

prologue:: anything for money

Kwon Yuri was in need of money; maybe that was why she found herself inside of this dubious place where smoke from the cigars engulfed her, and cheers arose from the crowds who were surrounding the spacious boxing ring placed appropriately at the middle of the room. However, the two players inside the ring were not boxing..legally, if that made any sense, or rather, they were not boxing at all. They had no gloves on; they were fighting raw against each other. They were lunging at each other with punches that could potentially knock each other's teeth out, and maybe do more than just that.

"Do you know why the club is called 'Amnesia'?" A guy asked Yuri as he exhaled a puff of smoke.

"No sir, I don't know why."

"Because after every fight, there will be one person suffering amnesia from the blows." He answered and her eyes opened wide, perturbed, but still not frightened enough to turn away from this.

"Sir, is this even legal for them to fight like this?" Yuri asked, wondering if she asked a wrong question or not by the look on his face.

He let out a laughter, "It's not a matter of being legal or illegal, what matters is that people come and pay to see these kind of fights. It's a form of entertainment—plus, it's not like we forced those two guys up there to fight each other. They wanted money; we would give them money after they fight."

"How is the pay?"

"\$500 each match—if you win of course. If not, the only thing we're paying is your medical bills...just to dodge the cops. Are you in or are you out?"

"I'm in. Anything for money, I'm in."

"Good choice. Now go change into these and get ready for your first fight tonight." He said, tossing her a bag of clothing, "If you win your first fight, we will sign a contract and you will be Amnesia's fighter. Once you are Amnesia's fighter, you cannot back out. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir. I understand that. I will do my best."

chapter 1:: unexpected dance

Im Yoona was the elegant daughter of Im Dak-Ho, a kkangpae leader and owner of many underground clubs. Not wanting his daughter to become involved with his shady life, he had ordered his gang members to keep a watch on her and wouldn't let her go anywhere near his businesses.

Yoona wanted to go out and party for once, like what a normal teenager does. Actually, she's already passed the age of being a teenager; she's 21, and yet her father babies her like she's 5 or something. Till this day, she still haven't had a boyfriend yet and she's actually not looking forward to finding one either, knowing how her father would set her up with those pretty rich boys.

She was hell bent with her father's dictatorial restrictions against her. Tonight she will leave her house and go to that club 'Amnesia' she always heard her father talk about, and no one is going to stop her.

"Where are you going?" One of the boys asked her as she grabbed her purse.

"I'm going out. I'm over the age of 18, you can't restrict me from going anywhere."

"But boss—I mean your father—"

"I barely see him home anyway."

"But Miss. Im.."

"If I don't tell, and you won't tell anybody. How will he know? Just let me go."

And that did the trick, she left the house in a hurry and quickly got inside her white Mercedes Benz. Funny how she got this car since the age of 16—yet have only driven it 20 times and she's 21 now. She's always so used to her father's boys driving her around that she was afraid her driving skills might get rusty. She let out a sigh, now that she's out of the house, the only thing worrying her was how the heck will she be able to get inside that club with all the boys knowing who she is.

It's been about a week or so since Yuri first started her job here at Amnesia, things have been going quite well. With her quick reflexes and agility on the ring, it was a no brainer that she'd beat against those dimwitted opponents of hers that

uses punches and kicks with no techniques at all. They just lazily throw each punch as if they think it'll hit Yuri right in the face, but boy did Yuri prove them wrong.

After each match, Yuri swore she could see small streams of tears flowing down their cheeks as their dignity were nowhere to be found after being beaten up by a girl.

Tonight however, was a bit more different. Instead of being matched up with the usual dimwitted guys, tonight she was matched up against Nana—someone who had a notable reputation in the underground fighting area. The girl was pretty good, Yuri knew.

"I heard you're pretty good." Nana told her, lightly scratching her nose.

"You're not so bad yourself." Yuri remarked with a snide smirk.

1 more minute until the match starts and Yuri jumped up and down to warm herself up while Nana stretched her long limbs to get herself ready. Nana had her long blonde locks of hair down while Yuri tied her long hair in a pony tail, her side bangs covering half of her forehead.

30 seconds until the match starts and Yuri closed her eyes, muttering a prayer.

"Miss. Im, we are not suppose to let you in." The bouncer whispered hoarsely to her. She was now outside of Amnesia and no way will she NOT be able to get inside this club tonight.

"My dad won't know, there's a bunch of people in the club, none of the boys will recognize me."

"I want to let you in, but I don't want to risk—"

"—How about this then?" Yoona took out two \$100 bills and silently slipped them into his hands. He took a look around to see if the other boys were there, and quickly let Yoona inside when he saw no suspicion.

"Thanks, Chuck." she said, smiling as she walked inside of the loud club. First thing she noticed was the large boxing ring, second thing she noticed was that there was two girls standing inside the boxing ring, and as soon as she heard the bell ring, the two girls inside the ring immediately began to walk towards each other. The blonde girl strike a fist first and the other girl was fortunate enough to dodge the potentially dangerous blow in time. Intrigued, Yoona went closer to observe the fight.

“I heard you were known for your agility on the ring, what are you? Pikachu?” Nana said, she lost a bit of stamina after running around throwing punches at Yuri, in which Yuri all dodged.

“It’s a weird comparison, but you can say so. Giving up?” Yuri said in mockery.

“Hell no I am.”

Nana threw another punch at her but Yuri quickly dodged again, however when she dodged the punch, she didn’t see where Nana’s other arm was going and so she was hit in the jaw—letting out a wince at the pain as she pushed Nana away from her and rubbed her inflicted area.

“You were just lucky my guard was off for a split-second.” Yuri remarked, bracing herself in a fighting position again.

“Well Yuri, you better not let your guard down. Who knows what will happen to your pretty face tonight after I’m done with you?” Nana said with arrogance. Yuri always hated arrogant opponents, and always, she would be the one teaching them a lesson at the end.

“Oh my God, is that Hyunbin?” Yuri pretended to be surprised, pointing out in the audience and when the crowd scrambled to look Yuri’s way—including Nana, Yuri quickly ran up to the girl and did a high kick right to her face, knocking her down as she grasp her face in pain, her gums bloodied. It was a cheap move, but nothing in the rules say that you can’t use em, and Yuri used it to her advantage.

“I see that you like to use cheap moves? Let’s see if you’ll continue to be this frugal.” Nana let out a grunt and ran towards Yuri, throwing a punch that hit her right in the nose; blood slowly dribbled down and Yuri wiped them off with her hand.

They were enough with playing around, Yuri was starting to be more serious as she dodged each blows Nana tried to give it to her, and returned them with two times more power.

And yet after all of these punches and kicks and dodges, only 5 minutes have passed so far in the ring and Yuri was not looking forward to stay in it any longer.

“Hey Nana, have people ever told you how beautiful and hot you are?” Yuri asked with a sly smile.

“Of course, all the time. I bet you agree with them too don’t you?”

“Well, you are pretty hot, but I’m not so sure after this—” Yuri said wryly and threw a right hook to her face, knocking out the girl. Nana struggled to get up but the pain was too immense and in the end, she gave up.

“THE WINNER TONIGHT IS KWON YURI!” A referee got inside the ring and rose Yuri’s arm up. Claps erupted from the audience including Yoona who stared at the girl in awe and winced when she saw how bloody Nana’s face looked. Curious about the fighter, Yoona tried to follow the girl but the crowd was too rowdy and she had no idea where she was going. Giving up, she mumbled to herself in disappointment as she walked next door to the dance side of the club.

Yuri exhaustedly walked inside the locker room and quickly took off her black tank top that hugged her perfect body as she replaced it with a plain white tee, taking off her sweat pants as she replaced it with a pair of trousers. Finally her night at Amnesia was over and she had to thank God every night that she was still kicking and breathing. She heard a shuffle in the empty locker room and walked around to see who it was, instinctively, she let out a scoff when she spotted 3 guys holding a baseball bat.

“Who are you guys and what do you want?” Yuri asked calmly. Why wouldn’t she act calm? These hooligans were nothing to her and she’ll have no problem beating them all.

“Did you really cause all that damage to my sister?”

“And what if I did?” Yuri snidely asked.

“Boys, look like you have a new plaything. She’s all yours tonight.”

And with that, two of the guys walked towards her and of course she was not stupid to just stand, she threw a punch at one of the guys and pushed them off before she hurriedly ran away into the crowds— in before they catch up with her.

“THERE SHE IS!” One of the guys yelled and more people went off to chase her. A bit a afraid now, Yuri ran to the other side of the club.

There was two sides of ‘Amnesia’, one was a fight club while the other one connected to the other end was a dance club—the one Yuri was at now.

Dim lighting and slow music filled the area as Yuri skimmed through the dance floor. She looked behind her back and quickly turned around when she spotted the guys.

“Sh!t, they’re still here.” She muttered underneath her breath. She stood awkwardly at the middle of the dance floor as she was the only one without a partner. Everyone had one and were slow dancing with each other to the rhythm of the song around her. Noticing a girl without a partner, Yuri quickly grasped her hand and pulled her onto the dance floor. She latched her hands around the girl’s waist and pulled her in tight as she rested her chin on the girl’s shoulders—attempting to hide herself from the guys who were still roaming the floor on a look out for her.

The girl Yuri pulled in for a dance was no one other than Yoona herself. Yoona was certainly surprised about the sudden intimacy the unknown girl initiated with her, but she wasn’t going to lie, she enjoyed the slow dancing with this girl.

“Sorry, let’s stay like this just for a while. I have to dodge someone.” Yuri whispered against her ears and Yoona slowly nodded. She let Yuri controlled their movements and their bodies were pressed close against each other. Yuri’s arms are wrapped around her waist while her arms were wrapped around the taller girl’s neck; moving softly to the rhythm of the music, surprisingly intimate. Yuri smelled like sweat to her, but the smell was arousing and it heightened her senses making her heart beat fast. It was safe to say that this was the first time Yoona had felt something like this. Even with all the dancing, Yoona still had no idea that this was Yuri; the one she was admiring about earlier for winning the fight.

After the coast was clear, Yuri bowed and quickly pulled away—although with much hesitation. Yoona only caught a small glimpse of her before she was gone amongst the crowds, immediately however, she remembered who the girl was. She could never forget that face she saw earlier.

“Kwon..Yuri?”

chapter 2:: intrigued? don't be

Another day for Kwon Yuri equaled another night for her at Amnesia; she was starting to get used to her new lifestyle. Although, sure, she might get a few bruises and her body was definitely ungirly-like after all the fights, but it earned her some good cash and that was all she needed; to earn some good cash. Her mother passed away when she was younger and the only guardian left with her was her father and although he's a douche for leaving her with such a big gambling debt, she was glad that he at least didn't try to run away. "Heard some guys went after you the other night, how'd you dodge em?" Taecyeon approached and asked her. He was also a fighter belonging to Amnesia and in Yuri's eyes, he was just a eyesore rival to her.

"Yeah, the dude was Nana's bro. I went to the other side of the club and hung out till they were gone." Yuri replied nonchalantly while doing her sit ups.

"And they didn't find you at all?"

"No."

"Why are you always so cold to me?" Taecyeon asked her and she sent him a glare.

"You're an eyesore to me that's why."

"And why am I an eyesore to you?"

"Do I really have to have a reason for thinking that you're an eyesore?"

"Well, everything happens for a reason."

That does it, Yuri was not in the mood to argue with this eyesore blabbering nonsensical things that did nothing but annoy her concentration on working out for the next match.

"Where are you going?" He asked her when she stood up from the mat and walked towards the door.

"Anywhere where I don't have to see your face."

Yuri left the place and another fellow fighter Donghae laughed.

“What’s so funny?” Taecyeon asked him as he walked over to the bench.

“You told me that every girl would fall for you the moment they see your face.” Donghae let out another laughter.

“Yuri ain’t a girl, she’s like a guy. So that doesn’t count.”

“Aiight if you say so.” Donghae held in a laughter.

Yoona laid backwards on her bed with her arm over her head, reminiscing about her encounter with Yuri. It was weird, odd, yet refreshing for her as this was the first time she had another person’s body press up so close to her and the thing was, that person wasn’t even a boy; she was a girl. Now, Yoona believed in love in all forms; race, gender, religion, and etcetera didn’t matter to her. She believed that once you are in love, you won’t care about any of those things anymore, and it was true. Just that one encounter and her heart trembles every time she thinks about that short dance she had with the girl. Oh how she wished it was just a bit longer, or just wished that she could go back in time to relive that moment again. Maybe it was because of the fact that Yuri was the first person that made her heart beat fast like that, she however, don’t think she can deny the fact that she have fallen in love with Yuri. Yes, love at first sight; something that people don’t really experience much like how Western films portrayed it as, but for Yoona, she was now definitely experiencing this...or so she thought she was.

Yoona was determined to see Kwon Yuri again, she was determined to leave her house tonight and bribe that bouncer again so she can come into the fight club and watch Yuri fight. She wanted to get closer to this Kwon Yuri. She wanted to know more about her.

She stood up her bed and grabbed her purse as she head out of her room, and as expected, the boys went up to her and asked her where she was going but Yoona was witty enough to brush it all off. A whole rush of excitement went through her as she could not wait until she could see Yuri again.

Tonight Yuri was faced off against Shindong. He was known for his big size in which Yuri have heard that he had broken a few bones of his ex-opponents before after slamming his body onto them. For Yuri however, he was just a slow fat boy that could be easily fought off with her agility and reflexes.

“Ya, I heard you sent my friend to the emergency room. Just how good are you?” Shindong cracked his knuckles and asked.

“That’s for you to see.” Yuri answered coolly.

Just when the bell rang, Yuri was quick to go up against him and gave him a punch to his stomach; something that always made her heavy opponents grasp onto if they were injured there.

“So quick I see, but not after I do this—” He tried to throw a punch but Yuri quickly dodged it, smacking him right in the side of his face.

“Come and get me.” Yuri mocked, jumping up and down in the ring as she threw feign punches.

“Why I oughta—” He charged up against her and pushed her, slamming her body against the metal rings and Yuri grunted. That one was actually painful and Yuri moved her left hand to her back, rubbing it from the pain as she winced. She however, was on her feet again to fight.

“Miss. Im, why are you here again? I can’t risk letting you in this time.” Chuck the bouncer whispered in a hoarse tone to Yoona but the girl was unfazed.

“There’s no one here,” she said and pointed to her surroundings, “No one is going to see that you were the one letting me in.”

“But still Miss. Im, it’s—”

Without saying any other words, Yoona silently slipped him two \$100 bills like last time and he was quick to just let her in. So long for ‘I can’t risk letting you in’, Yoona knew these guys were just interested in money and she had the money to keep them interested enough to let her in.

She felt her heart drop the moment she stepped inside the club. The clouds of smoke that were making her cough like crazy was not enough to keep her out; she came here to see Yuri and she WILL see Yuri by the time she gets back to her house.

Walking up close to the boxing ring, her proximity with Yuri were just mere meters away. Grasping onto the insides of her jacket’s pockets, she tried not to wince every time she saw Yuri get hit by her opponent in the ring. She could see Yuri getting a little breathless and her face was a bit bloodied, but it in no way scared her off from the girl.

“GO..YURI!” Yoona suddenly shouted a cheer and Yuri briefly glanced at her. Yuri didn’t know if her blurred eyes were playing tricks on her or not but she

swore this was the same girl she danced with the other night. Yuri didn't want to see herself lose in front of this girl; with all her might, she threw an uppercut and Shindong was immediately knocked out. He was already tired from all the running around and Yuri's punch had finally set him off the edge.

"THE WINNER IS KWON YURI!" The referee got inside the ring and lifted Yuri's arms up. Yuri was pretty much gasping for air as the fight had tired her out, she was damn tired but still, her eyes searched for Yoona in the audience. She slightly smiled when she saw the girl cheering for her but she shook off that smile and she pulled herself together as she walked back into the locker room to change.

Yoona crept closer to the locker room where she saw Yuri had disappeared into, she held the ledge of the wall and took a peek; the girl was using the bottom of her shirt to wipe off the bloody mess and sweat on her face. Yoona quickly looked away and leaned her back against the wall, making a few hesitations before she continued her peeking and what she saw this time made her blush; Yuri's bare naked back and bra strap were facing towards her as the girl took off her black tank top. Not only that her bare back was visible to Yoona, small purple bruises that covered at least half of the back were also visible. At the sight of the bruises, Yoona let out a gasp and it caught Yuri's ears to full attention. "Who's there?" Yuri asked, quickly putting on a clean shirt.

Yoona stayed silent, unable to say anything.

"If you don't come out, I'm coming back there to find out myself." Yuri said and stood up from her bench. Just as she was about to walk up closer, Yoona exhaled a breath out and chose to reveal herself. Her head was held down low and she was too shy to meet face to face with Yuri.

"Oh, you? Why are you here?"

"I..I don't know.." Yoona stuttered, she was fiddling with her fingers while looking down at her feet.

"You came back here..to look for me and you don't know why?" Yuri asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I..don't know." Yoona muttered again, she was impotent to take actions and tell Yuri her real 'motive'.

Yuri let out a chuckle.

“I danced with you the other night, isn’t that so?”

Yoona slowly nodded.

“And you’re here because—do you like me or something? Already?”

Yoona was quick to shake her head ‘no’.

“N-no..I don’t! I’m just intrigued with you!” she made up an excuse and went with it.

“Intrigued...?” Yuri smiled and walked up closer to Yoona. With a hand, she slowly lifted the girl’s chin up and looked at her straight in the eye, maintaining eye contact for upwards of 10 seconds or so, until Yoona shifted her eyes away; but despite that, she was caught in a surprise when Yuri pressed her lips against hers. Her eyes opened wide in shock at the sudden kiss.

“..don’t be.” Yuri smirked, she let out a chuckle and went back to grab her belongings before she left the place, leaving Yoona in awe—and even more intrigued with her.

chapter 3:: just give it a chance

”Intrigued..? Don’t be.” Yuri’s words repeated itself in Yoona’s head. How was she not suppose to be ‘intrigued’ after Yuri had given her that kiss? It was so unexpected, it happened out of nowhere, and Yoona’s heart rate increased a little more every time she pictured the kiss again in her mind. It was her first kiss, and Yuri stole it from her—not that she minded or anything, she was glad her first kiss was stolen by Yuri.

She remembered what that kiss felt like, her lips were soft while Yuri’s were chapped and rough. Traces of blood from Yuri’s lips had transferred over to her own and it tasted metallic; not the most wonderful ‘taste’ but Yoona wanted more. Why Yuri had given her that kiss, she didn’t know, but what she knew was that Yuri probably had a liking for her or else she wouldn’t have kissed her. You only kiss those you like right? and so it was only natural for Yoona to think that that way.

Unwilling to hold off her feelings any longer, she wanted to muster up her courage and tell Yuri how she felt about her, instead of shying off like last time.

Yuri had wondered why she kissed Yoona, she didn’t even know the girl’s name yet. Was it a rash act on her side? Probably. Why was she caring all of a sudden towards the situation? she has another match tonight like always and her mentality should be focusing on her training right now; not about some damn kiss she gave a girl.

“Ahh, so now I know why you weren’t interested in me.” Taecyeon walked right into her jump roping session and said with a mischievous smile.

Yuri stopped what she was doing and glared at him, “What are you talking about?”

“That kiss—the one you gave that girl.” He said with a toothy grin.

“You saw it? Why were you in the locker room when I was changing?” she asked in a threatening tone.

“Chill out, I just happened to see the kiss when I passed by. I didn’t see you changing or anything.” Taecyeon insisted and Yuri rolled her eyes.

“Okay, and so?”

“Do you like her or something? If not why would you be kissing her?” Taecyeon said, reaching down to pick up the pair of jump ropes.

“What?” Yuri asked with a look of disbelief, “I was just telling her to screw off and not come here anymore.”

“Riiight. You want to tell her to ‘screw off’ and not come here anymore by kissing her—thus making her want to come here for more. Wow that’s a really great way to tell someone to screw off.” Taecyeon said with full sarcasm, laughing.

“Screw off, Taecyeon.” Yuri said and went off to the next room. She still had to work out a bit more for her match tonight, she had no time to mess around with this eyesore.

“Oh, do I get a kiss too?” Taecyeon yelled and Yuri returned back inside the room to give him ‘the finger’.

“Anytime! My place or yours!?”

Like always, every night she’d be facing off against a new opponent and tonight she was against someone by the name of Park Kahi. For once, Yuri was actually afraid of her opponent; the girl had a stronger built than she was and her abs were no joke. While warming herself up in the ring, her eyes immediately searched the audience for Yoona. She felt disappointed that she couldn’t find the girl, but a newfound rush of energy came into her system when she finally spotted Yoona trying to squeeze into the crowds for a better view. She didn’t want the girl to come find her again and yet, she was a bit happy on the inside that Yoona did.

“Aja aja fighting!” Yoona muttered and made a gesture with her fist. Although Yuri could not hear her, she knew what Yoona meant by her gesture and so she coolly smiled to herself before getting into a fighting stance in position for the match.

When the bell rang, Kahi was quick to get right into the action. She knew Yuri was known for her quick speed in the ring so she was smart to not be worn out quickly by the girl. She threw quick punches at Yuri and Yuri wasn’t able to dodge any of them. Just 3 minutes into the fight and Yuri was suffering from extreme fatigue; Yoona’s heart skipped a beat every time she saw Yuri getting punched by Kahi and she just stood in the audience not knowing what to do to

help, she was useless, there was no way for her to help Yuri out there.

Kahi was ruthless when it came to punching, she wouldn't stop punching the same vulnerable spot on Yuri and it was her back—previously bruised by Shindong.

Yuri was down on her knees when the referee started to do a countdown starting from 5. By the time he got to a '3', Yuri successfully stood up but using this as a chance, Kahi did a roundhouse kick and it sent Yuri back onto the floor, gasping for air.

"5," The referee counted, "4..3..2..1 and the winner is PARK KAH!" A mixture of claps and boos erupted. Everyone was so used to Yuri winning that they were a bit shocked over the result, they didn't actually care that Kahi won this time around though, they were loyal supporters of Yuri and was wondering if she was okay or not. Taecyeon and Donghae was quick to bring Yuri inside a room, in which Yoona tried to see where it was located so she could come as well to see how Yuri was doing.

"Damn, I think we should take you to the hospital." Taecyeon muttered silently but Yuri shook her head.

"I'm fine, just let me rest for awhile. You go out and start your match." she said in between pauses of grunts from the pain she was suffering from. She was lying down sideways on her body, the pain on her back was too immense for her to be lying down on that side.

"Are you sure?" Donghae asked with a worried look on his face but Yuri just nodded.

"Just go!" Yuri yelled and as much as the two boys wanted to stay back and help tend to her wounds, they listened to her and went off to their match. Taecyeon saw Yoona lurking by the rooms and showed her the way to Yuri, remembering her as the girl Yuri had kissed.

"I think she'd be happy to see you right now..or not." Taecyeon said and shrugged before he quickly returned outside.

Silently, Yoona crept up closer to Yuri, her heart stopped the moment she saw how injured Yuri was. She felt as if she could feel the pain that Yuri was probably feeling right now, at least half of it.

"Why are you here again?" Yuri asked, not moving an inch on the pad and Yoona stopped in her tracks.

"I just wanted to check up on you." Yoona said, her voice trembling.

“Now that you’ve already seen me, you should go back. This isn’t the place where girls like you should be.”

“You told me not to be intrigued with you and yet you kissed me, how am I suppose to not be curious then?” Yoona reasoned, walking up closer to Yuri.

“The kiss was suppose to..scare you away. So that you’d think that I’m that kind of person and you won’t come anymore.”

“But instead of doing that, it’s pulling me towards you.” Yoona was brave this time to maintain an eye contact with Yuri.

As painful as it was, Yuri broke the eye contact by shifting her body to lay down on her back. She winced at the pain and Yoona tried to help her up but she stopped her from doing so.

“Are you okay?” Yoona asked, her eyes filled with worry.

“What do you think?” Yuri grunted, closing her eyes as she let out a gasp.

“Let me help you..” Yoona said before walking over to the sink. There was some clean towels nearby and she took one of them, soaking them in warm water, squeezing out the excess water and then walked back to Yuri.

“It’s okay, just go home.”

“No,” Yoona insisted, “I’ll help clean you up.”

Yuri wanted to refuse, but she just couldn’t anymore. No one cared for her like Yoona did. She didn’t show it, but she was grateful.

Yoona brought the towel closer to Yuri and gently wiped her face, blood stains transferring to the towel until it dirtied and filled with blood. Yoona was diligent to keep walking back and forth to the sink in order to wash the towel, bringing it back again to continue her job of cleaning the bloody mess.

“Ahh...” Yuri let out a choked gasp, the pain was burning when the warm towel was pressed against her.

“I’m sorry,” Yoona said, immediately retreating her hand away.

Yuri shook her head, “It’s okay, just continue.”

Yoona silently nodded her head and proceeded to do her job.

“What’s your name?” Yuri asked, although she felt stupid for doing so. When you first meet a person, you’re suppose to know their name first before ‘kissing’ them, but as for Yuri, she kissed Yoona first without even knowing her name; the complete opposite.

“Yoona, Yoona Im.” Yoona said while helping Yuri put on a bandage on her arm.

“Why are you ‘curious’ with me?”

“I want to know more about the person that causes my heart to tremble, and my heart to beat fast every time I see or think about her.” Yoona said, her voice quivered when she tried to put on a bandage to Yuri’s forehead.

It was not just an infatuation, what Yoona felt for Yuri was more than that. It was only a few times that they have met each other but Yoona was really sure that Yuri was the person that she first loved so passionately.

“I don’t believe in love at first sight, what you’re feeling is not what you think it is.”

“My heart doesn’t lie to me. When we first danced, it was the first time that my heart had beaten so fast.”

“What about your first kiss then? Your heart probably beat faster than that dance you had with me.” Yuri said, trying to divert away Yoona’s declaration of love.

“You were my first kiss, and I can’t stop thinking about it.”

Yuri was immediately guilt-stricken. She stole Yoona’s first kiss and that’s something that she can never give back to a person, she felt ashamed because love is certainly something she cannot give her in return.

“I’m sorry.” Yuri muttered.

“What are you sorry for?”

“That I stole your first kiss, I can’t return that back to you.”

“You just have to return me with your love, that’s all I ask for.”

Yuri sighed, how can a person be so stubborn?

“Just look at you, and look at me. We’re two completely different people.”

From the look of the attire Yoona was dressed in, Yuri knew she was a rich girl. Rich people should never be involved with her, they just don’t mix with each

other. Their social class was just too much of a difference.

“I think that true love conquers all, social class doesn’t matter.”

“I think you are simple-minded if you think that is so.”

“It’s not simple-minded of me for thinking so if it’s true.” Yoona persevered with her argument.

Yuri sighed, “You really are stubborn aren’t you?”

“I’m stubborn when it comes to fighting for what I believe in. Just give it a chance, give us a chance.” Yoona pleaded, putting Yuri in a difficult position, “Let us know more about each other and if it doesn’t go so well, I won’t bother you anymore. I won’t come here anymore.”

“And if anything doesn’t work out, you won’t come here anymore?” Yuri hesitated; she could see the determination in Yoona’s eyes.

Yoona nodded, “Give us a chance, a one day chance.”

Yuri let out a sigh.

“Fine. A chance it is then.”

She had no other choice but to agree, maybe this would turn out far better than she would expected it to be.

chapter 4:: can't you see the difference?

Today was her first date with Yuri and Yoona tried to do everything she can to make this day perfect. She woke up early in the morning and started to surf the web for recipes of how to make kimbap for a picnic on the beach. It was what Yoona have had in mind for a few days now, she tried to think of other locations for a picnic but ultimately decided on a beach because she thought it was the most romantic spot, and not to mention today was sunny and warm outside. The chef offered to make the kimbaps for her but Yoona insisted that she'd make them herself. She wanted to make it more meaningful instead of having others do it for her, even when she wasn't a good cooker and she knew that.

Making the kimbaps was a hard chore for Yoona. She had never been so hardworking in trying to make something like what she did today, usually she would have just given up but she would never give up on Yuri. Even with all the disaster in the kitchen, and she even accidentally cut her finger while chopping up the cucumbers, the batch of kimbap was completed and Yoona felt proud. It wasn't the most attractive looking kimbaps out there, but she herself made it and she wanted that effort to be known to Yuri.

"Miss, do you want me to make some rice cakes as well?" The chef offered and Yoona froze. She had forgotten about the rice cakes and forgot to search up the recipes for it. Looking at the time, she had no more time left to search for the recipe and make them now.

"I forgot about that, yes please! Hurry!" Yoona said as she hurriedly pack the kimbap nicely into the container. The chef watched her with bewilderment, he hadn't seen her so excited and jittery like she was today.

"Miss Im, if you don't mind me asking...you seem happy today, who are you going out on a picnic with?"

Yoona smiled, "Just a friend a friend of mine, we haven't seen each other for a long time now." she told a little white lie, she didn't want any staff at the house to know just in case it reaches her father—and that wouldn't be good.

Now in her bedroom, Yoona scoured her closet trying to find something perfect

for her to wear. First she tried on a black and blue mini-dress but it was too revealing and wasn't suitable for the occasion, the second dress she tried out was a red thin strap dress and although she loved this one, she ultimately chose a cute pink and white flowery mini-dress that ended up to her knees. She chose this dress for herself to wear, but what she cared about most was that how Yuri would react if she saw her in this dress. Yet again, she blushed while thinking of Yuri and quickly shook her thoughts away before she headed down the spiral staircase to her kitchen, picking up the picnic basket the chef had helped her prepare.

"Do I look okay?" Yoona did a twirl with the basket and asked him.

"You look beautiful Miss Im. I'm sure your 'friend' will like it very much." He said with a smile and it made Yoona smile as well.

"Thank you, it was my intention. I'll see you when I get home."

He nodded, "Have fun, Miss Im!"

And with that, Yoona left her house with a big smile on her face. Today is going to be the best day ever, she just knew it would be. It was a chance for her to get to know Yuri better, and it was also a chance for Yuri to know her as well. The idea of getting to know each other excited her and she just couldn't wait to see Yuri again.

She started up her car and entered the address Yuri had given to her in the GPS system. Yuri lived 20 minutes away from her and she was happy that it wasn't as far away as she thought it would be.

Driving through the streets neighboring Yuri's apartment was a bit of a surprise for Yoona, old buildings that needed some serious replacements filled the area and shady looking people roamed the setting. As Yoona drove deeper into the neighborhood, she could hear these people wolf-whistling at her as she passed by them and there were these teenagers who threw rocks at her car before running away. Even more baffling, there were these guys who ran straight into her car and slammed themselves against the side doors before demanding her for money because she 'hit' them.

It was crazy, everything is crazy for her. She had never experience something like this before, her family was rich and never in her life would she think that she'd come across a shady place like this. But this was where Kwon Yuri resided, and she knows that Kwon Yuri was not a bad person; where you live does not make who you are.

“You have arrived at your destination.” A female voice on her GPS system announced the arrival and Yoona parallel parked her car between two cars under the apartment building Yuri lived in.

Two guys were smoking in front of the building and as soon as Yoona got out of the car, they sent lewd remarks to her.

“Hey sexy girl, it’s been a while since we’ve seen someone like you here.” One of them remarked.

“Are you here to come see us? You dressed up so nicely too, you came to pick up Oppa with your white car?”

Yoona shook her head in disgust and immediately ran up the creaky stairway, dodging the two guys who laughed at her.

“We were just playing you know!” They shouted and Yoona shivered. How could Yuri live in this place in peace? It must have been the fact that she was a kick boxer so those guys wouldn’t dare to make such remarks to her.

There was no elevator in the apartment and Yoona had to make her way all the way up to the 3rd floor on foot—she was wearing heels too. Yoona persevered however, as much as the high heels were killing her feet, she limped all the way to the 3rd floor and finally sighed a sigh of relief when she reached the floor.

‘Not again,’ She thought in her head when there was a guy sleeping sideways near the stairway. He looked like he was in his 60s; he was an old guy. She tried to step over him but he woke up and grabbed onto her legs, making her yelp.

“Where do you think you’re going?” He asked and she tried to shake her legs out of his grasp but with no avail.

“Let go!” Yoona shouted and he moved his hands up to her bottoms, coping a feel before making a squeeze.

“Yah! Let go!” she cried out this time, helpless as she tried to slap his hands away.

Suddenly she felt someone yank her away and a punch was thrown at that man, making him grasp onto his face.

“Go back inside, you old man.”

It was Yuri, Yuri was the one who saved her and Yoona couldn’t find any words to express how happy and relieved she felt at that moment.

“Sorry about that, that’s my dad. I’ll teach him a lesson when we get back.” Yuri said, feigning a punch to her father before he scoured back inside to their apartment room.

“Your..father?” Yoona asked in surprised.

“Forget about him. Are you okay?” Yuri asked, seeing how Yoona was rubbing her ankle. Clearly this place was not suitable for a girl like Yoona, why was the girl so determined?

“I’m..fine.” Yoona muttered when clearly she was not fine.

“You see? This is not the place where you should be. Can’t you see the difference between us? You’re rich, you don’t have to degrade yourself for me.” Yuri said angrily, sitting down by the steps.

“I’m not degrading myself. I’m willing to accept these differences between us so why can’t you acknowledge it? I won’t give up.”

“You are really, really stubborn do you know that?”

“You are just as stubborn as well.” Yoona retorted and Yuri let out a sigh.

“Sit down, let me see your ankle.” she said, helping Yoona sit down on top of the stairs as she sat a step lower than her. She took Yoona’s leg with the swollen ankle and rested it on her thighs, slowly slipping the girl’s heels off.

“Do you really have to wear heels all the time?” Yuri asked.

“Without heels, I won’t look tall..” Yoona reasoned and Yuri chuckled, shaking her head.

“What’s so great about being tall anyway?” She said, slowly pressing a thumb on Yoona’s ankle and the latter winced, slightly jerking her feet.

“It hurts..” Yoona muttered.

“This is what you get for wearing heels.” Yuri said and began to softly rub the girl’s ankle, she made circular motions with her thumb and fingers over the swollen area, making Yoona shut her eyes, suppressing herself from wincing. Using both hands, Yuri diligently massaged her ankles, rubbing it as she relaxed its sore muscles and only stopped when she felt that she had been going at it for quite a while now.

“Thanks, Yuri.” Yoona said with a smile.

“Let us just hurry up and go.” Yuri said as she positioned her back towards Yoona.

“What are you doing?” Yoona asked, a bit confused.

“How are you suppose to walk 3 floors down with your feet hurting like that? Just get on.” Yuri turned around and said.

Yoona smiled ear to ear and limped over to Yuri, wrapping her arms around her neck. Yuri grasped her thighs and lifted her up before she stood up the stairs and let out a grunt.

“Am I heavy?” Yoona asked.

“What do you think?” Yuri asked back.

She sounded serious, but that smile on her face was far from being serious.

chapter 5:: a little too late

The sun was high up in the sky and sea gulls were making their walk along the shorelines of the beach. Slight breezes rushed through the two girls as they walked bare feet to a location that was safe and comfortable. Yoona was excited to come here, but Yuri felt the total opposite. She watched as the other girl—despite having a sore ankle from earlier—was limping around as she kicked the warm sand with her feet while swaying the picnic basket around. Watching Yoona have fun was quite a sight for Yuri, and she had wondered to herself why is she even here in the first place? Why did she agree to give Yoona a chance? She had no idea why. In Yuri's eyes, she felt as if Yoona was just a lonely rich girl who's always controlled by her overprotective father, and had never experienced something called love before; so when she first met Yuri, it was just a feeling of a short lived infatuation that the girl felt. There was no way Yoona would be in 'love' with her.

"Should we set the picnic cloth here?" Yuri called out to Yoona and the girl smiled, flashing off her half crescent moon doe-eyes that made Yuri instinctively smile—though against her will. Yoona nodded and limped over to Yuri as she helped the the girl spread out the cloth, placing down the basket at the side.

They both seated on the cloth, close to each other as Yoona started to remove the items from the picnic basket. Kimbaps, rice cakes, and soju were removed and splayed out nicely on the cloth.

Yuri laughed upon inspection of the kimbap, "What is this?" she asked, the rolls of kimbap was squished together to fit inside the container and it looked like a blob of mess.

"It's kimbap!" Yoona said happily.

"It doesn't look like kimbap." Yuri laughed and Yoona frowned.

"I know I can't cook but I tried to make it myself." she said with a tone of defeat.

"Oh, really?" Yuri said, wishing that she shouldn't have said what she said earlier now that she saw how sad Yoona looked, "I'll eat it deliciously." she assured Yoona and the girl was smiling once again.

Yuri picked up a kimbap roll and placed it in her mouth, upon contact with her taste buds, she haven't even chewed yet and she could tell that it was extremely salty. Not wanting to hurt Yoona's feelings, she chewed and swallowed, taking

many gulps of soju after wards to wash away the taste in her mouth.

“Is it good? I haven’t tried it yet.”

“Yeah it’s good,” Yuri nodded, forcibly smiling and Yoona picked up a roll to taste it herself, she turned away and spat it out the moment it touched her tongue.

“It’s so salty!” she said, coughing.

“What? no it’s not.” Yuri lied, picking up another roll of kimbap as she forced herself to enjoy it, plopping it inside of her mouth before she started to chew and swallow once again.

“It’s delicious!”

Yoona frowned.

“No it’s not.”

“Something must be wrong with your taste buds because I think this is the best kimbap I’ve ever eaten.” Yuri said, trying to cheer the girl up, but it turned out to be the opposite of what she was hoping for.

“I know it’s salty, you don’t have to force yourself to eat it or say that it’s delicious.” Yoona said, she was a bit unhappy.

“Well, you made it, we can’t just throw it away.”

“I even cut my finger trying to make too...the chef offered to help but I wanted to make it by myself! so that you know I’m not just playing around, I’m actually serious.”

“Where? Let me see your hand.”

“Here..”

Yuri sighed, grasping Yoona’s hand as she made a close inspection of the cut.

“Did it hurt?” she asked and Yoona nodded.

“I don’t mind though, because it’s for you.”

“Don’t say that, you make me feel guilty if you say that.”

“Why would you feel guilty? You shouldn’t feel guilty over anything!”

“Because you are a princess. You shouldn’t be doing something like this for people like me. I’m not worth it. I’m not worth all the time you are wasting on me. Can’t you just go shopping instead of doing all of these nonsense? I’m not a experiment for you to experience love on.”

Yoona was indeed like a princess, she was pampered ever since she was little and she would always get everything she wanted, but what she want wasn’t materialistic things right now, what she wanted was for Yuri to acknowledge her love for her and stop pushing her away.

She was maddened over Yuri’s blatant insult to her, yes, that was an insult. She wasn’t like other rich, spoiled brats out there, she doesn’t go shop every single day like them, but what maddened her even more was that Yuri was not taking her actions seriously at all.

“Is that all you think of me? You think that I am joking? You think that all of this is just a joke?” Yoona asked, her eyes wavering.

Yuri sighed, regretful over what she had said.

“I didn’t mean it like that.”

“You definitely meant it like that.”

“Okay what if I am? Isn’t it true? Maybe I shouldn’t have said what I said about the shopping part, but me being just an experiment—isn’t it true? You’re just a lonely rich girl out on a search for what you think is true love, you just want to feel what it’s like to be in love. Isn’t it true?”

“No. It isn’t true. You can say all you want about me, I don’t care. Just don’t say that my feelings for you are not real.”

“But our social class—” Yuri started before Yoona interrupted her,

“—Who cares about some God damn social class! I don’t care! I don’t want to belong in this social class of mine if people would just generalize me like other rich girls out there. I don’t want that! Do you understand me? I want people to take me seriously; I want you to take me seriously. I’ve never fallen hard for someone like this before, like I am for you. And maybe, just maybe you are right. I shouldn’t be wasting my time on you, I shouldn’t be wasting my time on someone who takes my love for them like it’s a joke.”

Yoona couldn’t hold it in anymore, she had let all her emotions out, she let it all out. She wanted Yuri to know how she feels, she wanted her to know about her true feelings and if this Kwon Yuri keeps taking her love for granted, she won’t be wasting anymore of her precious time on her.

Yoona tried to stand up, she tried to, but she couldn't because Yuri was holding onto her arm, she was grasping Yoona's arm tightly and as much as Yoona tried to shake that grasp off, she couldn't. Yuri was gazing at her, those dark brown eyes gazing at her and Yoona couldn't meet those eyes with her own.

"Just let me go." Yoona demanded, facing the other way.

"What if I don't want to?"

Yoona turned around to face her.

"What do you mean?"

"I said, what if I don't want to let you go?" Yuri said with determined eyes.

Yoona tried to stand up again, but Yuri once again, held her back.

"Why don't you want to let me go then?"

Yuri froze. She didn't know what to say, she didn't know if she truly loved Yoona yet, but all she knew right now, was that she didn't want Yoona to go.

"I'll be going now." Yoona said, standing up once again but Yuri pulled her down, looking at her straight in the eyes before she leaned in closer to Yoona. Yoona could feel Yuri's hot breath on her face as they were just mere inches away, those inches turned to centimeters, and gradually it turned to zero—their distance between each other were none by this point. Yuri sealed the gap between them, she pressed her lips against Yoona's and closed her eyes, they both closed her eyes; and Yuri released Yoona's arms from her grasp. She moved her hands up to Yoona's face and gently held it, caressing it as she continued on with their gentle, lingering kiss. Her lower lip attached over Yoona's, lightly nibbling it, lightly grazing her teeth to those lower lips. They were both kissing passionately, Yoona's heart rate rose and Yuri could almost feel her heart beating because their bodies were pressed close to each other. Their lips were connected in such a way that it created these tingling sparks that went through their bodies; Yoona knew she loved Yuri but this kiss just proved so evenslowly pulled away and looked at like this before. She definitely haven't. She more—she never felt something Yuri with hopeful eyes, "What does this

kiss mean to you?" she asked, she didn't want Yuri to be giving her pity kisses or whatever. She didn't want that. She wanted Yuri to kiss her because she has feelings for her, because she loved her.

Yuri was taken aback by the sudden question, she felt guilty that she wasn't able to answer right away. What does this kiss mean to her? She knew that in her

heart, there was a place somewhere specifically for Yoona, but she wasn't exactly sure if she loved her or not. Her heart is nodding yes, yet her mind, and her mentality is telling her that this is not it.

“Well?”

Yuri looked at Yoona and froze, she really didn't know what to say back, she didn't know what to answer the girl.

“I..” Yuri suddenly stammered, she was usually confident but not in this case, “That kiss..I..”

Yoona's awaiting smile developed into a frown, she knew the exact answer to Yuri's hesitations.

“You don't have to say it anymore. Good bye Kwon Yuri. I won't bother you anymore.”

And she stood up; Yuri looked at her, but she wasn't able to do anything. She just stared at Yoona as she limped all the way to her car. Yuri refocused her gaze at the picnic food containers splayed out on the cloth and picked up the salty kimbap.

It was only then, that Yuri suddenly realized that she was making a big mistake, a mistake that she hoped to fix.

chapter 6:: the jealousy game

She was a fool, a fool is what Yuri was. A foolish fool. She was a fool for letting Yoona go like that—for not chasing after her. She was a fool because she let go of someone who cared more for her than her own family. It was the first time Yuri had someone care for her like this, but she...a fool, blew it all. She made Yoona leave her, and now she is regretful over what she had done. It was a mistake, it was a big mistake. It was a big mistake for her to say all those things to Yoona, making her leave.

“The winner is Kwon Yuri!” The referee announced as the crowd went wild. Yuri was panting and out of breath from her fight, still, she searched the crowd for any traces of Yoona...but none was found. This was the 4th night Yoona didn’t show up at Amnesia, it has already been 4 nights that Yuri had last seen her. She doesn’t know the girl’s address, phone number, nothing. The only way for Yuri to see Yoona again...was if she’d show up in Amnesia again, but, this was already a sign for Yuri. Yoona had really meant what she said. Was it goodbye for real? Carrying her disappointment with her, Yuri walked inside the locker room only to be greeted by Taecyeon. She was in no mood to talk to him, or anyone else for that matter.

“What? That Yoona girl didn’t come tonight either?” Taecyeon asked her and she sighed, slightly nodding before she took seated on the bench.

“You know, she’s not the only girl out there. Cheer up.” He said and patted her on the shoulders with an intent of trying to cheer her up, but it only made matters worst.

“That’s not it,” Yuri said, standing up as she headed towards her locker.

“Well, what then? You’ve been really moody for the past few nights, did you know that?” Taecyeon said with irritation, standing up as well. “You can’t just act like this every day, get a hold of yourself! You don’t need her, go to the club next door. I promise you, you will find someone willing to throw their body at you.”

“Do you think love is all about sex?” Yuri asked with a serious tone.

Taecyeon lightly scratched the side of his head and sighed, “Well, no. But just go okay? Go out. Have fun. You might find someone special tonight, you’ll never know.”

“Yeah, I’ll think about it.” Yuri took out her belongings and slammed her locker.

It has only been 4 days and 4 nights since Yoona had last seen Yuri and it was like hell to her. She missed Yuri, but there wasn’t anything she could do about it. She didn’t want to be seem like a burden to Yuri, always clingy towards her when it seemed like she was unwanted in Yuri’s presence. Not totally unwanted, though. Yoona knew that Yuri must of had some feelings towards her for her to kiss her like that, but it’s just...she just...don’t want to be the one chasing after Yuri anymore. It was getting a bit tiresome for her, for her to always lie to her father’s members about going out.

But, that wasn’t the only problem she should be worrying about right now.

“Why are you here?”

Yoona held the doors from opening any further as she glared at her cousin, Jung Yunho. He was suppose to be in America, studying abroad. Why the hell was he here? In front of her doorsteps?

“Well, Uncle—your father, said that I could crash here for a few nights while I’m on my winter break,” Yunho said, pushing Yoona’s arm aside as he walked into the house, carrying his luggage with him in.

“Wow, every thing still looks the same after all of these years huh? Oh, and by the way, Uncle told me to tell you that you should be taking me out since you know, Seoul probably changed a lot after all these years. Preferably...I want to go check out his night club. It opened when I went to the U.S, isn’t that so?”

“His night club?” Yoona asked back. It was the place where she had her first encounter with Yuri. She didn’t want to take chances and bump into Yuri. But truthfully, she wanted to see Yuri again more than anything.

“Yes, his night club. You been there before?”

Yoona quickly shook her head, “Of course not,” she lied.

“Well, let this be a new experience for the both of us then.”

“New experience?”

“Yes, new experience. What’s up with you? You seem a little bit off?” Yunho bent down to Yoona’s eye level and stared at her, waving his hands in front of her face.

“Nothing, let’s go already!” She pushed him off as she grabbed her coat from the coat hanger and quickly slipped on her shoes.

“You’re driving,” She said, throwing him the keys in which he quickly caught in time. He stared at her with a confused look on his face before he trailed off behind her to her car.

“Nice fight tonight,”

“Thanks,” Yuri said to the bartender, taking a sip of her beer. What the hell was she doing? Listening to Taecyeon, she went on over to the club only to be bored with watching people dance in front of her. It was a slow song and the couples on the dance floor were intimately dancing with each other, holding each other tight...just like the first time Yuri met Yoona.

It was like fate, it was like they were fated to meet. If she didn’t beat Nana that night, her brother wouldn’t have gone after her...and she wouldn’t have to come here and hide, using Yoona as a ploy to hide herself from them. Every thing just seemed like it was destined to happen. If Yuri didn’t make Yoona leave her...what kind of a relationship would they be in now?

She closed her eyes and gulped down her glass of beer. Reopening her eyes, she was surprise to see the person in front of her.

“What are you doing here?” Yuri asked and the girl chuckled.

It was Nana who was sitting in front of her. Speak of the devil.

“I don’t know, what are YOU doing here, drinking beer and being all miserable?” Nana asked back as she asked the bartender for a cocktail.

“Is it really that obvious?” Yuri asked, rubbing both of her temples. She usually wouldn’t be showing her emotions to anybody, but it seemed like every thing changed when it comes to things pertaining with Yoona.

“Not really, I was just trying to make fun of you,”

“Yeah, thanks for that.” Yuri said with sarcasm.

“I’m sorry,” Nana suddenly said, catching Yuri off guard.

“What? Sorry for what? For saying that I look miserable?”

“About my brother coming after you that night and stuff. He’s always protective of

me, and I just want to say sorry in place him. I admit being defeated by you, but apparently he can't."

"Well, whatever. I'd have to thank him for coming after me that day, in a way."

"So...truce right?" Nana held out a hand, Yuri hesitated for a bit before grasped the girl's hand, giving it a shake before releasing.

"So truce it is!" Nana said happily, turning her whole body to the counter as she sipped her cocktail, "So what are you doing here all alone? Love problems?"

Yuri immediately glared at her, only to soften her eyes afterwards.

"What, did I say something wrong?"

"No, you're right." Yuri said nonchalantly.

"Hm, love problems huh? Who's the unlucky girl to leave you?"

"How did you know it's a girl?"

"Well, it's kind of obvious. It'll just be too weird to picture you with a guy you could easily beat up. So it's a girl, am I right? or am I right?"

"Yes, you are right and this is giving me a headache—and why I am I even telling you all of these things again?"

"It's because you're on a verge of becoming drunk and you need to release all that stress from your heart." Nana said, matter-of-factly.

"Whatever," Yuri said, turning away from the counter and faced herself towards the dance floor. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw Yoona walking into the club, her eyes furrowed when she saw a guy trailing behind her with that stupid grin on his face as he looked around the club in amusement.

"What?" Nana asked, waving her hands in front of Yuri before focusing her glance ahead of her.

"Oooh, so this is the girl am I right?" Nana stopped her hand movements and stared at Yoona. "Oh and the guy she's with is pretty cute."

Meeting her gaze with Yuri, Yoona suddenly stopped at her tracks and quickly turned around towards Yunho. She fiddled with her fingers, not knowing what to do next until she exhaled out a breath and turned her attention back to Yuri. They

were both staring at each other until Yoona grasped onto Yunho's hand and dragged him into the dance floor, much to his bewilderment.

"What's going on?" Yunho asked, clearly confused over Yoona's sudden behavior. Yoona shushed him and held him tight, her eyes still gazing upon Yuri's.

"Just dance a song with me, it's my favorite." Yoona whispered to him and she felt him nod his head. She didn't know what exactly she was doing, was she trying to make Yuri jealous? Obvious enough, that was her only motive for dancing with Yunho.

Knowing the game very well, Yuri couldn't just stand there and witness that kind of joke Yoona was pulling on her. She turned around towards Nana and gave her a smile before extending her arm, "Care for a dance?" Yuri asked, nodding her head towards the dance floor. Without a hesitation, Nana went ahead and held her hands, willing to help Yuri with this 'jealousy game' the both of them were childishly playing with each other.

"You owe me for this, you're paying for the drinks," Nana wrapped her arms around Yuri's neck and whispered to her. She tried to make it look seductive as possible as Yoona was an eyewitness to their sudden intimacy. Yoona knew who Nana was, she remembered her as the girl Yuri had fought with in the night she first met Yuri. It was just surprising to her to see her this close to Yuri, and Yoona was busting her head out trying to find out how.

Yuri smiled and nodded, "Drinks are all on me," she said, wrapping her arms around Nana's waist as she pulled her in closer, almost embracing her, but they were dancing rhythmically to the song.

"Can we stop now?" Yunho said, never wavering his eyes away from the sight of the two girls dancing in front of him. His eyes were locked on with Nana's as they both sent flirtatious gestures and smiles to each other.

"Hold on, the song is almost ov—" Yoona started before the DJ interrupted her with a sudden stop of the music playing.

"Change partners!" The DJ yelled and Yunho was quick to trail over to Nana's side. Overseeing Yunho's newfound infatuation with Nana, Yoona finally gave up and tried to head towards the exit of the club when she felt a strong pair of arms wrapped around her waist. Even without looking, she knew it was Yuri...and she was right. Yuri released her grasp and slowly turned Yoona around, embracing her in a hug as they move haphazardly to the rhythm of the song.

It was the same song that played on the night they first met.

“Do you still remember this song?”

“Yes,” Yoona replied.

“It’s our song. The night we met...we were dancing to this song.”

Yoona slowly nodded.

“I don’t regret it one bit, I don’t regret ever meeting you...if you ever had doubts about that.”

“What’s that suppose to mean?”

“I just want to say i’m sorry, I’m sorry for everything. I doubted you, I doubted your love for me. I doubted myself. I was stupid, plain stupid for even thinking about our social class. Why does it matter? You were right, it doesn’t matter. Love is love. My heart had doubts before, but for certain, I know that in my heart...there’s a special place for you. It only contains you. Only you, and I am regretful over what I had said and done to you. I’m so sorry. I want us to stop this joke right now, this jealousy game we’re playing with each other. We both know that our hearts only contain each other, and no one else. Please tell me that’s true.” Yuri spoke, her voice quivering. She finally told Yoona her true feelings, but still, she wasn’t confident about it at all. She didn’t know if Yoona would forgive her at all. She was vulnerable.

“Is everything you said true?”

“True, everything is true. Those 4 days and 4 nights without have been hellish for me.”

“I want you to prove it to me then, prove that everything you said was true.” Yoona said, her heart beating fast when Yuri quickly grasped her by her wrist as they head out to the back exit of the club towards the alleyway. The dim lighting of the alley flickered as Yuri stared intensely into Yoona’s eyes and gently pushed Yoona towards the brick wall. No words were exchanged between them, and they weren’t needed at this moment; actions were enough. Yuri’s arms rested on the wall beside Yoona’s head as she leaned in, closer, and closer until their lips gently touched, and Yoona shut her eyes tight. Their soft lips touched, their soft lips connected with each other as they kissed each other with need and passion. Yuri’s arms were still rested beside Yoona’s head but as for Yoona, she lightly tugged Yuri’s jacket, pulling her closer until Yuri stopped her by intertwining her fingers with Yoona’s. Their lips never separated one bit as they continued to kiss with tongue, the taste of each other was euphoric for the both of them. Their bodies were pressed close, their heartbeats mingled with each other. Their heart connected and became one,

thumping rhythmically.

Moving her free hand up to Yoona's face, Yuri gently caressed her cheek before they both finally pull away from the kiss to catch a breath of air.

"I love you, do you need anymore proofs?"

Without saying anything more, Yoona shook her head as she pressed her lips against Yuri's and wrapped her arms around the taller girl's neck. She gently pulled away and rested her head on Yuri's shoulders.

"No need, I've gotten enough."

chapter 7:: key to each other's heart

Yuri knew she wasn't making a mistake, not anymore after she had confessed her true feelings to Yoona. It was Yoona who made her feel something she had never felt for anyone before. She had no clue, she had no clue how someone could make her feel like this, someone who made her eyes soften every time she looks at her.

If it's really not love, Yuri didn't know what was. If it's really not love, what is the definition of love?

It was Saturday, finally a free day for Yuri to do whatever she wanted and not be confined inside Amnesia. Her father was slouching on the sofa sleeping peacefully while she was silently watching TV by herself, just the usual thing she always do on her free day. Not expecting anyone, the unexpected showed up at her doorsteps when she heard seven knocks on her door resembling some sort of a rhythm. Of course Yuri couldn't see through the door, but through the door laid a nervous girl clutching her handbag as she awaited for Yuri to come open up.

Not even trying to guess who it was, Yuri walked up the door and knew it was those loan sharks coming to harass her and her father again, they knew when she has her day offs. She was surprised to open the door and not only it wasn't who she assumed it to be, it came out to be the person whose face she came to love. Who's everything, she came to love.

"Yuri.." Yoona smiled, a look of nervousness evident on her face. Yuri didn't say anything at first, she welcomed Yoona with both arms as they both embraced at the door.

Yuri slowly pulled away from the hug and stepped out of the apartment, not wanting to wake up her father.

"Why did you come here?" Yuri asked, closing the doors behind her. She realized that she was a bit harsh with her words, she shook her head, "I meant, why did you come here without telling me?" she asked again, this time her tone was softer.

Yoona gave her a huge smile, her eyes crinkling into the shape of a crescent moon.

"I wanted to surprise you, are you surprised?"

Yuri smiled, her hands placed firmly on Yoona's face as she stroked cheek with her thumb, she leaned in and Yoona closed her eyes. Their lips connected momentarily before Yuri pulled away, the same smile still firm on her face.

"Very," she said, eying Yoona from top to bottom, "I see that you're not wearing high heels this time."

"I remembered what you said to me, and I learnt my lesson. Although..the sneakers doesn't really match with my blouse..." Yoona trailed off.

"I think it looks fine, you look beautiful."

"Thank...you," Yoona smiled and looked down,

"Do you wanna go out today?" she said with hesitation.

"Go out?"

"You know..as a real couple," Yoona said, containing her blush.

"As a real couple..." Yuri murmured to herself, this would be the first time she've gone out with anyone, as a real couple, nonetheless.

She had flings, she had one night stands, but she've never been attached to someone before...not until she met Yoona.

"So can we go?" Yoona asked again, flashing a weak smile as her hands clutched onto her handbag nervously, and just as soon as Yuri nodded, a bright smile plastered to her face.

"Let me go change first, and then we can go anymore you want," Yuri said, opening the door to her apartment,

"You can come in," she held the door open.

Yoona nodded and slowly stepped inside, she gasped when she saw Yuri's father roll down the couch from his slumber, it startled him for a second but he quickly got back to sleep, not even noticing that Yoona was even there.

"Sorry...this place is a bit of a mess, and just ignore my dad. You can sit right there and wait for me," Yuri said, pointing to the couch. Just as Yoona began to walk over to the couch, Yuri's father snored loudly, startling Yoona as she slightly flinch at the sound.

"..Or you can just come with me?" Yuri suggested as she scratched the back of

her head in slight embarrassment.

“Yes, that would be great,” Yoona quickly nodded as she followed Yuri into her room.

Yoona took slow steps inside. Yuri’s room was small, but it was much more organized and clean unlike the living room. She scanned the surroundings when she spotted the picnic basket from last time.

Noticing Yoona’s gaze on the basket, Yuri spoke up.

“On that day, I made the second biggest mistake of my life.”

“..Second? What was your first?” Yoona asked as she shifted her gaze from the basket to Yuri. She blushed when she saw Yuri shirtless...wearing only a bra, she held her head down and fiddled with her fingers as she anticipated Yuri’s answer.

“Joining Amnesia,” Yuri said, searching for a shirt from her drawers. Yoona closed her eyes when Yuri fixed her eyes on her.

“Really?” Yoona asked, her eyes still closed.

“But then...I guess it was a good thing that I joined,” Yuri continued.

“Why?” Yoona pushed on.

“Because...” Yuri trailed off and smiled. She walked over to Yoona and bent down in front of her, she extended her hand and used her thumb and index finger to prop up the girl’s chin.

Yoona slowly opened up her eyes. They both stared deeply into each other’s brown orbs...deeply enough to see their own reflection of each other.

“Because?” Yoona asked, almost breathless.

“Because I met you of course,” Yuri pulled away with a cheeky grin as Yoona madly blushed a shade of pink. She was expecting something more...a kiss. She wasn’t expecting any teasing coming from Yuri’s side.

Thinking about the kiss made her blush once again.

“Were you expecting something?” She heard Yuri’s voice say, and looked at her. It wasn’t helping her reddening cheek.

“Nothing,” Yoona quickly shook her head and stood up.

“You were expecting something, were you....not?” Yuri trailed off, walking closer towards Yoona as the girl took slow steps back, stopping only when she reached the corner of the back wall. There were no where else for her to go. She was trapped by Yuri.

“Something...like this?” Yuri asked before advancing even closer, making Yoona shut her eyes tight as she anticipated the girl’s next move.

Her heart trembled in anticipation.

It’s not like they haven’t kissed before, but every time they do, it felt as electrifying as the first kiss they shared together.

No more words could be exchanged between the two of them, their lips were sealed tight.

Yuri and Yoona strolled the streets hand in hand, giving each other warmth in the bipolar weather. It was just the beginning of February.

Weeks ago, the weather was unexpectedly warm and sunny, but now the sun was shrouded by the clouds, and snow were starting to fall from above. They walked with no destination in mind, just conversing with each other was enough to give them both joy and entertainment.

They loved being in each other’s company.

“Would you believe it if I told you.. that this would be the first time I’ve gone out with anyone?” Yuri asked casually.

Yoona scrunched her eyebrows and looked thoughtfully at her, “Nope,” she replied nonchalantly and smiled.

“Really? Any mixed feelings you might have?”

“Uh-uh,” Yoona shook her head, and Yuri stopped in her tracks.

“Really?”

She was surprised to see Yoona so calm about it. She expected jealousy...but that didn’t seem to be the case.

“It wouldn’t be a surprise to find out that you probably have a lot girlfriends before,” Yoona said, strolling ahead as the baffled Yuri stayed put.

“Why would you think so?” Yuri asked, quickly catching up with Yoona before she grasped the girl’s hand.

“If you made my heart trembled—you probably made other hearts tremble for you too...right?” Yoona asked.

“But me making their hearts tremble doesn’t actually mean that I’ve gone out with anyone of them.”

Yoona stopped and looked at Yuri, she analyzed the girl’s face, her flawless, serious face.

Who wouldn’t fall for this face?

Who wouldn’t have their hearts flutter at the sight of her?

Who wouldn’t fall for her? Period.

“But...all of that doesn’t matter anymore, you’re mine now. Aren’t you?” Yoona remarked with confident wink. She clutched onto her hand bag and strolled ahead, leaving the grinning girl behind.

Yuri mentally smacked herself. She was Kwon Yuri, Amnesia’s fighter Kwon Yuri, tough fighter Kwon Yuri, and yet, here she was smiling like an idiot because of a girl.

But not just any girl, that girl was Yoona. The girl in front of her, the girl, whom from this point on...the girl, she don’t think she could ever live without.

“What are you pondering about? Let’s go! The weather is getting a bit chillier.” Yoona said, breaking Yuri out of her trance. The girl smiled and ran up to her.

“So, are we going to keep walking straight until we reach Pyongyang?” Yuri joked, earning a playful slap on the shoulder by Yoona.

“No! It’s just that..this is my first time out on a real date, I’m clueless on what we should do...”

“You mean...you’ve never dated before?”

Yoona shook her head, “I’ve been out on so-called ‘dates’ with guys before.. only because my dad wanted me to. I don’t like them, any of them. They were rich playboys, wanting nothing more but to ‘score’ with me. I thought I might as well give up on love, but then I met you. I thought it was just an infatuation, it definitely wasn’t. No one made my heart beat crazily like that, no one but you.”

“About that question I asked you earlier...” Yuri paused for a moment, looking up at Yoona who was anticipating to what she had to say.

“I had flings before, but that was it. I didn’t believe in love, especially not with any of them. They were in it for sex, and so..was I. But you! but you showed me love, as corny as it may sound,”

They both chuckled momentarily at what Yuri herself had said. After the chuckles subsided, the serious side of Yuri appeared as she held onto Yoona’s hand.

“I just want you to know that I love you, I do.”

“I know you do, you told me that night.”

Yuri beamed a smile of satisfaction. She never thought anyone could give her this much happiness.

Happiness was rare to her. Happiness was rare for people like her.

How could someone be working a lowlife job as a fighter at Amnesia in order to pay off her father’s debts, possibly gain any kind of fulfillment and happiness?

Yuri had beaten the odds of one to a thousand. She found fulfillment and happiness.

She brought up her cold hand and caressed Yoona’s warm cheek. The coldness of her hand made Yoona gasped, exhaling a white cloud of warm air that mixed amongst the cold atmosphere surrounding them. Yuri smiled as she loosened the scarf around her neck, her smile was firm as ever as she proceeded to wrap the same scarf around Yoona, noticing that the girl was shivering.

“It’s getting a bit chilly and look at the way you’re dressed up today. I don’t want you to get sick.”

She brushed Yoona’s lips lightly with her cold fingers before she closed her eyes and leaned in for a chaste kiss, their cold lips finally enveloped and found warmth in each other.

Yoona pulled away from the kiss, just momentarily.

She unwrapped a few lengths of the scarf and wrapped it around Yuri’s neck, making the girl suddenly feel the warmth of the wool material as they both shared the warmth of the scarf together.

“I don’t want you to get sick either.”

And with that, she took the initiative to lean in for a kiss this time.

Yuri pulled her close, pressing their bodies against each other as the radiation of their body heat gave each other warmth.

They stayed like that, for God who knew how long. People stared at them as they walked by, but their eyes were closed and blocked much of the world outside of them to care.

In actuality, people were envying the intimacy that they were sharing with each other.

And they continued to stay like that, their warm lips connected, never wanting to part each other.

It felt as if their lips was like a hand made key and a unique one of a kind locket, fitting nowhere but together. Belonging nowhere but together; and they, themselves, were the key to each other's heart.

Finally, they pulled away from the kiss.

They smiled, chuckled. They find themselves as the object of envy as they watch a girl yell at her boyfriend for being un-romantic after witnessing their intimate action.

"Is it night time already?" Yuri joked, referring to their long kiss. Yoona couldn't help but laugh.

"Let's go catch a movie, and then I have something I want to do for you tonight." Yuri said, holding Yoona's hand as they walked close to each other, continuing to share the scarf.

"Like what?"

"I'll cook for you." Yuri beamed a smile, "You cooked for me before, and now It's my turn to return the favor."

"Yuri...Yuri! It's out of the basket! The fish is out of the basket! Catch it!" Yoona shrieked from the kitchen, running away from the splashing aquatic vertebrate as she clutched behind the taller girl's back. Yuri was laughing, she couldn't help herself, Yoona's reaction was adorable and it made her smile with glee.

"It's okay, I'll pick it up," she said assuringly to Yoona as she walked to the fish

wiggling on the floor. Using both hands, she kneeled down and grasped the salmon firmly before scooping it up from the floor.

“Is it slimy?” Yoona asked from above, her curious voice rose up an octave.

A grin plastered to Yuri’s face as she spoke up, “Not really, it’s just really scaly. Do you wanna touch it?”

Yoona, of course, shook her head ‘no’. It’s not like she was afraid of the fish...okay, maybe she was. Not at the fish itself, but the eyes of the fish that seemed like it was staring straight at her. It creeped her out.

“Alright fine,” Yuri smiled, throwing the fish into the sink as she grabbed a knife from the drawer and began to scrape off the scales. It was done so professionally that Yoona was amazed by it.

“Are you good at cooking?” Yoona asked, slowly walking over to Yuri near the sink.

“Before I joined Amnesia, I was a chef at a small restaurant. Being a chef was my dream.”

Yoona seemed a little bit surprised, why did Yuri gave up her dream and turned to Amnesia? She actually never knew why she hadn’t ask this question until now. She was curious.

“Why did you quit the job?”

“My salary there wasn’t much to pay off my father’s gambling debts, Amnesia offered much more.”

Now, Yoona knew why Yuri ended up like this, why she ended up in Amnesia. It was all because she wanted to pay back her father’s debts, the debts that burdened Yuri into joining something she doesn’t know if she’ll be able back out of. Yoona gripped the hem of her shirt. Her father is the owner of Amnesia, he could easily break the contract and let Yuri go if he wished to, but Yuri still doesn’t know about their connection and Yoona didn’t want to suffer the potential consequences that she might face, especially if her father found out that she had fallen in love with a girl—Yuri. She didn’t want to lose Yuri.

Anything, but that.

“Oh...” Yoona could only mutter, she didn’t know what else to say.

“Yeah,” Yuri flashed her a bright smile, “Amnesia is not that bad, actually. There are times that I did wish I could do something better with my life, rather than fighting. But I guess this is my pre-determined fate, because, If I didn’t join, how would I be able to meet you? In a way, I’ll have to thank my dad for his gambling debts...and what about your dad? What does he do? I mean, just look at this house! I didn’t say anything about it earlier, but just look at this house. It’s amazing.”

Yoona dreaded the question, the question about her father, because she would have to lie to Yuri. Like what she was already doing.

“He’s lawyer, that’s all.” she said, smiling faintly.

“That’s amazing,” Yuri said, continuing to clean and cut up the fish.

“If you’re able to leave Amnesia, would you do it?” Yoona suddenly asked.

“But I won’t be able to, it’s part of the contract. I can’t back out.”

“But, if you were able to. Would you leave?”

“I can’t, I still have to pay off my father’s debts, his staggering fifty-thousand dollar debt he left me with.”

“If you didn’t have your father’s debts to worry about, would you leave Amnesia?”

“More than anything,”

“What if I he—“

“Don’t,” Yuri quickly replied, “I’ll handle it by myself, I don’t want to bring you into my problems. Please.”

“But—“ Yoona tried to say, but Yuri cut her short again.

“Don’t.”

Yoona bit her bottom lip and nodded, helping Yuri was the only thing she could do for her, but Yuri refused the help. There was another way to help Yuri, but if she chose to help her this way, she might lose Yuri. This was her dilemma.

“Go out and watch TV or something, I’ll be done cooking soon. I’ll make you a nice meal, I promise.” Yuri smiled.

“It smells delicious!”

“It tastes delicious as well,” Yuri said with confidence as she set down a dish of bulgogi salmon, and two other dishes that was covered by a lid.

“Can I open it?” Yoona asked, pointing to the lid covering her dish.

“Of course, but let me do it for you.” Yuri said, anticipating Yoona’s reaction as she slowly lift up the lid.

Yoona smiled with delight, she couldn’t contain her happiness. Yuri cooked her a heart shaped steak, something that she had wished that her lover will someday do for her, and Yuri completed this small wish of hers.

To add more to the dish, the barbecue sauce on the steak spelt out...

“I love you,” Yoona said, reading the words.

“I. Love. You.” Yuri recited, “I love you,” she said once again, smiling as she leaned down closer to Yoona, resting her elbows on the table.

“I love you,” Yoona said lastly before leaning in to kiss Yuri. She pulled away from the kiss and they both chuckled.

“I know you do,” Yuri joked before pulling a chair over to sit beside Yoona, “Now let’s eat before the food gets all cold.”

Yoona nodded, but she stared at the steak for awhile, musing at it.

“What’s wrong?” Yuri said as she cut up her own steak.

“It looks so nice...I don’t want to eat and ruin it.”

“Don’t worry about that, I’ll cook more for you, more and more until you’re sick of eating them over and over again.” she smirked, pushing her dish aside as she slid Yoona’s dish over, cutting up the steak into pieces before she handed the dish back to the girl.

“Eat, I want you to tell me how delicious my cooking is.” Yuri said, picking up a piece with a fork and fed it to Yoona.

Yoona opened her mouth and chewed, she was amazed.

“Is there anything that you’re not good at?” she joked, picking up another bite with her fork.

“I’ll be waiting for you to find that out for me,”

“Maybe one day I will,” Yoona laughed, clumsily dropping a piece of the steak on her blouse in the way. The barbecue sauce smeared all over and she shrieked.

“My favorite blouse!” she cried out, almost using a napkin to dab it off, but Yuri grabbed her hand and stopped her just in time.

“It’ll smear and stain it even more, go change out of it.”

Yoona hesitated for a bit, she felt a bit shy. But once the hesitation had left her side, she quickly unbuttoned the blouse to reveal an undershirt underneath the stained fabric. It hugged her body tightly, Yuri ogled at the sight. She cleared her throat and diverted her attention.

“Let’s finish eating, then you can go change and I’ll wash the blouse for you.”

Yoona sneaked a quick peek at Yuri, who was in the bathroom of her room washing the stained fabric of her blouse. She could hear the sink water running as Yuri hummed to a tune.

“Are you done changing?” Yuri asked, breaking off her thoughts.

“No, not yet,” Yoona said, rummaging through her drawers. Finally, she found what she was looking for.

Her check book.

She flipped through it, “Fifty-thousand dollars,” she whispered, reading the amount. It’s exactly the amount of money Yuri’s dad owed from debts. She had been saving all her money from all the hefty allowances her father had given her, and it accumulated to this amount. She doesn’t need money as much as Yuri needed it. She knows that Yuri would refuse her help, but she has to do this.

She wants to help Yuri continue on with her dream, working at Amnesia just isn’t it.

As much as she didn’t want to lose Yuri, wanting Yuri to have her own happiness is what matters the most to her. She can’t be selfish.

When her dad gets back from the trip, she will beg him to let Yuri go, tell him all about her relationship with Yuri. He would try to cut off their contact, and Yoona would reluctantly agree. Because, Yuri would be free from Amnesia, she would

be free from her father's gambling debts. She would be free to pursue what she wanted to do with her life.

Tonight, she wanted to have a memorable night with Yuri. Something she would never forget about, something she hoped Yuri would never forget about. But if she did, it would be okay with her, because after tonight, she would help Yuri go after her dream and that's satisfying enough for her.

She could feel her heart beating fast, her nervous heart beating fast as she slowly removed particles of her clothing.

"Still not done with changing?" Yuri asked, but Yoona kept silent. She quickly slipped on her silky sleeping robe, wearing nothing but that.

"Are you there?" Yuri asked again, lightly squeezing the blouse out of its excess water. She looked into the mirror, seeing the reflection as Yoona slowly walked up to her.

She tried to spin around to meet face to face with Yoona, but Yoona quickly stopped her by embracing her from behind.

Her hands gently gripped Yuri's shirt, nuzzling her head against her. Yuri's back was warm, she will miss this warmth.

"What's wrong?" Yuri asked, but Yoona didn't answer. Yuri watched from the reflection of the mirror as Yoona slowly removed her arms around her waist, ungripping the shirt. Yuri watched Yoona untied the ribbon on her sleeping robe, letting it go loose as she steadily took off the robe, exposing her bare body to her.

Yoona held Yuri again, pressing her bare body against her, wrapping her arms around her waist. Yoona's heartbeat rose steadily, and Yuri felt it. She placed her hands on top of Yoona's, "Do you really want this?" she whispered.

Yoona finally opened up her lips.

"Make me yours." she said, breathlessly.

Yuri slowly turned around, meeting face to face with Yoona. Her eyes roamed the shorter girl's naked body, her perfect body—All for Yuri to see.

“You're beautiful,” Yuri said, cupping Yoona's cheek. She leaned in and placed a soft kiss to her lips, grazing her nails along the soft skin of the cheek.

“I won't continue if you're not ready, are you sure about this?” Yuri asked again, she wanted to make sure. If Yoona was not ready, she will oblige to Yoona's command. She would never do anything Yoona doesn't want her to do.

“More than anything, just make me yours. I want you. I want you, Yuri.” Yoona said and pressed her lips against Yuri's.

Yuri pulled away, much to Yoona's surprise, but she didn't pull away for long.

“You know that after tonight,” she paused and lightly kissed Yoona on her lips, “After tonight—,” she repeated, gently grasping Yoona's face with both hands, “—My love for you will finally reach its limit.” she said and closed small the gap between them with her lips. Her tongue brushed against Yoona's lips, asking permission for entrance and Yoona gladly allowed such entrance, gently suckling the intruding tongue. They kissed with fervor, they kissed with passion, and lust. Through their actions, they showed each other how much they loved one and another.

Finally, Yuri roamed her hands around Yoona's body, gliding her hands down to her thighs before she reached back up to Yoona's chest and cupped the girl's mounds, gently caressing it, gently fondling with it. It triggered Yoona to let out a breathless moan into her mouth, the feeling was sensual to the both of them.

They finally pulled away from their passionate kiss and Yuri pressed her lips against Yoona's collarbone, taking in her wonderful scent. The scent that smelled like strawberries and creme, Yuri couldn't get enough of this marvelous scent.

Yoona wrapped her arms around Yuri's neck as the taller girl continued to press kisses to her collarbone; gently suckling the skin, grazing the skin with her teeth, leaving behind a small red mark.

She pulled away and Yoona was quick enough to open up her eyes, just in time to see the girl give her a quick smile.

“Let’s continue inside,” Yuri said, and Yoona nodded. She was slightly embarrassed when she walked out of the bathroom. Her whole bare body was exposed, except for her lower region, where she was clad in her panties. She felt not uncomfortable, but a bit uneasy perhaps with the cool air rushing through her body. It gave her chills.

Noticing Yoona’s slight shiver, Yuri quickly walked over to her and held her, embracing her from behind as Yoona immediately felt the warmth radiating from Yuri’s body against her. She loved the warmth; she felt safe in Yuri’s arms.

“I’ll warm you up,” Yuri said breathlessly, moving her hands up to Yoona’s chest as she cupped her mounds and fondled with them once again, while snuggling her head against Yoona’s shoulders. She turned the girl around and slowly pushed her down on the bed, hastily wrapping her lips around her nipples, earning a gasp from the receiving girl’s side. It felt...wonderful, Yuri’s mouth suckling her nipples, tracing small circles around her areola. It was a new experience for her; she never experienced any of this before. She let out a moan, she let out moans as Yuri continued alternating between her succulent breasts, nibbling her nipples. Yuri was true to her words, Yoona could feel the growing heat blazing through her body. She felt hot. Very hot.

She shivered when Yuri pulled away from her breasts, because the warmth of Yuri’s lips were no longer there, and she felt the rush of cool air meet her body. Yuri pressed small kisses that trailed down to her abdomen, suddenly stopping when Yoona felt the girl’s tongue dip inside her belly button. Yoona sucked in the air with her teeth and gasped, her eyes still closed as she awaited for Yuri’s actions. It was painfully slow for her, she could feel her lower regions aching—for Yuri’s touch.

Now it was the moment they have both been waiting for; the moment Yoona had been waiting, and longing for. She felt her stomach churn as she felt Yuri’s breath on her lower region, her throbbing lower region that was aching. Bad, real bad.

“Please,” Yoona whispered. If Yuri wasn’t going to touch her anytime soon, there’s no doubt she would go crazy.

She felt Yuri tugging her damp underwear, tugging it at the hem as she pulled it down. Yoona’s cheek blushed in embarrassment, her whole body was now truly exposed to Yuri.

Yoona gasped, she gasped loudly, shutting her eyes tight. She gripped the bed sheets underneath her as she let out a barely audible moan. She was quivering, in delight as Yuri continued her motions faster. The moment the soft flesh of

Yuri's tongue brushed over her small protruding flesh, Yoona shrieked, gripping those bed sheets tightly as she let out a loud moan, panting as experiencing something she never felt before; an orgasm.

Yuri pulled away and moved up, dabbing the sweat beads away from Yoona's forehead with her wrist and moved down to kiss her lightly on her lips. Yoona brushed her tongue across Yuri's lips, she forgot momentarily, and was surprised when she realized the taste had came from her.

"I will never get tired of this taste," Yuri said, and without warning, she swallowed Yoona's lips whole, both kissing each other sensually as they both moaned in approval.

"That was my first," Yoona said, in between gasps. She had yet to recover from her orgasm, and this was not end yet.

"You mean—"

Yoona nodded, knowing what Yuri would ask her.

"I don't want to then. Later on, we might not be together, you might regret that fact that you lost it to someone who didn't turn out to be the one you truly love."

"That—" Yoona couldn't help but chuckle, "Scenario is lame. You know that's not true, it's the complete opposite. You're the one that I truly love, I would be more regretful if I lost it to someone, and that someone isn't you." she said, stroking Yuri's cheek.

Yuri grabbed her hands and kissed it gently, she laid the hands down and got off the bed, kneeling down.

"Tell me if you want me to stop, it could hurt a little."

Yoona took in a deep breath and nodded, "Okay," she said, closing her eyes. She rested her hands peacefully on her abdomen.

She let out a choke gasp from the intrusion of Yuri's finger, prompting the girl to worry.

"Are you okay?"

Yoona nodded, she was just not used to something like this before. "Continue," she said, knowing that she would get used to the feeling soon; and soon, the uncomfortable feeling will turn into pleasure.

Yuri pushed her finger farther, feeling a barrier as she did so. She grasped onto

Yoona's hand, interlacing their fingers together as Yuri pushed that finger in farther and faster, breaking through the barrier. Yoona yelped, clutching onto Yuri's hand tightly as tears slowly drift down from the corner of her eyes.

"I'm sorry it hurts," Yuri said, quickly removing her finger. A trail of blood was evident on the bed sheets, and on her finger. She released Yoona's hands and quickly brought her own hand up to wipe away the tears, kissing Yoona gently on her closed eyes. She could taste the saltiness in the tears.

"I want you to continue," Yoona said softly.

"Are you sure?" Yuri asked with a concerned look.

"I can do this. After that is broken, I know it won't hurt anymore."

"Please tell me if it really hurts..I won't continue then, I don't want to hurt you." Yuri said, kissing Yoona one last time before she slowly slid her finger inside her warmth again. The feeling was still new to Yoona, but she felt more relaxed compared to the first intrusion. Yuri slowly thrust the finger in and out, and Yoona softly moaned in rhythm.

"Does it still hurt?" Yuri asked, but Yoona shook her head.

"More, Yuri. Please."

Yuri took in a deep breath and slowly slid in another finger. Yoona stiffened at the second intrusion opening her up, but she motioned for Yuri to further along her movements and moaned in approval. Short erratic moans, gasps and callings of Yuri's name filled the room as Yuri quickened her pace. Yoona was almost there, just a little more and she would be pushed over the edge. Just a little bit more.

Without slowing down the pace, Yuri continued her hand movements while she moved up to Yoona, laying beside the girl as she planted soft kisses to her shoulders. With half-lidded eyes, Yoona leaned forward for a kiss before she loudly moaned into Yuri's mouth, her body quivering for a few seconds before it slowly subsided.

Yuri slowly pulled away from the kiss and pulled Yoona close to her, letting the girl's head lay on top of her chest as the latter's chest heaved from exhaustion. Yuri herself was exhausted and rested her tiresome arm by her side, another wrapped around Yoona's body.

"I love you, Yuri." Yoona said, trying to catch her breath.

"I love you too, Yoona." Yuri said, her voice vibrated through Yoona's ears as

she snuggled closer to her chest. They stayed like that, for a while as they listened to each other's heartbeats; slowly and gradually drifting off to sleep, but Yoona made sure that didn't happen. She wanted to give Yuri what Yuri had given to her. She wanted to make her feel, what she had felt.

"Yuri," she whispered softly.

"Yes?" Yuri asked, using the back of her hand to rub her eyes.

"Would I be able to make you feel, what I felt?" Yoona pulled away and asked, sitting upright.

"Yoona.." Yuri said, a voice full of hesitation, "I.."

"What's wrong?" Yoona asked with concern, cupping Yuri's cheek with her hand.

"There's a lot of bruises on my body. A lot of scars. I don't know if you—" Yuri tried to say, but Yoona cut her short.

"You don't have to worry about that, are you worried that I'll be afraid of it?"

Yuri slowly nodded before she suddenly shook her head, "I don't know, I just—"

Yoona didn't say anything, she moved forward and pressed her lips softly against Yuri's, relieving her tense body. She pulled away and rested her chin on Yuri's shoulder, her arms wrapped around her neck.

"I don't care. I love you..those bruises and scars won't scare me."

Yuri smiled, a smile of content and happiness as she hugged Yoona tightly, holding her close.

"What will I ever do without you?" she asked Yoona, pressing a kiss to her bare shoulders.

Yoona closed her eyes, her heart ached at the words. She doesn't know what she would do without Yuri, either. She doesn't know if she's stupid or not, is she stupid for planning to tell her father all about this? All about her relationship with Yuri, and tell him that if he doesn't want her to be with Yuri anymore, he'll have to let Yuri go, let her leave Amnesia. Let her pursue her dream.

It might have seemed brilliant in Yoona's mind, but it was her naive self that made her think of such plan.

"Yoona." Yuri whispered, pulling away from the hug and grasped the both of her shoulders. She suddenly release her grasp and held the hem of her shirt, pulling

it up and away. She unhooked her bra and placed it to a side, exposing her upper half to Yoona. Because her glance was brief earlier today, Yoona didn't catch all the scars and bruises that Yuri had on her body, her heart ached upon the sight. She hugged Yuri, gently. Their bare upper bodies pressed gently against each other.

"It must've been painful," Yoona said, her chin rested on Yuri's shoulder as she slid her hand to Yuri's back, gliding it gently across; rubbing the bruises gently.

Yuri hissed in pain, not all of the bruises were fully healed.

"This bruise..from last time, that Kahi person," Yoona mumbled, seeing all these bruises was unbearable to her. It ached, it stung her heart; seeing Yuri in pain like this.

Yuri pulled away and smiled a comforting smile, "It's getting better, don't worry. It'll heal up in no time." she tried to assure her.

"If it weren't for those debts, you wouldn't be in this state..you wouldn't be injured and bruised up like this."

"If it weren't for those debts, I wouldn't meet you. I wouldn't be able to fall in love with you, wouldn't be taken aback by you. Everything happens for a reason, Yoona. Suffering from all these bruises..it doesn't matter to me any more, because while suffering from these bruises, I met you. And that's the most important thing that ever happened to me, I feel like I'm more indebted to my father than he is to me."

Yoona tried to speak up, but she couldn't. Her throat, there was like a lump stuck to her throat, making her unable to speak. Yuri loved her as much as she loved Yuri, but is this fate? Will they not end up together in the end? Yoona knows her father wouldn't accept such relationship between her and Yuri. She was his only daughter, his precious little girl.

"Yoona?" Yuri asked, waving her hands in front of the dazed girl. Her voice knocked Yoona out of her thoughts.

"Let's just..I just," Yoona stuttered, unable to process her thoughts, "I'll make you feel good." she declared before she pressed a kiss to Yuri's lips.

Yuri laid back against the bathtub as Yoona laid on top of her, both comfortable with each other as they soaked in the lukewarm water. Yoona snuggled against Yuri's wet body, laying her head on top of her chest as she listened to the

calming heartbeats of Yuri underneath her.

Yuri smiled contently to herself and stroked Yoona's wet hair, combing through it with her fingers. She smoothed out the hair and proceeded to wrap her arms around Yoona.

"How long did we stay in the tub for?"

"I don't know, I didn't keep track."

They both chuckled, and Yoona rested her elbows beside the girl—holding up one of Yuri's hand in front of her.

"Well, we do look like prunes right now.." Yoona commented with a smile.

"I wonder if you taste like one too," Yuri said, before she reached her head in for a kiss, gently nibbling Yoona's lower lip; gently suckling her plump lips.

She pulled away shortly with a smile.

"You taste a bit better, just a little bit."

"Really? Then I wonder how you'll fare." Yoona remarked, her turn to lean in for a kiss and mimicked what Yuri did to her lips earlier.

She pulled away, with a confused look on her face as she looked up, as if to ponder.

"So, how is it?" Yuri asked her.

"I think i'll pass up on this one."

Yuri smirked, "Do you really want to?"

Yoona shook her head, "No," she said simply with a smile, and quickly kissed Yuri again on her lips before quickly pulling away.

"Yeah, I thought so." Yuri said with a cocky smile, she was about to lean in for another kiss when suddenly a knock lingered into the room, followed by a man's voice.

"Yoona, it's uncle. Are you in your room? In the bathroom?" He asked, knocking on the doors once again.

"Uncle?" Yoona whispered to herself, and looked at Yuri. She quickly got out of the tub and slipped on a bathing robe.

“Don’t make any sound.” She whispered to Yuri and the girl nodded, with a confused look on her face.

Yoona quickly exited the bathroom and closed the doors behind her, “Yes uncle! I’m coming!” she yelled, quickly running to open the door. She was met face to face with her uncle, Yunho’s dad, and also the manager of Amnesia.

“Ah, Yoona. I knocked on the front doors, but no one came to open up. I used one of your father’s spare keys to get inside.” He explained himself.

“Sorry,” Yoona slightly bowed, “I was taking a shower.”

He laughed, “I can see that. Anyway, I came to get one of the documents your dad has concerning the property where Amn—“

“Ah! Those documents, I know where dad keeps them. I’ll show you where it is!” Yoona said quickly, cutting him off before he revealed the name of Amnesia. Yuri was in the bathroom, Yoona didn’t want her to know about her affiliations with anyone from Amnesia.

“Sure. I was going to ask you for your help as well.”

“Let me get dressed first, okay uncle?”

He nodded in approval and she closed the door, quickly scrambling to the bathroom where Yuri was in the process of drying herself up before getting dressed up again.

“I’m sorry,” she told Yuri, “My uncle, he can’t kn—“

“I understand,” Yuri said, walking over to Yoona as she hugged her.

“Just show him where that whatever document is, and I’ll sneak my way out of the house.”

“But you don’t have to..”

Yuri pulled away and looked at the clock, “It’s getting late. I should go home anyway. The last bus is about to leave.”

Yoona sighed and reluctantly nodded, “Be safe on your way home,” she said, hugging Yuri.

“I will. Hurry up and get dressed,” she said, keeping her voice down low.

Yoona quickly got dressed up before she headed out of her room, where her uncle was waiting for her.

“Sorry for making you wait,” she said and quickly escorted him to her father’s office room.

Once the voices became distant, Yuri walked out of the room and headed down the stairs. Slipping on her shoes quickly before she opened the doors, and closed it softly behind her.

She gasped when she turned around to head off and was met face to face with someone. She kept her head down, “Excuse me,” she said, before leaving the complex.

The guy was baffled, he swore he recognized her from somewhere, the voice was familiar as well. He turned around and studied her as she hastily walked towards the gate.

“Amnesia fighter, Kwon Yuri? What is she here for?”

chapter 8 part 2:: the difference between black & white?

“I think I saw someone from Amnesia walking out of the house,”

Mr. Jung removed his gaze from his cell phone, looking grim. “What are you talking about?”

“Ms. Im’s house, I think I saw a fighter from Amnesia walking out of her house when you called me to come inside.”

“Why would a fighter from Amnesia be associated with her?” Mr. Jung asked, bewildered. He knew Yoona’s father had a restriction to his daughter’s activities, and he even made Mr. Jung, himself, asked all the bouncers and security guards to not let Yoona in. How in the world, would she be associated with any of them?

“Actually, Mr. Jung. I’ve heard the boys have been sighting a girl that looks strikingly similar to Ms. Im at Amnesia, for quite a few times. Could this be how, they are associated with each other?”

“I’ve ordered all the boys to not let Yoona in,” Mr. Jung said, firmly, almost in an angry tone.

“But, she had entered the club at least once, with your son. Apparently he insisted on going.”

“Yunho?”

“Yes, sir. They were at the dance club side of Amnesia.”

“How come you didn’t tell me about this earlier?”

“I thought it was not that important, I’m sorry.”

“Who is the boy that you’ve seen walking out of the house?”

“It was a girl, sir.”

“A girl? The only girl fighter at Amnesia is Kwon Yuri.” Mr. Jung rose his eyebrows, “If the girl is just Yoona’s friend, why would she hide her from me like this, having her leave the house without me knowing?”

“Their social class is quite different, maybe she was afraid of you not accepting of their friendship?”

“Yes, that’s true. But go to the club tomorrow and investigate. Find out how Yoona could’ve gotten inside the club without me knowing, and how she and Kwon Yuri met. I want to know everything about their relationship with each other.”

“Yes, sir. Will do.”

“Sooooooooo..,” Taecyeon sat on the bench and scooted in closer to Yuri, “Did you two do it?”

Yuri turned around and shot him a glare, “What does that have to do with you? Mind your own business.” she said, trying to contain her blush. She may be strong, and kinda boyish, but she did have qualities of a girl; blushing was one of them.

Taecyeon scooted back and held his hands up, surrendering to Yuri’s rebuke. “Nothing, it got nothing to do with me—“

“—But we’re really curious, though.” Donghae jumped in the conversation, throwing her a towel.

“You too?” Yuri asked and shook her head. She was exasperated with their relentless need for information about her and Yoona—they were just plain nosy.

“C’mon, we’re curious! And we ask you this as brothers, ya know? Let yo bro, know! There shouldn’t be any secrets!” Taecyeon exclaimed, and Yuri gave up.

“Yes, we did it. Okay? Happy now?”

“WHOOOOOOOOHHHHHH!” The two boys whooped out loud at the same time, causing Yuri to roll her eyes at their immaturity.

“Good job,” Taecyeon said, giving her a sleazy wink.

“Shut up,” Yuri laughed.

“So how did you seduce her?” Donghae asked.

“I wasn’t seducing her,” Yuri explained, “She actually initiated it first.”

“Damn, I wish my girl would do something like that,” Donghae muttered to himself.

“As you were saying?”

“It was nothing—“

“Psh, you know it was something,” Taecyeon cut in.

“Whatever. So she hugged me from behind, naked and—“

“NAKED?” They both exclaimed, “DO CONTINUE ON!”

“Don’t worry, I’m not going into the details.” Yuri smiled, causing them both to groan.

“I asked her ‘do you really want this?’, and she said ‘make me yours,’ and yeah that’s it.”

“And you two did it afterwards?”

“Yeah, pretty much.” Yuri nodded.

“No details?”

“No details.” She stated firmly with a smile. “Don’t we all have a match tonight? We should be training, instead of you two being so damn nosy.”

This was it. Yoona held in her breath and exhaled gently, clenching her hand into a fist as she rose it up to the door—firmly knocking once, twice, thrice, until Yuri’s father walked up and opened up. He was surprised to see Yoona here.

“Yuri’s not home today.” He said, and Yoona nodded.

“I know. But the reason I am here today, is—“ Yoona paused, she didn’t know exactly how she should say it, or how to word it actually. “Working at Amnesia isn’t the best option for Yuri, don’t you think?” she decided on saying.

He nodded slowly, “It’s all my fault. As a father, I let her down, and now I even left her with a huge debt.”

“I want to help Yuri, but promise me you can’t let her know about it.”

He nodded again, cautiously. “How would you be able to help?”

“Take me to the loan sharks.”

Siwon was the guy that saw Yuri coming out of Yoona’s house, and he was also the guy that Mr. Jung had sent to acquire more information about the girls’ relationship with each other. He was determined that this was an easy task to do, seeing how regular patrons and staffs recognized who Yuri was at the club, asking them a few questions would one way or another lead to clues about their so-called friendship with each other.

He arrived at the locker room where the fighters of Amnesia gathered up, Yuri however was not present—which was a good thing, to him.

“Alright, the boss sent me here to ask you guys a few questions. You must comply with me, you got it?”

They all nodded.

“Do you know who Yoona Im is?”

Taecyeon’s ear perked up at the name, but he didn’t say anything.

Most of them shook their head, ‘No’.

“Yoona Im is Mr. Jung’s niece; Mr. Im’s daughter. She’s about 5 feet 3 inches tall, straight black hair with bangs. Mr. Im restricted her admission into Amnesia, but a few guys have said they spotted her here a few times. Have you seen anyone that matches her criteria?”

Donghae stupidly rose his hand up, Taecyeon couldn’t stop him in time.

“Goddammit.” Taecyeon muttered to himself.

“I think know who she is,” Donghae said, oblivious to Taecyeon’s intention to stop him.

“She came over a few times, to see Yuri.”

Siwon rose his eyebrows, “Is that so? What is their relationship with each other?”

Taecyeon quickly moved his hand behind Donghae and grasped his butt, “Don’t tell him.” he muttered underneath his breath.

“Oh.. that, I don’t really know. Sorry.” Donghae said.

“Okay, that’s cool. I know you guys are tight with Yuri, and you might try to hide the truth because of that. I’ll find out no matter what, though. Good luck at tonight’s match.” Siwon said before he hastily moved along.

Taeyeon was fuming, “What the fu*k?” he yelled at Donghae, “You almost ratted them out!”

“I didn’t know it was such a big deal!” Donghae quickly rebutted.

“Of course it’s ‘such a big deal’! Yuri’s been dating Yoona, and Yoona is Im Dak-Ho’s daughter. Do you know what kind of sh*t Yuri would be in, if he finds out that his daughter has been dating her?”

“Oh crap, you’re right.” Donghae nervously ran his fingers through his hair, “Does Yuri even know about this?”

“F*ck.” Taeyeon muttered, scratching his head, “I bet she had no idea.”

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“A girl about 5 feet, 3 inches tall. Straight black hair with bangs?”

“Yes, have you seen anyone like her around?” Siwon asked the DJ belonging to the dance club side of Amnesia.

“Yeaah, I’ve seen a girl that matches your description. She was with someone else, I think it was Kwon Yuri? The fighter from the other side?”

“Did you know what they were doing together?”

“Last time I saw them, they were out on the dance floor, dancing intimately with each other. Pretty much no doubt about what kind of relationship they were having. At the end of the song, I remember Kwon Yuri grasping the girl’s hand and they both left through the alley. It’s been a while since I’ve last seen them here, though.”

“I see, anyway, thanks your help.” Siwon smiled. This was far easier than he expected. He walked away and took out his cellphone, dialing for Mr. Jung. No one picked up, he opt to leave a message instead.

“Mr. Jung? Hi, this is Siwon. I found out about Ms. Im’s relationship with Kwon Yuri. They are, in fact—lovers.”

“How much did he owe you?” Yoona asked firmly, clutching her hand bag. Yuri’s father was standing beside her, nervous.

The loan shark chuckled, “What? Are you going to pay off his debts for him?” he asked.

“I did come here for a reason.” She stated firmly.

“Hm. I like you. You’re straight to the point.” He said, tossing a baseball up before catching it. “He owes me fifty-thousand dollars.”

“Fifty-thousand dollars?” Yoona said, taking out her check book. “Fifty-thousand dollars,” she repeated again, signing the check before she detached it from the book and handed to him.

He rose up an eyebrow. “How do I know this check won’t bounce?”

“Im Dak-Ho is my father.”

Yuri’s father looked at her, bewildered. His eyes opened wide, and so was the loan shark.

“Im Dak-Ho is your father?” he asked. Yoona nodded.

“Alright,” he said like it wasn’t a big deal, “I’ll respect you since you’re his daughter. Is there anything else you need?”

“You and your boys can’t bother Kwon Yuri, and her father anymore.”

“Okay, deal.” He shrugged.

“That’s all. Thank you for your time.”

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“You’re.. Im Dak-Ho’s daughter? Im Dak-Ho is your father?” Mr. Kwon’s voice almost squeaked out.

“Yes, sadly I am.”

“Does.. Yuri know about this?”

Yoona sighed, “No. She doesn’t, and she won’t—hopefully. I will tell my father all about my relationship with her, even though I know what his reaction would be like.”

“What he doesn’t know, won’t hurt him. Why would you go tell your father about you and Yuri?”

“Because—“ Yoona stopped momentarily, she didn’t know how to exactly answer this. “In order to keep me away from Yuri, he will kick her out of Amnesia. Yuri’s dream was to be a chef right? And once she leaves Amnesia, she could pursue that dream without worry, because the debt that had been burdening her is gone.”

“Thank you, thank you. Thank you. Thank you for doing this for her—thank you for doing this for me. I wish I could do something, instead of saying thank you—but thank you, is all I can offer you.”

Yoona smiled, “I should thank you instead, without you and Mrs. Kwon.. Yuri wouldn’t exist in this world and I wouldn’t know what the definition of true love is.”

“Yuri! Yuri!” Taecyeon called out, running towards her.

“What do you want?” Yuri said in hostile manner. Taecyeon looked around for anyone and pulled her aside by the lockers, leaving her in a confused state.

“What?”

“Do you know who Yoona’s dad is?” Taecyeon asked, both hands on his waist.

“I haven’t met him personally yet, but all I know is that he’s a lawyer?” Yuri replied. She sensed Taecyeon’s urgency, he seemed tensed. “Why are you asking me this?”

“Yoona told you that her dad is a lawyer?”

“Yeaah? Is there is a problem?”

“Dammit..” Taecyeon mumbled, running his fingers through his hair. He exhaled a heavy breath.

“I don’t know how to break this to you, but.. Yoona lied.”

Yuri scoffed in disbelief, “What are you talking about?” she said. She couldn’t understand what Taecyeon was trying to tell her at all. What does Yoona’s dad have to do with anything?

“I kind of figured you’d have that reaction. Yoona’s dad is not a lawyer. Her dad is Im Dak-Ho, IM DAK-HO.” He said, his voice quivering. He was

afraid for Yuri. Messing with a gangster was bad enough, messing with the boss of gang—there's no clue to what the consequences would be.

“W-what?” Yuri froze.

When the other fighters were starting to come inside the room, Taecyeon quickly pulled her frozen state to a secluded area.

“Yoona lied to you. But I could see why she would lie.”

“H-Im Dak-Ho..” Yuri mumbled.

“I don't know if he knows about it yet or not, but Mr. Jung sent a guy over to question us. He asked if we knew who Yoona was, and that she was restricted by her dad to enter the club, but apparently she got inside anyway. Donghae—that idiot stupidly rose his hand up and said he knew Yoona, and that she came to see you. Thankfully I stopped him from ratting you both out.” Taecyeon explained.

Yuri's face was emotionless. She felt betrayed.

She didn't feel betrayed because of Donghae, she felt betrayed because of Yoona.

“You gotta break up with her before her dad finds out.” Taecyeon said, and—

Craaaaack.

Yuri's heart was broken into a million pieces.

There was no such thing as happiness.

chapter 9:: a painful confrontation

Yoona laid inside her bath tub, still clothed, and eyes closed as memories of her and Yuri together began to engulf her. If only there was a way to relive those memories again, she'd do anything.

She missed Yuri's kisses, her gentle touches, her sultry voice that calmed her down every time she's feeling tensed. She missed everything about Yuri.

Her heart ached longingly for her.

She held her telephone in hand—hesitating to make the call.

"It's Yoona," Taecyeon said, taking a look at the caller ID on Yuri's phone.

Yuri did not falter. "Just leave it." She said, continuing her jump roping session.

"You've been doing that for an hour now,"

"Fine, I'll do something else then. Hold up those pads." Yuri said, throwing the jump ropes aside as she walked up to Taecyeon and attacked the pads he held up mercilessly.

"Whoa there, you okay?" Taecyeon asked, but Yuri continued her punches. "I guess not, but you can't just continue doing this. Why don't you just pick up the phone and talk to her about it?"

Yuri stopped momentarily and scoffed.

"Talk to her about what? About how she deceived me? This is the only way I could unleash my anger." She said, walking pass Taecyeon to the punching bag stationed up in the corner. She threw straight jabs at it, showing it no mercy. Every punch she threw was like a strike to her heart, every punch she threw was to unleash out her anger on Yoona.. but she hated herself for being mad at her, she was angry at herself, not Yoona. She was angry at herself for falling deeply into a love, where right from the start—she knew it was impossible. "She had a reason to lie to you, it's not entirely her fault."

"Why does she have to be Im Dak-Ho's daughter? Can you answer that

question for me?” Yuri yelled, her voice quivering. She wanted to cry, but not in front of Taecyeon. No. Not in front of him. She didn’t want to appear weak, even if she is. Her body was exhausted.

Her phone rang again, it was from Yoona.

“Sadly, that is a question I can not answer for you.” Taecyeon said, in an almost calm manner. “Now pick up the phone.” He said in a demanding tone as he tossed her cell phone to her.

Yuri stared at the caller ID.

“No..” She said simply, tossing her phone back to him. “My match is starting soon.”

Taecyeon sighed.

“Why are you so stubborn?”

“The person you have dialed is not available right now, please leave a message and call again.”

Yoona sighed. This was the 5th time she heard the operator’s message. Yuri was not picking up her phone.

With a last bit of hope, she dialed again and waited long enough to hear the operator’s message for the nth time, until a voice startled her, making her drop the phone in stupefaction. She recognized this voice—

Of course she recognized this voice.

“Yoona, I’m home.” A voice spoke up, banging on the door.

Yoona scrambled out of the tub. Her father wasn’t suppose to come home until next week, she wasn’t ready to confront him yet.

She opened the door and was greeted by his grim presence. Something was wrong, she could feel it. It’s a fact that he was always on his business trips, but whenever he comes home, he would envelop his daughter in a tight hug, however, this time.. there was something different about him.

Mr. Im tried to stay calm. Slowly, he spoke.

“Your uncle called me about something that he found out,”

“Is it about Amnesia?” Yoona replied, remembering that her uncle had come to pick up some documents pertaining to the club.

“It’s somewhat relevant,” He then sighed, “You know I love you, right? And you’ll tell me the truth, right?”

“The truth about what?”

Yoona was confused, she didn’t know what he was trying to say. She had a gut in her feeling that he found out about her relationship with Yuri, but how could he, or her uncle could have found out before she even told any of them?

He threw a series of photographs onto the floor——Yoona was stupefied.

“Wh-what is this?”

“Someone working at the club took these shots. He had a feeling that it was you, Im Dak-Ho’s daughter. Imagine my embarrassment as he showed me the pictures, one by one. Pictures of my only daughter and that lowlife fighter locking lips.”

Yoona opened her mouth, but no words could come out. Her throat tightened.

“I-I..”

She wanted to tell him ‘I could explain’, but what else can she explain when the pictures have already proven her relationship with Yuri?

“I love her.” Was all she told him.

His eyes widened and he lifted up his quivering, shaking hand. Yoona closed her eyes, expecting a slap from her father but he however, calmed himself down.

“You love her? How can you love her? She’s a girl!”

“So what if she’s a girl? love is love.. I know that you would have this kind of reaction, and if you really want me to stay away from her.. there’s only one thing I want to ask from you.”

He scoffed, “My daughter is giving me a condition. Fine, tell me. What is it?”

“Make her leave Amnesia, void the so-called contract she has with the club..”

“Why would you want me to do something like that for that lowlife fighter?”

She clenched her fist.

“Then what are you? You and your criminal activities?”

As soon as she was finished—He slapped her across the face, hard. Hard enough that all five of his fingers had an imprint on the side of her face. Yoona held onto her face, grasping it as she sobbed, tears freely flowing down her cheeks.

“How dare you say something like that about your father. All because of that girl? Do you love her that much?”

“Please.. she would have a better life outside of Amnesia. Let her go, please.” She said, her voice quivering, “I won’t see her anymore, I won’t love her anymore. I’ll do anything you want me to do, I’ll listen to you.”

“I’ll let her go.”

“Your match tonight is canceled.”

“What? Canceled? What do you mean?” Yuri asked, perplexed.

None of her matches had been canceled before, there had been postponement, but there were never any cancellations.

“It’s also canceled tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow, and the day after the day after tomorrow. Basically, you’re out. You should be happy.”

Yuri looked back at Taecyeon in bewilderment. He himself, was confused also.

“Can you please elaborate? What do you mean?”

“The boss voided your contract, you’re free from Amnesia. You can go.”

Yuri shook her head, “This doesn’t make any sense. Why would he void my contract?”

“Don’t ask me, I wouldn’t know. But I did hear it was about his daughter or something. Either way, why are you questioning? You should be jumping up and down from happiness right now, do you really want to stick here all your life? Go.”

Taecyeon nodded, “She will,” he said and pulled her out of the office.

“I don’t understand..” Yuri shook her head. She then scoffed.

“Do you think Yoona did this?” She asked Taecyeon.

“She wouldn’t have the power to do it herself, she probably asked her father.. but that means he knows about your relationship with her.”

Yuri looked up at him, “Does she think by doing this, that she’s actually doing something good for me? How am I suppose to pay my father’s debts now?”

“Why are you putting all the blame on her? You know she loves you. She doesn’t want you to get hurt, that’s why she did something like this. But here you are, berating, yelling at her. She’s probably at home crying her hearts out after she confronted her father about you. Im Dak-Ho is a scary man—he wouldn’t let anyone go off easily like this, and yet he let you get off the hook this easy. Who would you think begged him to spare your life? No one else but Yoona.”

“No. I don’t blame her. I blame me.” Yuri said, looking around her surroundings. “I’ll miss this place, and I’ll miss you, Taecyeon.” She said and walked over to him, giving him a hug.

“Thanks for everything. You’re a jerk, but you’re also my good friend.”

“Friend with benefits?”

“I’m not in the mood.” Yuri pulled away and gave him a punch to his shoulder.

He pretended to groan and rubbed his shoulders, “That hurts, you know?”

Yuri smiled but that smile soon faded as she recalled something.

“If you didn’t have your father’s debts to worry about, would you leave Amnesia?”

“I’ll keep in contact! I have to go somewhere right now.” Yuri said, quickly grabbing her jacket.

“Tell me, did a girl named Yoona come here asking to pay my father’s debts for me?” Yuri asked firmly in a calm manner.

“Yeah. So what? Why are you here? She paid for your debts, my boys won’t bother you or father anymore.”

“Give me the money back, I have to return it back to her.”

The loan shark scoffed, “Why would I give you ‘back’ the money that was

rightfully mine?”

“I will continue to make those monthly payments to you, don’t worry. Just give me back the money.”

“The girl paid your debts for you already. Get out of my sight.” The loan shark said in an angry tone.

“Give me back the money.”

He chuckled and turned back to his boys, “This girl is really funny isn’t she? She got her friend paying her debts for her, and yet she wants to return the money back?”

“I don’t want to owe her anything.”

“Owing her something, is better than owing something from me—Isn’t that right? Go home.”

“Give me the money and I’ll go back home.”

“You know, I would’ve had my boys beat you up by now but since Yoona is Im Dak-Ho’s daughter, I promised her my boys would not lay their hands on you.” He paused, “But, she didn’t say anything about girls right?”

“Right.” His boys replied.

“Right. Send out those girls, give this stubborn girl a lesson.”

“JUST GIVE ME BACK THE MONEY!” Yuri yelled out one last time before she was surrounded by a group of.. not so skinny girls.

One by one ran towards Yuri, but she was lucky to have dodged their jabs. However, there were just too many of them and she could not defend herself very well. Punches were thrown towards her face, her chest, until the pain became unbearable and she fell onto the ground. They continued their relentless attacks, kicking her to oblivion until the loan shark deemed it was enough.

“Enough,” He said, “I run a legitimate business, I don’t want anyone dying here.”

Yuri tried to stand up, but as soon as she did, she fell back down. She groaned in pain.

“Call a cab for her and tell them to take her home. Pay extra money, make sure they bring her up to her door steps.” He said before walking up to her, “You’re lucky she’s Im Dak-Ho’s daughter, and the fact that I still have a heart. That

doesn't mean I'll give you the money back, though. Stop being so stubborn and just take the fact that she paid for your debts with a gratitude."

"My f-father will come out. Th-thank you, you can leave now." Yuri said to the taxi driver, groaning from her pain.

The guy nodded and left.

"Bast*rd's probably sleeping." Yuri mumbled, knocking on the door once again.

"Aish, who is it?" Mr. Kwon mumbled as he walked towards the door.

"It's me, you bast*rd." Yuri groaned.

"Yuri you're ho—" He gasped as soon as he saw the state that she was in, "What happened to you?"

"Bring me in first, will you?"

"Right." Mr. Kwon said, quickly bringing his daughter in and laid her on the couch.

"Tell me what happened?"

"Did you take Yoona to the loan sharks?"

Mr. Kwon stayed silent. He promised Yoona he wouldn't tell Yuri.

"I know all about it, you can just spill it. How can you let her pay off the debts like that? I'm like this because of you. I went to the loan sharks trying to get the money back in order to return it to her."

"You stupid, stubborn girl! Why would you do something stupid like that? AND NOW LOOK!" He yelled at her for the first time, "For God's sake, she paid the debts already. You don't have a huge burden on your shoulders anymore. She did this because she wanted you to follow your dream of being a chef, and now you can do it!"

Yoona laid in her bed, still crying about the earlier events. Her father locked her inside the room, confiscating her phone and even had his boys guard her from outside of her room. She was basically a prisoner, but she was somehow happy. Yuri is freed, freed from Amnesia with a burden gone.

She was slowly drifting off to sleep when a voicemail came through her laptop. A voicemail that was forwarded from her phone.

“Pick, pick up Yoona! Yuri.. she’s injured. She knows.. she knows all about you paying off the debts, and who your dad is. She went to the loan sharks trying to get the money back so she can return it to you, but she got beaten up by them. I know she might wouldn’t want me calling you, but she needs you the most right now. Can you please come over?”

Yoona quickly closed her laptop, she had to find a way how to get out of this place. Asking her guards would be no use, she looked around her surroundings and stared at the window leading to the balcony outside. She walked out into the balcony and observed the place, there was a big tree with its branches close by. Bingo.

“Sorry daddy, I have to go. This will be the last time I’ll see her. I promise.”

chapter 10 end:: daddy's little girl

Yoona's heart ached upon seeing Yuri—this wasn't what she wanted at all. She walked up to Yuri who was laying down on the couch and kneeled down beside her. She hovered her hand over to Yuri's face and slowly caressed her cheek. There were little bruises, nicks, and at the corner of her mouth, there was blood from the impact of the punches Yuri had endure.

"Do you have a towel or anything?" Yoona asked Mr. Kwon. He walked over to the closet and picked up a clean towel. "I'll wet it for you," He said and went over to the sink, dipping the towel in lukewarm water before draining the excess water out and handed the towel to her. Yoona whispered a 'thank you'.

She dabbed the towel gently on the wounds, it was like the day she first asked Yuri to give them a chance. She remembered how her heart fluttered out of excitement when Yuri agreed, how her heart ached when Yuri sputtered those harmful words at her, accusing her of being those typical rich girls.

Yoona stopped, and was about to get up when Yuri grasped her hand and slowly opened up her eyes.

"Uh, I'll just go in.." Mr. Kwon said, but they both were oblivious to him

"Yuri.." Yoona muttered, her tears welled up.

Yuri didn't say anything, she pulled Yoona in for a hug. She wrapped her arms tightly around Yoona, never wanting to let her go. Yoona cried, her tears began to freely flow down her cheeks—It drenched Yuri's shirt.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I just wanted you to have the life you've always wanted." Yoona said, her voice quivering from all the crying.

"Stupid. My life is nothing if you're not in it. Don't do anything stupid like this anymore." Yuri berated. Her tears welled up at the corner of her eyes. She pulled away from the hug and rested her hand on Yoona's cheek. Reaching in, she planted her lips firmly against Yoona's, giving her a chaste kiss.

"I really didn't want to lie to you.. about my father. I was afraid that you'll stay away from me, avoid me like my so-called friends did when they realized who my father really is. I should've trusted you, I should've realized that you would never do something like that to me."

“Honestly, when I found out, I was afraid too. Taecyeon insisted that I break up with you, or suffer the consequences but now, I don’t care about those consequences anymore. I just want to be with you, forever. Always. I love you.”

“How is she?” Mr. Im asked the boys standing outside of Yoona’s room.

“She hadn’t been out all day, hadn’t been eating.”

“That stubborn girl..” Mr. Im mumbled, he proceeded to walk up to the door and knocked firmly. “Yoona, it’s me. I’m home.”

Of course, no answer was given, because Yoona was not in her room.

“Yoona. Open up.” He insistently said, but there was still no answer.

“Open the door for me,” He told his boys. They quickly took out the keys and opened the door, but there was no one. They scoured every where, checking the bathroom, the closets but Yoona was nowhere to be found and that’s when they realized that she had probably left through the balcony.

“You went to see her again, didn’t you?” Mr. Im said to himself, taking out her cellphone. He turned the phone on and was greeted by a voicemail notification, he placed the phone near his ears and began to listen attentively.

“Pick, pick up Yoona! Yuri.. she’s injured. She knows.. she knows all about you paying off the debts, and who your dad is. She went to the loan sharks trying to get the money back so she can return it to you, but she got beaten up by them. I know she might wouldn’t want me calling you, but she needs you the most right now. Can you please come over?”

He closed the cellphone.

“Go find out where Kwon Yuri lives.”

Their bare bodies were pressed close to each other as they stood there in the shower, soaking underneath the lukewarm water. Yoona’s head were pressed gently against Yuri’s chest while Yuri’s arms were wrapped loosely around her body. Yoona pulled away and looked at Yuri, she leaned in for a kiss.

She slightly nibbled Yuri’s lower lip, earning a gasp from her and proceeded to teasingly pull away. She pressed gentle kisses to Yuri’s bruised shoulders, the contact of Yoona’s soft lips against Yuri’s skin made the latter slip out a moan,

but also a small gasp from the pain.

“I love you,” Yoona said.

Yuri smiled. “Ditto,” she said chuckling and pressing another kiss to the girl’s lips.

Yoona’s heart never felt so content. She reached up for another kiss before she snuggled against Yuri, once again resting her head against the taller girl’s chest.

“I don’t want to go back, I want to be with you.”

“Then don’t go back, stay here with me.”

“It’s easier said than done, my dad will use all means to find me.”

“Then we’ll run away. Just you and me.”

Yoona’s eyes widened, “Run away?” she asked.

Yuri nodded, “Unless you don’t want to leave behind all your things and live a poor life with me.”

Yoona smiled and slightly shove Yuri, the girl quickly winced in pain.

“You know I’m not that kind of girl. I rather live a happy ‘poor’ life with you than live a sad life where the only things I’m surrounded by is money and material things.”

“I know you’re not that kind of girl,” Yuri smiled, and hugged Yoona. “I have five-thousand dollars in my bank account, I was going to use that money to pay for some of the debts, but..” She sighed, “Since I can’t get back the money from them to return it to you, all I got to say is thank you and I will, by all means, pay you back in the future.”

Yoona shook her head ‘no’, “Just pay me back by loving me.”

“Then I guess I already paid it off? My love for you has already reached that high limit. I can not love you any further because any further, will still have me loving you this much.”

“Then, consider it paid.” Yoona smiled.

“We’ll use the five-thousand dollars I have to rent a cheap apartment somewhere, some place and I’ll be on the look out for a job.”

“Actually, I’m planning to sell my car. It could probably fetch up a lot of money,

we'll use the money to open up a restaurant for you."

"No, don't sell it. It's your car. I'll work hard, and one day I'll eventually have enough money to open up a restaurant myself. I just don't want to keep taking money from you, it doesn't feel comfortable for me."

Yoona sighed, "I understand."

Yuri cleared her throat, "Now.. can we get back to what you were doing to me earlier?"

A teasing smile appeared on Yoona's face, "Get back to what?" she asked teasingly.

"You were about to make love to me, weren't you? And you left me hanging after giving me all those kisses, and—"

Yoona frowned, she was disappointed in not being able to tease Yuri further. The girl was just blunt.

"What?" Yuri asked.

"Nothing," Yoona smiled and pressed a kiss to her lips.

"Yoona, Kwon Yuri. Come out."

Yoona gasped, it was her father, and he was here to get her.

"Is that—?"

Yoona nodded, she quickly jumped out of the tub along with Yuri and they both dried their bodies off before slipping into their clothes. Yuri grasped Yoona's hand and gave her a determined look. "Don't worry," she said, trying to assure Yoona. She has to be able to convince her father about their love.

Hand in hand, they walked out of the bathroom and was greeted by Mr. Im's presence, along with two other people.

He glared at Yuri with a grim expression.

"You surely know who I am, right?"

"Yes, sir." Yuri said, slightly bowing.

“Why are you still holding my daughter’s hand, then?”

“Because I love her, and she loves me. We love each other, and we would hope that you would accept us.”

“Do you,” Mr. Im suddenly paused, “know the consequences you might face if you don’t let go of her hand?”

“Dad!” Yoona yelled, but his threat did not falter.

“Yuri, just let go.” Mr. Kwon whispered hoarsely to her.

“No, I won’t let go,” Yuri said firmly, holding tight onto Yoona’s hand. “What’s my consequence? Are you going to kill me? Then kill me, if you take Yoona away, my life would be meaningless anyway.”

Mr. Im took out a handgun and pointed at Yuri, “Let go of her hand. Yoona, come over here.”

“No!” Yoona yelled, stepping in front of Yuri.

“Get back,” Yuri whispered, but Yoona shook her head.

Mr. Im hesitantly pointed the gun away, “Do you really love her that much?”

Yoona nodded, “I didn’t know what love was until I met her. I forever and always, will love Yuri.”

“What about me then? Don’t you love daddy?”

“I love you daddy, but I also love Yuri. Given the choice of two, I know I could only choose one, and the choice I choose is to be with Yuri. I never felt so happy because of her, she showed me what love was. I know you love me very much, but what kind of happiness have you ever gave me? You’re always on business trips. You give me your platinum card and allowed me to buy anything I want, but what I want isn’t any material things.”

What Yoona said struck his heart, was he that neglecting of his daughter?

“Please, I hope you accept us both.” Yuri said, bowing. “I love your daughter very much.”

Mr. Im knew something like this would happen, he had already prepared.

“If you go with Yuri, you can’t go home anymore. What you choose to do in your life, does not matter to me anymore. I still won’t accept you two, but you still carry

my blood. You're still my little baby girl," He said, and paused. "Can daddy get one last hug?"

Yoona nodded and bursted into tears, engulfing her father with a hug.

"I'll always be your little girl," She said, her voice weak from crying. He pulled away from the hug and wiped away her tears.

"I want you to have this," he said, and handed her an envelope. "You're just like your mother. Stubborn and right from the start, I knew you would not be able to keep up with your promise of not seeing Yuri anymore. But I forgive you."

"Thank you daddy," Yoona said, her tears still rolling down her cheeks.

"You better take care of my daughter, or this is for you." Mr. Im said, taking a bullet out from the handgun and tossed it on the floor.

"Thank you." Yuri bowed again.

Mr. Im however, turned around and closed his eyes momentarily. The scene was just so strikingly similar to what he had to go through before. He left the premises and left the two lovers to hug each other in happiness.

"Why?" One of the boys asked. He wondered why Mr. Im would let them go off easily like this.

"Yoona reminded me of her mother, her mother fought against her father to be with me. That check in the envelope, I'll give them a year. Let's see what they'll become in a year."

epilogue:: happily ever after?

Yoona, I had already prepared this long letter on my way to Yuri's apartment to find you. You are my daughter, I know you very well. It is clear that you've gotten some of your mother's traits, and that is you are both stubborn. Stubborn, that's what both you and your mother are. Even though your mother had passed away long ago, leaving me wifeless and a widower, I still had you, and every time I look at you.. I see your mother in you. You've asked me before how I met your mother, and I did tell you the story about how we both met, but what you didn't know was that her father was in the same position that I am in now. Her father despised me. He took one look at me and just knew that he somehow hated me. He didn't want your mother to be with me, but your mother fought against him—she moved him by telling him how much we both love each other, he argued back, and so did she, but with logic. In the end, she won. We both won. We were able to love each other.

What I'm trying to say is, I know that you would somehow (a feeling in my gut is telling me this) become like your mother and fight against me too. If you are already reading this, that means that you had already won against me. It would've been okay if it were a guy that you've fallen in love with, but you fell in love with a girl, and that was why my reaction was so strong. I'm sorry for hitting you. Please forgive me.

I thought about it a lot, and you were right. Love is love, you can't control whom you love, because love is uncontrollable. It just comes, naturally.

Anyway, because you are reading this letter that means that you had won against me, and that means that I had already pointed my gun at Yuri to test her. If anyone is willing to take a bullet to fight for a will to love my daughter, you know that person's a keeper.

I checked your bank account, seems like there's no money left. I already transferred money to your account. Use it wisely; I'll give you both one year.

With that said, you are always my little baby girl. I love you.

A year had already passed.

Using the money Yoona's father gave the both of them, they opened up a restaurant together. Yuri's dream had been completed, and Yoona decided that she wanted to complete her studies at a law school. Business was thriving, their life together thus far had been nothing but happiness.

One day during a afternoon where business was a bit slower than usual, an old man walked into the restaurant wearing a fedora that covered most of his face.

“Another customer!” Yoona told Yuri, who then showed her girlfriend where to seat that old man.

“Hello! Welcome! Right over here!” Yoona said to the man, who then nodded. As he sat down on the chair, she handed him a menu and waited for him to take his order. He hesitantly looked up at her, before quickly looking back down at the menu. As she was pondering away, wondering why the man was taking so long trying to choose an order, he removed his fedora.

Yuri looked over, her mouth gaped open.

She quickly walked over to Yoona and that old man, bowing a full ninety degrees bow to that old man before Yoona looked at him and realized who he was.

“Dad?” Yoona said, shocked.

He didn’t say anything, he only smiled.

“I would like the chef’s special for today,” He said, smiling at Yuri.

“I’ll be right on it, sir!” Yuri quickly said, putting on her chef outfit before quickly heading into the kitchen.

Mr. Im looked at his daughter, bringing his hand up to caress her cheek. He missed her a lot, but told himself that he will not see her again until the year was due.

“I miss you daddy,” Yoona said, her tears dropping down her cheeks. He wiped her tears away.

“Me too. You’ve changed a lot in a year.”

“In a bad way or a good way?” Yoona asked, sniffing from her crying.

“In a good way of course,” He said, and she smiled.

“Thank you daddy.”

He then proceeded to look around the restaurant, it wasn’t bad. It was clean, big, and gave off an overall lavish feel.

Before he finished observing, the food was ready and Yuri laid the dish carefully

on the table and stood next to Yoona, waiting for Mr.Im to try out the food.

Mr. Im studied the food carefully, taking a sniff before he exhaled out with a pleasant expression. He then proceeded to take a bite. He was pleasantly surprised—the food was good.

“I like it,” Mr. Im said, giving Yuri a thumbs up.

“Thank you, sir.” She said, bowing a full ninety degrees again.

He chuckled, “Don’t call me sir,”

Yuri was bewildered, did she do something wrong?

“Wh-what should I call you then?”

“Father in-law.”

Both Yuri and Yoona looked at each other in astonishment.

“I approve you both. I gave you both a year, and now that the year is up—I like what I’m seeing, looks like my investment money is worth it huh?”

“But dad, she can’t.. we can’t marry each other. It’s not lawful for, you know..”

Mr. Im sighed, “I’m Im Dak-Ho. I’ll make it happen.”

“Thank you!” Yuri and Yoona both bowed to him and smiled gleefully to each other. They embraced each other in a hug and was about to kiss when they realized that Mr. Im was right in front of them, they quickly pulled away.

“What’s wrong? You both don’t have to be so awkward around me, just go ahead. I’ll be eating this delicious food.” He said and they smiled, about to lean in to kiss each other when Mr. Im peeked a look at them.

“Dad!” Yoona said.

“What?” He replied and got back to his food.

Finally, Yuri leaned in and press her lips gently against Yoona’s and engulfed her in a hug.

“WE’RE GETTING MARRIED!” Yuri held up Yoona’s hands and yelled for everyone to hear, all of the customers clapped loudly, congratulating them.

Mr. Im just plainly chuckled, “I didn’t make the wrong choice,” he said, and

then looked up, “I know you are proud of your daughter, just like I am.”

Months later, the couple drove down the street from the church with Yoona’s white Mercedes— A ‘Just married’ sign attached to the back of the car. They both waved back at the group of people waving bye to them, and looked at each other.

“I love you,” Yuri said.

“Ditto,” Replied Yoona.

They both kissed.

“You used my word!” Yuri complained.

“Oh stop it, you know you got that line from Patrick Swayze in ‘Ghost’.”

“How did you know?”

“It’s an American romance film, of course I know! I’m good at these kinds of stuffs!”

“Yeah, you’re too good.” Yuri said, giving up.

“You’re becoming a lot more funny,” Yoona complimented.

“I wasn’t funny before?”

“You were.. serious and tough. Now you’ve softened up.”

“Well, whose fault is that?”

“Mine, but I like you as a softie.”

“Then.. softie it is.” Yuri said, leaning in for a kiss.

“Keep your eye on the road!” Yoona yelled. They both laughed.

“It seems right now that all I’ve ever done in my life is making my way here to you.” Yuri fluttered her eyes.

“Quote’s from The Bridges of Madison County.”

Yuri rolled her eyes and groaned, “Fine. No more movie love quotes.”

END.