knows when I’m lying, she’s just really bad to catch these things. “Because you know I cut your throat if you are.” I looked at her and I expected to see some serious expression there. And she wasn’t that serious, like angry or something, it just looked more like her normal self. It helped me to relax. “Cut my throat?” I laughed of what she said, because Taeyeon just threatened me so many times and she never actually does anything. And I know she has a thing with being nice to me. “I don’t believe you would do this to me.” “You don’t?” “No. Because you are actually really loveable with me, and you wouldn’t like to hurt me.” It was truly what I thought about her. She hardly made anything that could prove it wrong. I knew she wouldn’t kill me. But she can scare the hell out of me. And make me change my mind.

“So you don’t believe I would cut your throat?” “No, I don’t.” “And what about punch and kick you until someone has to stop me and later at the hospital you finds out you can’t walk anymore. You are paraplegic, you won’t walk, never again. Your legs will never work again.” I froze right beside her and she kept looking deeply into my eyes. I stopped thinking she wouldn’t hurt me. It was what she wanted me to know and I understood. “So.” She was getting closer and closer to me. I wanted to run away, but ironically, my legs didn’t want to work. Nothing on my body wanted. “Do you think I could do this?”

She was confusing me. I had this steady idea that she wouldn't hurt me. Not just because she wanted to follow what her mother told her, but because I couldn't really believe she would hurt me. But she was there a few inches away from me. Her eyes were directed right to mine and they were cold and evil. I could remember her looking at me like that a few times. It happened more when she killed her father and threatened me. If scaring was what she wanted to be, I had to congratulate her, because she was really good.

"The girl who talks all the time is not going to say anything?? She hadn't laid a hand on me yet, but it was like she could do it at any second. I tried to think of something to help myself on that situation, but it's so hard to concentrate when you had those mad eyes on you. "I don't.? I wanted to say the opposite. That was a big lie, because at that moment all I could think was that she would kill me. "You don't? You really think I wouldn't hurt you?? She was surprised, like I was being naïve thinking that. I was getting used to look in her eyes. I still could think they were the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen. I shouldn't and hoped I didn't love her like I do. I never loved anyone before. My life was based on doing everything I didn't want to so I could get what I wanted during my whole life. And Taeyeon happened, and she is the best thing I have ever had. I wouldn't let it just fall apart, I wouldn't let her go of me.

"You wouldn't.? "You are lying to me, even after I asked if you were you continued lying to me. I could just start hitting you and just stop when I get tired.? "But you won't.? She tilted her head creepily still staring at me. I think she was getting angrier with the way I was talking, but it wasn't my intention. "No?? "Because you are very good to me. I don't believe you would do anything to hurt me or to make me cry.? To say that eased even my heart. It was like I was confirming to myself that she wouldn't do anything. "If I'm very good to you, why are you lying to me?? If Taeyeon could act like a normal person I would say she sounded hurt. "Don't even bother to answer.? She had moved her eyes away and started to leave the bed while I couldn't have a decent reaction because I had no idea of what she would do next.

“Tae, I’m sorry.? She just ignored me and took her pillow and her blanket going to the door. She looked like a kid who was going to her parent’s room, but the thing that made me cry over that was realizing that she was hurt. I didn’t even know that it was possible to hurt her feelings until I did. And I didn’t know what would happen after that. She just left me in her room and went to another, I didn’t even know if I could still call her my girlfriend or if she would kick me out of her house. She’s Taeyeon, I don’t know what to expect from her. I thought about going after her and apologize again, but I realized it could just make it worse. So I stayed there sitting on her bed while the TV was still on. That house was just so quiet, it was like I wasn’t even there, it was like no one was there.

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I woke up so late. I spent the whole night thinking about what Tiffany did and why she had to do that. But why do I even have to do that when I knew all along the reason. That just made me wake up late, I hadn’t my clock on the guestroom to wake me up. I left the bed trying to be fast so I wouldn’t get at work more late than I was already. I entered my room to take my clothes and it wasn’t a big surprise that Tiffany wasn’t there. She left the bed just like no one slept there. It was like she didn’t even spend the night there. For me was actually a relief I didn’t have to see her. I could not resist and strangulate her. It was better, I could just leave and go to work in peace.

Or I would if Tiffany wasn’t waiting for me sitting on my couch. I tried just to go downstairs and leave but she was there like I had to talk to her. It wasn’t like that was my fault, and she was there demanding something from me. Wasn’t enough for her that I let her stay alive? I had to talk to her too?

“What do you want? I am late.? She stayed on the couch, looking at me like she was my wife or someone important. “You don’t need to go to work, it’s not like you are going to lose your job. Just stop for a minute.? “And to what? To talk to you?? “Yes, I want to apologize.? “I don’t care about your apology. You should be under the ground by now. What were you thinking anyway? What do you want to do going after my ex-girlfriend?? “This is your fault.? She stood up from the couch raising her voice to talk to me. “I know nothing about you and I have no clue of what the hell happens in your mind. You keep making me adjust to whatever you want and I don’t even know what is happening.? “Curiosity is a dangerous thing.? “Is not curiosity. I just wanted to know a little bit what happened to you for a bunch of reasons. Because I don’t know anything.? She did what I thought she could never do it. She indeed made me stop to think a little that I could be acting in a way that wasn’t fair. But I don’t like to know

someone was digging into my life.

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“Did you talk to her?” “No, I was afraid and you called, so I came back here.” Not even I like to remember most of my past. I don’t like the idea of her finding out things about me.

“What do you know? Do you know anything?” She bit her bottom lip and looked down like a guilty kid. It was like she knew she did something wrong and had to confess. I swear I was trying to maintain my temper.

“I talked to your aunt and she told me some things about you.” I tried, I tried hard, but I wouldn’t be able to keep calm. “My aunt? All behind my back you went to talk to the person who hates me the most in this world. She told you why she hates me, didn’t she?” My tolerance is big, but there is something that I cannot accept and she was about to tell me what make me feel like killing right on the spot.

“She did. She ... she told me you were in love with your mother. But I—” “Stop talking.” I didn’t stop to look at her because I knew I would do something I would regret later. I wanted to stop that feeling of rage I had, but I can’t just avoid it. There’s nothing she could say to me that would make me madder and sadder. It was enough to make me remember mom is not around anymore and nothing breaks my heart more than this.

I took a few deep breaths, it was like I had a knot on my throat. I walked closer to her so she would listen to me really well and she wouldn’t forget it. “Don’t you ever dare to do this again. Because you even think about talking about my mother or to even just mention her, I swear there is nothing you can do or say to me that will stop me from tearing your tongue off?” She didn’t say a word. She was wise and kept quiet and looking at my eyes as I continue threatening her. “You think I am with you because you look like her, don’t you?” I could see her eyes sparkling as they got teary, and it was far from being happiness. “You indeed look like her a little. The eyes, the smile, the pretty face. That’s why my father wanted to marry you, that bastard missed her. And when she was alive he was the worst husband she could have.” Without realizing, I was getting closer and closer to her. I was taking steps like my legs were moving by themselves.

“But I am totally different from him. And to me, you have nothing to do with my mother. You are a

whore, who slept with a lot of men you didn't even liked, old men, just to be rich. You don't even dare to think you are like her.?" I stopped when I realized I was too close to control my anger and don't hurt her. I had to stop myself because I wouldn't do what my mother would be unhappy to know I did.

"If I wanted someone that looked like my mother, you would be the last person in this world I would choose."

...

I listened carefully to everything Taeyeon said, I paid attention to every little bit of emotion she apparently had. It was the first time I could actually tell she was upset or hurt. What she told me was one of the things I wouldn't like to hear from her, but she was just totally right and it wasn't the first time she called me like that. I knew she didn't mean, she only does that when she's really angry. When she's not, she treats me so well and makes sure to let me know I am her girlfriend. I know it was my fault for making her mad. I should have lied again, she didn't need to hear about her mother. It was stupid. I rarely hear her talking about her mother and I start to talk about it. I shouldn't have. Some things are better to pretend is not there, is better to everyone. In this case was good to Taeyeon.

I was crying as I saw Taeyeon threatening me and raising her voice because she was so furious. But it was because I realized how she was, I couldn't help it seeing her teary eyes. I never saw her crying and I thought I would never see.

After she left I sat down on the couch and stop for a moment with that sentence playing over and over again in mind, "You would be the last person in this world I would choose." It wasn't because it hurt me, but because I was trying to understand her. And the only thing I could really think with that was about how she did choose me. Even if I wasn't her definition of perfect she still called me her girlfriend. She let me sleep on her bed and talk a lot like she said. It's impossible to be upset with someone so strangely adorable like her. I didn't even care she threatened to tore my tongue off. I would be happily mute beside her.

But I hurt her. Such a tough and emotionless person, and I hurt her. There was nothing I could think about on that moment other than fixing what I did. She did tell me she wanted something from me and she couldn't have it. Well if she wanted something I will give her this something.

I left her house fast, I knew already what I had to do and once I finally find out what I wanted I would go straight back and make Taeyeon forgive me before kicking me out of her life. Because I felt she would do that. This time I didn't use the car she gave me, that is also the one she can track and I just totally forgot. It didn't end up well her knowing where I was and if she knew I was going back to that university, she would never look at my face again, I would be thrown away.

It was already time that people should be having lunch, so I was hoping to find that girl again without have to pay someone to find her. The fact that she was on a wheelchair was good and bad at the same time. The good side is that I spotted her easily. The bad side is that when I looked at her from afar talking to friends, I imagined what Taeyeon did to her and it was hard for me to trying taking it off of my mind. I am usually really good with convincing people and starting a conversation, but I was just lost. I really didn't know how I should do that, how I should start.

I definitely looked like a retarded standing still on the same place just looking at her. I stayed there for minutes. I wanted to go so I could have peace with Taeyeon, but I also had no courage. Taeyeon did something just too bad to that girl.

I was waiting she would stop talking to that people and be alone, it would be easier, but if I took too long she would go to class. So I finally stopped being a coward and started to walk on her direction. I was doing it slowly, a part of me was screaming for me not to go because that girl probably doesn't want to hear about Taeyeon ever again. But I had to do that. I felt such a relief when she waved to her friends and started to come right on my direction. It was like a sign that I had to do that. So I took a deep breath and did.

"Excuse me. Are you Lee Sunkyu?? She was already in front of me and she looked at my face in a funny way, it wasn't what I expected. "Yes, but just don't repeat this again. Nobody calls me like this for a good reason.? "I'm sorry.? I never felt so nervous talking to someone before. I guess I felt guilty. "I was looking for you. I hoped I could talk to you for a minute.? I didn't feel she was looking at me like I was a stranger or talking to me too formally. It was like she knew me before. Or she was just too easy going. "I don't know what this is about but looking at your face it seems serious. Why don't you have a seat?? I don't know how she didn't find me weird and ran away. No, wait, I know a little. Bad joke. I walked to the bench she pointed and sat there with her right in front of me waiting to know what

me, crazy, wanted with her.

“Sorry but, have I met you before? You really look familiar to me.” So that was why she seemed comfortable with me. I hadn’t remembered I looked like Taeyeon’s mom. “You don’t but I indeed look like someone you probably knew. That’s why I came here to try finding and talking to you.” “Okay, now I’m curious.” The guilt was making things harder for me. “It’s about Kim Taeyeon.” I waited for her to go away or stopping looking so bright, but when I looked at her she didn’t seem that upset or angry. She was just normal. “Oh right. You look like Mrs. Kim, of course, how I couldn’t remember? So, what do you want to know about Taeyeon? And why is something I wanted to know too?” She was helping a little to make me calmer. The fact that she was totally fine talking about Taeyeon was a great help. “I don’t know actually how to start. But I am ... Taeyeon’s girlfriend. I’m not a creepy stalker or something. I just wanted to know some things about her. If is not a problem of course.” She looked at me thoughtful for a moment and she proved how she was the right person. “She doesn’t tells you anything right? And everything she does is just so confusing you want to know what is happening. Isn’t it?” She described the last months of my life. “Yes. Can you help me?” “Well, I am surprised to know Taeyeon has a girlfriend, but okay, I’ll try to help you. I know how much she can be frustrating.” “Thank you, very much.” I didn’t understand how she could be talking about Taeyeon so coolly, but I wanted to thank her for that. “Not a problem, I have some time. And I know how Taeyeon is, so I sympathize with you.” “Yes, she is a problem.” “She is indeed, but do you love her? Because if you don’t, just don’t even try. Is just too hard to be with her.” “I do love her, that’s why I wanted to ask some questions. And I hope knowing some stuff I’ll have a chance with her.” “A chance? Aren’t you her girlfriend already?” “Yes, but we fought last night and I think she is not going to forgive me.” “What did you do?” “Mentioned her mother and she knew I was looking for you.” She looked like she knew really well I was in trouble. “Her mother is a sensitive topic. Her entire past is her mother, so Taeyeon is definitely not happy to know you’re here.” “Yes, but I had no other choice. You are like the only person who knows her enough to help me. And I need to know about her past, because I can’t understand her, not even a little.” She took a deep breath like she was preparing to stay there more than she thought she would.

“Okay, like I said Taeyeon’s past is her mother. She was everything to Taeyeon. Her death was like someone cutting off Taeyeon's heart. It was just too heartbreaking.”

“So she changed after that?”

“Not really. She just turned into a bitter person, but her personality is the same. She was like she is now

even when she was a little kid.”

“Do you know her since she was little?”

“No, I don’t actually. But her mother used to tell me everything about Taeyeon as a kid and the rest I just got to know with time.”

“You were close to her family.”

“Yes. That’s why I know Taeyeon is angry with you because she can’t stand hearing about her mother. It makes her remember everything that happened. Just don’t talk about it again if she doesn’t give you permission to it.”

“So what can I do? This is not the only problem. We have a bunch of problems.”

“And I’m sure they are easy to fix. Taeyeon is not that complicated once you know more about her. So I think you should know things related to her mother, it’s the most important thing to know.”

“The only things about her mother I know are how I look like her and how Taeyeon loved her.”

“Yes, it’s right. Since she was born she was so attached to her mother, sometimes she was the only who could calm Taeyeon down when she was crying. When she grew a little older and she could already speak and talk to Mrs. Kim, she was like her shadow. She was with her mother all the time, her father was always busy, and Mrs. Kim loved Taeyeon’s company.”

“It looks like she was cute.”

“That’s exactly what I thought hearing about this. And it was also interesting to know Taeyeon was inseparable from her mother to the point of disliking her father.”

“Taeyeon hates him. I just don’t know why.”

“It’s because, at some point in her life, she realized she could be better than him. She didn’t see her father as a good husband to her mother, so she thought he was just a bother. If he wasn’t there her life could be much better, she didn’t need him and her mother didn’t need him as well. Taeyeon was always there to help her mother with everything.”

“She always says she is better than him.”

“She is indeed. She was the husband her mother needed ... actually this is a little hard to tell.” She stopped a little to think, she didn’t know what to say.

“I know she was in love with her mother. You can just continue.” She looked a little surprised when I said that like it wasn’t a big deal at all.

“Who told you this?”

“Her aunt.”

“She doesn’t like Taeyeon at all. She must have exaggerated a little.”

“So Taeyeon wasn’t?”

“Actually she was, but saying like this just sounds too wrong. It’s not simple like this. Mrs. Kim was like everything Taeyeon needed just like Taeyeon was to her. She was there to take her to school, to celebrate her birthday, to cook for her, to basically do everything. And Taeyeon maybe grew some feelings for her that she shouldn’t have.”

“Yes, I never thought about it in a wrong way. I can understand they were close and she loved her just too much.”

“That was probably the big problem. Taeyeon had already a lot of complications, she didn’t need her little mind thinking about being a good husband to her mother.”

“She just wanted the best for her, I can imagine.”

“Can you? Really? Do you know how is having someone by your side saying to you every day how important you were, how you were the best thing this person could have, you were everything to this person.”

“I don’t know if I can imagine someone saying this to me. But I know it would definitely not be my mother.”

“Yes, I think the same way. But Taeyeon’s mother was like this. And it was true, Taeyeon was like a little angel to her.”

“Do you think she knew about it?”

“It was her mother, of course she knew it. What mother wouldn’t realize it?”

“How things were then? Her mother knew Taeyeon was in love with her and she didn’t do anything?”

“No, she didn’t. I think she just never cared. I don’t know, I can’t read Taeyeon’s mind or her mother’s. If you ask me if they actually had something with each other, I won’t be able to answer, because I have no clue. But I know how they loved each other and how Taeyeon stayed by her mother’s side until her last breath. I can’t even think about it as a bad thing, it was just ... beautiful.”

“Taeyeon suffered a lot then.?”

“Yes, she did. She didn’t know her mother’s cancer was terminal, Mrs. Kim didn’t tell Taeyeon until she was already close to die. Taeyeon stayed in the hospital beside her mother until she was finally gone.?”

“I can’t imagine how she misses her.?”

“Me neither. I also can’t imagine how was to see her mother leaving her and how she felt. She was probably miserable and feeling lonely like never before.”

“The first time she must have hated the silence.” I was wondering about Taeyeon’s misery and I noticed how the girl in front of me raised her eyebrow like she didn’t know what I was talking about.

“First time? Taeyeon always hated the silence.” Then was my turn to don’t understand what we were talking about. “Taeyeon likes silence.”

“No, she doesn’t. She loves to have someone close to her talking to her, making her questions. Her mother was the type of person who talks a lot.”

“I thought she hated, she scolds me when I talk too much.”

“It’s just her being annoying, she used to say the same thing to her mother, but her mother always kept talking because she knew she had to, Taeyeon would never start a conversation.”

“I had no idea.”

“Taeyeon loves attention, she loves to know that there is someone waiting for her at home when she’s back, that someone is talking and not leaving her alone. She’s a little spoiled in a cute way.”

I was starting to have some ideas in my head with that.

“She wants to know someone is always there, isn’t it?”

“Yes, for sure. Taeyeon would hate to be alone. I think is one of the worst things she ever felt, I’m sure she doesn’t want to feel like this never again.” How could I be so blind? It was so obvious. The answer was right there, right in front of me the whole time, and I am dumb enough to not see it. I understood why she didn’t love me. If I was her I wouldn’t either.

“I think you just told me what I need to know.” ”Did I? That’s great. I actually have to go, I’m late to my next class. I wish you good luck.” I tried to smile at her, but I realized how bad I was to Taeyeon and that lack of trust she had in me was my entire fault.

“Thank you for helping me and sorry taking you’re time.” “It was no problem, really.” I stood up to bid her good bye and run to Taeyeon’s office. And I remembered doing something important.

“I actually wanted to apologize for something else too. I’m sorry for what Taeyeon did to you.” Maybe it wasn’t right to talk about that after all the talk going so well, but I just felt I had to. But her reaction surprised me.

“For what Taeyeon did to me?”

“Yes.”

“And what would be that?”

She really seemed like she had no clue of what I was talking about.

“You know ... about your legs.” She kept looking at me trying to understand that, until she seemed to realize it. “I don’t know what someone must have told you, but I had a car accident. It was a drunk driver. Taeyeon even stayed in the hospital with me for several days.” She cannot imagine the relief I felt hearing that. “I know Taeyeon can be a little violent, but she has a heart. She wouldn’t hurt someone she loves.”

*“TaeTae?” Mrs. Kim had gotten home and she didn’t find what she expected, there was just no one on the living room. Taeyeon should be there happy seeing her there, but the little girl wasn’t around. She tried not to get worried, but any kind of change on Taeyeon habits was something to worry about.*

*“Tae, mom is home!” She yelled trying to make Taeyeon hear it wherever she was on that big house. She frowned when she didn’t get any response. She went to the kitchen to see if the little girl was there eating something or just to confirm she didn’t have any accident like it happened before. And she wasn’t there either. She felt more relieved and more apprehensive with that.*

*She tried to calm down her heart which was already insisting to keep a rapid pace, maybe Taeyeon was sleeping, it wouldn’t be weird to find the girl just sleeping. She went upstairs and opened the door already moving her hand to also turn the light on. At that point was hard not to be dying with worry. Taeyeon was already a little down before she left to work, she couldn’t imagine what could be happening, but she was sure it could be anything, even the craziest things. She left her purse on Taeyeon’s room and started to look everywhere around the house. She felt that was serious enough to be nervously looking for her daughter, even inside the cabinets, Taeyeon was small enough to fit inside it, just everywhere.*

*She was already in the last place she could look for, she left the kitchen for last and there were a lot of cabinets there. But it didn’t matter because all she could find were plates and anything she didn’t want to. She started to think Taeyeon left the house alone, she liked to walk around by herself. But she had told her to not do that anymore, how Taeyeon could be disobeying her? She wouldn’t. And she started to get mad because Taeyeon’s father wasn’t there either and he should be there. If he was there, taking care of their daughter that wouldn’t be happening.*

*“Stupid.” Mrs. Kim thought that matched perfectly with the things running through her mind, like she was the one who said. But she knew that voice and it was definitely not her mind’s voice. She felt stupid and angry to realize she didn’t look outside. It was already dark, she had to turn the lights on to see Taeyeon standing there on the dark talking to the cat. She wanted to yell and send Taeyeon straight to her room like any worried mother would do, to ground that girl. She had yelled for Taeyeon and the*

*girl didn't answer, why would Taeyeon make her worry like that? And she had her answer right after she saw what Taeyeon was doing.*

*There was this little ball on the ground along with other toys and they were forming a line. But those weren't Taeyeon's toys, she didn't have any, she never liked. Those were the cat's toys. Taeyeon was trying to let the ball on the right place to complete the sequence, but the cat kept taking it back. She was already so mad and crying, she could have already taken the cat and thrown him over the fence to the neighbor's yard, but Mrs. Kim had told her to don't hurt the cat. So she was calling him stupid and trying to make him stop bothering her.*

*Mrs. Kim knew that wasn't a good sign, that behavior coming from Taeyeon was never a good sign. She walked to her rather fast in relief seeing her little girl there. When she touched Taeyeon arm she saw how Taeyeon flinched and wasn't aware of what was happening around her.*

*"Mom, take him away, he's bothering me."*

*Taeyeon tried again to take the little ball and just left it in the line, but the cat was trying to take it back.*

*"See? He keeps doing this. Why is he so stupid?"*

*"It's his toy, let it with him."*

*Taeyeon had already so many tears rolling down her face and the more she kept with that the more she was nervous.*

*"Come with me, darling."*

*Taeyeon didn't want to go and leave that unfinished, her mother had to take her off the floor and go back inside with Taeyeon crying on her shoulder. She went upstairs patting Taeyeon's back and imagining what could be the cause of that, Taeyeon was already going on the psychiatrist and getting so much better. See her doing that showed that something was wrong.*

*"Come on, TaeTae, don't cry. You didn't cry like this not even when you almost cut off your finger. Where is my tough little girl?" She sat in the bed with Taeyeon on her lap and kissed the girl's head waiting for her to calm down. "Mom hates to see you crying, darling. Tell me what is wrong, because I know there is something wrong." Mrs. Kim hugged Taeyeon tightly, it would make her feel better. She didn't need to look at Taeyeon's face to know her little girl was stopping crying just by holding her. "So, are you going to talk to me? Because I'm very worried. I know something is stressing you out."*

*Mrs. Kim noticed how Taeyeon was quiet. More than not talking she wasn't doing anything, if the lack of speaking was the only thing happening it wouldn't be a problem, it would be just normal. But Taeyeon was quiet in her lap while she should be already hugging her mother glued on her neck.*

*"TaeTae, please, tell me what's wrong." Her mother tried to turn her over and look at her face, but Taeyeon didn't move and kept looking at the floor. Mrs. Kim started to think Taeyeon had done something wrong and was having problems to tell her, so she waited, she was patient. With Taeyeon she had to be patient.*

*"I ..."*

*She listened to Taeyeon's attempt to say something. She held her little hand and it's was shaking like Taeyeon was so nervous. "You what, darling? You can tell mom anything."*

*"I ... don't be angry."*

*"I won't, just tell me."*

*Taeyeon turned her head to have a look on her mother's face, like she had to confirm she wasn't mad and quickly looked back to the floor.*

*"I heard you talking to aunt earlier. I wanted to ask you ... is it true that you didn't want me?"*

*Mrs. Kim was taken aback with Taeyeon even saying something like that. She could understand what was upsetting her little girl, and she broke her promise. She said she wouldn't be mad, and she did, so much. But it wasn't with Taeyeon.*

*"I wasn't supposed to exist. It's okay, I understand."*

*"Don't say something like this, this is not true."*

*"It is true. It's not the first time I heard someone saying it."*

*Her mother never felt her heart so heavy. She couldn't imagine how Taeyeon was feeling hearing something like that and believing it.*

*"It's okay, mom, I understand."*

*She wouldn't let her little angel had that as the truth.*

*"Tae, look at me, come on, I'm going to tell you something."*

*She moved with Taeyeon to the other side of the bed and stayed with Taeyeon over her chest who stubbornly insisted in not looking at her.*

*"I think you are already old enough to hear this." She looked at Taeyeon's sad face and what she wanted the most then was to brush that out and put a smile there. Or her serious face, it was already better.*

*"Do you know how I never lie to you, right?" Taeyeon nodded quietly. "So you believe in what I say?"*  
*"Of course."*

*"So I'm going to tell you something and I don't want to see you sad because of this again. We have an agreement?"*

*"We do."*

*"Great." She kissed the top of Taeyeon head and thought how she should start. "Okay, so do you know how young mom is, right?"*

*"I do ... and very pretty too."*

*"Thank you. So when I found out that I would have a baby it was very shocking. I didn't know what I would do, it wasn't supposed to happen."*

*Taeyeon stopped looking down and moved her head to look at her mother curious about what she was telling. "So you hate it."*

*"I was just angry. I would need to get married and your grandfather would kill me. Everything just seemed like a big problem. I didn't know what to do."*

*"I wasn't supposed to exist then."*

*"Let me finish. I thought about not having my baby anymore."*

*"And what would you do with the baby?" Taeyeon even sat up looking at her mother in disbelief. "You would kill it ... but it was me, you couldn't do this to me."*

*"You are not letting me talk, let me finish." Taeyeon was with her entire attention to her mother already. Even though Taeyeon seemed sad hearing that, it was amusing to her mother to see her like that, worried with the possibility of finding out how her mother didn't love her as much as she thought. Which wasn't true, of course. "I would have an abortion, you know what it is. Because I was scared, I was too young to have a baby."*

*"So why you didn't?"*

*"Your aunt stopped me. She told grandfather what was happening and he didn't allow me to do that. And he made me get married, because I couldn't be a single mom."*

*"So you would do that to me." Taeyeon looked mad and sad at the same time on that point. That was something rare to see. Taeyeon never got mad with her mother before.*

*"I would because I didn't want to have a baby. But since I couldn't do it anymore and I was already*

*married, I had my baby. I didn't hold my baby when it was born, I didn't even want to look at it."*

*Taeyeon eyes were getting teary and it was like her mother didn't even care she would cry again. She was asking herself what was wrong with her mother, why she was doing that. She started to regret asking.*

*"You can stop the story already, I don't want to hear it anymore."*

*"You do. Continuing, the nurses and your father were the ones who would hold and take care of my baby. The only moment when I held my baby was when I had to feed it, but I soon would give it back to the nurse when it finished."*

*"You hated me."*

*"And this one night, my baby woke up and started crying on the little crib beside my bed. I tried to call a nurse to make it stop, but there was no one to help me. I was mad because the baby just kept crying and it wouldn't stop it. So I took the baby for a while and tried."*

*"I was annoying to you."*

*"I was in pain, I had surgery because of the baby, I just wanted it to stop crying so I could sleep."*

*"So you tried to kill me?"*

*Mrs. Kim was listening to Taeyeon until that point, but she was taken aback with that question.*

*Taeyeon had a weird imagination.*

*"I decided to ask my baby if it could stop it, because I was tired and it stayed the whole day needing my attention, that was the moment when I was supposed to have some peace."*

*"Did I do something?"*

*"Yes, you did. You stopped. You looked at me with those cute eyes, you couldn't even open it that well, but it seemed like you were trying. So you stayed quiet over my chest just like we do almost every day and you started to close your eyes, and didn't take much you were asleep again."*

*"You started to like me a little?"*

*"More than this. I started to realize that if I had an abortion before and let someone kill my little baby, it would be the biggest mistake of my life. Because that was my little baby, my little TaeTae."*

*"This story is getting better." Taeyeon was starting to smile already.*

*"I realized it was the worst thing I ever did, to think about not having you. So I stayed with you almost the whole night, watching you breathing. And that night I decided your name. You were so calm, so cool, I couldn't help but call you Taeyeon."*

*"And you fell in love with me." Mrs. Kim was happy already seeing Taeyeon acting normal again and excited to hear what she was telling.*

*"Yes, I did. How I wouldn't?" Taeyeon laughed a little when her mother took her and hugged her*

*tightly.*

*“So it was true, you didn’t want me.”*

*“No, I didn’t.” Taeyeon smiled died a little, but her mother wouldn’t let it stay like that for too long.*

*“But can you imagine if I didn’t have you?”*

*“Would you be sad?”*

*“So sad. There is something in my life that I will never regret, and it’s you. I was stupid to even think about not having you and I am so happy that someone stopped me from doing the biggest mistake of my life.”*

*“Don’t cry, mom.”*

*“If you hear someone saying something like that again, you remember that you are the most precious thing I have and you were, always were, supposed to exist. How would my little girl doesn’t exist? What would I do without my TaeTae?”*

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Taeyeon could feel a huge knot on her throat. She tried to look to the ceiling trying to stop any tear to fall, she couldn’t allow herself to cry after so much time. She failed just so miserably. She couldn’t stop the pain she was feeling with every memory that started to come back. She wanted just to work, to sit there and read those papers, but she couldn’t. She felt so much anger for realizing she was feeling that pain all over again. She thought it would get better, it had to get better, but it wasn’t.

She hit her desk with so much strength it just broke. The broken glass was all over the floor, her feet, among the papers and her favorite pen. She lowered her head and put her hands on her face letting out everything, she didn’t want to. She stopped caring about the tears streaming down her face and dropping over the mess on the floor. That was would happen every time she realized she lost something which would never be replaced.

“Tae?”

I entered my car with my heart so much lighter. Knowing Taeyeon didn’t beat the hell out of a girl tinier than her was so comforting. I went straight to Taeyeon’s office. I couldn’t wait, I just had to do that. I knew she was angry with me, she wanted to strangle me. But I would just face it. I couldn’t

accept just leaving her slip away, I loved her too much. And I never loved someone, I didn't even know what it was until I felt for that tiny and dangerous person. I think my heart was just waiting the moment when I would find Taeyeon to start beating faster for her.

I get to her building nervous and at the same time anxious. I could feel a little afraid my efforts wouldn't work and Taeyeon wouldn't forgive me.

But I had to do that.

"Excuse me, is Taeyeon busy?"

Her secretary knew me already and she would say if Taeyeon wasn't or not. To other people she would just lie in a way that would suit Taeyeon the best.

"No, she's inside her office, you can just—"

She was cut off when we heard a loud noise coming from inside the office. I heard the noise of something shattering.

I felt so much fear, I was imagining horrible things that could be happening.

I didn't wait more than I had already and opened the door. I was relieved to see Taeyeon there and the window just perfect.

"Tae?" I could see she wasn't fine, she didn't even move hearing my voice and there was glass everywhere.

"Don't worry about, I take care of her." I said that to her secretary and closed the door behind me. I'm sure Taeyeon wouldn't like other people to see her crying.

"TaeTae." I got closer to her being careful with the shattered glass on the floor and tried to make her lift her face to look at me. I never felt so much pain in my heart like I did when I saw her crying like that. She was the one who seemed to be in pain, just inconsolable. And I knew it was my fault.

"I'm sorry, Tae."

She looked at me for a just a second and stood up abruptly almost making me fall on the floor. But she held me and took me by the arm towards the door.

"I am working." "Wait a minute, Tae." I had to use my strength to make her stop, because she would just put me out of her office. She stopped when I insisted, and I could see how she looked at me, like I

was the last thing she wanted to see. I didn't know what to say to her. It was like the entire plan I had before just disappeared from my mind. So I hugged her, suddenly, she was surprised for sure. I knew she wouldn't try to pull me away, she's too polite to do that.

"Stop doing this." I didn't let go of her, I stubbornly just held her tightly. I knew she would make me leave if I let it go.

"Please, Tae, let me talk to you."

"I have nothing to talk to you. Just let it go."

"No, please." I think I pushed her too much. She pulled me away from her with all her strength, she didn't care anymore, she was pissed. "What the hell do you want?" She didn't need to scream to express how mad she was. The way she talked was already enough for me to understand what she was feeling.

"Just, please, let's talk."

"I don't want to, just leave."

"Please, I know what you want. I do, and I can do it." Taeyeon stepped back a little and stopped looking at me. She ran her fingers through her hair and took a deep breath before returning her gaze to me, and I could see it was way worse than before. "You went back there, didn't you?" I was wondering what I could say that could make her a little bit calmer, but I don't think there was such a thing.

"It's not important. What is important is that I do know what you want and I will do it. I won't leave you." She stayed there in front of me. I didn't know if she would kill me or worse, if there is anything worse than killing.

"Do you remember when I punched a police officer because he said bad things about you?"

I knew what she would say, and I couldn't bring myself to stop her because it was just the truth. I really did that. "I was arrested, sent to prison. And you never showed up." Her eyes were getting all teary again, and I was seeing all the pain I made her feel. I didn't even know it was possible to make her suffer. "I was beat up there, threatened. I was scared, I was alone. I thought you wouldn't abandon me, I thought you would stay by my side. And you didn't, you just left me alone."

"I'm so sorry." "It's okay because you were just going on with your life, doing what you had to do to get what you wanted. I don't blame you, I understand. You never liked me how I thought you did and it's my entire fault." "No, I love you." "Stop it. Just go away. I am begging you, just leave my life, okay? You have what you want, I gave you what you wanted. You are rich, you can have anything, just

please, don't stay to make me suffer." I could understand everything then. How she would believe in me after what I did? She just wouldn't. I left her when she needed me the most. But I wouldn't just give up. I would convince her.

"I love you, Tae, I'm not leaving you."

"And I don't trust you. You just came back because you realized I stopped going after you, but please stop it. I don't hate you, I am just asking to please go away."

"You need to believe in me."

"I just don't. Why would I? You never gave me a reason to believe in what you say. I just don't want you to continue by my side, because I know you are going to hurt me more in the future. You just can't give me what I want, you just can't, Tiffany. Just stop it." I remember crying just a few times in my life. But only once because I felt sadness. I think loving someone brings up other emotions too. And Taeyeon was the only person who actually made me cry in my entire life because I thought I would lose her.

"Don't cry, Tiffany, please." I could hear in her sweet voice how she cared about me. I used to think she never liked me, maybe in a wrong way, but never loved me for real. But I was just completely wrong. I could see how I was wrong in everything she did. That's why I couldn't let it go. I wouldn't let someone who loved me back to escape like that.

I took a few steps close to her and stopped looking in her teary but still beautiful eyes. "Can I ask you something?" She wiped with her thumb my tears that insisted to escape and stayed strong in front of me, she was willing to listen to me. "Go ahead." "I wouldn't believe in me either if I were you and I know there is nothing I can say for you to believe I am going to stay by your side forever. So can you please give me a chance?" That was the second time I was asking that to her. She should say 'no' to me. I lied to her, left her before, all I did was giving her reasons to not trust me. But I know she has a heart, and I would appeal to that.

"Come with me." She wiped her face with the sleeve of her suit and started to walk outside. I was surprised, I didn't even know what she was doing, but I followed her. We stayed quiet in the elevator, I wouldn't dare to say a word. I kind of understood what she was doing when she took me to the parking lot. She was taking me to my car. I grabbed her suit and tried to make her stop. "Please, Tae, don't." "Go inside your car." Her voice was already so different, so much calmer. But to my despair that just

seemed like she made her decision. She took my purse and quickly found the key opening the door and let my purse already on the inside. I hugged her trying to make her change her mind. I would stay in my knees and beg if it was necessary. I just couldn't let her go. "Go inside your car—" "No, Tae, please." I don't know from where I got so much strength to stay glued on her. Or she wasn't trying to pull me as much as I thought. I was already starting to cry again.

She tried to make me look at her, she was being so gentle with me. Maybe I never deserved her. I could see then how she was good to me.

"Listen to me, Tiffany." I shook my head, I didn't want to hear her, I didn't want to accept there wasn't anything I could do anymore.

"Go inside your car and go home."

"No, Tae, I don't want to."

"To take your things."

I stopped all my despaired crying and looked at her while she was talking to me. I thought my ears were wrong.

"You are going to take your things and then take them to my house. Listen to me."

"I am."

"When I get home I want to find your stuff inside my closet and you inside that house, do you hear me?"

I just nodded, it was the only concrete reaction I could have.

Taeyeon wiped my tears again and kissed me so sweetly, I didn't want her to let go, but she wanted me to go home like she said and I would.

"Did you understand me?"

"I did."

She took my hand and made go finally inside that car. I would do what she asked and it would be immediately.

I just stopped to hear her when she stopped beside the window with the most serious face I ever saw her making.

"I love you, Tiffany Hwang. You can't leave me, you promised."

"I won't."

"Don't disappoint me. I can't stand to lose you."

“You won’t lose me. Never.”

I was scared when I first got to my house. I stopped by the door and prepared myself to whatever I would find there. It seemed very quiet like it usually was, but I could see some lights on. I walked upstairs and went to my room to take off the clothes I wore outside, but I actually wanted to do something more than just that. I wanted to see what there was inside my closet. I never felt so happy seeing my closet being a mess. It was pink mess. Dresses, shoes, purses, all kind of stuff which was definitely not mine.

I left my stuff there and walked back down stairs excited to find someone there. I saw the lights on the kitchen were on and when I got there, there was a certain beautiful girl with a beautiful smile waiting for me. I couldn’t remember the last time I saw something like that.

Taeyeon just seemed so happy seeing me in the kitchen. She wasn’t smiling or anything, but I could see in her face how she felt. It was something different from her normal cold face.

“Here, Tae, I tried to make you dinner.” I didn’t believe she just without hesitation sat by the table and actually tried my food. I was hoping it wasn’t horrible, because good I was sure it wasn’t. She actually tried, she ate it. And then she stood up and threw everything on the trash, along with the rest that was on the pan. I felt a little bad that my food was that bad. But Taeyeon, like I heard, was a little angel.

“This is just your first time, I’m sure you can get way better than this, you’re very smart.” “Thank you.” I would try to be to her what she wanted. That cute person who didn’t even know how to act with me there. She seemed nervous and was stopping and staring at me all the time. “I think that if you follow the recipe, it’s impossible to be bad.” She walked hastily and opened a drawer taking a book out placing it on the table in front of me. “Here. You can try, I’m sure you’ll get way better.” I sensed she wanted something with that. “And what about I start to try to do your favorite meal? What is your favorite here?” She opened the book quickly and already showed what she wanted. She looks like a kid. I didn’t need to be super smart to know that was from her mother and she wanted me to cook for her, she is indeed spoiled. But she’s so cute that it doesn’t matter. “So I will try to cook this for you. I promise I will get better at this.”

She stayed for a moment looking at me like I wasn’t real and then walked to me abruptly and kissed

me. I thought it was just be a simple kiss, but it was way more than that. It was so deep, I thought I would suffocate, but it was still so sweet. I think she didn't smile and she needed a way of expressing how happy she was, so she kissed me like she never did before. When she pulled away from me I had to take back my breath to recompose myself. I realized I wanted to make her that happy for the rest of my life. I never felt happy making someone else happy.

"Thank you." I should be the one thanking her. She was the one who was giving me a chance when she shouldn't. "Thank you too." I placed a peck on her cheek and looked again at that cute face of hers. I've never been so sure in my life about something like I was about Taeyeon.

"What do you think about helping me making dinner for today? You could learn something."

"Are you good?"

"Very good."

Her eyes were sparkling waiting my answer. She wasn't hard to understand, actually she was just very simple.

"Of course."

## Epilogue | 01

I never stopped to realize how bad I am at cooking until Taeyeon tried to teach me. She was very patient and showed to me what to do several times, but I am just a disaster. When I burned my finger trying to boil water she just told me to sit down and let her do everything. I was a little afraid that she got disappointed. I wanted to do those things to her, she wanted so much. Her eyes were full of joy when she saw I had tried to make her dinner. I liked to see I did that, I was capable of putting a smile on her face. I had to try harder to show her I could do the things she wanted. To that spoiled kid who actually cooks really well.

If she was the one cooking every day I would get fat for sure. I was wondering if there was anything she couldn't do well.

“Are you bad at something? Anything?” I would need to learn more how to stop saying anything that was in my mind. That was something she didn't like it. But she didn't care as much as I thought she would. “I am bad at sports. Very bad.” “Really? I thought you were good at everything.” She looks so cool, I thought that wouldn't be a problem for her. But when I stopped to think about it, it makes sense. I mean, she kills people poisoned. It's kind of meticulous and requires more brain than any physical effort.

I was actually distracted with my thoughts I didn't realize she was quiet and staring at me. And when I did, I noticed how that could sound bad for her, she had a big ego. “I didn't mean to say this in a bad way. I just ... you seem perfect, I thought you were perfect at everything.” “Is it a bad thing for you that I'm bad at something?” She has her specific way of doing things, like saying something. And it makes me clueless because I don't know what she's up to. “No, it's not.” That was the safe answer. And also the truth, because it wasn't a problem.

On the other side of the table she continued looking at me and touched my hand that was over the table. “Because I could learn if you want to.” That was so sweet of her. And I was imagining bad things. “No, Tae, it's okay. You don't need to do anything, for me you are perfect.” She nodded simply and continued eating while I was stunned by how she was being sweet. She actually asked if I wanted to change something on her and she said she could try. She was trying to please me. She couldn't be lovelier than that.

How I would even think about changing something about that girl? She is amazing. She's beautiful, she's funny on her own way, and she's adorable. I don't even care that she takes almost an hour taking a shower. I waited for her patiently on her bed, I was too happy that everything was going great that I didn't care. And she with just a towel is something my eyes like to see. It was brief the moment she left the bathroom and went to the closet, but was enough already to let me like an idiot waiting on her bed. Until I realized I was too overwhelmed, I stopped and started to pay attention on the tv. Or Taeyeon would think I am an idiot. Taeyeon is smart and serious; I don't want her to think I am stupid more than she already does. But I think I am very stupid. I was looking at the tv and the same time imagining Taeyeon on a cute pink pajama. She looked very cute in my mind. I made a mental note to buy something like that to her.

I was absorbed in my silly thoughts, all about Taeyeon and something, surprisingly pulled me back to reality. I focused on what was happening on the tv and my ex-husband was there. Didn't take much and another one of my husbands was there too. It wasn't hard for me to know the responsible when it was said they were dead. My ex-husbands dying. I knew exactly who did that. And I still had to buy a cute pink pajama for her. I think it would let her just even more adorable. And she needed that pajama, because she came back to the room just wearing a black shirt and panties that looked more like boxers. On her is very sexy, but I still prefer her looking cute. And she would totally do that for me if I asked in the right way.

"You look very tired, TaeTae." I saw like her she looked sleepy. She came to the bed and kissed my cheek before lying down. "It's because I am."

I was sitting beside her and I noticed she was looking at my legs, but it wasn't for the reason I thought at first. She kept looking, like she was thinking about it and then she decided she would put her head over my legs. When she was with her head on my lap, she closed her eyes to sleep. I didn't even want to bother her. I wanted to talk and ask her a lot of things, but I wanted her to rest as well.

I started to brush her hair softly to help her sleep and continued paying attention at how beautiful she is. But she didn't want that. "Why are you not talking? Something wrong?" She really didn't like silence. "No, I just wanted to let you sleep. But if you want I can talk a lot, I like to talk." She was obviously tired, but still she sat up pulling her blanket over her body and turned her head to me waiting for me to start.

“How was your day at work?” I was looking down to see her face, she barely could keep her eyes open properly.

“Tiring, I did a lot of things.”

“And killing people is included in this a lot of things?” I hadn’t forgotten about it and started to think about pink pajamas. I was just waiting the right moment.

“Yes, it is.”

“Why did you do that?”

She stopped looking at me for a while, she looked a little guilty. It was like I caught her doing something bad.

“You said they were bad to you. They didn’t treat you well.”

I didn’t even know she could remember that, but I should know it, she doesn’t forget things. “Yes, but you didn’t need to do that.”

“It was necessary. I couldn’t forget about it.”

Her eyes opened widely when hit her. She was very surprised, she definitely didn’t expect that.

“Do you remember how scary jail was? People in there hurt you, did you forget?”

She continued staring at me surprised with what I was doing. I was a little scared with what I was doing as well, but I had to do that.

“So why are you trying to go back to there? Do you want to leave me alone? Is it what you want?”

“No.”

“So don’t do this ever again. And if they found out it was you? What are you going to do?”

“They won’t, they think it was an accident.”

“It doesn’t matter, you are not doing that again.” I hit her again, I got mad a little bit. But her doing that face to me makes it forgivable. “Did you understand, Kim Taeyeon?”

She nodded to me quickly and made forget about that problem very fast.

“Let me buy to you a new desk? You will need it.”

She must have thought I was crazy, but she said she loves me, she would just deal with it.

“Just if you don’t buy anything pink.”

I pouted, that was exactly what I would do, but it was better not. Taeyeon is the boss, she needs to look serious. “Okay, it won’t be pink. But it’s not going to be made of glass as well. It’s dangerous with you mad.”

“I’m sure you can buy something I will like it. You are very good with buying stuff.”

I’m sure she wanted to say that as a compliment, she’s just not very good with that. But I know she was trying. And it was good to know I wasn’t the only one adapting to some things because of that relationship. She was doing that as well. Which makes me think even more we are just perfect for each other. We are very different, but we try to be what the other wants.

It doesn’t sound good, like the best thing to do in a relationship. But, with us, it just works. We are not that normal anyway.

There isn’t a better way of wake up than feeling Tiffany kissing me. She was calling me by my nickname and brushing my hair off my face. I took more time than the necessary to open my eyes. What she was doing was very good, I wanted to enjoy it a little bit more.

“TaeTae, you’re going to be late.” I rubbed my eyes and had to sit up and leave the bed to face my responsibilities. But first I enjoyed Tiffany not leaving her hands off me. I could stay all day there but I left to take a shower and go get ready to go to work.

Tiffany picked my clothes. When she said she would I was afraid of the result, but she actually was very good to do those kinds of things. She is good with clothes and everything I am not. When I almost ready to go I was wondering where she was. She just left my clothes over the bed and went somewhere. I imagined she was having breakfast, so I just took my stuff and went to the kitchen to have a breakfast as well.

She was there like I predicted and she didn’t forget to smile at me when she saw me entering the kitchen. I think my heart skips a beat every time I see that beautiful smile.

“What are you doing?” I saw her at the sink doing something. It worried me a little because if she was cooking something it would be dangerous to her fingers and to my stomach. “Your breakfast.” I felt my stomach getting sick a little, but she had to try or she would never be good at that. Anyway, I was worried with my wellbeing.

“Don’t do this face, TaeTae.” She turned over to me handling a plate with a lot of fruits into cubes and I could feel my stomach getting way more relaxed. “I’m not going to kill you with my cooking skills. I just want you to eat something healthier than you usually do.” She placed the plate over the table and I

got her hands to have a look at it. “I didn’t cut myself, don’t worry.” I received a kiss on the cheek for worrying about her and it made me really satisfied.

I don’t like eating fruits or anything that doesn’t have as much as sugar as I like, but she was trying to take care of me, and I would just let her do that. She was even watching me eating. I was wondering as I was eating if she has any idea of how much I like the fact that she was there.

She is always talking, asking me things, or doing things. I feel like I have a company. Is really good don’t feel alone anymore. I wished that wouldn’t change.

“Tiffany.” She was paying close attention to me, she looked a little worried that I wasn’t liking it. “Yes, darling.” “I like when you are around ... I like very much.” She smiles all the time, it’s like she is happy all the time. “I like spending time with you. And I am going to spend time with you for a long time, don’t worry. I asked you to give me a chance and I am going to show you that I ... you will have to get used to the fact that I am not leaving you alone.” “Don’t you care that I just killed two people yesterday?” She used to be so afraid of me. That used to be such a problem, I didn’t want that to screw up our happy current situation. “About this, you are going to stop it. I told you yesterday and I am serious. I want to have a life with you and I don’t see you in jail in my scenario of happy future.”

I felt such a good feeling hearing her talking like that, about future and life with me. “Yes, I won’t do that anymore. And just for you to know too, I never poisoned you. Okay, now we don’t have problems anymore.” I started to eat again so I would finish and get a kiss because I ate everything while I heard Tiffany laughing. I don’t know why, but she likes the way I do things, it makes her laugh and smile a lot. I was sure that day she could even brought a pink desk to me, nothing would screw up my good mood. And she was the responsible for my happiness. I had that phrase in my head “scenario of happy future”, and the “I want to have a life with you”. It’s understandable why I had a smile on my face, which Tiffany loved by the way.

“TaeTae, you are smiling.” “Yeah, I feel happy.” I don’t get why she has to announce my expressions, but if it makes her happy and makes her come closer to me and give me a lot of kisses, it’s just fine. “I feel like you love me, Tiffany.” “I do, silly.”

...

A little girl walked through the halls along with the other kids. She was excited holding a sheet of paper carefully to don't crumple because she wanted to show it to someone. She had a big smile on her face when she saw her mother waiting on the outside and the first thing she did was showing to her what she did.

"That's beautiful, darling."

Mrs. Kim took the little girl off the floor and took her inside the car. The girl didn't need any help to fasten her seatbelt or anything like that, she could do it all by herself. But still her mother would keep an eye on her just to make sure.

The girl sat quiet and stayed liked that for the whole way back home. Her mother would peek on her through the rearview so she would know what the little girl was doing, and just turned out that she was sleeping.

Mrs. Kim had to take the little girl still asleep and walk upstairs with her. She put the girl on her bed and took off her shoes and coach so she would sleep more comfortably. She also took the drawing she was holding so carefully and placed on the nightstand beside her so she would know where to find when she was awake.

She closed the curtains and let her little girl on her room having some rest.

She knew exactly why the girl was sleepy and tired like that. And someone would be scolded for that later.

## Epilogue | 02

Mrs. Kim was sitting on the couch enjoying the silence on the house to read a book. Usually in the afternoon she had other things to do and a little girl to keep her busy. But her little girl was sleeping. She had the whole afternoon to do anything she wanted. And she actually felt lonely. She missed a certain person talking to her and asking her help to do the homework. That was why she felt very happy seeing her girl walking downstairs rubbing her eyes and hugging her little teddy bear.

“You slept in the car, darling, so I put you in the bed.” The girl still looked a little sleepy. She just walked to the couch and let her mother take her and hug her. “You still look tired. You can continue sleeping if you want.” She looked at her mother rubbing her eyes again. “What time is it?” “Almost 19:00.” The girl opened her eyes immediately and jumped out of the couch. Mrs. Kim could just smile seeing the girl running upstairs and a few minutes later coming back looking way more awake and carrying her drawing with her.

She sat on the couch holding her sheet of paper gaining her mother’s attention.

“Don’t you have homework to do?”

“Can I do later?”

Mrs. Kim smiled at her and got off the couch stopping in front of her daughter. “Okay, but, you better do it.”

“I will.”

“Great. I’ll make dinner now, are you going to stay here?” The girl nodded and her mother left after placing a kiss on her forehead.

Mrs. Kim still kept looking what the girl was doing while she was at the kitchen. She found that adorable, which reminded her a lot of someone.

The girl continued sitting on the couch waiting for someone that would be there at any minute. And she wasn’t wrong because that was the right time and she would always be there to wait that person to get home.

“Umma!”

She had such a beautiful smile seeing Taeyeon at the door. That was one of the things that could make Taeyeon smile brightly, seeing her little girl waiting for her as soon as she would open the front door. The girl ran to Taeyeon's arms and gained a big hug from her umma who was very happy seeing her there.

"What is this? Is it for me?"

Taeyeon noticed the girl was holding something and when she tried to see it, her daughter put behind her back so she wouldn't see it.

"Yes, but it's a surprise. I'll show you later."

"Okay, then."

Taeyeon left her suitcase on the couch and kissed the girl as she walked to the kitchen.

That was the smile she loved most in the world, because she could see it in two different girls that she loved very much.

Taeyeon was smiling without even notice when Tiffany kissed her and their daughter.

"How was your day?" Even though Tiffany was the one asking, that was someone who was very interested on the answer as well.

"Fine, nothing important happened actually."

"But you would have a meeting, you said it was important." It was her daughter's time to start asking things like her mother liked to do.

"Yeah, darling, but something happened and it was postponed. It's going to be tomorrow."

"Are you going to come home late tomorrow as well?"

Taeyeon stopped smiling with the question, she felt a little bad hearing her daughter talking like that.

"Darling, umma just came home late today, it's not like she does it all the time. She needs to work, she can't be here anytime she wants. We talked about this."

It made Taeyeon feel bad thinking she wasn't spending time at home and her daughter was complaining about it. And Tiffany knew that nothing could make Taeyeon more upset than making her think she wasn't being good enough to her family.

"But I wanted her help to do my homework."

"And she is going to help you, but tomorrow she will be busy."

Taeyeon didn't like to see her little girl looking sad, but she wasn't the best with dealing with that kind of thing; Tiffany was. So she would let her wife be the one dealing with that.

“I’m going to take a shower before dinner, okay? Stay with mom. And later don’t forget to show me this drawing.”

The girl nodded to her and kissed her putting her back on the floor.

Even their daughter knew about Taeyeon exaggerated habits of cleaning and like her mom talked to her about it, she had no problem with it, actually she could understand and she was used to it.

“Umma is going to take an hour to come back. I saw she had a stain on her jacket.”

“So she’s probably taking more than just an hour.”

“Why don’t you help her to make her go faster?”

Tiffany stopped chopping potatoes on the sink to look at her daughter without understand what she meant with that.

“Help her? To what? To take a shower?”

“Yes, you do this with me. You could help umma as well. She wouldn’t take so much time.”

Tiffany tried not to laugh, but she had to, because that actually made sense. “I could do this, darling, but umma is old enough to take a shower by herself. It would be a little weird if I help her.”

“But you are her wife, you can.”

Tiffany didn’t have an answer to that because the girl was just totally right.

“Let’s not talk about this. Let’s talk about this drawing of yours. Why didn’t you give it to umma already?”

“It’s a surprise, I can’t just give it.”

“So why are you holding it?”

“I didn’t want to lose it.”

Tiffany stopped again what she was doing and took the sheet of paper from the girl. “I’m going to put over the fridge for you, so it’s not going anywhere. When you need it you just need to ask.”

“Okay.”

The girl sat to wait for her mother to finish and her umma to come back. She could feel her stomach growling already.

“Mom, I’m hungry.”

“It’s almost done. Just wait a little bit more.”

• • •

Taeyeon didn't take as much time as they thought she would and came back to the kitchen just a few minutes later after Tiffany finished their dinner. Tiffany felt really happy every time she could cook for her both favorite girls. And over the years she got way better at that. Taeyeon was patient with her and she had a lot of time to learn how to do it right.

And after becoming the 'Mrs. Kim' she knew she had to be good at cooking so she would take care of her family.

"Mom's food, there's no better food in the world." Taeyeon liked to compliment her wife and see how she looked happy with it.

"I also like mom's food the most." And their daughter learned that too.

"You both are very sweet, but now eat, because you both didn't eat anything since lunch for sure."

"She knows us very well, umma."

"Your mom knows everything."

...

*Tiffany looked at that little human being on her arms and she knew that wasn't anything in the world capable of gaining her instant love like that. She still was very tiny and had just seen the world for the first time a few minutes earlier, but Taeyeon was sure she looked like the mother. For Tiffany was a little funny to see how Taeyeon stayed by her side looking at their baby. She was worried with her, but she didn't even touch the baby.*

*"She should be fed, don't you think?" The girl wasn't even that awake and Taeyeon was there apprehensive. But that was new to her, she wasn't used to have a baby that would depend on her and need her. She was just worried.*

*"I tried, she doesn't want to. I think she's just sleepy, not hungry."*

*"And if she has a problem?"*

*"I'm sure she's fine." Tiffany smiled at Taeyeon to make her feel a little less like her, always worried. Tiffany knew that if Taeyeon hadn't held the girl yet it was because she wouldn't anytime soon. It wasn't a problem for Tiffany to continue holding the girl and she felt happy already knowing Taeyeon took a chair just to seat beside the bed and keep watching their little girl.*

*And she was happy she was once again giving Taeyeon a reason to smile every day.*

...

Having a mini version of Tiffany running around the house was one of the best things that ever happened in my life. I loved Tiffany already, having a little girl with the same smile and the same personality was the best things I could have. I was afraid that maybe she wouldn't like me once she was a little older. I'm not as talkative as Tiffany and I'm not as good as her in certain matters. I thought I would need to get better in a lot of things so she would like me. But I never had to. Since she was just a baby she liked to sleep in my arms and I think, just like Tiffany, she likes to catch my attention and make me talk to her. She even could understand some problems I had and help me with. She was like a little version of Tiffany.

I love to see her smile, how her eyes almost close when she smiles. I ask myself how she sees anything while smiling. She came to my bedroom after dinner with that drawing of hers she didn't want to show me, and she walked to me like she could see where she was going. I couldn't really understand how that worked, I would need to ask Tiffany about it.

"So are you giving me this mysterious drawing?" She stood in front of me with that adorable smile while I stayed sitting on the bed. She was still holding that sheet of paper.

"I will, but first I need to tell you something." Even the way she talks looks a lot like my beautiful wife.

"Okay, what is it?" She wasn't the kind of person who needed time to think about what she needed to say. Just like Tiffany, talking was her specialty.

"Today is father's day, you know." No, I didn't know that. "And everybody in my class was doing things to their fathers. But since I don't have one, I was wondering what a father is made for?"

I was starting to feel that wasn't the kind of things she should be talking about with me. That was something for Tiffany to talk to her about. I just couldn't, I wouldn't know what to say to her.

"What about we call mom to talk to you about this?"

"There's no need to it. I asked my teacher about it." I was still thinking Tiffany would be better with that. I was wondering where she was, why she wasn't in the room with me.

"This father thing, darling--"

"Let me talk." I just shut up after she hit my leg. It didn't hurt, but it was cute enough for me to let her continue. "Anyway, she told me what fathers are for. And as she was talking I could only think about one thing, and it was you. Everything she said it was like she was just describing you."

I never wanted my daughter calling me dad or something, not even Tiffany wanted. But I didn't feel bad with what she was saying, not at all. "She said fathers protect the moms and their kids, they work hard to make sure their family is fine, they are good listeners, they're tough, they make sure to be around so they can help the mothers and a lot of other stuff. And did you hear this? It's you."

I had to control myself because of the feeling of crying I had. I never cry, is weird. And my daughter can't see me crying. "I'm not saying that you are my father, you are not a man. But I think that you fit the image of a father perfectly. So I decided that today, for me, it's umma's day from now on."

I took a deep breath and blank a few times to avoid tears coming out in front of my little daughter.

She had that drawing with her and she finally gave it to me. "And since I don't have money, I drew this for you. I hope you like it." I wasn't an amazing thing, it was a kids' drawing. But it was my little girl's drawing. I had to pull her closer to me and hug her so she wouldn't know I was weak enough to don't be able to control my tears and let them leave my eyes. She was embracing my neck so tightly, I love that little girl so much, everything she does it's like she does to see me happy. Or she makes me happy naturally. I shut my eyes preventing more stupid tears from falling and I felt someone kissing my cheek and wiping my face. Finally my wife was there. Actually I think she was there way before just watching what was happening. When I knew I wouldn't cry anymore I let her go back to the floor. "It's a beautiful drawing. I think I'm going to let on my office so I can look at it every day."

"I knew you would like it." "Of course I would. Now go change your clothes so you can sleep, okay?" Mom scolded me for staying with you awake until late last night." She kissed me before going and I had another smile like hers when she left.

"Do you have anything to do with this?"

"Of course I don't. She had this drawing with her since I went to pick her up. I think she had this whole thing in mind since this morning." Nobody ever gave me better present than that, except for that time when Tiffany gave birth to that little girl. I didn't even think I deserved all that, that amazing daughter, amazing wife.

"Thank you, Tiffany." My wife with that smile that warms my heart, was right beside me on the bed. She didn't say anything, she didn't ask anything she just hugged me. She knew exactly what I was talking about.

I could remember like she once said to me "I won't leave you". I loved her more than anything, the only thing I could do was believe in her. She never, not even once made me regret.

My whole life she just gave reasons to be happy. Every time I was home and she was there with me, I think I couldn't be happier. I wasn't by myself, I wasn't alone. And she gave me the most beautiful present anyone could ever give me.

She kept her promise that I wouldn't be alone. Even if it wasn't her the one by my side every day, I would have a mini version of her to smile to me, to buy lots of pink dresses and to talk nonstop. I wouldn't be alone anymore, never again. Because I would take care of those two, and I would never let anything happen to them. I had my little family.

And it wouldn't be 'little' for too long anyway.

"I wish I could go with you tomorrow. I'm very sorry." Tiffany let go of me and still was smiling at me. "It's okay, you'll still have a lot of opportunities. Don't worry about it." She was the best wife I could have. I don't think there was any other woman in the world that could bear with me and still love me like she did.

"Umma, why are you touching mom's tummy like this?" I took my hand off Tiffany right away. I didn't even notice she was back already. I should be more aware since I know how she was.

She was already at the door with her pink pajama and her teddy bear, she was smiling suspiciously, she knew something was happening.

"Why are you here already? Did you take a shower?"

"Don't change the subject."

"The fastest shower ever."

She walked quickly to the bed and started to look at Tiffany trying to understand what was happening.

"There is something you want to tell me, mom?"

She looked so much like Tiffany. "Why do you think there is something?"

"Because you and umma are up to something, I know it."

She sat on Tiffany's lap facing her. Tiffany wanted to laugh already, she would end up telling and there was no problem, it was about time already.

"Do you remember when last year you ask me something that you wanted a lot?" She stopped to think about my question, she couldn't even remember it.

"What? A pink dog?" So like Tiffany.

“No, darling, there isn’t pink dogs.”

“I could dye his fur.”

“Focus, darling, it’s something better.”

She was smart, she would figure it out. She just had to take her mind off pink things and look at her mom’s belly again, and she knew what it was.

“Am I going to have a brother?”

She was smiling even more than she was before because of pink things. “Maybe it’s a little sister, we don’t know yet.”

“Did you like the news?” She was so busy smiling and looking at Tiffany belly, she didn’t even say anything. Tiffany tried to take her attention back, but she just nodded to her question.

“I think she liked. More than a pink dog.”

She lifted Tiffany shirt and touched her belly like it could break. I think she was afraid of hurting whoever was inside there, like it was very precious.

“Can I dye his hair pink?” I thought she had forgotten about the pink stuff.

“Maybe, when he gets older.” Of course Tiffany would answer that. There was no doubt that little person obsessed with pink was her daughter. I felt really bad for my new baby. Especially if it was a boy. He would have a lot of trouble.

## Bonus Chapter | 01

Where is my daughter?

It was what I thought when I opened the door and she wasn't there waiting for me. She's always does, and she has that same smile Tiffany has, it's so beautiful. I went to the kitchen to see if I would at least find my wife, but she wasn't there too. I felt a little sad. I like too much to find my family at home when I'm back from work. But I was sure something happened. They probably went somewhere.

I went upstairs and enjoyed the time I had until they were back to take a shower for a long, long time. I try to be fast when there's a little girl insisting to spend time with me. How can I not give her the time she wants? But even the shower time that I used to like so much wasn't that cool anymore. When I was finished the house was still too silent, and I don't like it. It took me time to realize, but I love those two talking nonstop. I put some clothes on and stayed on the bed, lying lazily, waiting to hear two ladies obsessed with pink. I think I slept, but it wasn't for too long. Soon I felt a little hand shaking my arm and I was welcomed with those smiles I love so much.

"Where were you guys?" I don't even know why I asked. Of course they were spending money, and Tiffany was teaching our little princess how to do it right. "Spending your money." She learned very quickly. It was impossible not to laugh, she was funny. Of course, Tiffany taught her that.

"And what did you buy with my money?" The question was directed to Tiffany who came holding a lot of shopping bags. "Show me." I sat up and took that cute little girl to sit on my lap. We were waiting for Tiffany to put on whatever she had bought and show to us. Especially for me, I was the most interested on that.

"What your mom bought? Is it beautiful?"

"Of course it is. It always is."

"That's true." While there was someone clapping, I was more like just observing and admiring how I have the most beautiful woman in the world as my wife.

"What do you think, TaeTae?" I was surprised it wasn't a pink dress. But red is pretty close, and that one could win any other dress she ever bought. I liked the part on the legs, because there wasn't any.

"It's very short. I liked."

"Umma like your legs. I told you."

I like her legs, but I also like everything else. She could come back naked that I would love it. But there was a problem.

“You are not wearing this anywhere else other than this house, with me watching.”

Tiffany knew already that there was no way someone else would see that. Never, all that is just mine.

“And who said I would. It’s just for you.”

“Great. A lot of money ... just for me.”

Tiffany hit the top of my head, but I was just kidding. “You can spend how much money you want. You can take anything from me.” It was totally fair. She also had money with the stuff she inherited from her dead husband, but she didn’t know what to do with it, so she gave it to me. She made us richer and she takes care of me better than anyone. She could take all my money.

“And you, my princess, what do you have?” She was more than excited to show me what she bought.

And that one I was sure it was something pink.

“Mom bought a dress to me too.”

“That’s great, go put it on, I want to see it.”

“It’s just like hers.” She took a shopping bag from the floor and ran with it to her room.

If I was smiling before, you can be sure I wasn’t anymore. I looked at Tiffany who sat by my side, she was laughing. How could she be laughing about that?

“Don’t make this face. Of course it’s not like mine. She’s just think it is.”

I would definitely hate to see my little innocent daughter wearing a short dress. “I really hope it’s not.”

Tiffany sat in my lap and we watched my little princess entering the room wearing something appropriate to her. “You are the cutest thing I ever saw, darling.” Tiffany wouldn’t buy something short to a kid, I was just very scared of the possibility.

She was just wearing a princess dress. I think she was a fairy, she had a wand. But she also had a tiara, I didn’t know what exactly she was, but she was beautiful.

“What are you?”

“Your little princess.” She has good answers. She’s just too much like her mother.

“Right answer.”

“Good morning. You look beautiful like always.”

Tiffany was having a hard time like in the first time she got pregnant. She was almost every day feeling

very bad, exhausted. I was trying to light up her mood right in the morning.

“You are very sweet.” She had just woken up and she already looked tired. I don’t know how it feels like to carry another human being inside you, but it seemed tiring. “You, rest a little more, I’ll make breakfast today.” She nodded lazily and kissed her before leaving to our daughter’s room. But I didn’t even have to go there, she was up already and was going straight to her mother.

I went to the kitchen to do something I couldn’t even remember the last time I did. Cooking. But I was sure I could still do it. Tiffany made a lot of effort to learn how to cook for me. It wasn’t something very important, but it was meaningful. It was her way of showing that she wanted to take care of me, be a good wife. And I did everything I could to be good to her too, and to be good to our daughter. Speaking of her. There she was to finally give me a good morning kiss.

“Can I help you, umma?”

“Sure, take from the fridge anything mom likes to eat.”

It wasn’t a good idea to tell her that. She took from the fridge almost everything and most of it was things she liked to eat.

“Your mom likes gummy bears?”

“She loves it.”

“Yeah, right.”

After cleaning everything, otherwise Tiffany would kill us for letting the kitchen a mess, we took her breakfast upstairs so she didn’t have to get tired walking. She had such a sweet smile, and I think when she’s pregnant she gets even more beautiful than she already is. “Eat everything, even if you’re going to throw up later.”

A little girl hit me for saying that while she was eating and made Tiffany laugh. Tiffany needed moments like that to make her laugh a little and forget she wasn’t feeling well.

“You know, umma, mom’s food is better.” I had to agree with that. I told Tiffany she would learn and she really did. She was better than me. “It used to be different, but I agree with you. Your mom is way better than me at cooking. And want to know why?” I think I learned how to talk more with those two. I put an effort into it. “Because your mom wanted to take care of me and you. So she tried very hard to learn how to cook. Since she’s very smart, she now cooks very well.”

“Mom really loves you.”

“And you too.”

She really does. And I still don’t understand how, I am a pain in the ass with all my weird habits. But I am very thankful she loves me and takes care of me really well.

“And now that she’s tired, we both are going to take care of her.” She was watching us with a smile on her face. I love to put a smile there. “And my little sister too.” “Of course, your little sister too. We’re going to take care of them both.”

“Umma!” I woke up startled with this screaming little girl I have. I immediately left the bed and took my baseball bat before heading downstairs. But it was totally unnecessary. At that occasion I would need to take other stuff. “I think my little sister wants to come out.” She was pointing to Tiffany who was sitting in the couch already expressing she was in pain. I went all the way back to the room to take all the stuff I had to take. I let the baseball bat over the bed and changed my clothes very quickly. I had to take Tiffany’s stuff, and the baby’s stuff. I don’t think they would stay in the hospital for too long, at least I didn’t want to. That was just to make sure. I went back downstairs with those two big bags and let them on the floor to take Tiffany to the car. She wanted to go walking, but there was no way I would let it happen. I took her like I did in our honey moon and put her safely inside the car. I went back inside to take our other little person and she was already trying to help me. She was dragging the bags with her, at least she was trying.

“Let me help you with this.”

“No, I got it.”

I would let her do it by herself, but we didn’t have time. I took the bags and she ended up being carried along as she glued in one of them.

“Okay, fasten your seat belt.” I checked if she did it right before leaving. I wouldn’t take the risk of letting her do it by herself, she was still too little.

“Darling, are you okay?”

Tiffany was so quiet. And she’s never quiet. “I’m just in pain. Let’s go fast.”

“Okay.”

I kissed her before driving off. I was very careful, the last thing I would want was an accident.

I think the only person in the car who didn't look worried was the girl on the backseat. She was actually very excited. For her that just meant she was close to receive a present. She was waiting to see her sister for months. I wanted too of course, see my other little princess. But I can't help but get worried.

"Get out of this room!" It's not common to see Tiffany extremely mad. But I wouldn't argue with her, no way. I left with our daughter to the hall and stayed there with her waiting. She was holding my hand and I think she was very confused.

"Why mom was yelling with you?" I took her off the floor and she automatically wrapped her arms around my neck. "She's just in a lot of pain right now, darling." "She kicks you out of places when she's in pain?" My daughter was funny. To me she was, she was innocent. "Mom says she looks ugly when she's ... you know, in a lot of pain. She doesn't like to have me around in moments like this."

"When she was having me, did you see it?"

"No, she kicked me out of the room as well."

"Don't you get mad?"

There was no reason to get mad. "No, mom is having a hard time, I'll do anything she says. And she's giving me a really good present. How can I be mad?" She never, ever saw Tiffany yelling with me. I'm sure she couldn't understand what was happening. "I'm sure mom didn't mean to be mean with you."

"Of course she didn't." She understood that in her own way. "Now let's wait to hear your sister crying."

"Why would you like to hear my sister crying?"

"It's a good sign, darling. It means she's healthy."

That was a confusing day for her. "I don't understand."

"Forget it. Let's just wait, okay?"

She nodded and stopped talking, something rare.

I think she was a little astonished with what was happening. We could hear Tiffany still yelling in the room, and there was no way of explaining to her that everything was fine. I felt bad for the nurses. Tiffany gets very mad when she's having a baby, she's scary. But it worth, Tiffany gets happier than anyone when she sees our little babies. And I really don't care that she yelled with me. When I heard our daughter crying, I couldn't even remember that anymore. I enter the room and let the excited little girl to run to her mom's bed to see something she was waiting for. It was the second time I was in that situation. But it didn't change a bit. I saw that little human being on Tiffany's arm and the smile on her

face watching our little girl. I started to understand how my mom loved me, it was too much, I couldn't even express how much.

"That's your umma, she's very touched seeing you." I got closer to the bed and helped a certain girl to sit there so she could have a better view. I was watching how such a perfect creature could exist. And it was a little amazing how I would need to take care of that girl, she would depend on me. Tiffany knows me very well, so she took one of my hands and put over the head of our new little baby. "I knew you would continue just looking at her, surprised. But this time, Kim Taeyeon, you better hold the baby. I don't care if you think you're going to break her. News for you, you won't." I didn't hold our first daughter, I was too afraid, she seemed too fragile. But Tiffany was there this time looking at me like that. I had to take her. I was being the most careful I could be. I was holding her like I saw Tiffany doing several times with our first baby, but I was still afraid that she could break.

"Now can you take her back?" "No, she liked staying with you." She really seemed to like staying there. I think she would sleep there. But she couldn't, if she did, I wouldn't be able to take her off there any time soon. "Don't sleep. You just born, how can you be tired?" She didn't even care about me and slept anyway. I would need to stay there holding her, or she would wake up and cry. I didn't want to make her cry.

"Now that she's out, can I dye her hair pink? She didn't forget about that thing. "She barely has any hair." Tiffany would agree with that, just because it was funny. And that girl wouldn't forget about what she wanted. I would need to find another thing to distract her.

"I'll buy you a dog, and you can dye his hair anyhow you want." She was satisfied with that. "Okay, tomorrow then." Tiffany was laughing quietly at how I do anything to please that girl. But she's my daughter, I can't really say 'no' to her. Well, better dyeing a dog than my daughter.

## Bonus Chapter | 02

*If there is someone who Taeyeon admires, this person is surely her mother. For her, she was the best person who ever came to this world and she was probably right. To raise and love her, that woman was certainly a very good person. Taeyeon is not easy, I knew even before we got together. Once I dropped some sauce at her shirt and she freaked out. When she's under a lot of stress, she tends to get more sensible with her problems. And she was having a bad time at work, what made her get a lot worse.*

*"Why did you do this?!" I never heard her sounding so desperate in her life. It was like she was dying. "It was an accident. I'm sorry. Let me clean it for you." She had already found a piece of cloth to try cleaning the red stain off her sweater, but it wasn't exactly working. And the sweater was white, which didn't help. I knew she wouldn't be able to clean that up like that, so I started looking around the kitchen for some kind of cleaner. I looked inside the cabinets, as fast as I could and when I found something and turned around to give it to her she wasn't there anymore. And I could imagine where she was. I went upstairs with the cleaner still in my hands and found her there like I predicted. She was under the shower, already all wet, still trying to clean the stain by rubbing the cloth under the water. Her clothes were all soaked. The stain, I don't think it would go away that easily. And I had never seen her that bad. It was the first time and it was good for me to learn how to deal with her. "TaeTae, stop it." She slowed down a little, for a second, but she started again, like her life depended on that. So I had to turn the shower off, what made her look at me with those killer eyes, she wanted to kill me. But she's sweet, she wouldn't. "You can't do this. It's okay, it's just a stain. Do you want it clean? I'll take to the laundry. Give it to me." She quickly stopped with the mad face and looked down at the stain. I reached out and she started to take the sweater off and put on my hand. I didn't know she could be that bad, that obsessed with something. I imagined at that moment I should pay attention to her. Maybe that wasn't even bad, maybe she could do worse. And she really could but that's another story. Back to that moment, I felt so sad for her. It was not like she wanted to do that, it was just stronger than her. I could see how it made her frustrated. "Tae, is there anything you want to talk about? Any problem?" She was already shaking because she was soaked. I let her sweater over the sink and took a towel for her putting it on her shoulder and using the edges to dry her face a little. "I don't like talking." "I know." I forgot about how she was all wet and hugged her. She sure needed and I don't like her sad face. She hates it, but she really looks like a puppy. She's cute and sure sweet like one. "I love you. Thanks for being patient with me." I know those short sentences were very hard for her to*

*say and it made me very happy she said it anyway. "And I don't want to talk." She made me laugh with that. She's kind of funny. "You don't have to." "Good, because I hate it." She hadn't realized yet, but she was already being influenced by me. She was starting to do that she said she hated. She was talking, quite a lot.*

*Besides some problems we might have, Taeyeon is an angel to me. She always tried very hard to be good to me, do things I would like, say things I wanted to hear. And I couldn't love her more. So I decided to do something. We were having dinner at home. Not any dinner, a very special one. I set the mood putting some candles at the living room, some flowers, and her favorite song. Then I just waited with the food already on the coffee table, because I like eating there, it was something different than always eating on the kitchen. And I wanted her to open the door and already see everything I did.*

*When she was home and she saw how things were and how I was waiting for her, she looked around for a while. When it looked like she had understood, she put her things over the couch and took my arm, trying to take me somewhere. "Let's go." I didn't walk with her, I had no idea what she was doing so she stopped and looked at me confused. "I don't like the couch. Let's go to the bed, it's more comfortable." She tried to take my arm again and this time I understood what she was doing and hit her shoulder for that. "Stupid. I'm trying to be romantic. Stop trying to take me to your bed." I don't think she did on purpose. Sometimes is hard to know if she's doing out of naivety, or she's trying to be funny, doing it on purpose. "I'm sorry." I think this time, it was naivety. She looked embarrassed and apologetic. I like when she is like this. She's kind of innocent, a little spoiled. But cute, for sure.*

*I took her arm and made her sit down with me to eat. Didn't take a lot of time and she looked less upset with herself and even asked me about my day. I enjoyed that rare occasion to talk a lot about how I found a really cute pink dress. I exaggerated, but it was because I liked how she tried to be very patient and listen to me. If she only knew how much I love her, she would never be afraid of me leaving like she used to.*

*"Tae, I have another important thing to talk about with you." Even though she thought I would just talk more about things she doesn't care about at all, she just nodded and let me continue. She was trying very hard to be a good girlfriend. "Don't worry, it's more like something I want to ask you." I gathered all the courage I had and went quickly to our room to take something while Taeyeon had no idea what I was doing. When I was back holding something very important behind my back, she was up*

looking at me like she was confused. "Is today some important day? I can't remember it." I should tease her saying it was our anniversary just to make her freak out because she had no present for me, but it was a special day, I was making it be a special day. "TaeTae, even though you may think I deal better with feelings, I don't think I can express things that well. So I will just say it something simple and that just shows what I feel for you." It was funny her panic face and confused as well. "I love you, Kim Taeyeon." "I really can't remember what day is today." I walked closer to her, trying not to laugh, because she's funny when she's worried. "Today is the day I made you this question." I moved my hands from behind my back and let her see what I had in hands. The way she looked at it, I couldn't even understand what she was thinking. "Do you marry me?" I opened the little box I had and it was not pink, it was blue because of her. She was staring at it. Didn't even move or blink. But I waited for her reaction patiently, I knew that could be scary for her. I just felt very mad when she opened her mouth to say something.

"No."

I could seriously kill her. But I waited a bit and she was looking at me panicking, probably because she could see, in my eyes, how I could kill her for doing that.

"Wait, that's not what I meant. It's just that--"

"You just said 'no' to me, Kim Taeyeon." I would try to be understanding and don't fight with her, but everything has a limit, so does my patience. "Do you know how hard was for me to do this?"

"No, don't cry."

I haven't even realized I was starting to cry, I was just very mad and sad.

"Fany, it's not that I don't want to marry you." She was calling me that way just to make me feel better, she doesn't use 'Fany' that often, but it wouldn't work. It was better for her to have a really good explanation.

"So what the hell is the problem? Is it because I married more than once already?"

"Of course not." She really broke my heart. I was even crying in front of her, something I avoid so much. "I just didn't want you to do this."

"And why not?"

"Because it was supposed to be me. I was the one who should ask you, not the opposite."

For me, that was terrible reason. And I didn't comprehend that at first, I was mad. I just felt a little better when she started to wipe my tears with her thumbs, and I saw how she felt sorry for making me cry. When she got close I could see her eyes teary. I never thought I would see something like that.

"I'm sorry, I'm stupid. Of course I want to marry you. I just wanted to be the one proposing."

*She really was stupid. "Do you want to be the one? So take it, do it." I put the box on her hand and then she started to serious panic. Her face was priceless. But she wouldn't disappoint me. Even though she was scared as hell, she took the ring and kneeled down in front of me. She had courage. She was shaking. She didn't shake like that even when she fell in ground and her pants got dirty. I was almost not mad anymore. I would tell her that she could stand up before she had a heart attack, but then she started to talk and I had to hear it.*

*"Fany, I am very nervous."*

*No, seriously? "Yeah, I can tell."*

*"So, okay." It was like she was trying to come up with what to say. I could see her mental confusion.*

*"When I ... when I saw you for the first time, I know you may think you resembled my mother, but I didn't see that way. You were at the pool when I was back from college and I actually thought you were a slut for being with my father."*

*"Was that supposed to be romantic?" Interesting way of starting it. I was very curious to know how that would continue.*

*"I was very obsessed with you. All I could think of was having dad out of the picture so I could have you." It was getting better, better than calling me a slut.*

*"Go on."*

*"We had problems with the obsession I had for you until you broke my heart and made me realize, I was being crazy. I couldn't make you love me."*

*"You're getting better at this. Continue."*

*"So, I decided to stop bothering you. It was just hurting me because I knew you wouldn't love me as I loved you. And you were right, I wouldn't be with someone like me. But then you came back, and I didn't even do anything to make it happen. I know it didn't look like, but I was damn happy. You make me happy."*

*"Now to finish."*

*"Because I love you like I didn't even know I was capable of, I decided to give it a shot. I was still in doubt about your feelings for me, because in my mind, there wouldn't be anyone in this world who would love me, knowing how I am. I am so glad I was wrong about that. Now I know that you really love me. I think you're crazy for that, but you do love me. Not more than I love you, but close enough." I hit her head for that, but she didn't care, she was really concentrated on that. "I know how things are hard between us, but I love you so much. And all I wanted to my life was to be beside you for the rest of it. To make you happy. At least try to make you as happy as you make me."*

*Her hands were still shaking when she reached the ring closer to me and looked at me.*

*“Would you marry me even though I am very stupid?”*

*She looked again like a puppy, and saying ‘no’ to a puppy was very hard. “I would.” I was still mad.*

*“But, no.”*

*Her eyes were open wide, I never surprised her more. I almost felt bad for doing that.*

*“What do you think I am? Do you really think you can take a ring somewhere, tell me cute things and I will marry you? You better do better than this.”*

*I was laughing on the inside with how confused she was, and she didn’t know what to do. But she sure thought very fast and made the best decision.*

*“Hey!”*

*I was on the way to the stairs, leaving her behind, still kneeling on the floor. She got up and walked to me when I stopped to see what she was going to do.*

*She grabbed my arm quite strongly and looked very serious at me, right into my eyes and she wasn’t nervous anymore.*

*“You are marrying me.”*

*What would I say? If she said I was, then I was. “Of course I am.”*

*I smiled at her, something she didn’t understand why, but she felt happy, I could tell. I liked to see her being more firm, that’s the Taeyeon I like.*

*It was good she wasn’t so nervous anymore. Of course I would marry that girl, I love her. Even more when she’s being strong.*

*“I love you, TaeTae.” I kissed her and she loosened my arm before it would begin to hurt me. I loved the little smile she had. “But you better buy me a ring, with a really big diamond. And if you can find something pink, I will love it very much.”*

*I think it was kind of a relief to her knowing I said ‘yes’. She looked relieved. She didn’t say a word, she just hugged me like I would try to escape or something. It was hard to breath, but it was her, I didn’t mind.*

*“Tell me a story.”*

*I was looking at that small but yet smart little girl, I was scared. I wish that moment would never come. I don’t even know how to start doing that.*

*“Can’t you just sleep? I’ll put a song for you.” I would take my phone out of my pocket to do that, but it wouldn’t work that song thing.*

*“But mom always tells me a story to sleep. I can’t sleep without a story.”*

*I wanted to Tiffany to show up and help me with that. I'm really bad at those things. So I used the phone in my hands to text her to come to our daughter's room.*

*While I waited for an answer I shifted to a comfortable position, I would prefer to lie down so I could listen to Tiffany's story, because she would show up to save me.*

*"So-" And she did.*

*She closed the door behind her and lay down like I was, just on the other side of our daughter. "I came to hear your story too, TaeTae."*

*"What?"*

*Her face, so funny. One day she would need to learn how to do that. We would have more babies, she had to know how to deal better with kids. And I wanted to hear what kind of story she would come up with. "Come on, Tae, we want to hear a story. Don't we, darling?"*

*Too bad for her that she has two so alike girls as her family. Sometimes I think she feels lost, she has no idea what to do. But, she loves both of us, and especially because she loves our daughter, she would try to tell a story. "Yes. Umma, I want to hear a story." Looking at those cute eyes, she wouldn't say 'no'. "Okay." That bed was kind of small to all of us, but we find a way of staying there all together. I wanted to hear that story. "So, hmmm ... once upon a time ..." Good way of starting. "There were these two girls. No, there was this one girl, yeah. One day she was ... somewhere-"*

*"Where?"*

*"Somewhere, darling. If it's that important, let's say they were at school, they were very young. They had your age."*

*"But you just said it was one."*

*"Yeah, it was one. So, this one little girl once saw this other little girl crying."*

*"Why was she crying?"*

*Taeyeon was terrible, but I wouldn't stop her. It was interesting and I wanted to see how that would end, if there was an end. With all those questions I don't think she would go anywhere.*

*"She was sad."*

*"And why was she sad?"*

*"Someone did something bad to her."*

*"And why?"*

*"I don't know, you're making me confused. Let me try to continue this. So, this girl saw the other one crying-"*

*"What's her name?"*

*"Her name? ... hmmm ... let's say Tae and the other can be mom. So Tae and Miyoung."*

*I didn't like that. "Tiffany. Tae and Fany."*

*"No, it was Miyoung."*

*Our daughter was thinking that funny already. She likes when we don't agree in something. "So, if I'm going to be Miyoung, you'll be something more appropriate to you."*

*"And what would that be?"*

*"Dwarf. Now go ahead." At least the kid there liked.*

*Tae made an angry face to me, but she ended up continuing. "So, the elf-"*

*"Not elf. Dwarf."*

*"The dwarf..." She was losing her patience already. But for our little girl she would continue. " ... didn't want to see the girl sad, so she went there and asked her why she was crying."*

*"What did she say?"*

*"She said there was this mean kid who took her ... teddy bear."*

*"Why all the bears are teddy? Can I name it something else or all of them have the same name?"*

*"Darling, let's stick to the story, okay? So ... the midget, to make the girl stop talki- no, I mean, crying, she went to take the ... teddy bear back and ..."*

*"Did she take it?"*

*"She did, and Miyoung wasn't sad anymore, she was smiling. And the midget-"*

*"Dwarf."*

*"It's the same thing. The midget loved Miyoung's smile. It was the most beautiful smile she ever saw. And they ... fell in love with each other since that time."*

*"And it ends like this?" Even our daughter was surprised by how lame that was.*

*So Taeyeon would make a little effort. "No, there's a twist. The teddy bear wasn't hers. She made midget steal for her and-"*

*"Okay, I think the story ended already, right, Tae?" I didn't want my daughter listening to a story where a girl, her age, made someone steal something for her.*

*"Yeah, I guess so. You should tell another one now. We're still not sleepy, right, darling?"*

*"No, now mom's story. You can start."*

*I sure could make way better than Tae. I always did that, even when that girl was inside my belly I was already telling her stories.*

*"Once upon a time, there was a very sad girl, just like in umma's story. She was Fany, not Miyoung."*

*"So, no dwarf this time." Taeyeon was also paying attention to my story like she was a kid.*

*"Fany was very sad because she had no one to be with her."*

*"No one? Where's Tae?"*

*"Slow down. So, Fany used to take the subway every day to go to work."*

*"What work?"*

*"She was a ... nurse. One day she noticed this tiny girl with a cute smile, what made her smile as well. It was the only time of the day she smiled. The tiny girl made her happy. So, every single day she would go to the same place, in the subway to see the tiny girl's smile, even when she didn't have to."*

*"Was it Tae?"*

*"Yes, it was Tae. One day, Fany was walking through the subway like the usual, and she accidentally tripped and when she was almost falling, the tiny girl who makes her smile took her before she could touch the floor and prevented her from getting hurt. When she would thank the girl, unfortunately she wasn't there anymore."*

*"Where was she?"*

*"She disappeared. She looked for her around the subway, but she still couldn't see her around. She felt sad because the girl wasn't there anymore, and Tae knew she was sad. So Tae went after the girl when she left the subway. To Fany's surprise, Tae appeared out of nothing. She almost had a heart attack."*

*"What was she?"*

*"She was a ghost. But, Fany wasn't scared of her. Because even though she was a ghost, she always made her smile. And she loved the ghost Tae."*

*"I feel something bad is going to happen." Tae was very concentrated on the story. Maybe more than the actual kid.*

*"No, Fany takes the ghost to her house and the ghost really makes her happy. And after some difficulties they may find, they live happy ever after."*

*I cut the story short because I saw my little girl closing her eyes and finally falling asleep. Stories really work with her.*

*Taeyeon and I tried to leave the bed without waking her up and it was almost an impossible mission, but we did it and kissed her before leaving.*

*We went to our room in silence and just when we were there, Taeyeon let her frustration out. "What happened with the ghost? I know something bad would happen, you can tell me."*

*"Nothing bad happened, they lived happily ever after."*

*I went to bed while Taeyeon was still not understanding anything and glaring at me. I wanted to sleep and she should also, she would have an important meeting. But she had her moment of being stubborn.*

*"No one lives happy ever after, that's bullshit. Tell me the real story. You don't need to put a happy*

*ending on everything.”*

*“Tae, come to bed or you can sleep on the couch.”*

*She sighed, but she gave up and did what a responsible adult would do.*

*When we were close to get asleep, we both heard some noises outside the room and we knew those sounds.*

*It was dark, we couldn't see her, but soon, we felt something climbing our bed. We knew little Phanie would show up as soon as we heard her footsteps.*

*“Darling, what's wrong?”*

*She went under our blanket and crawled up to the other end until she could see my face and hugged me. “You talked about ghosts. I'm afraid.”*

*“Sorry, I thought you would like to hear about a nice and good ghost.”*

*I kissed her forehead and stayed quiet so we could sleep. Her umma really needed to rest, she would have a hard day.*

*But Phanie likes Taeyeon so much. “Umma.”*

*Taeyeon didn't want to move, she was so tired, but she couldn't ignore her daughter. “Yes, darling?”*

*“I don't know the end of your story.”*

*I wanted to know what end she would give to that story. She complained about my happy ending, I wanted to know what she was going to do with her own story.*

*I heard her taking a deep breath, she was thinking about and I think she realized what I knew already. Happy ends are always necessary.*

*“They grew up and they still loved each other. They had a lot of children, cute like you. And they lived happy ever after.”*

*Phanie got a kiss from Tae and I thought she would stop there and let her umma sleep, but she's just too hyper, or too lovely. “Umma.”*

*I love how Taeyeon is patient with her. “Yes, dear?”*

*“I like your story. Good night.” She kissed Taeyeon quickly and hugged me again, like she would stop bothering her and let her sleep.*

*Didn't take much and I felt Taeyeon hugging both of us and kissing me.*

*I knew already for a long time, but moments like that makes me remember two things. I love my family and they make me so happy. Happy as I never thought I would ever be.*

*Taeyeon really kept her promise. She made me happy.*

*And, of course, I was as good to her as she was to me.*

*When the baby woke up, crying, instead of kicking Taeyeon out of the bed to go see her, I decided to go.  
And she thanked me, she should.*

*“Thank you, Fany-ah. I love you.”*

*I smiled, but since it was dark she didn't see it and she didn't need to. What was funny, was to hear  
them while I was leaving the room.*

*“I love you too, Umma.”*

*“But I wasn't talking to you, Phanie. It's the other Fany.”*

*“So don't you love me? I won't kiss you anymore.”*

*“But I love you too, darling.”*

*“I'm still not kissing you anymore.”*

*Yeah, Taeyeon would need to buy something pink.*



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