

Tiffany's POV

I held my stomach tightly, trying to ease the pain that erupted throughout my midsection. I screamed in pain as it felt like my insides were being torn. The doctors ran in quickly, bringing the needles. Oh gosh, the needles, not the needles!

They walked closer to me, with that, THING. I see the clear liquid that was already filled in it, the three inch needle that they would stick into my arms, into my veins, spreading into my body. I began to tremble slightly. I hate it.

"No! I don't want!" I yelled as they began to wipe my arm with alcohol swabs, getting it ready for the needle.

"Tiffany. Please, this will make the pain go away." Doctor Kim, my main doctor, told me.

Tears flowed out of my face as I gripped the bed sheets, "You said that last time! It didn't work!"

Doctor Kim sighed, "Please, Tiffany, just take the needle."

I shook my head side to side vigorously, "I don't want to!" I yelled, crossing my arms, preventing them from sticking the needle in.

"Tiffany, we are going to hold you down again if you don't cooperate." Doctor Kim said sternly.

I glared at him, "Aren't I in enough pain?" I jinxed myself. As I said that, it felt as if my stomach exploded. I screamed in agony, curling myself into a ball, clutching my stomach as I rocked my body on the hospital bed.

Doctor Kim looked at me with sad eyes, "Tiffany. Please..."

I gritted my teeth, clutching my stomach tightly with my left arm as I held out my right arm, "Please, do it quick.." I whimpered.

Doctor Kim immediately took the chance, sticking the needle into my skin, releasing the fluids before pulling out quickly. He placed a bandaid over the hole he had made with the needle, "There, done." he smiled at me.

I tried to smile back, but I just couldn't, not with what was happening inside my body.

Doctor Kim smiled sadly before he kissed my forehead, "Don't worry, Tiffany, we'll get you better soon."

I nodded as beads of sweat began to fall down my head, due to the pain I was enduring, trying my best not to scream. Doctor Kim had always been affectionate towards me, in a fatherly way. When my father wasn't here, he was. He had always told me that things would get better. Ever since I was 14.

But, did things get better?

No. They've gotten worse.

When I am in the hospital, he visits me. He talks to me as if I were his daughter, no matter how many times I've been rude to him because of my sickness, that manages to change my mood in a second.

Let me tell you more about my sickness.

We have no clue what it is, or what the cure is. It gives me huge headaches, making my brain feel like it is going to burst. My mood changes quickly. One second I can be happy, the other second I am totally mad. The stupid sickness gives me eruptions in my body. No, not the kind of eruptions all you perverts are thinking about. It literally makes me feel like my insides are blowing up. When my insides aren't

blowing up, it feels like it is being eaten from the inside out.

The doctors have done many operations on me, trying to find out what's wrong. But they came up with nothing. What the hell was wrong with me?

I wiped the sweat off my face with my palm. I wiped my palm on the hospital bed. I heard the door knock before seeing the familiar man walk in.

"Doctor Kim." I greeted, bowing my head slightly.

See, just before this, I was angry as a motherfucker, now I'm being all formal. Talk about mood swings.

He smiled a warm smile before sitting on my bed side. "Feel better?" he asked, looking at me.

I nodded slightly, not trying to get a head ache from nodding to hard, "Yea.."

"See? Didn't I tell you the injection will help?"

I frowned, "It didn't help. It never does. It just so happens that my sickness decided to stop after you injected that THING into me."

Now, he frowned. Great, just like that, I managed to turn my mood as well as HIS mood down.

"Tiffany, you can't always think that way."

"Think like what?" I snapped.

"Try to think more positive."

I scoffed, "Positive? What the hell is positive about this? Oh, maybe that for one day, for one day, I can feel normal? But then on the other days I feel like I'm dying? Is any of this positive to you?"

He frowned deeply, "Tiffany, you know I didn't mean it like that."

I didn't answer as I stared outside the window, watching the cars pass by from the third floor of the hospital. I longed to go outside. I've been stuck in this white, stupid building for 2 years of my life. What did I do during those 2 years?

Nothing. I stayed here, either agonizing in pain, or staring at the plain, white wall that was in front of me. Sure, they offered me the TV, but it's not like I want to watch TV. My father came in with magazines and books, but they bore me. Something I did do to pass my time, was writing on little sticky notes my dad brought in from his office. I would doodle, or just write random things on them, just to get my mind off my sickness, even if it were just for a little while.

Doctor Kim sighed as he checked his phone, "I have to pick my daughter up from her after school activities. Be good, okay?" he said, kissing my forehead like he had earlier.

I nodded. He had told me about his daughter. I believe her name was Kim Taeyeon. Yes, Kim Taeyeon. He told me she was about my age, a little older. I shrugged it off, I really didn't care, it's not like I'll ever meet Taeyeon..

Right?

Taeyeon's POV

I entered the car, placing my duffel bag in the back seat, sliding into the passenger seat. I looked over and saw that my dad was still wearing his white coat from the hospital.

"Hey Doctor." I joked.

Usually, he would joke along with me, but he sighed deeply. I frowned, "What's wrong?"

"It's her again." he sighed.

I immediately knew who he was talking about. Stephanie Hwang, also known as Tiffany. He had told me many times about her.

I always felt bad. She is stuck in that hospital, while kids around her age are out partying and doing regular things like that.

"What happened?" I asked. My dad still didn't move the car.

He stared at the driving wheel, "She just doesn't think about the positives.."

I bit my lip, "Dad, if you were in her position, would you think it would be easy to look at the brighter sides of things?"

He looked at me, "Oh.. I haven't thought about that. But.. I had to leave her to pick you up."

I raised an eyebrow, "Then let's go to the hospital to visit her."

"Really?" he smiled.

I nodded, "Let's go."

"Taeyeon, I think you might want to wait outside." my dad told me.

I nodded and leaned on the wall next to the door. He entered the room. Doctors and nurses began to pile into the room. I wondered what was happening, then I heard screaming.

"No! I don't want to!" a husky, female voice said, like she was pained. I'm guessing that was Tiffany.

"It hurts!" she screamed, saying it over and over again.

I heard my fathers voice, "Tiffany. This will ease the pain." I had to smile, even in a situation like this, my father still managed to stay calm.

My smiled dropped as I heard the sobs of the girl. "It won't ease anything!"

I heard whimpers and crying until I saw all the nurses and doctors flush out, except my dad. I peeked into the room. I saw a girl with brown hair curling herself into a ball, my dad was sitting beside her, whispering to her. My heart clenched at the sight. The girl's shoulders were shaking due to her sobbing.

I bit my lip as the girl continued to cry.

"...Taeyeon." I heard my dad say.

The girl looked up, and I looked at my dad. He gestured me over. I pushed myself off the doorway I was leaning on, walking over to my dad and Tiffany.

Tiffany raised a hand, stopping me there. She lowered her head, "Don't look at me. I'm pathetic."

My eyes softened. My dad was about to say something, but I did, "You're not pathetic." I said as softly as I possibly could.

She looked up, looking into my eyes, "That's a lie."

I shook my head, "It isn't, just because you're sick doesn't mean you're pathetic."

She scoffed and looked away, "Sure."

I shrugged, "It's true. If you don't want to believe me, you don't have to."

Her sniffs were the only things that were heard in the room. She continued looking out the window. I followed her eyesight and saw that she was staring at the cars that were going by.

"Miyoung!" I heard a deep voice.

Tiffany looked over and smiled, "Daddy."

My heart raced at the sight of her smile, it was beautiful. Her eyes turned into crescent shaped moons and her smile showed off her white teeth.

The man walked over to the bedside, I stepped away so he could get closer. He smiled thankfully at me before sitting on the bed, next to Tiffany.

"Are you alright?"

She smiled and nodded, "Yea.."

He gave her the container he held in his hand along with a spoon. Tiffany sighed before opening the container, revealing plain, white rice. Tiffany looked like she hated rice.

"Tiff, you know that rice is the only food your body allows you to eat, right?" her father said quietly.

Suddenly, I felt like I was intruding, so I began to walk out the room. My dad caught my wrist, I looked at him.

"Stay." he mouthed.

I raised an eyebrow, as if I were asking 'Why?'

He shook his head, "Stay." He mouthed again.

I bit my lip, but sat on the couch in the corner of the room, watching Tiffany eat the rice slowly. I noticed all the band-aids on her arm. Was it because of the needles? My father told me a lot about this girl. He said she is like his second daughter.

I watched the three people sitting on the hospital bed, chatting. For a moment, if Tiffany wasn't stuck in the hospital, it seemed like she was actually enjoying her time.

I noticed how pretty Tiffany actually was. If I didn't see her in the hospital, I would have thought she was perfectly normal.

My dad turned his body and gestured me over. I got off the couch and walked over, standing awkwardly

next to the bed.

"This is my daughter, Kim Taeyeon." he said to Tiffany.

I nodded slightly to Tiffany who nodded back at me. My father and her father looked inbetween us to. I raised an eyebrow at their weird actions.

My father cleared his throat, "So, since you two are the same age, we figured you guys could become friends."

"Friends?" Tiffany and I said at the same time. We both looked at each other, before sheepishly turning back to our fathers.

They smiled at our interaction before her father nodded, "Friends."

Tiffany scoffed, "I doubt she can stay my friend for a day."

I raised an eyebrow, "Is that a bet?"

She raised an eyebrow back at me, "If you want it to be."

I smiled slightly, "Alright, it's a bet. If I can't stay friends with you for a whole day, then you win. But, if I do, then you lost."

She smiled back at me, "Alright. But I'm warning you, I have major pains, and I have mood swings."

"I'll take a note." I replied.

My father clapped his hands, "Alright! Then you girls are friends. Taeyeon, since you are Tiffany's FRIEND, can you watch over her while I go to other patients?"

"Watch over?" I asked.

He nodded, "If she is in pain, just comfort her. We already gave her the max amount of needle injections for the day, so she can't have anymore. But feel free to let her take pain killers in the cabinet over there." he said as he pointed to the cabinet next to the couch I was sitting on earlier.

I nodded, "Alright."

Her father sighed, "I have to get back to work, Miyoung. I was on my lunch break."

Tiffany frowned, "You skipped lunch because of me?" I could tell she was feeling guilty.

Her father kissed her forehead, "Don't worry, you are much more important than my lunch."

I smiled at the scene. Her father stood from the bed and walk over to me. He patted my head in a fatherly way, "Take care of my daughter."

I felt like they were sort of putting pressure on me, but I managed to smile and nod. My dad patted me on the back before they left Tiffany and I alone in the hospital room. I didn't really know what to do, so I decided just to do my homework while Tiffany does whatever she usually does. I sat on the couch, doing my homework on my lap. I glanced up at Tiffany and saw that she was writing on a pad of sticky notes. She looked like she was concentrated on something, her eyebrows furrowed. I smiled slightly at the sight before continuing to do my homework.

I began to think about the bet I had made with her. I felt slightly guilty that I turned it into a bet. It

makes it sound like I only want to be her friend because of the dumb bet I came up with. But in reality, I actually want to be her friend.

Why?

Because it looks like she needs one.

Tiffany's POV

I continued to dribble on the pad of sticky notes that were yellow, using a pink pen that my father gave me a couple months ago. I wrote words, drew pictures. After having my max amount of injections, I was pretty angry. I drew hardly on the sticky notes, putting all my frustration into it. I drew a needle, writing under it 'STUPID' before crossing it out with a big 'X'.

I had totally forgot that Taeyeon was actually in the room. I lifted my head and looked over to the corner where Taeyeon was seated, doing her homework. She was looking at me with an amused face. I scoffed, "What?"

She raised an eyebrow, still amused, "Are you angry at something?"

I looked back at my sticky notes, realizing how messy the notes actually were. You could literally sense the anger radiating off of the piece of paper. I shrugged and looked back up, "Maybe?"

She let out a small laugh before shaking her head, continuing to do her homework. Meanwhile, I continued to play around with my sticky notes. Eventually, I made a stop motion sort of thing. It was a little ball that bounced along the sticky notes. I flipped the sticky notes quickly, watching the little video I had created through paper, seeing the uneven little ball made of pink ink moving across the paper.

I felt someone looking at me again, I looked up. I saw Taeyeon smiling while looking at me. "Having fun?"

I nodded, suddenly feeling very happy, "Yes, I am."

Slowly, I felt my stomach beginning to pain from the very inside. I bit my lip, looking at Taeyeon who was already focused on her work. I didn't want to disturb her, but then again, I wanted the painkillers before this pain gets worse.

"Taeyeon." I called.

She looked up, "Yes?"

"Painkillers.." I managed to say before clutching my stomach, feeling the sensation spreading.

She got up immediately and went over to the cabinet where Doctor Kim told her the pills were. She grabbed the little white container and opened it, taking out two little pills. She grabbed a water bottle from her back pack, it was a new bottle, thankfully. She went over to my bedside, sitting on the bed. She handed me the pills, opening the water bottle for me before handing it to me.

I managed to smile thankfully at her before swallowing the two pills. She hadn't moved from her spot as I waited for the pain to ease, but it never did. I knew that the pain killers wouldn't help much, but sometimes, I wish the pain would just go away forever.

Taeyeon looked at me with furrowed eyebrows, "Want me to call my dad?"

I shook my head, "No, calling him won't help anything."

"But you're in pain."

I shrugged, "Nothing new."

She frowned, "But.."

I stopped her and cut her off, "Calling him is a waste of time. They would just stick another needle into me, giving me fluids that won't do shit. I'm used to this. The pain will go away sooner or later. It'll disappear for a day, then it'll come back for a whole day."

I didn't really mean to give her all the details, but it sort of just slipped out of my mouth. She frowned for a moment.

"Alright, but, if you need anything, tell me, alright?" she asked gently.

I sighed and nodded, "I'll be fine."

I jinxed myself for the second time today. My midsection was feeling like it was getting stabbed by needles, from the inside out. I bit my lip to contain my screams that desperately wanted to come out. Taeyeon looked panicked, "I'll call my dad."

She reached into her pocket for her phone, I grabbed her wrist. She looked at me shocked.

"Don't... leave him for.. other patients." I managed to get out through a strained voice.

"But you're in pain." she said again.

I clutched my stomach, silently praying to God that the pain will stop. That the sickness would stop.

Suddenly, the door opened and in walked Doctor Kim. I glared at Taeyeon, she had called him when I wasn't paying attention. She looked at me, very concerned.

Doctor Kim sat beside Taeyeon slightly pushing her away from me so he could sit close to me. Taeyeon frowned at him before completely getting up from the bed, walking back to the couch in the corner of the room.

"Tiffany, does it hurt alot?"

I shrugged, "Not as bad as this morning."

He nodded, "I think we can squeeze another injection in for the day."

I panicked and widened my eyes, "NO!" I yelled.

I began to tremble, not another. Doctor Kim grabbed my wrist, "Tiffany, Tiffany, stop! It's going to help." He said, raising his voice slightly.

Tears formed in my eyes, "No it won't" I said softly.

"You have to believe."

"Believe my ass!" I retorted, rather loudly. "You always say 'It's going to help'" I mocked in a deep voice. "You always said that, since I was 14. But did it help? NO! It didn't. I tried to believe for 2 years that 'It would help' but, don't you think that after those 2 years, I would lose hope?" I said, raising my voice at times.

By now, the tears were freely falling down my face. It hurts. THIS hurts.

Doctor Kim sighed, wiping my tears with his large thumb, "Please. You have to try."

I sniffed, "F-fine." I said in a shaky voice.

He widened his eyes, "Really?"

"I'm not promising that I will stay still." I stated coldly.

He nodded, "As long as you try."

I rolled my eyes, crossing my arms as he left the room. Taeyeon looked at me, surprised.

"What?" I asked, irritated with her staring.

She cocked an eyebrow, "You know my father is just helping?"

"Helping for 2 years, now look at me. I'm worse than when I began." I scoffed.

She frowned. "You can't give up."

"I wish I could." I sighed, letting a tear fall again.

Doctor Kim walked in with a needle in his hand, the alcohol swab in the other. He walked closer to me, and I swear, I saw the needle smile at me. It was a freakish smile.

Great. Now I'm seeing things.

He sat on the bed, I squirmed away, leaning as far away as I possibly could. He tried to reach for me, but I swatted his hands away.

My fear for needles were so high, having needles injected into my body everyday doesn't help my phobia.

"Tiffany. I don't want to call the other nurses and doctors in again."

I whimpered, "You don't want to, but you always do."

"Because you never cooperate." he retorted in a calm voice.

He came closer to me, trying to wipe my arm with the swab. "No!" I yelled, pushing him away.

"Tiffany, please." he practically begged.

"Go ahead, call the nurses and doctors." I said, suddenly turning angry.

I saw Taeyeon stand up from the corner of my eye. "Don't call them." she said.

Doctor Kim looked at her strangely as she walked to the bed, sitting beside me. For some reason, I relaxed slightly, seeing her there.

She looked into my eyes. I saw genuine concern, "You have to try. You can't just make the other doctors and nurses leave their patients just to deal with you."

I glared back at her, even though I was touched by her worryness. "If they don't want to deal with me,

they don't have to."

She sighed, "Just one more needle, then it's done for the day. It's almost sleeping time, you'll be fine by then. Just take the injection."

My mood changed, I felt scared and shy, "But.. It's scary."

Taeyeon didn't know how to respond. Then, she smiled a warm smile, "Don't worry, it'll hurt for just a milisecond, then it's over."

I don't know why, but I had trust in Taeyeon. The girl who I had just met today. I nodded slightly. Doctor Kim smiled before grabbing my right arm, wiping the alcohol swab on a specific spot. Taeyeon walked over to my left side. I wondered what she was going to do. I was surprised when she grabbed my hand and held it. I looked over at her and she smiled, I smiled back. I felt the needle pierce my skin. I winced and squeezed Taeyeon's hand. I felt the liquid spread before her pulled the needle out, placing the bandaid over the tiny hole.

"Done." he announced.

I stopped squeezing Taeyeon's hand and let go. She let go and smiled at me. I smiled back.

It was the first time I hadn't screamed, struggled, or cried while getting my injection.

It was all because she was here.

Kim Taeyeon

Taeyeon's POV

My dad was staring at me all through out dinner. I looked up, "Yes?" I asked politely.

He smiled at me. I raised an eyebrow, "What?"

He smiled even wider. Okay, something weird was going on, "What?" I asked again.

"You know, today was the first day Tiffany didn't scream while getting an injection?"

I widened my eyes, "Really?"

He nodded and continued to eat his rice, "Yep. You did something Something special. Espesically if you got Tiffany to act like that."

I smiled slightly before continuing to eat my dinner, thoughts running through my head. Did I do something speical to Tiffany? No, not that I know of. Does giving her pills count? Well, that isn't really special. Wait, I held her hand! Yes, that was special. Skin contact. Maybe that's why Tiffany didn't scream. Instead of screaming, she squeezed the living hell out of my hand. I glanced down at my right hand, seeing the red hand print that was placed on it due to Tiffany. I smiled, it was because she held my hand.

My dad placed his fork down, I looked up. He looked around, obviously wanting to tell me something.

"What is it?" I asked.

He cleared his throat, "Since tommorow is Saturday, do you mind coming to work with me? For.. Tiffany?" he asked hesitantly.

I bit my lip, I had plans with Yuri. After I thought about it. Yuri had Jessica with her, they would probably leave me anyway. I nodded, "Sure, what time?"

"Err.. when you wake up?" he asked, playing with his shirt collar.

I sighed, "Alright."

He smiled, before continuing to eat, "I think you two will be good friends."

I nodded, "Sure."

My dad knocked on the door. We arrived at the hospital, it was 7 AM.

We heard a faint, "Come in."

He opened the door, revealing Tiffany stretching like a cat. She smiled once she saw us, "Hello."

I waved slightly and entered the room. My dad closed the door shut before smiling, "Hey Tiffany, feeling alright?"

She nodded, smiling, "Hopefully, today, my sickness won't act up."

My father chuckled, "Hopefully."

I could already feel the comparison from Tiffany's attitude yesterday to today. She seems much less pained and more relaxed today than she did yesterday. So, it was true. On some days, her sickness acts like it was never there, but on others, the sickness acts up. That's.. interesting.

I decided to continue with the light aura, "So, did I win the bet?"

She looked at me confused, "What?"

I raised an eyebrow, "I was your friend for a day, wasn't I?" I asked with a slight smile.

She widened her eyes. My dad watched silently.

"Yah! That doesn't count. Technically, you weren't my friend for the WHOLE day." she said playfully.

"So, I need to be your friend for all day today?" I asked, clearing things up.

She nodded, "Yep. If you can actually stand me for the whole day, you will. But I doubt it."

I stuck my tongue out at her, "Don't doubt my awesome skills."

She giggled. It was the first time I heard her giggle, and by the look on my dad's face, it was also his first time hearing her giggle. It was a sweet sound, mixed in with her husky voice, the giggle sounded absolutely adorable.

Aish! Kim Taeyeon, why are you thinking like this?

"Sure, but find a way to entertain yourself, I'm stuck in the hospital, like always."

"You can't leave?" I asked without thinking.

She raised an eyebrow, "If I could, wouldn't you think I did already?"

I raised my hands up in mock surrender, "Sorry."

She smiled slightly, "It's fine."

My father looked between us and smiled, "Alright, you girls have fun. I need to go take care of a little boy who has a broken leg, I'll check up on you later."

We waved bye to my dad. Once he left, Tiffany sighed. I raised an eyebrow. "What?"

She shook her head, "Nothing."

I frowned, "I'm your friend, right?"

She looked at me oddly, "Yea.. why?"

I smiled, knowing she fell into my trap, "Since friends tell each other what's on their mind, tell me what's on yours."

I sat on the bedside, turning my body to face her. Tiffany sat up, leaning against the wall. She sighed, "Alright."

I waited for her to talk. She seemed to be gathering her thoughts in her head. Finally, after a couple minutes, she breathed deeply. "I was thinking about outside."

"Outside?" I asked.

She nodded, "Outside." she confirmed. "I've been stuck in this same hospital for the past 2 years. Eating rice, drinking water. All I've done was watch a little TV, or doodle on sticky notes."

I kept silent, waiting for more. She looked at me, "I want to go outside, to see the town. But I'm afraid that my sickness would act up when I least expect it to."

I nodded, trying to understand what she was going through. I imagined myself being stuck in this hospital for 2 years, eating nothing but white rice, drinking nothing but water. I couldn't imagine it. She must feel horrible.

She sighed, causing me to snap out of my thoughts, "But I've gotten used to it."

She reached over to the side desk, next to the hospital bed. She opened the drawer. I peeked inside and saw a bunch of pads of sticky notes. Some were new, some were filled with doodles. She grabbed a half used pad, also grabbing a pink pen.

She began to doodle on the notes, leaving the drawer open. I bit my lip, "Can I look at your notes?"

She looked up from her sticky notes, she nodded shyly. I smiled and reached down, grabbing a handful of notes.

One note was just filled with pink ink. Literally. All it was was pink ink, covering the whole sticky note. I chuckled, staring at the sticky note that gave me slightly pink fingers. Tiffany also giggled, probably remembering the time she did this. I bet her whole hand was pink.

I looked at the next note, and it wasn't so silly as the other one. It was a three dimensional box. Inside the box was a girl, it seemed. She was curling herself into a ball. The box was the only thing left blank, outside was filled with pinkness and words such as 'pain' and 'hurt'.

I frowned as I looked at it. Tiffany bit her lip frowning slightly as well, "I wasn't feeling too good that day." she commented.

I nodded, "I can tell."

I looked at the next sticky note, this one seemed more recent, as the pink pen color was more vibrant. It was a picture of a needle, it had a large 'X' crossing over it. I raised an eyebrow at Tiffany. She smiled sheepishly, "I hate needles."

"Why?" I asked her, staring at how dark she had imprinted the 'X' onto the needle. Poor needle..

"The fact that it's used to send fluids into my body is nasty. I'm scared of it, I don't know the exact reason. But I just am."

I nodded. "Wait."

She looked up.

"If you were so scared, why didn't you cry yesterday?" I asked her, curious.

She shrugged, "I don't know."

"My father told me it was the first time you didn't yell when they injected you." I continued.

She shrugged again, "I guess it's because I had something else to do besides screaming."

"Like squeezing my poor hand?" I asked playfully, lifting up my right hand, showing off the faded imprint of her hand connected to mine.

Her eyes widened, "Omo! Did I do that?"

I smiled and nodded, "It's alright, it doesn't hurt."

She furrowed her eyebrows, lowering her head, "Sorry."

I giggled, "It's fine. It's better than seeing you cry and suffer."

She looked up with twinkling eyes, "Really?"

"Really." I confirmed with a firm nod.

She smiled at me, and I smiled back.

Maybe Tiffany isn't that bad.

Tiffany's POV

All Taeyeon and I did was talk. We talked about a lot of things. About my sickness, about her basketball team, and about our families.

Like me, she only lives with her father. Her parents became divorced when she was little, as my mom died in a car accident when I was little. I am an only child, and so is she. She plays basketball for her school, she tells me she is good, but I won't believe it when I see it. Because, seriously, how can someone so short be on a basketball team?

I found it easy talking to Taeyeon, in fact, I enjoyed talking to Taeyeon. She is a calm person, but I've found out that she can be quite a dork. Luckily, my pains and mood swings weren't acting up.

Right now, we laid side by side on the hospital, Taeyeon was watching me draw on a sticky note. After only a few hours with the girl, I felt close to her. And honestly, I've never been close to anyone besides my father and Doctor Kim.

On the sticky note, in bold letters, I wrote, 'Thankful'.

Taeyeon looked at me oddly as I ignored her, adding little stars around the word. After a minute, she shoved my shoulder softly, "Thankful?"

I nodded, "Thankful."

"For what?" She asked.

Should I say, 'For you.'? Nah, that would be too weird.

"Thankful to have a friend. Especially when I'm locked up in here." I said, continuing to draw on my sticky note.

"You haven't had a friend since you were 14?"

I shrugged, "I had friends before, I just don't know what happened to them. They never visited me in the hospital. It doesn't matter anyways, because I barely even remember their names."

That was a huge lie. Jessica, Sooyoung, and Seohyun. Those were their names. The names of my 'best

friends.' Best friends my ass. Where were they when I suffered every night because of my sickness? Even if I am mad at them for never visiting me, I can't help but wonder how they are doing. Are they doing good in school? Is everything alright? I worry most about Seohyun. I was the closest to our maknae, the girl told me everything. Her mother beat her. Yes, the innocent little girl who is always worried about others safety is being beaten by her blood mother. I had told Seohyun to call the police when we were little, but she didn't. I even tried to call the police, but Seohyun begged me not to. She was crying, so I obeyed her, hanging up the phone. I sighed out loud, remembering the memories.

Taeyeon looked at me oddly, "You alright?"

I nodded and took the sticky note off the pad. I turned slightly and placed the 'Thankful' note on Taeyeon's forehead. Taeyeon crossed her eyes, looking up at her forehead while smiling dorkily. I giggled, seeing her expression. Pretty soon, Taeyeon giggled with me. She gently took off the note, staring at it.

"Do you like drawing?" she asked me.

I shrugged, "I guess, why?"

She shook her head, "Oh, nothing. Just wondering, you're pretty good at it."

I smiled, "Thanks."

"No problem, so, tell me. What do you want to be when you grow up?" she changed the topic.

"If I'm still alive, that is." I said, no trace of humor in my voice.

I would imagine Taeyeon getting mad at me for thinking like that. Doctor Kim and my father always scolded me for thinking like that. But, Taeyeon flicked my forehead.

"Yah!" I said lightly.

She stuck her tongue out, "So, what do you want to be when you grow up? If you're still alive, that is." she restated her question playfully.

I giggled before thinking about it, I ended up coming with a blank mind. "I don't know."

Taeyeon cocked an eyebrow, "You don't know?"

I shrugged, "I don't know." I said again.

"How about an artist?" she suggested.

I shrugged, "Don't know."

She flicked my forehead again. "Yah!" I called out for the second time.

"You're not even thinking."

"I am!" I pouted.

Taeyeon rolled her eyes before poking my cheek, "Sure you are."

At that moment, Doctor Kwon came in with the needle. I immediately stiffened my body. Under the hospital blanket, Taeyeon grabbed my left hand and placed it in hers, squeezing it lightly. I looked over at her and smiled, she smiled back and nodded to her father, who began to wipe the alcohol swabs on

my right arm. I held her hand tightly, I swear, if I held any tighter, I would break the girls hand. But, hell, I was scared!

Doctor Kwon flicked the needle, letting the fluid settle. He placed the needle on my arm, not entering yet. He looked at Taeyeon, then at me.

Taeyeon used her free hand to move my head towards her direction. "Don't look at it, it'll make it worse."

"What do I look at?" I asked.

She thought about it, "Me!" she said dorkily.

I couldn't help but giggle slightly at her dorkiness, "Done!"

I looked over and saw Doctor Kwon placing the band aid over the little hole.

"Done?" I asked.

He nodded, "Done!"

I didn't feel anything...

I looked over at Taeyeon who smiled proudly at me, "See? It helps if you look at something else. Oh, and by the way, you're preventing blood from traveling to my hand."

I immediately let go of Taeyeon's hand which I was still gripping. I smiled sheepishly, "Sorry."

"No need to be sorry, you didn't feel anything, right?"

I nodded.

"Then it's all good." she smiled.

I smiled back.

I was thankful for Taeyeon, even though I just met her yesterday.

Taeyeon's POV

"Taeyeon, time to go home." my dad said to me as I laid next to Tiffany, looking at her notes.

Tiffany pouted, looking cute. I giggled, "So, that means I win the bet, huh?"

She frowned, "But today doesn't count. My sickness didn't act up today."

She was right. I spent the whole day with her, and not once did her sickness act up. I giggled, "Alright, I'll come back tomorrow."

Tiffany held her pinky out, "Promise?"

I interlocked my pinky with hers, ignoring the tingling sensation, "I promise."

My father watched in silence, wearing a smile on his face. He gestured me over, "Come on, Taeyeon."

I nodded and got up from the bed, "Bye." I waved to Tiffany.

She waved back. "Buh-bye."

Once my father and I got into the car, I asked him if we could go to the store. He looked at me weirdly, "Why?"

I shrugged, "I need to get something."

I grabbed the bag I bought yesterday and entered the car. My dad drove to the hospital. When we arrived, I knocked on Tiffany's door.

"Come in." The faint voice called out.

I opened the door and saw Tiffany sitting on the bed, drawing something on the small sticky note. I walked over and placed the bag in her lap. She looked up at me, surprised.

"Open." I said, pointing to the bag.

She began to pull things out one by one. I bought her a large sketching notebook, pencils, color pencils, markers, and erasers for her to draw. She looked up at me, surprised. I shrugged, "Sticky notes are so yesterday."

She giggled, making her eyes disappear. "Thanks, Taeyeon."

I nodded, "Now you can draw bigger things. Or, you can just fill the whole page up with ink."

Tiffany blushed slightly, remembering the pink sticky note she had made. I giggled, "So, do you feel alright?"

Tiffany shrugged. "I can't say anything yet, it's only the beginning of the day."

I nodded, I had forgotten my dad was in the room. He walked over and sat beside me on the bed, looking at Tiffany.

"Sorry I didn't visit much yesterday, I was so busy." he apologized.

Tiffany smiled slightly, "It's alright, I understand."

He nodded, "So, if you feel major pains, just press the button, I'll come in, alright?"

Tiffany nodded before my dad left the room. We sat in silence, comfortable silence. I decided to break it, I grabbed the note pad and a sharpened pencil, handing it to Tiffany. "Draw." I asked, well, I ordered.

She stuck her tongue out at me before starting to sketch on the notepad. I pushed her over on the bed before sliding in, next to her as I watched her sketch.

I had no idea what she was drawing at first, but then I realized, it was a couple sitting on a hill, watching the sunset. But the odd thing about the couple was, they were both girls. Then, I realized, one girl had brown hair, the other blonde. THEN, I realized, it was Tiffany and I. I eyed her and she concentrated on her painting, adding shades of colors, making it more realistic.

"I've always wanted to see the sunset. My hospital has no view of it." Tiffany stated, still coloring with her new color pencils.

I continued to watch her draw. I've never met someone who drew so good, especially since Tiffany is used to drawing with a pink pen on little sticky notes. "You draw really good." I commented.

She smiled, still looking at her paper, "Thanks. I always liked to draw."

"I can tell." I said, watching her rubbing her thumb across the paper, making the pencil smudge, smoothening the colors. She lifted her thumb up, and it was different shades of blue, yellow, and green. I giggled while she raised an eyebrow at her thumb. I got up and grabbed a tissue. I handed it to her, "You should use a tissue to rub, not your finger, you pabo."

She giggled once I said 'pabo'. I stayed with her, watching her paint different pictures, but the first one always stuck in my mind. Did she want to watch the sunset alone? Or did she want to watch the sunset with SOMEONE.

And was that someone me?

Tiffany's POV

"Do you feel pain?" Taeyeon asked me, breaking the comfortable silence.

I shook my head, "No, why?"

She glanced at the clock, and so did I. It was 4 PM. She grabbed my hand and lifted me off the bed. "What are you doing?" I asked as she dragged me into the hospital hallway, making sure for no nurses.

We got to a stairway. Taeyeon led me up, my hand still interlocked with hers. We finally reached the top and she opened the door for me. She brought me to the side of the building where the safety railings

outlined the roof. She sat, letting her legs dangle. I sat down beside her, "What?" I asked.

She shrugged, "Since you can't leave the hospital to see the sun set, why not watch it from the roof?"

My eyes began to tear up, was she serious? She did that for me?

If you're wondering why I'm so emotional about the sunset. It was my mother's favorite thing. She used to bring me every weekend on Sunday to watch the sunset. And, what a coincidence, but today was Sunday.

Taeyeon pointed across, in the distance. I looked at where she was pointing and saw the sun setting. It relaxed me. It always did, ever since I was little. I couldn't help the tear that fell from my eye. It's been a long time since I saw the sun set. 2 years to be exact.

Taeyeon looked over and noticed I was crying. She smiled gently before holding my hand softly, leaning it to rest on her shoulder. I let my head rest there.. I scooted closer to Taeyeon, to get a more comfortable position. Taeyeon wrapped her arm around my waist and I wrapped mine around her shoulder. We sat there for an hour, watching the sun lower into the distance.

After the sun finally disappeared, I looked down at Taeyeon and smiled, "Thank you."

She smiled back, "It's no problem."

She reached her hand up and used her thumb to wipe the one tear that slipped out of my eye sneakily. I felt my heart flutter, but I ignored the feeling. I smiled at her widely, "But really, thank you."

She nodded, "We should get back before my dad visits."

I nodded and she grabbed my hand, leading me up and back to my hospital bedroom. When we entered

we saw Doctor Kim sitting on the couch in the corner, looking frustrated as she scanned through his phone.

"Hey Doctor Kim." I greeted happily as Taeyeon continued to hold my hand.

He looked up at us, surprised. Then, he smiled. "Where were you girls? I was worried."

I was about to tell him we were on the roof, but Taeyeon cut me off, "Tiffany wanted to walk around, so I came with her."

I frowned, why did she lie?

He nodded, "Alright, but you should be more careful, what if your pains arrive?"

I shrugged, "I didn't feel anything all day."

He widened his eyes, "Really?"

I nodded and so did Taeyeon. He smiled, "Alright, then, I need to go help a little girl who has a 'boo boo'"

We laughed as Doctor Kim left the room. I laid on my hospital bed and Taeyeon laid next to me. "Why didn't you tell him we were on the roof?"

Taeyeon looked at me, "Because, If I did, he would come and find us next time."

"Next time?" I raised an eyebrow.

She nodded, "My father told me about your mother and how you watched the sunset."

I blushed, remembering the time when I was little, telling Doctor Kim about my mother. "Oh.."

She smiled at me, "Even though I might not be your mother, I'll accompany you every Sunday to watch the sunset with you."

My eyes began to water again, why was she so thoughtful?

"Really?" I asked, my voice cracking.

She nodded, "Every Sunday."

I hugged her. I wrapped my arms around her neck and cried softly into her shoulder. I was happy. Taeyeon gripped my waist, returning the hug while rubbing my back, soothing me.

"Thank You, Taeyeon."

Taeyeon's POV

"Tiffany, I have school tomorrow so I can't stay late." I told her watching her draw a picture of something.

She pouted, "Aww, really?"

I nodded, ruffling her hair slightly. She softly smacked my hand away, "Yah!"

I giggled, "I promise I'll visit you after my basketball practice."

She raised an eyebrow, "You're making alot of promises to me."

I shrugged, "I'll keep them all."

She smiled, "Have fun at school, I'll see you tommorow."

I smiled, "Thanks, hopefully no more pains. Fingers crossed for you." I said, crossing my index and middle finger.

She smiled and crossed her fingers on both hands as well. I giggled and left the room, hopefully, she'll be alright.

Tiffany's POV

As soon as Taeyeon left, I felt lonely again. I sighed and grabbed the notepad she bought for me, taking a sharpened pencil, I began to sketch again. I didn't know exactly what I was drawing, it was like my hand had a mind of it's own.

I gasped once I realized what, or who, I was drawing. It was Taeyeon.

I surprised at how exact I drew her, it looked very very VERY similar to her. I bit my lip, why did I draw her? Is it because she was my first friend since I've been in this wretched hospital? Yea, that's it.

I set the notepad aside, feeling the pains come back. What the hell? I was perfectly fine when Taeyeon was here. I clutched my stomach. I didn't want the needles, I'll just deal with the pain. "Fuck." I muttered, feeling the pain increase. I curled myself into a ball, clutching my stomach hard. I muttered all the curse words that I knew in English. It didn't help.

Screw it. I pressed the nurse button that was located on the side of my bed. A nurse rushed in with a needle and some doctors behind her. I eyed the needle. Dammit, Taeyeon wasn't here. I began to freak out. I crossed my arms, not wanting the needle. Why can't they just give me a pill instead of an injection?

"Is Doctor Kim still here?" one nurse asked the doctor.

"He left with his daughter."

I hugged myself. "Tiffany-ssi, we need to give you the injection, come on sweetie." the elder nurse said softly.

She reminded me of my mother, her soft voice. Suddenly, the pain increased and I yelled out. They grabbed my arms and I thrashed around, "No!"

"Call Doctor Kim" one of them ordered.

Taeyeon's POV

I was about to go to sleep when I heard my fathers phone ring.

"Yes?"

I waited, listening to the conversation.

"She is? Did you inject it?"

My ears listened intently, were they talking about Tiffany?

"I'll come now. Calm her down."

My dad grabbed his jacket. I quickly changed into suitable clothes, I ran to the front door with him. He looked down at me, surprised.

"I'm coming." I stated.

"You have school tomorrow."

I ignored him and walked out the door, getting in the car. He sighed and started to drive to the hospital. We rushed to Tiffany's room, well, I rushed, dragging my dad with me.

From outside, I heard Tiffany yelling and crying. I immediately opened the door. Tiffany looked at me, "Taeyeon!"

I rushed over and sat beside her on the bed, she ended up bawling on my shoulder, hugging me tightly. Surprised, I rubbed her back, "Shh. Stop crying.." I said softly into her ear. "Needles." I heard her murmur. I nodded and ran my fingers through her hair. She stopped crying, and next thing I knew, she was sleeping.

I gently lifted her arm so the doctors could inject her. My dad looked at me oddly, as if I did something. He injected Tiffany and I laid her back on the bed, tucking her in.

"You work wonders, Taeyeon." The nurse said to me as she left.

I smiled, still looking at the peaceful Tiffany who was sleeping. I saw her notepad on the floor, it must've dropped when she was thrashing around. I opened it, wondering what she drew. The latest page

shocked me, it was a picture. A very exact picture, of me. My dad walked over to my side, eyes wide at what he saw.

"Is that you?"

I nodded, shocked. My dad smiled, "She's a good artist."

I nodded again, still in awe at how well Tiffany drew me. "Come on, Taeyeon. Let's go home and let Tiffany sleep. You have school tomorrow."

My dad walked out the room first. I set the notepad on the desk beside the bed. I tucked a strand of brown hair behind Tiffany's ears. I stared at her for a minute before getting up and leaving with my dad.

Tiffany's POV

I woke up with searing pain going through my stomach. I squeezed my stomach, letting some tears come out. I quickly pressed the red button located at the side of my bed. A couple seconds later, a nurse came in with the needles. I groaned, why did I call the nurse? Stupid needles.

I moved away from her while clutching my stomach, "Wait! I don't want the needle!"

The nurse looked at me with sad eyes, "This injection will help."

"Help my ass!"

"Tiffany, calm down." I heard the familiar voice, but she sounded very tired and groggy. I turned my head to the side and saw Taeyeon sitting up from the couch in the corner.

I widened my eyes, "Taeyeon?"

She smiled lazily, making my heart skip a beat, "The one and only."

I giggled slightly at her playfulness before the pain came back. I groaned and held my stomach. Taeyeon walked over and sat rather close to me, grabbing one of my hands. I tightened my grip on her, seeing the nurse come closer. She quickly injected the stupid needle into me, releasing the fluid. I felt it run through my veins, I was clutching Taeyeon's hand. After that, the nurse smiled and put the band aid on me, "There. All done." And with that, she left the room, leaving me with Taeyeon.

I remembered I saw Taeyeon on the couch. "Why were you here?" I asked.

"I---"

"Don't you have school tomorrow?" I asked her, cutting her off.

She nodded, "I didn't want to leave you." she said softly, looking away.

Shocked, my jaw dropped slightly at her niceness. I pulled the shorter girl in for a hug. We've only known each other for 2 days, but it feels like I trust her completely, because I do.

She hugged me back, putting her arms around my waist. I buried my face into her neck, "Where is your dad?"

She chuckled, making her body shake against mine, "I had to beg him to let me stay. He went home."

I pulled away and frowned, looking at her. "You have school tomorrow though."

"So?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"And basketball practice."

She shrugged, "I'll drink lots of energy drinks."

I huffed my cheek, as much as I am touched by Taeyeon, this girl really needs to sleep for tomorrow! I looked at the clock, 3 AM.

"Omo! Taeyeon-ah, you should sleep, you have school in 3 hours."

Taeyeon glanced at the clock before looking at me, "What about you?"

"What about me?" I replied.

"Are you going to sleep?"

I nodded, "If I can.."

Taeyeon cuddled herself into my hospital bed, "I'll stay awake until you go to sleep."

That's it, this girl is too nice. "No, Taeyeon you need to sleep, you have school."

Taeyeon pouted, "You sleep first then."

I sighed, "I'll probably stay up all night drawing or something."

She smiled and sat closer to me, if that was even possible, "Cool, I'll watch you."

"Taeyeon" I groaned.

This girl really doesn't stop, does she?

She looked at me with those brown eyes of hers, "What?" she asked innocently.

I sighed again, "Alright, I'll sleep."

She smiled and went back to the couch, laying in an awkward position. If she slept like that her back would hurt tomorrow.

I bit my lip, "Taeyeon"

She lifted her head slightly, "Hmm?"

I moved over on my hospital bed, making space for another person, "Sleep here. If you sleep like that, your back is going to hurt."

She looked at me surprised before laying beside me. We laid stiffly next to each other. Taeyeon, who was probably annoyed by the awkwardness, turned slightly and hugged my waist, bringing me closer. I gasped softly at the sudden contact, but Taeyeon just buried her head into my neck. My back was facing Taeyeon while she hugged me. I moved back a bit, leaning into Taeyeon's embrace.

Was it bad that I was enjoying this?

Taeyeon's POV

I felt someone shaking my body, I woke up and saw Tiffany giggling at me. I groaned and cuddled into the pillow further.

"You're late for school." Tiffany said.

I ignored her and tried to fall back to sleep. She poked me in the ribs. I sat up and glared at her. She giggled, "You need to go to school."

As soon as she said that, my father walked in with my school bag, "I knew I shouldn't have let you stay here, you're late for school." he mumbled.

I looked over at the clock, wow. I was really late. School usually starts at 7:45 and ends at 2:30, it's 12 right now. I sighed, "There's only two hours left of school, do I need to go?"

My dad looked at me with furrowed eyebrows, probably thinking if he should let me skip or not. I gave him my puppy face, "Please?"

"Alright, fine, you can skip." he said immediately. I smiled, I knew the puppy dog face would work.

Tiffany scoffed and laid back down.

My dad looked at me, "You have to stay here, I'm not going home until my shift ends."

I looked down at Tiffany who was already sleeping. I nodded, "I'll stay."

He walked out, closing the door behind him. I laid next to Tiffany, still tired. Yesterday I got almost no hours of sleep. Especially because I was sleeping with a certain someone next to me. Why did being near

her make it harder for me to fall asleep?

I suddenly felt Tiffany's arm around my waist, pulling my body to hers. I breathed in a sharp breath before letting it out, relaxing into her hold.

I breathed in and out slowly, trying to calm my beating heart. What was going on with me? Tiffany's grip on me tightened making me slightly uncomfortable. I gently pried her arms loose around me, trying to breathe, but Tiffany didn't let go. Instead, she buried her head into my back. I felt something wet, that's when I noticed she was crying.

I turned around, surprised by how close we actually were, our faces only inches away. Tiffany was sleeping, but she had tears falling down. I tried to move away to make it less awkward for me, but I couldn't, her grip was too tight. I sighed. I poked Tiffany in the stomach, trying to wake her up from the nightmare she was probably having.

She opened her eyes, immediately letting go of me once she saw our position. I smiled slightly at how she was blushing. I noticed the tears on her cheeks, I brought my hand up and wiped them away. "Why were you crying? Nightmare?"

Tiffany cringed, "Sort of."

"I could tell, you were gripping me like I was a teddy bear." I joked, trying to ease the situation.

She smiled sheepishly at me, "Hehe.. sorry."

I smiled back, "It's alright, I didn't really mind."

Mental face palm. I saw Tiffany smirk, I looked anywhere but her. "You don't mind?"

I bit my lip, "No, not at all." I said, trying to keep my voice steady.

Tiffany hugged me around the waist tightly, "Okay, now go to sleep. I can tell you haven't had enough sleep, and I haven't either."

"How do you tell?" I asked her, wrapping an arm around her shoulder.

"Your eyes are baggy. You look tired." she mumbled into my shirt.

I nodded, "Alright, let's sleep."

Tiffany's POV

Everyday, Taeyeon would visit me after school. It came to a point where I was excited to see Taeyeon. She always managed to make me happy, even if I was in pain.

Oh! Also, my pain doesn't occur very often anymore, I wonder why? Was it because Taeyeon was here? No, what does that have anything to do with my body? But, I am glad she is always around me.

She opened my door without knocking, like she always does. I rolled my eyes, "Thanks for knocking."

She smiled and jumped on my bed, laying next to me, "Sure, no problem." she replied.

I couldn't help but giggle at her dorkiness. Suddenly, she gasped. I looked at her oddly. Before I could say anything she held my hand, interlocking my fingers with hers. "Sunset." she said simply before basically dragging me to the rooftop.

We sat at our usual spot to watch the sunset. Remember when Taeyeon promised me every Sunday we will watch the sunset? Well, she kept the promise. For the past 5 Sundays we have watched the sunset

together.

Sometimes we will sit in silence, other times we joked around and talked. I could tell that this time, we will sit in silence. I leaned my head on Taeyeon's shoulder. She looked down at me and I looked up at her. She smiled slightly, showing off a side dimple, making my heart beat faster than usual. Taeyeon leaned her head on mine as we watched the sun go down.

The view never ceases to amaze me. It never ceases to make me cry either. I let a tear roll down my cheek, reminiscing of my mother. Taeyeon looked at me, she raised her hand and wiped the small tear away. I smiled thankfully at her, and she smiled back.

My feelings were starting to change for Taeyeon. At least I think they were. But, I think Taeyeon only sees me as someone she has to take care of. A burden.

I let another tear fall as I thought, 'Was I a burden to Taeyeon? Did she only do the things she did because I am sick?'

Taeyeon frowned at me as she looked at my tears. "You've never cried THIS much at the sunset." Taeyeon said gently, wiping all my tears with her thumbs.

I nodded, "I'm thinking about something else."

She raised an eyebrow, "Care to tell me?"

I shook my head on her shoulder, "Maybe later."

She wrapped an arm around my waist, pulling me closer to her, "Alright, you have to tell me later. I don't like seeing you cry."

My heart fluttered as she said those words. These are the things that make me fall deeper for Taeyeon. I nodded once again in response before wrapping my arm around her shoulders.

After it turned dark, the sun had lowered, Taeyeon held my hand and helped me up from the floor, "Let's go back before my dad catches us."

I nodded slightly as she lead me back to the hospital bedroom. Doctor Kwon was casually sitting on the couch in the corner, "Ah, there you girls are."

"You knew we were gone?" Taeyeon asked.

I flicked her forehead. She pouted and I laughed.

Doctor Kwon cleared his throat, "Yes, it's become a schedule for me. You guys always seem to leave at the same time on Sundays."

Taeyeon shrugged, "Sure." I laid on the hospital bed and Taeyeon laid beside me.

Doctor Kwon rolled his eyes, "Alright, anyways, Tiffany, feeling any pain?"

I shook my head, "Nope." I stated proudly.

Doctor Kwon raised his eyebrows, "Really?"

I nodded, "Really."

He smiled, "It always seems like whenever Taeyeon is here, you never feel any pains."

Taeyeon smiled widely as my cheeks warmed up. Taeyeon hugged my waist, "Yea! I'm her painkiller."

I rolled my eyes, but wrapped my arm around her shoulders. Doctor Kwon chuckled, "You sure are. Taeyeon, remember you have school tomorrow."

Taeyeon pouted. On Fridays and Saturdays Taeyeon would usually sleep over with me at the hospital. I have no idea why she would do that, because she has a perfectly fine bedroom at home, but it's not like I'm complaining.

I giggled and poked Taeyeon's cheek, "Have fun at your basketball game." I said.

She pouted even more, "The other players are too tall.."

I smiled, "No, you're just too short."

"Yah!" she yelled as she poked my ribcage. I jumped from her random poke, slightly ticklish. She grinned, "You're ticklish?"

I raised an eyebrow, "Mayb---"

I was cut off when Taeyeon began to randomly tickle my sides, I began to laugh uncontrollably. I felt pain in my stomach. But not the bad kind of pain that my sickness gives me. The kind of pain that happens in your stomach when you laugh too much.

Since I was moving around too much, Taeyeon pinned me to the bed using one hand while the other hand tickled me senselessly.

I began to lose my breath, and Taeyeon noticed, as she stopped tickling me. I breathed hard, my chest raising up and down. My cheeks warmed up when I realized our position, Taeyeon was basically straddling me.

Taeyeon widened her eyes before getting off me. I kind of missed her warmth.

YAH! Bad Tiffany, don't think like that.

I slightly regained my breath. "Tae..... yeon..." I breathed.

She smiled, "What'd you call me?"

"Taeyeon?"

"Tae." she answered for me.

"Want me to call you Tae?" I asked.

She nodded her head cutely. "I'll call you Fany!"

Fany? Everyone always called me Tiff or Steph, but never Fany. I liked it, it was unique.

I smiled, "Tae and Fany."

"TaeFany?" Taeyeon asked.

I scrunched my nose, "Sounds weird."

Taeyeon snapped her fingers, "TaeNy!"

"TaeNy?"

She nodded, "Tae from Taeyeon and Ny from Tiffany."

I shrugged, "I guess so."

She giggled, "We are TaeNy."

She glanced at the clock and pouted, "It's getting late, I have to leave."

I pouted as well, she giggled and squeezed my nose softly, "I'll be back after my game."

I nodded obediently, watching her leave. I sighed as she closed the door, running my hands over my face.

Why am I feeling this way?

Taeyeon's POV

I groaned, school was over, but I still had my basketball game. I'd rather just go to the hospital to visit Tiffany. I walked to the gym lazily and saw that it was packed with students. We were facing our biggest rivals, SuJu.

I went to the locker room quickly and got changed before going out on the court to practice for the game. We began to do drills to warm up, then the announcer started the game.

I huffed my cheeks, looking at the taller players on the other team. I may be short, but I'm one hell of an offence.

I looked around. One side of the gym was SuJu, the other side was SoShi. I shook my head before huddling with my team.

The coach smiled at me, "Ready?"

"You bet." I replied.

He chuckled, "You know the drill kids, pass the ball to Taeyeon, make sure they don't score. Easy enough?"

We all laughed and nodded. I liked my coach, he didn't care if we won or if we lost, it was all about having fun. But, that's what I hate about SuJu, they play to win, even if it means to cheat.

"TaeTae, fighting!" I heard the familiar voice as I took a drink of water. I placed my bottle down and turned my head to the voice that stuck out to me. In the crowd, I saw the familiar brown-haired girl. She was sitting next to my father on the bleachers, smiling. She waved at me, I smiled and waved back. It was sort of awkward, because the people around Tiffany thought I was waving at them, so they waved as well. I just smiled and looked away.

I will win this game.

The game started, and only when I was on the court, was when I realized how scary the other team looked. They were freaking giants! I breathed hard, it's alright Taeyeon.

Sooyoung was the jumper to get the ball. The reff threw the ball in the air. Come on, Sooyoung.

She touched the ball and passed it behind her, where I was located. I caught it quickly and began to run and dribble to the other side of the court. Siwon, one of the other teams player, began to defend me. Damn, this dude is tall! I pretended to shoot the basketball, he reached up giving me time to pass the ball to Yuri under his arms.

"Fuck." I heard him mutter, I grinned as Yuri ran past Donghae, going for the lay up. She got the lay up, earning a point for us. I smiled and hi-fived Yuri as we went back to our defending positions.

Siwon got the ball and began to race towards our goal. Yuri nodded at me and she went to defend Siwon. Yuri did a pretty good job, because Siwon looked flustered. He looked around for an open team mate. I saw him look at Donghae. He was wide open. I quickly ran over just as Siwon passed the ball. I ran in front of Donghae and stole the ball, running to the other side.

Cheers erupted as I took the ball, giving me more energy. Just as I was about to lay up, I felt myself being pushed by the stomach. The ball railed off the rim as I fell to the ground, clutching my stomach. Siwon smirked at me, "Woops."

The bastard elbowed me. I clenched my teeth watching him walk away, hi-fiving his team mates. Yuri ran over to me and helped me up, "You alright?"

I breathed deeply, feeling the sting in my stomach. I ignored it, "Let's beat them"

23-24

We were losing by 1. I can't count the amount of injuries our team has. I tripped over Siwon's foot, he elbowed my stomach, Yuri decided to 'run' into Leeteuk, making her fall, and Sooyoung just so happen to get pushed 'accidentally' off the court, into the bleachers.

Yuri gasped as she pointed at my elbow, "Taeng, you're bleeding."

I looked down, and indeed, I was bleeding. I wiped the blood off with my finger as the crowd watched me. I shrugged and got back in my position, "Just play."

The reff nodded and indicated Sooyoung to pass the ball to someone on our team. I ran to the other side of the court, raising my hand up silently for her to pass it to me. She caught my eye contact and nodded, bringing her long arm back before releasing, I caught the ball. I bet the SuJu team wasn't expecting that to happen.

I took my shot while no one was on this side of the court.

It was in the air, it hit the rim. It slowly spun..

It went in.

We won.

The crowd began to whoop loudly on one side of the gym, while the other side boo'd us. Siwon ran up to me, I stood my ground. He pointed at my face, "You cheated."

I raised an eyebrow, "Says the person who elbowed me in the ribs, tripped me, and pushed me."

He shoved my shoulder, pushing my body back. That's when Yuri got involved. She shoved Siwon by the chest, "Yah! Don't touch her."

Before anything else happened, the reff ordered Siwon to get back to his team. He looked at Yuri before walking off.

Yuri held my shoulder, "You alright?"

I nodded, "I'm fine."

"Tae!"

I turned and saw Tiffany running to me. I smiled, "Hey, Fany."

Yuri raised an eyebrow, I rolled my eyes at her. "You did good, but you got hurt alot, are you okay?" Tiffany asked as she reached me.

I nodded, "Perfectly fine."

Tiffany frowned, "Your elbow is still bleeding."

I looked at my elbow and saw the little trail of blood. I shrugged, "Oh well."

Tiffany frowned. Yuri handed me a towel, "Thanks." I said to her, wiping my sweat on my forehead. Tiffany scrunched her nose, "Ew. Sweaty."

I smiled, "Can I have a hug?" I asked cutely, spreading my arms open, moving closer. Tiffany shook her head, "Eek! You stink!"

I got closer and she backed up. She put her hands on my shoulders, putting me a distance from her. "You stay there, Kim Taeyeon." she ordered.

I laughed loudly. "Taeyeon unniee." I heard the annoying voice.

I groaned, "Yes, Yoona?"

I turned and saw my familiar group of friends, which included Yoona, Seohyun, Jessica, Sunny, Sooyoung, and Yuri. I felt Tiffany stiffen up. I creased my forehead looking at her. She had her head lowered. I poked her stomach, making her jump. She glared at me. I smiled innocently.

My friends smiled at our interaction, well everyone besides Seohyun, Jessica, and Sooyoung. I raised an eyebrow at the three, what's wrong with them?

I cleared my throat, "Well, girls, this is Tiffany, Tiffany this is Yoona, Seohyun, Jessica, Sunny, Sooyoung, and Yuri." I introduced, pointing to each girl as I said their names.

Tiffany nodded and waved slightly. The girls waved back and SOME smiled. I looked at Seohyun, who looked kind of guilty. In fact, the three girls looked guilty for something. What happened?

Tiffany looked at me, "I need to get back to the hospital, I didn't tell my dad I left."

I widened my eyes, "You didn't tell?!"

She shook her head cutely, "No, but shhh, it's a secret." She said to me, putting her index finger to her lips.

I smiled and nodded, "Secret. Want me to come with?"

She eyed my friends before looking back at me. "If you want, you could. Your dad is taking me back."

I looked at my friends, who nodded. I smiled at Tiffany and held her hands, "Let's go."

I couldn't help but think about Seohyun, Jessica, and Sooyoung. Then I thought about Tiffany. What happened between those 4?

Tiffany's POV

I was glad that Taeyeon didn't ask any questions about Seohyun, Jessica, and Sooyoung, even though I saw her eyeing them. They've grown up. But, the maknae still is as innocent as ever, Sooyoung is still the same skinny, tall girl, and Jessica still has the same cold attitude.

Once we reached my hospital room, I collapsed on the bed, cuddling with the blanket. Taeyeon raised her eyebrow at me. I shrugged, "I was standing and cheering your name for an hour, let me rest in peace."

Taeyeon shook her head, giggling as she sat besides me. "So, tell me."

"Tell you?" I asked.

She nodded, "Jessica, Sooyoung, Seohyun." she said simply.

She knows? "You girls were acting weird." she finished.

"Oh.."

Taeyeon poked my arm, "Well? Are you going to tell me or not?"

I sighed, "Alright. Remember when I said that my best friends never visited me?"

She nodded, waiting for me to continue. "They're those 'best friends'" I finished.

Taeyeon nodded her head, showing me she understood, "So, what are you going to do?"

"What do you mean, what am I going to do?"

"You're just going to ignore them? Your best friends?"

"Ah ah, my ex-best friends." I corrected her.

"You're not even going to talk to them?"

"Why should I?"

"To clear things up."

"Clear what up?"

"Tiffany!" she yelled out in frustration, gripping her hair.

"What?" I replied.

"Just talk to them." she said, more gentle than before.

Taeyeon looked at me with pleading eyes, I couldn't say no, I sighed, "Fine."

Taeyeon smiled and stuck her pinky finger out to me, "Promise?"

I bit my lip, but interlocked our fingers together, "I promise." I mumbled.

She smiled before looking at the clock, "Ah, Fany-ah, I need to get home, it's late."

I nodded, "Okay."

To my surprise, she hugged me, "Be good, don't disobey the nurses. Alright?" She said into the hug, her mouth near my ear.

I nodded as we pulled away from the hug, "Alright."

She smiled and patted my head, "I'll be back after school tomorrow."

I nodded once again and waved bye to her.

After she left, I was in my own thoughts. How was I going to talk to Jessica, Seohyun, and Sooyoung? It looks like they're doing perfectly fine without me. But I promised Taeyeon.

And I don't plan on breaking that promise.

Taeyeon's POV

I pointed three fingers at three specific girls at her lunch table as I walked up, "You three, I need to talk with you three."

Seohyun, Jessica, and Sooyoung all looked at each other. I raised an eyebrow, "Hurry up."

They got up and followed me out the cafeteria, once I knew no one was watching us, I began. "What happened between you three and Tiffany?" I asked, arms crossed.

Seohyun looked at Jessica, shocked. Jessica looked back at Seohyun, then looked at Sooyoung. I tapped my foot, "Well? She told me you girls never visited her in the hospital. And that you girls were her best friends." Taeyeon continued.

Seohyun bit her lip, before finally talking with her innocent, pure voice, "It's not that I didn't want to visit her, it's that I couldn't visit her."

I nodded, not asking any further because I knew it was Seohyun's mom that forbidded her to go. I turned to Jessica, who huffed her cheeks.

"What about you, Jessica?"

I was surprised to see a tear drop from Jessica's face. The cold girl who hid all her emotions, was letting it go.

"It's not easy." Jessica said shakily. I furrowed my eyebrows, "What's not easy?" I asked with a soft tone.

"Seeing your best friend miserable." Jessica said as another tear fell.

"You've seen her?" I asked, kind of confused.

Jessica nodded, "I've been there when she was getting her injections. It was horrible. She was crying and thrashing around. I couldn't handle seeing her like that."

I remembered back when Tiffany used to cry over the needles whenever I wasn't there. I bit my lip and nodded, that's a reasonable explanation.

Sooyoung wrapped her arm around Jessica to calm the now crying girl. I turned to Sooyoung, "Your reason?"

I could tell that Seohyun and Jessica also didn't know her reason, as they were looking at her with curiosity written on their faces. Sooyoung lowered her head.

"I didn't have anyone to transport me."

I half understood, but half didn't understand. I understood that the hospital was ways away in the high ways, but didn't Sooyoung get a ride to school?

"I walk to school, in case you're wondering." Sooyoung finished, I nodded, "So, you didn't go because you have no ride? What about the public bus?"

Sooyoung shook her head, "I don't want to spend my money on something I didn't need."

I never knew Sooyoung was poor. She never acted like it..

Finally, after a few minutes of silence and of me staring at the three girls. I sighed. They looked extremely guilty right now. "I'm not mad at you guys, but you need to talk to Tiffany. She thinks you guys just left her because you didn't like her."

Seohyun gasped, "Really?"

I nodded, "Really."

Seohyun nudged Jessica, who nudged Sooyoung, the girls looked at each other then nodded.

"We'll talk to her after school."

Tiffany's POV

I was expecting Taeyeon to come visit me after her school time was over, I glanced at the clock, 2:15. 15 more minutes to go! Yes, I memorized the time Taeyeon gets out of school, call me weird, but I don't really care.

I continued to draw in my notepad, the pages were almost all filled. My pains had gone away recently, only sometimes did it occur. But, it isn't as bad as before. The doctors still have no clue what was happening to my body, but they were glad my pains were going away. They told me the injections probably had something to do with it, but I think there is something else behind it.

I heard footsteps near my door, I placed the notepad down and looked at the door, waiting for Taeyeon. To my surprise, not only did Taeyeon stand there, but Seohyun, Jessica, and Sooyoung were also there. I widened my eyes and sat up straighter as they walked towards me. The three girls had their heads lowered. I bit my lip and looked at Taeyeon, who smiled encouragingly at me. I felt myself gain confidence after Taeyeon smiled at me. I looked at the girls and cleared my throat.

"Hey Seohyun, Jessica, and Sooyoung." I greeted.

They looked up at me, probably surprised that I remembered their names.

"Hi Tiffany-ssi." they greeted, almost like robots.

I raised an eyebrow at looked at Taeyeon, who shrugged her shoulders. I looked back at the girls, "Is

there something you wanted to talk to me about?"

Jessica looked up, and I saw that her eyes were glassy. "Sorry, Tiff." she mumbled softly.

I cocked my head to the side, "For.." I went on.

Jessica bit her lip, "For not visiting. I'm a bad friend, I know, but it hurt seeing you suffer like that."

I scoffed, "So, leaving me alone was going to help?" I snapped.

Jessica lowered her head immediately, and I felt sorry for some reason. I sighed, "I'm sorry I snapped at you.." I mumbled. Taeyeon smiled slightly at me.

Seohyun stepped closer to the bed, "Mianhe, unnie." she said. I remembered how innocent her voice had sounded when we were younger, she had matured a bit, but I could still see the innocence in her.

I waited for her to continue, and she did. She sighed, "My mom.." I could tell she was going to get sensitive and cry, so I raised my hand stopping her.

She stopped talking and looked at me. I smiled softly at her, once my maknae, always my maknae, "It's alright. I understand."

She smiled at me widely, then I turned my head to Sooyoung. Sooyoung bit her lip, "I wanted to visit you. I really did. I just didn't have any way to get here. I was tempted to walk. But it would be too dangerous. Especially on the high way, and I didn't want to spend my money on the bus, even though I really wanted to."

I looked at her oddly, she used to be rich when we were younger. Sooyoung lowered her head before answering me, as if she read my mind, "My dad left the family, we became bankrupt."

I was shocked at first, her father was such a good father. He was the one who earned her and her mother money. Why did he leave?

Instead of saying anything, I opened my arms. They looked at me oddly. I smiled gently, "Are you going to give me a hug or not?"

They all smiled and moved closer to my bed, hugging me in different positions. After we pulled away, I saw Jessica with tears strolling down her face. I cupped her face and wiped the tears, "Stop crying, Jessie" She only cried more after I called her the nickname I made for her when we were little.

Seohyun eyes became watery as well, but she wasn't sobbing like Jessica basically was. I smiled at Seohyun and stroked her hair, "My maknae grew up pretty, didn't she?" Seohyun sniffed and smiled a shaky smile at me.

And, as always, Sooyoung was the rock of our friendship, being the toughest one emotionally out of all of us. I smiled at her, "Tough as always."

Sooyoung smirked, "I have too, especially with these two cry babies over here." Sooyoung said as she pointed her thumb to the crying girls next to her.

I laughed as Seohyun and Jessica hit Sooyoung. "Ow.." Sooyoung called out.

I looked over at where Taeyeon was sitting on the bed, she smiled once she saw me looking at her. I smiled back, showing off my famous eye smile.

I felt like my life was taking a turn for the best.

I have my best friends back, my sickness was getting better, and I had my dad and Doctor Kim supporting

me.

Most of all.

I had Taeyeon.

Present Day

Tiffany's POV

It's been three years. Two years since Taeyeon left. For the first year, everything was fine. Taeyeon visited me as usual, sometimes bringing Seohyun, Jessica, or Sooyoung.

But, as time went on, so did Taeyeon. She began to skip days, as she was preparing for graduation. I understood, who wouldn't? It's graduation for gods sake.

Still, I felt lonely as Taeyeon began to forget about me. I always waited for her, staring at the hospital door until she would enter it, smiling at me. But she never did.

Instead, the nurse came in with my usual dose of injection. I sighed and just rolled my sleeve up, used to this. The nurse silently injected me before leaving me with my thoughts again.

Weeks past, and Taeyeon still never came. Her graduation had already past, but where was she? She broke her promise to me. I never saw her on Sunday's, when we would watch the sunset together.

Eventually, I ran out of paper to draw in my notebook, so I went back to notepads. I used all my color pencils, I went back to my pink pen. Soon, it seemed as if my sickness totally went away.

After about one more month in the hospital, they released me. I remember being silent while I was in

the car with my dad, who was chatting happily about what I would do when I got home.

I looked at the house I grew up in. It's been five years since I've seen it, but it still remains the same. Baby blue walls, Taeyeon's favorite color. A white door that leads to the living room. My dad opened the door for me and I walked in quietly. I still remembered the format of the house, I began to walk to my room.

I smiled slightly, seeing the familiar pink bedroom door that leads to my pink infested room. I opened the knob and was surprised to see what was inside of it.

Nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

My dad wrapped his arm around me, "We're moving to America."

"What?!" I unintentionally shouted.

He covered his ears, "Now, I know it's a bit sudden, but you didn't have to yell."

I sighed, "Sorry, but why?"

"Your grandparents miss you."

I huffed my cheeks, I certainly don't miss them at all. They were snobby and rich, expecting the perfect granddaughter, which was me. But, I am far from perfect.

I nodded my head, "When are we leaving?"

"Tommorow."

I stared outside the plane window, watching the land fade into the distance. The place where I grew up. Where I lived. Where I met Taeyeon.

Taeyeon!

What if she was still outside there somewhere? Was I leaving her?

I shook my head slightly, no. She left me.

I sighed and bit my lip, keeping my tears in.

Where'd you go, Taeyeon-ah?

Tiffany's POV

If you were wondering where Doctor Kim was, he left the hospital to work at another hospital. I don't know why, he never told me. He just left.

Like Taeyeon did.

I sighed and followed my dad to the car he rented until ours gets transported over here. He opened the trunk and I placed my pink suitcase in the back before quietly getting in the passenger seat.

My dad looked at me oddly as he sat in the drivers seat, "Miyoung, are you alright?"

I scowled as he called me my Korean name, "No, I'm not."

He furrowed his eyebrows, "What's wrong?"

I turned to him slightly, "What happened to Taeyeon?" I asked, slightly more urgent than I intended.

He looked taken aback at first, before he cleared his throat. Something was going on.

"I don't think I'm in the place to tell you."

"Tell me what?" I asked.

He shook his head, "Maybe later, and with that, he drove off."

I slumped into the seat, staring out the window.

I'll find you, Taeyeon.

My dad parked in front of an apartment. We don't even have a house? We have an apartment?

"Ta da!" He said as he unlocked the doors.

I ignored him and walked out, standing by the trunk. I heard him sigh as he opened the trunk. I grabbed my suitcase and waited by the entrance of the building. He opened the door and walked in, greeted by the person at the counter.

We got our keys and everything and we entered the elevator. It was awkwardly silent until we heard the ding of the elevator.

I remembered the person at the counter saying room B5. I looked around for B5, and found it. I waited for my dad to open the door. Since he had two suitcases, he fumbled with the keys. I sighed and grabbed the keys with my free hand, opening it easily.

I walked in, and was surprised to see it looked like a regular house. If I took a picture from here, it wouldn't seem like an apartment. I walked off to find my room. We had 3 bedrooms. One for me, one for my dad, and a guest room, I suppose.

I picked a random room and began unpacking my suitcase. I felt my dad watching me as he leaned on the doorway. I, who was getting slightly annoyed by his staring, turned around, "Can you please stop staring?"

He raised his hands in mock surrender, "Sorry, I was waiting for you to finish."

I squinted my eyes, "Why?"

He scratched the back of his neck, "You're going to college."

Tiffany's POV

"Stupid dad." I muttered as I walked down the lengthy hall wall of the community college my dad made me attend.

I mean, for godsake, I didn't go to school for 5 years, and now, I'm in college?! As I continued to mutter incoherent swears I bumped into someone, causing me and the other person to land on our bottoms, our stuff sprawling over the ground.

"Oof." I heard the somewhat familiar voice say.

Without looking up, I already knew it was Taeyeon. Only she managed to make my heart beat with simple words. I began to gather my stuff and was about to look up and smile at Taeyeon, until a voice rang out.

I heard running foot steps, "Oh! Babe, you alright? Are you hurt?" a concerned male voice said.

I looked up and saw the familiar Taeyeon with a rather good looking guy. Taeyeon gave the guy a small smile before the boy helped Taeyeon up.

Who was he? Her boyfriend?

After Taeyeon successfully got up, the guy wrapped his arm around her waist. Well, that answers my question. Finally, Taeyeon looked down, and I bet she was shocked to see me. By her facial expression, she was certainly shocked.

The guy held out a hand to me, "You okay?"

I nodded and stood up by myself, ignoring his hand. He pulled his hand back, furrowing his eyebrows.

I lowered my head slightly, "Mianhe for bumping into you."

Without waiting for Taeyeon's reply, I turned around and walked to class, which was in the opposite direction I was walking, but at the time, I didn't care. I walked and walked, wanting to erase the memory of seeing the guy wrap his arm protectively around Taeyeon's waist.

My heart clenched, why was I feeling this way?

I decided to skip my first and second class, getting a breath outside the school as I sat on the steps, watching the cars and people walk by. I heard the front door open behind me, I turned my head and saw the petite blonde girl, with the same guy. I stood up and was about to walk inside until Taeyeon held my wrist.

I gasped slightly at the shocks it sent through my arm, but maintained my cool as I looked down at her, "Yes?" I asked, my heart beating anticipating her answer.

She bit her lip before shaking her head, "Nothing."

I felt my heart drop slightly, lower into my stomach. I nodded and let my head hang low as I walked by them again.

"Do you know her?" I heard the guy say.

I slowed my walking, wanting to hear her answer.. Say yes..

"No."

I felt my heart break as I ran away, tears strolling down my face.

Taeyeon's POV

"No" I managed to choke out the obvious lie.

I heard the running feet of Tiffany as she ran off. My heart clenched as I saw her wiping her face from the corner of my eyes.

This was all because I was too much of a coward to tell her the truth.

As Leeteuk continued to talk about what happened in class, sitting on the stairs, wrapping his arm around my shoulders, I couldn't help but think of Tiffany.

'Mianhe, Fany-ah'

Tiffany's POV

On the ride to my grandma's house, my dad was abnormally quiet. Usually, he would just talk and talk and talk. But right now, it looks like he has a lot on his mind. His forehead is creased, and he's gripping the steering wheel so hard his knuckles are turning white.

"Dad?" I called.

He released his grip on the wheel, letting his knuckles turn to their normal colors. "Yes?" he asked, turning his head slightly towards me, but keeping his eyes on the road.

"What's wrong?"

He widened his eyes for a second before he went back to normal. What the hell?

"What do you mean?"

I glared at him, "Don't act like you don't know. Tell me, now."

He gulped, seeing his applebottom move up and down his neck. "Alright." he choked out.

I raised an eyebrow, was it that serious?

"Your grandma's dying."

I was left in shock as we pulled into my grandparent's house.

Dying?

She was dying?

Even though I don't like my grandparents much, I still feel sad. She used to take care of me when my parents couldn't. But, now she's dying?

My dad opened the car door for me and I climbed out, still stunned. He patted my back, "That's why Doctor Kim left you when you were getting better. I asked him to take care of her personally."

I nodded as we walked up to the front door, ringing the door bell.

"Coming!" I heard a faint, groggy voice yell.

After a minute, the door opened, revealing my hunch-backed grandfather. "Ah! Miyoung!" he called out.

I half-smiled half-wincing, smelling his morning breath. I waved slightly, not really wanting to get any closer.

"Come in, come in. Grandma is upstairs with Doctor Kim and his daughter." my grandpa said, gesturing us to get inside.

His daughter? Taeyeon?

After what happened at the college, I rather not want to see her again. Honestly, I don't even know why I was so sad. Was it because she was my best friend?

Yea, that's it. She was my best friend, that's why I was sad.

I took a big breath and walked upstairs. My dad was chatting with grandpa as I walked up the stairs, into the hallway. I bumped into someone and nearly fell if they didn't catch me.

"Tiffany?" the voice called, making my heart beat.

I stood up and glared at her, "I don't know you."

And with that, I walked into my grandma's room, greeted by her cheery voice. Even if she was dying, she didn't show it.

Taeyeon's POV

I deserve that, don't I?

Tiffany's POV

My heart clenched slightly when I said those words to Taeyeon, but hey, she deserves it. I walked in and my grandma greeted me as she lay on her bed, IVs sticking out her arm and into a machine.

"Hey Miyoung!" She greeted happily, even though her throat sounded sore. I smiled at her and walked to her bedside, where Doctor Kim also was.

I felt myself stiffen as I sat on the bed, making it dip slightly, "Hey, grandma." I greeted quietly.

She smiled at me, "You are all better now, huh?"

I nodded and stared at all the needles in her arm. It reminded me of needles, and I shivered.

"Now that you're all healthy, I'm not." she joked.

I frowned, how could she be joking at a time like this? She's freaking dying!

She sighed, "Come on, Miyoung. Loosen up, let's make the most of my time that's left."

I bit my lip, but then I smiled, for my grandma. She's right, if you're dying, why would you be sad and gloomy when you can make the most out of everything.

I heard a knock on the door and turned my head, seeing Taeyeon standing there. "Ah, Taeyeon-ah!" Grandma greeted happily, like she did to me.

Taeyeon smiled slightly before bowing her head, "Ah, Mr. Hwang wanted me to tell you dinner is ready."

I glanced back at Grandma, who nodded and smiled, "They'll be right down."

I furrowed my eyebrows, is she not eating? "Okay." Taeyeon replied and walked away.

Taeyeon's POV

I heard the door open from Mrs. Hwang's room. I saw my dad pass by the hallway I was waiting. I saw Tiffany walk by, and I stopped her, grabbing her wrist.

She looked at me and frowned, "What are you doing? Let go."

"I'm sorry." I blurted out as she struggled.

She stopped moving and raised an eyebrow, "For what? We just met."

I groaned in frustration, "Tiffany!"

She dropped her eyebrow, "Alright, what?"

I sighed, "Finally."

I let go of her wrist and she crossed her arms over her chest, leaning her weight on one leg. "I'm sorry about earlier. It's just..."

What was I going to tell her? That I was afraid of falling for her?

"Just what?" she asked, obviously losing her patience.

Think of something, Taeyeon!

"My dad wanted me to go to college in the states because he was treating your grandma."

Good job, Taeyeon.

Tiffany eyed me, and I looked back at her. She sighed, "Why didn't you just tell me?"

"Because you'll get mad."

"So, leaving me for 2 years isn't going to make me mad?"

... Well, she has a point.

"I'm sorry."

She looked at me, as if she were thinking of something. She smiled widely suddenly and wrapped her arm around my shoulder, pulling me close.

"I forgive you, Tae." she smiled.

I smiled back at her and wrapped my arm around her waist, and together, we went to the dining table.

I guess I didn't really lie to her, but I didn't exactly tell the truth either..

Tiffany's POV

"Fany-ah, you have to go home soon, it's getting late."

I pout and cuddled more into Taeyeon's shoulder, enjoying her warmth, "I don't want to."

She sighed and stroked my hair, "We have school tomorrow."

I lifted my head slightly, looking at her, "Speaking of school, who was that guy from last time?"

Taeyeon bit her lip, I furrowed my eyebrows.

Don't say boyfriend. Don't say boyfriend. Don't say---

"Boyfriend." she answered solemnly.

I don't know why I was so sad at her answer. I nodded, "Oh. What's his name?"

"Leeteuk." she answered shortly.

I frowned, she looked uncomfortable for some reason. "When'd you meet him?"

"A year ago."

"Why do you look so uncomfortable, we are just talking about your boyfriend." I asked, emphasizing the 'boyfriend'.

She didn't respond. I sighed, why was I so uncomfortable with her having a boyfriend? Could I have developed feelings for her? No, no.

Okay, I think I might have.

But is it too late? Should I try to move on? If they've been dating for one year, I'm guessing it's serious. "Do you love him?" the words blurted out of my mouth.

She looked at me, eyes wide. I lowered my head, "Nevermind."

After a moment of silence, "No." I heard her gentle voice.

I raised my head, "Huh?"

"I don't love him."

"Then why do you date him?" I asked, feeling slightly happy she doesn't love him.

Instead of answering my question she said, "I love someone else."

Well, that dropped my mood. "Who?"

"Can't tell." she smirked.

I hit her shoulder playfully, "Do I know him?"

"You know her"

Oh, so she does like girls. "Who?" I asked again.

"Nope.." she said in a sing-song voice.

I poked her waist, "Who?"

She dropped her smirk, "I don't even know if she loves me back."

I've never seen Taeyeon so serious while talking about something. "Then, you should find out." Why am I giving her advice to date ANOTHER girl?!

She raised an eyebrow, "Really?"

I nodded, my body really needs to stop doing things like this.

She smiled, "I'll tell her tomorrow."

"Taeyeon, Tiffany, time to go home." Doctor Kim called.

We nodded and stood up from the couch, I walked to my car, but so did Taeyeon. I raised an eyebrow, she raised an eyebrow back.

"What?" I asked.

"I'm living with you."

Tiffany's POV

Doctor Kim already took the guest room, leaving Taeyeon with no room. She settled herself on the couch, looking uncomfortable. I raised an eyebrow, "What are you doing?"

She looked at me, "Going to sleep?" she replied with a questioning tone.

I walked over and grabbed her hand, pulling her up to stand. I smiled and wrapped my arm around her shoulder, and I felt her arm slip around my waist, "You're going to sleep with me." I said boldly, even though inside I felt my knees weakening from her touch.

Through out the car ride, I thought about my feelings for Taeyeon. And, if I don't love her, I like her. A lot..

She widened her eyes, "With you?"

I nodded and giggled at her expression, "It's not like we are going to do anything."

She relaxed, "Not going to do anything." she repeated in a whisper.

I rolled my eyes and dragged her to my room. Since I was still in my casual clothes, I stripped off of my shirt, leaving me in my tank top. Taeyeon turned around, "What are you doing?" she asked.

I giggled silently at her reaction, seeing her cheeks were red. "Changing."

"In front of me?" she retorted.

I shrugged, even though she couldn't see me, "We are both girls."

"Don't you feel uncomfortable?"

"No, we are friends, aren't we?"

She nodded solemnly and turned around, "Friends."

I jumped into my bed and pulled the blanket up, already changed into my tanktop and shorts. She raised an eyebrow, "You sleep in that?"

I nodded, "Yes, why?"

She shrugged, "Nothing."

She lifted her shirt up, bringing her tanktop slightly up, enough for me to see her flat stomach, I immediately hid my burning face into the covers. I felt the blanket being lifted slightly and the bed dipping, indicating Taeyeon entered the bed.

I don't know why I was so nervous, we've slept together before. Was it because we were both in tank top and shorts? Yes, maybe. Or because we weren't in a hospital bed? That too.

I felt myself shiver slightly, feeling the breeze through the window. I guess Taeyeon felt me shiver, as she turned and hugged my waist, I gasped softly at the sudden contact, my heart beating rapidly.

"You're cold." she stated.

I nodded, afraid to move as our bodies were against each other. Taeyeon snuggled into me more. Oh gosh! Don't do that...

"I'll make you warmer." she giggled cheekily.

I rolled my eyes, even though my back was facing her. I found myself snuggling back into her, liking the feeling of closeness.

"Night, Fany-ah."

"Night, Tae."

Tiffany's POV

I moved my arm to the side of the bed, trying to find Taeyeon. I frowned when I noticed she wasn't in bed with me. I woke up and rubbed my eyes before looking around. Where was she? Did she leave? No, Taeyeon wouldn't do that.

I got out of bed, using my hand to lazily clean my bed hair. I walked into the bathroom and did my usual buisness. As I walked out to the kitchen I noticed my dad and Doctor Kim weren't home. They probably had work.

I entered the kitchen and saw Taeyeon's petite body infront of the counter, turning the stove on. I smiled at her concentrated face. I walked over and wrapped my arms around her neck, back hugging her. I felt her stiffen up. "You left me." I whined.

After realizing it was me, she relaxed. Please don't turn around, please don't turn around.

She turned around, and our bodies were resting against each other. We looked at each other for a second. I hope she couldn't feel my heart beating like crazy, because it felt like it was going to explode out of my chest.

"Fany." she called gently.

"Hmm?" I responded.

She bit her lip. I was holding back from kissing those lips, even though I really wanted to.

"Remember when I said I was going to----"

She was interrupted by her phone ringing. I groaned mentally before moving off of her, letting her answer it. She walked over, wearing an annoyed expression as she answered her phone, "Hello?" she snapped.

She widened her eyes, "Ah, mianhe, Lee." she said in a more gentle tone.

Lee? Oh, it was her boyfriend.

I scrunched my nose up in displeasure before walking out the kitchen and onto the couch in the living room, not wanting to hear her talk to her boyfriend.

"Bye." I heard her say.

The kitchen stove turned off before I saw her plop onto the couch next to me. I glanced at her before turning my attention back to the TV. She poked my shoulder, "Fanyy" she called in a cute tone.

I bit the inside of my cheek to contain my squeals. She sounded so adorable. It was rare to see Taeyeon trying to act cute, but when she does, you feel like you want to fangirl.

She rested her head on my shoulder, "Fanyy" she called again in the same tone.

I looked down, "Yes?" I asked in an annoyed tone, trying hard to keep cool as Taeyeon looked up at me with those adorable eyes.

She pouted, "We have school."

I looked at the clock, she was right, we needed to be there in 30 minutes. I huffed my cheeks, "I don't have a car, so I'm walking."

"Leeteuk can drive us." Taeyeon replied.

I cringed slightly at the mention of his name. Did I really want to go with them? Nope, I'd rather walk by myself than be the third wheel. I shook my head, "I'm good."

Taeyeon frowned, "Fany, it's cold outside."

I shrugged, "I'll bring a sweater."

Taeyeon sighed, "I'll go with you then."

I raised an eyebrow, "You're not going with Leeteuk?"

She shook her head and brought me up, grabbing my hand and interlocking it with hers.

"Think of me as your personal heater!"

Taeyeon's POV

Stupid Leeteuk, he just had to ruin the moment. I was so close to confessing to Tiffany! After the phone call, I turned around and didn't find Tiffany in the kitchen. I heard the TV in the living room and saw her gloomingly sitting on the couch.

Was she jealous?

I couldn't help but smile at the thought, maybe I do have a chance with her.

(And you know how the rest of the scene goes.)

I held her hand tightly, interlocking our fingers and moving my body closer to her. It was cold out, and I didn't want Tiffany to get sick. We walked in silence.

What was there to talk about?

Nothing really, I know almost everything about Tiffany, and she knows a lot about me also. She let go of my hand and stopped walking. I looked at her with a questioning face. She smiled and wrapped her arm around my shoulder, instinctively, I wrapped my arm around her waist.

Now, this was really too much for me. My whole body was tingling from the touch of this girl. Sadly, we had already arrived at the school, and she let go of my shoulder as I let go of her waist.

"We have first class together." I told her, but in fact, we have all classes together.

"Taeyeon!" I heard the familiar manly voice.

I mentally groaned. Leeteuk ran up to me and wrapped an arm around my waist, "Who's this?" he asked, looking at Tiffany.

Tiffany looked hurt, angry, and sad at the same time. So, she really was jealous. She looked at me, expecting an answer.

"She's my friend." I answered painfully. I saw a hint of disappointment flash across Tiffany's face.

What could I say? That she was the love of my life? I don't think so.

"I'll walk you to class, babe." Leeteuk said as he began to walk.

I stopped walking once I saw Tiffany's sad face. Leeteuk looked down at me with an eyebrow raised. I unwrapped his arm around my waist and walked back to Tiffany.

"I'm walking with Tiffany."

Tiffany smiled widely at me, causing her eyes to turn into crescents. I smiled back and Leeteuk raised his eyebrows even more, "Alright, have a good class, babe."

I nodded, but when he turned around, I rolled my eyes. I guess Tiffany saw me roll my eyes, as she raised her eyebrow, "What was that?"

"What?" I asked.

"This" she said as she rolled her eyes like I did.

I shrugged. She smirked, "You don't like him, huh?"

I shook my head unconsciously. She smiled widely, muttering something in my ear.

"Huh?" I asked.

She shook her head and held my hand.

"Come on, personal heater!"

Taeyeon's POV

Tiffany and I exited the school, exhausted. "Let's go home, Tae, I'm so tired."

"Ditto." I responded lazily as Tiffany leaned on me for support as we walked back home. I wrapped my arm around Tiffany's waist, slightly afraid she was going to collapse.

We arrived home and Tiffany ran to her room before laying on it. I walked over lazily and laid beside Tiffany, sprawling my arms and legs over her. She pushed my short legs off of her. I pouted and hugged her waist, snuggling into her back.

She moved back into me, and I smiled at her action, hugging her closer. "Taeyeon."

"Hmm?" I hummed.

"You were going to say something this morning, what was it?" she asked as she turned around.

It was slightly awkward, as our bodies were against each other and our faces only inches apart. Should I tell her? I bit my lip.

She raised an eyebrow, "Well?"

My heart thumped, it's now or never.

"Well, I.."

"KIDS! We're home!" I heard my dad call out.

This time, I groaned out loud. This was the second time I was interrupted while trying to confess. Tiffany giggled and poked my cheek, tell me later. I nodded sadly and grabbed her hand, bringing her to where my dad was.

What surprised me was not only was it Mr. Hwang and my dad, it was Doctor Choi as well. And Siwon.

I glared at Siwon, seeing him smirk while eyeing Tiffany up and down. I felt Tiffany squeeze my hand. It was obvious she felt uncomfortable around Siwon. I pushed Tiffany slightly behind me, standing in front of her. I bowed my head slightly to Doctor Choi before eyeing Siwon.

My dad cleared his throat, "So, you know Doctor Choi. And Siwon."

This time, I glared at my dad. He knows I dislike-- wait no-- I HATE Siwon. My dad gulped and moved back a little, scared of me. "Why don't you girls chat with Siwon while you dad and I talk?" Doctor Choi requested.

I scowled, but not wanting to be rude, I replied, "Sure."

As soon as the adults went into the kitchen, Siwon dropped his respectful aura, turning into the player he was. He smirked at Tiffany, "What's your name?"

"Tiff--"

I cut her off, "Nothing you need to know."

I was still standing protectively in front of her. I felt Tiffany hold my hand, I turned my head slightly and saw her looking at me with a gentle expression.

I clenched my jaw and looked back at Siwon, "You can just watch TV or something." I said as I walked back to Tiffany's room, dragging Tiffany with me.

I roughly threw myself on the bed, silently cursing my dad for bringing Siwon here. Why was he even in the states!?

Tiffany frowned and laid beside me, "That was rude."

I scoffed, "He's rude."

"He didn't even do anything."

"Besides looking at you." I mumbled.

Tiffany smiled widely, "Are you jealous?"

"Maybe." I replied without thinking. I immediately plopped my hand over my mouth, widening my eyes. Tiffany giggled.

"Why are you jealous?" she asked, holding in her laughter.

Now this girl was just teasing me. I glanced at the door, closed and locked. Good thing.

"Remember what I wanted to say this morning?" I asked.

She nodded slowly, dropping her smile. I sat up slightly, and so did she. I held her hands with my own.

"I like you." I began. "Wait wait. No, I love you. Not as a friend, not as a sister, no, I am IN love with you."

Tiffany's eyes watered, was it happy tears? Or regretful tears?

I felt my body being thrown back on the bed as Tiffany hugged me, she buried her head into my neck. Shocked, I wrapped my arm around her waist. She pulled back slightly, "I love you too."

We both leaned in and kissed.

Finally.

Tiffany's POV

Omo! Omo! Omo! She confessed to me! (Insert epic fangirl scream here) And now, we are kissing! It wasn't a peck on the lips, but it wasn't a full-blown make out session either, it was just right. It was enough to leave both of us breathless, literally, we had to pull away to get more oxygen.

I saw Taeyeon had tears in her eyes while she smiled at me, leaning our foreheads together, "This isn't a joke, right?"

I shook my head and smiled widely, "No joke. I, Tiffany Hwang, love you, Kim Taeyeon."

She smiled widely and hugged my waist, putting her head in my neck. I let my head rest on hers as we hugged. So, what were we? Girlfriends? But Taeyeon is still dating Leeteuk.

After remembering about Leeteuk, I pulled away. Taeyeon frowned and looked at me, "What?"

"Leeteuk." I answered simply.

Taeyeon made an 'O' with her mouth. I raised an eyebrow, "What are you going to do?"

Taeyeon bit her lip, "I'll... break up with him."

I wanted to say I was satisfied, but I wasn't. Why did she hesitate to say that? If she really loved me, wouldn't she answer it right away?

"When?" I continued with my questions.

She didn't answer for a while. I poked her shoulder, "When?" I asked again.

"When I have time." she answered.

I frowned. "And when is that?"

"Whenever I have the time." she answered with the same words.

"So you're going to continue to date him?" I asked.

She didn't respond. My heart thumped, waiting for her answer. She nodded slowly.

I gritted my teeth and turned my back on her, facing the wall. "Fany.." she called gently.

I ignored her and crossed my arms. "Fany" she called again. I felt arms wrap around my waist and a weight on my shoulder. I glanced slightly and saw Taeyeon resting her head on my shoulder.

Taeyeon smiled when I looked at her. "Are you mad?"

I nodded once. "Wae?" she asked.

I scoffed, "Why do you think?"

She shrugged. I sighed, "If you really love me, wouldn't you break up with him right away? Why do you

have to wait?"

"Be- because..." she stuttered.

I raised an eyebrow, "Because?"

Taeyeon sighed and turned my body around, making me facing her. My arms were still crossed as we sat on the bed.

"Fany, Leeteuk isn't a bad guy. He was a good boyfriend while he lasted, even though I knew I will never love him, he loves me. He's admitted it to me before, but I shrugged him off. Whenever he said 'I love you' to me, I never responded to him. And it hurt him, but he kept on trying with me." She sighed and ran her hand through her hair, "What I'm trying to say is I don't want to be too harsh on him."

I held out my pinky, and she looked at me weirdly, "Promise me you'll break up with him as soon as possible."

She smiled and interlocked her pinky with mine, "I promise."

I stuck my tongue out at her, "You better."

"Or what?" she smirked.

"I...." I started, trying to come up with something good.

"Won't kiss you for a year!" I announced.

She gasped, "No, you wouldn't"

I giggled slightly at our playfulness, nodding, "I would."

She smiled widely and interlocked our hands, "Deal. I'll break up with him as soon as possible, or I won't get to kiss you for a year."

I smiled and hugged Taeyeon's smaller body as we laid on the bed, eventually falling asleep.

Taeyeon's POV

Mianhe, Fany-ah.

This isn't the last time I'm going to break a promise to you. But let's make the most of our time together, yes?

I woke up beside Tiffany, unconsciously, I smiled and caressed her beautiful face. She began to stir, and I let my hand cup her cheek, using my thumb to gently move it over her skin.

"Tae?" she asked groggily, rubbing her eyes with two fists. I smiled at the sight, she looked like an oversized baby.

"Hey, Fany." I replied casually, removing my hand from her face.

"What are you doing?" she asked once she was done stretching and rubbing her eyes.

"Watching you." I replied.

She raised an eyebrow, "That doesn't sound stalker-ish at all." she stated with a hint of sarcasm.

I smiled and hugged her waist, "I'm not a stalker." I defended myself.

"Watching you" she mocked me in a low voice.

I rolled my eyes, "It's not being a stalker when you're watching someone you own."

"So, you own me?" she asked.

I smiled and nodded, "You're mine."

She blushed slightly, her cheeks tinted with pink. I giggled and kissed her pink cheeks, causing them to turn a deeper shade. I smiled widely at my affect on Tiffany before looking at the clock. I groaned when I noticed we had 1 hour til school.

"Fany, we have school in an hour." I told her.

She cuddled into my neck, "Don't want." she replied in a cute voice.

I shook my head and stroked her hair, putting all the stray hairs in place. "We need to go."

She cuddled into me even more, putting her body against mine, "Still don't want." she mumbled into my neck.

"Fany-ah." I groaned.

"Taeyeon-ahh" She responded, mocking me while her lips moved against my neck.

I bit my lip, was it bad that I was enjoying the way her lips moved against my skin? She hugged me, lazily slipping an arm around my waist as one of my arms held her waist. "Too tired." she muttered.

I gulped. I need to get her away from my neck. Aha!

I slipped my hand slowly down to her butt. I patted it twice, causing Tiffany to gasp and move away, haha! Success!

She hit my shoulder, "Tae!"

I smirked, "Fany!"

She pouted, "Byun."

"Only for you."

Tiffany's POV

I immediately frowned as Leeteuk ran up to Taeyeon and I, "Hey babe, let's walk to class, I waited for you. We are almost late." he said as she stood beside Taeyeon, who stood beside me.

Taeyeon smiled cheekily to me, almost as if to say 'Sorry'. I frowned and crossed my arms before walking to class myself, seeing Leeteuk wrap his arm around Taeyeon's shoulders.

I sat down with a thud into a random table, waiting for class to start as students chatted with their friends. The tables were made for two people, lined up in rows and columns, and, you guessed it, I was sitting alone.

I sighed and rested my head on the desk, suddenly feeling dizzy.

"You alright?" I heard a voice, it sounded oddly familiar, and... confident..

I raised my head and saw the guy who was at my house last night. What was his name? Ah, Siwon. He sat beside me, pulling the chair into the desk, sitting up straight while looking at me.

I raised my eyebrow. He gestured to me, "You okay?" he asked again.

"What?" I asked, holding my hand to my forehead, resting my elbow on the table.

"You look sort of pale." he stated.

I scoffed, "I'm always pale."

"You looked abnormally pale."

Why was he so worried? "I'm fine, okay?" I snapped.

He raised his hands in surrender, "Alright, sorry sorry. Just worried."

I eyed him, "Worried?"

He nodded. I breathed out, "Why would you be? I don't even know you."

He gestured to me, "Who wouldn't be worried by a pretty girl who looks sick?"

For some reason, I didn't feel special when he told me that. I scoffed, "I'm flattered." I replied in a flat tone.

If it was Taeyeon, I would probably be blushing right now, but it wasn't her, it was Siwon.

Siwon raised an eyebrow, "You should be."

I rolled my eyes and ignored him for the rest of the class. As I turned my head to the front of the room, I saw Taeyeon with Leeteuk. Leeteuk was talking about something while Taeyeon nodded in response, not really paying attention.

As I continued to watch them interact, Taeyeon looked over to me. I looked back. She bit her lip before looking back at Leeteuk.

I bit the inside of my cheek, what's going on with her?

I quickly walked home, not waiting for Taeyeon since I knew she was with Leeteuk. I opened the house door using my keys. I walked in and turned to close the door, when a foot stopped me from closing the door. I opened the door, looking at the foot's owner. It was Taeyeon.

I left the door open for her before turning and walking away. Taeyeon grabbed my wrist, "Wait."

I stopped walking and turned around. Taeyeon closed the door tightly and locked it before holding my waist and pinning me to the wall. She kissed my lips, sending butterflies through my stomach.

I know I'm supposed to be mad at her, but when she is kissing me like this, it's hard to stay mad at her.

In the end, I gave up and put my hands around Taeyeon's neck, pulling her closer to me, deepening the kiss. I tangled my hand in her hair as we kissed.

After processing what was happening, I pushed Taeyeon gently by the shoulder. We both pulled away, breathing heavily. Taeyeon frowned.

"Ah, there you girls are! ---- Hey, what's wrong, why are you guys breathing so hard?" Doctor Kim appeared out of no where, pointing to the two of us.

I immediately removed my gloomy mood and smiled, "We raced back here."

Doctor Kim smiled and nodded, "You kids." I glanced at Taeyeon, who was now smiling and nodding.

I mentally rolled my eyes. "Anyways, you girls are staying home alone tonight, your father is going to his interview and I have late shifts at the hospital, and I have to visit your grandma." Doctor Kim told me.

I nodded, "Okay."

He smiled and kissed both of our foreheads in a father-like way, "Lock all the doors and windows, see you later."

We nodded and watched him leave the house, closing the door behind him. I glared at Taeyeon who stood there, eyeing me. I turned on my heel and walked to my room.

I began to change out of my casual clothes, exhausted for some reason. Maybe it's all the school work, yea, all the school work. I changed into my usual tank top and shorts.

I hadn't realized that Taeyeon was watching me the whole time, leaning on the doorway. I huffed my cheeks and slid into bed, wanting to go to sleep even though I didn't shower or eat for basically the whole day.

"Fany, get up, you haven't eaten anything today." Taeyeon told me, walking over to the bedside.

I ignored her and turned to my side, my back facing Taeyeon. She laid beside me and wrapped her arms around my waist.

I pried her arms off me. "Why?" I heard her ask gently, feeling hurt.

I bit my lip before answering.

"You have a boyfriend. You're cheating."

Realization seemed to hit her, as she stayed silent. I turned around, "I'm right, aren't I?"

Taeyeon nodded slowly. looking ashamed. I shook my head, "It's fine, be with him then."

She looked panicked as she hugged me tightly, "No!"

I didn't do anything, leaving my arms to my side as Taeyeon hugged me.

"I don't love him. I love you. It's just, it's complicated. Fany, please have faith in me." she mumbled into my neck.

"Have faith? The person I love is not breaking up with their boyfriend, yet she still is kissing me and hugging me. How would I know you won't do the same to me?"

I immediately regretted the words as soon as they came out, but hey, I was angry and jealous, don't blame me. Taeyeon lifted her face from my neck. I was surprised to see tears flowing down her face. "But, I love you." she said softly.

I couldn't bear looking into her eyes, turning my head slightly.

"Stephanie Hwang." Taeyeon called sternly.

I gulped and turned my head back towards Taeyeon. The tears were still there, but they stopped flowing. It amazed me how Taeyeon could just stop her tears in a flash.

I felt warm hands on my cheek, cupping my face. Taeyeon looked deeply into my eyes.

"I love you. Remember that. I love you. Only you. I don't even like Leeteuk. Sure, he is a good guy, but I have no feelings for him. Whenever I'm with him, I think of you. I love you, Fany, not him. Remember this, okay?"

I nodded, slightly stunned by her small speech. But, why did she want me to remember it so much?

She smiled and kissed my forehead, "Remember it." she whispered, letting her lips linger against my forehead.

I felt a bad feeling starting to stir in my stomach.

Something was wrong.

Taeyeon's POV

Tiffany, my dad, and I sat at the kitchen table, eating breakfast together. My dad cleared his throat.

"So, Taeyeon, about your wed---"

I coughed loudly, making him stop midsentence. Since my father sat beside me, he patted my back, "You alright?"

I continued to cough for an abnormally long amount of time. I was doing this on purpose, to make him forget about the certain event coming up. Tiffany eyed me in worry, then she began to rub my back.

This time, I coughed for real at her sudden contact with me. Eventually, I calmed down. The two people sitting beside me looked at me with surprised faces.

I raised an eyebrow, "What? I can't cough?"

They didn't respond, I cleared my throat, "So, dad, what were you saying?"

Please forget, please forget, please forget....

He scratched his head, "I forgot, mostly because of your coughing fit."

I pretended to act guilty. In the inside, I was mentally celebrating.

He almost mentioned my wedding in front of Tiffany.

Flashback

Before visiting Tiffany's hospital room, I ran to my mother's, which was located across the hospital. Finally, I arrived breathlessly. I opened the door and saw the doctors surrounding my mother. I ran over quickly, "Mom!"

The doctors and nurses dispersed, leaving a space for me to stand beside my mother, who looked weak and pale. I held her hand. She smiled a weary smile to me, the corner of her eyes turning to wrinkles.

"Ah, Taeyeon-ah." she said in a hoarse voice before coughing.

I let the tears flow watching my mother in pain, knowing I couldn't do anything about it.

"Mom." I cried.

The doctors and nurses left the room, closing the door tightly, leaving me alone with my mother.

"Taeyeon, you know I love you very much, right?"

I nodded, tears still flowing. The door burst open and in came my father who ran to the other side of my mom, grabbing her other hand. "Honey." he called, tears forming.

She smiled at us, even in pain, she smiles warmly to us, the two people who are most important in her

life.

"I love you both, very much."

I smiled shakily, as did my dad.

"But, I don't think I have much longer left." she finished.

I cried out, "Don't say that!"

"Taeyeon---" I cut her off.

"You have to have faith! Think positive! Right, dad!?" I asked, looking desperately at my dad for back up.

He sighed, "Taeyeon."

"No!" I yelled, knowing he was going to go against me.

My mother will live. She will. She is strong, she is a strong woman.

"Taeyeon-ah, promise me one thing.."

I held her hand tightly, "What is it, mom?" I asked, calming myself down.

"Marry happily with a man who will love you unconditionally." she asked, stopping between words to catch her breath.

I could hear the heart beating machine get quicker. I continued to cry.

"I have the perfect man for you.." she kept talking.

"Stop talking!" I yelled, scared she was going to die if she continued to talk.

"Honey.." my mom started, looking at my dad.

"Yes?"

"Let her marry.... Lee---"

The ringing of the heart beat machine filled my ears.

"Mom! MOM!" I yelled, squeezing her hand and shaking her shoulders.

"Taeyeon, Taeyeon!" My dad said, running to my side and holding me tightly, hugging me.

"Mom." I cried.

And now, I'm here. That was the day I skipped visiting Tiffany, the time when everything changed. I won't live peacefully until I know my mom is resting in peace, knowing I married the guy she wanted me to marry.

I'm so very sorry, Fany.

Taeyeon's POV

I had told Tiffany I was staying after for afterschool activities. I arrived home, and right as I was about to enter the house, my dad ran out.

"Tiffany was admitted to the hospital."

I ran faster than my dad, towards her hospital room. Since my dad worked at the hospital, I knew the way around, I turned the corner and opened the door to the hospital room, just in time to see Tiffany shove a nurse who was holding a needle away from her.

I ran to the elderly nurse who stumbled back. I grabbed the nurse's shoulder to steady her from falling, She smiled gratefully and I nodded in response before walking to Tiffany.

Tiffany mumbled something under her breath and crossed her arms, "I don't even need to be here."

"Ma'am, you fainted on the side walk."

I gasped and looked at Tiffany, "You fainted on the side walk?!"

Tiffany cringed, "Maybe?"

"Why didn't you tell me you weren't feeling good?! I could've skipped after school!"

Tiffany shrugged, "I didn't know I was---- OW!" she suddenly screamed in pain as she held her stomach

tightly.

I ran over and put my hand on her shoulder, making her know I was here for her. I quickly gestured the nurse to put the needle into Tiffany. The nurse obliged and quickly injected the needle.

Tiffany screamed as the nurse pressed the end of the needle, releasing the fluids into Tiffany. Tiffany reached where my hand was and held it, squeezing it tightly with her free hand. I squeezed her hand in response, assuring her she will be fine.

After the needle was injected, the nurse bowed and left. My dad walked over and frowned, "Tiffany, you didn't have to push the poor elder woman soo hard."

"Sorry." Tiffany mumbled, lowering her head.

My dad shook his head and sighed, "We could have got you in the hospital sooner."

"Who admitted me?" Tiffany asked.

"I did."

We all turned our heads to the sound of the voice, Siwon. I glared at him.

Siwon walked over and Tiffany opened her mouth in surprise, "You?"

He nodded and scratched the back of his neck, "Yea, you seemed pretty pale, so I kind of followed you to make sure you got home safely."

I raised an eyebrow, was this the Siwon that I knew? Was he being for real?

"Thank you, Siwon." my dad said gratefully, patting his back.

Siwon chuckled, "It's no problem."

If Siwon really did admit Tiffany, I should be thankful, right? And for some reason, I think he was telling the truth.

I smiled slightly at him, and I could tell he was surprised. "Thanks for taking care of Fany." I said softly, eyeing Tiffany and I's interlocked hands.

Siwon smiled back, but it wasn't his usual cocky smile, it was a warm smile as he looked at me, then to Tiffany.

"Anything for her."

Tiffany's POV

Surprisingly, whenever Taeyeon wasn't at the hospital with me, Siwon was. After I grew to know him, he wasn't as cocky and arrogant as I thought he was. HE was actually pretty funny and caring.

I heard the door open, "Hey, Tiff." he called.

I looked up from my lap, "Hey Siwon." I replied casually.

He plopped down on the bed beside me, "What's up?"

I rolled my eyes, "Oh, I don't know, just chilling in the hospital bed, you know." I replied sarcastically.

He gasped, "Really? I didn't know." he mocked back. I giggled slightly and soon, he chuckled with me.

Taeyeon's POV

I smiled bitterly as I watched the two laugh from outside the door, peeking in through the glass. Am I doing the right thing?

I fought back the tears as I went to the hospital roof top. It was Sunday.

I sat on the edge of the hospital roof, leaning on the safety rail. Every Sunday, I watched the sunset. It became a habit for me, even after I left Tiffany.

Ah, Tiffany.

She was sick again. But this time, I wasn't the only one caring for her, she also had Siwon. I smiled sadly again, thinking about Siwon. He changed since he met Tiffany.

If I didn't know any better, it looks like he fell in love with her. I sighed, maybe this is for the best. If I leave Siwon to Tiffany, maybe, just maybe, Tiffany can forget about me and move on.

Visiting her everyday isn't going to help the situation at hand. I bit my lip, letting the tears flow freely as I thought of leaving Tiffany.

"I love you, Fany, I really do." I whispered to no one in particular. I watched the sun in silence, letting the cold breeze hit my face, the tears still falling.

I looked at the sky, "Is this enough for you mom?"

I'll do what ever it is to make you happy. As long as you're happy in heaven, I'm happy down here. Actually, that was bullshit. I'm not happy. Not at all.

But, not only did my mom want me to marry Leeteuk, my dad was also totally up for the idea, he even helped us plan the whole wedding. I groaned outwardly, thinking of the wedding.

Sure, I've kissed Leeteuk before, but it was nothing more than a peck. He always wanted more, but I declined, and he would back away respectfully.

I gripped my hair, how I just wanted to grab Tiffany and run away from everything. From all of this. But, that only happens in movies. This is reality.

I would seriously consider running away with Tiffany, but with her sickness, I just can't.

Even if I did leave Leeteuk, will our dads approve our relationship? Will society approve our relationship? I couldn't care less about what the hell society thinks, but I care about what my father thinks.

The sun had finally fallen, leaving me in the darkness with my thoughts.

I heard laughter and chatter coming from behind me. I stood from the roof, tidying my clothes as I remembered the familiar husky voice of the girl I love.

"Tae?" Tiffany asked.

I looked at the two. Siwon had his arm draped over Tiffany's shoulder and Tiffany held his waist. I smiled sadly, looking at Tiffany's arm that was around Siwon's waist. I trailed my eyesight up to Tiffanys face,

then to Siwon.

I lowered my head and walked past them, not saying a word.

I don't want to be selfish. I can't have Leeteuk and Tiffany.

I'll leave Tiffany with Siwon. Hopefully, fingers crossed, Siwon treats Tiffany how I never would be able to.

I love you, Fany.

Remember this.

Tiffany's POV

I can't believe it. You left me again, Taeyeon. I thought everything between us was okay? I guess not. I cried on Siwon's shoulder for 3 hours after hearing from my dad that you were getting married.

Married?

Why didn't you tell me? I thought you loved me? I thought you didn't love Leeteuk, but you're married to him. Do you love him, Taeyeon?

Was our love all lies? I guess it is, because you're marrying him.

But, you told me to remember that you loved me, right? So, who is it, Taeyeon?

Do you love Leeteuk, or do you love me?

3 Years Later

"Aish, Siwon! I told you not to leave your dirty clothes on the ground!" I yelled, picking up the random shirts and pants thrown on the ground.

Siwon appeared out from the bathroom, wearing only his boxers, showing off his abs. I didn't feel uncomfortable at all, I was used to this. If you're wondering, yes, Siwon and I are engaged, but truth is, I don't love him.

Actually, I lied. I do love him, but not romantically. I love him as an older brother.

He grinned sheepishly, "Sorry."

I rolled my eyes and threw the bunch of shirts and pants I collected at him. Some hit his face, "Yah!" he yelled.

I giggled as Siwon grumpily went back to the bathroom, mumbling under his breath. "Excuse me?!" I called out sternly.

He stuck his head out the bathroom door, "Nothing!" he smiled widely.

I raised an eyebrow, "Mhmm."

He smiled and closed the bathroom door. I glanced at the clock, 8 AM. Time to take the pills.

I went into the kitchen and opened the cabinet, taking the small container of little white pills. Finally, after being injected countless times, I can take these pills.

So, technically, I was still sick, but I didn't need to take needles anymore, yay for me! I gulped the pills with water and sat at the dining table for a while, doing nothing.

I wonder how Taeyeon is doing. Is she and Leeteuk happily married? Do they have kids yet?

I shook my head, bad Tiffany, bad! You can't think about her, not anymore.

Sighing, I got up from the seat and sat on the couch, sinking myself deeper into it.

Siwon exited the bathroom and sat beside me, making the couch dip. "What's up?" he asked.

I shrugged, "Nothing."

Siwon was thinking about something before he snapped his fingers loudly, I flinched at the sudden noise. He chuckled, "Sorry, but you can go to work with me today!"

"Work?" I asked.

He nodded, "By the way, did you take your pills?"

I nodded and smiled, happy that he remembered. "So, want me to go to work with you?"

He smiled, "Yes, come on, go change. We leave in 5 minutes."

"Ta da!" he exclaimed, pointing to the big building we drove to.

"You work here?" I asked in awe.

He rolled his eyes, "Duh."

I smacked his shoulder, "Ouch." I continued to look at the building.

What kind of building was this?

"I work as a house designer." he said, somehow reading my mind.

I nodded, "Cool."

We parked and he dragged me into the building, greeted by all the workers. He seemed to be pretty big in the building, because everyone knew him.

I even saw some girls looking at him seductively. I shrugged it off, I really didn't care, not at all.

We entered his office and I sat on his couch that was in the corner of the room. "What can I do?" I asked.

He chuckled, "You want to work?"

I shrugged, "Sure, nothing else to do."

He smiled and put a pack of papers on my lap, "Put these in A, B, C order."

I nodded and began to work on the small coffee table as Siwon did his own paper work at his desk.

Everything was going good until I reached the 'K's.

Kim Taeyeon.

Taeyeon's POV

I sat on the bench, looking around. Where the hell was I? I ran, and ran, away from him. I ended up buying a plane ticket, to here. The states. They wouldn't find me here, would they?

I sighed and checked on what I have. Cellphone, the clothes I have on now, and a watch. I sighed, again, now what?

I watched the sun go down, fading away. Was today Sunday? I don't even remember. Let's see.. I ran away on Friday, I'm guessing the plane ride took one day, I slept for another... yep, it was Sunday.

Was I doing the right thing? Running away? Of course I was. I was being abused! Yes, abused. By my own 'husband'. After a few years of not giving into his 'sexual' needs, he began to beat me, venting his frustration out.

For a while, I could protect myself, but he began to get more violent as time went on. I had told my dad, but he wouldn't believe me. My own father, my own blood father, didn't believe me. He said 'Leeteuk? No, never.'

Never my ass. I even showed him a bruise I got on my leg. He chuckled, 'You're clumsy, Taeyeon'.

I sighed for the nth time and tapped my foot as it got darker. I suddenly gasped, where was I going to sleep? To eat? Here? In the park? On the bench?

I huffed my cheeks, well, if I'm going to live here, might as well get a job. I lifted myself off the bench and walked into several buildings, asking for applications.

It was only one building that actually gave me an application. Choi Inc. Choi Inc.. It sounds familiar.

I shrugged the feeling off and thanked the person at the counter who gave me a pen and the application on a clipboard. Quickly, I filled the paper with the correct informations, but I didn't know what to put for my address. I hesitated, before I put my fathers house on the line.

I passed the paper back and bowed politely before leaving the building. I bit my lip and looked around the dark street. I probably shouldn't have left, huh?

I woke up when a little girl ran up to the bench I was currently laying on. She looked at me with wide eyes. I sat up and looked down at her, "Hello." I greeted gently.

She smiled, "Were you sleeping?" she asked innocently, sticking a thumb into her mouth.

She looked about 3 years old. I looked around for her parents before I nodded, "Yes, I was, where are your parents?"

The little girl shrugged, "Don't know."

I widened my eyes, "You don't know?"

She nodded cutely, "Why?"

I held her hand and stood up from the bench, "Let's go find them."

She smiled up at me and wrapped her small hands in mine, "Okay!"

"Tara! Tara!"

(A/N Yes, how original of me, I used my own name. Don't judge.)

'Tara' and I turned our heads to the sound of the voice, seeing a man and women run up to us. "Oh! Hi Mommy and Daddy!" Tara waved with her free hand, still holding onto my hand.

"We told you not to wander off." her father said in a deep tone, frowning.

Tara hid behind my body, "Sorry, daddy."

I stood there awkwardly, still holding onto Tara's hand. "Tara, who's this?" her mom asked, eyeing me.

"This is my unnie I found sleeping on a bench." Tara told truthfully.

I mentally facepalmed myself. Her mom's eyes widened, "On a bench?"

I grinned sheepishly, "Uh.. yea.."

"Where's your home?" she asked.

I shrugged and gestured my hand behind me, "Somewhere over there."

Her mom raised an eyebrow. "A few thousand miles away." I finished, making both parents widened their eyes.

"Omo! So, you don't have a home?"

I shrugged again, "I applied for a job"

"Why don't you contact your family?" the dad spoke.

Tara got out from her hiding space behind me and looked up at me curiously. I scratched the back of my neck, "I rather not."

"Come on, Tara, we need to get to your school." her dad said after a moment of silence.

"What about unnie?" Tara asked, looking up at me cutely.

I smiled and shook my head, "You need to go to school, I'll just go find a job."

Tara frowned, "Can I play with you after school?"

I glanced at her parents, who smiled and nodded. I smiled down at Tara and patted her head, "Sure, meet me here after your school ends."

Tara smiled and went over to her father and held his hand before waving. I waved back and watched the family disappear. After they left, I sighed. I checked my phone and saw 10 missed calls from my dad. I shook my head before opening a text message I got.

'Choi Inc requests you come in at 10 AM on May 7'

I looked at the time on my phone, 8 AM. Two hours to kill. I might as well freshen up. I walked into a local cafe and entered the bathroom, locking the door.

Looking in the mirrored, I was surprised I didn't look nearly as bad as I thought I would. Sure, my hair was slightly untidy, but that was pretty much it. Fixing my hair and rinsing my mouth with water, I left the bathroom.

8:30

Well, by the time I get to the building it'll be 9, then I would need to find the interview room. My stomach suddenly growled. I groaned, I don't have any money with me.

I bit my lip, what do I do?

"Free samples!" I heard a call.

I turned my head immediately, ah-ha! I walked over and grabbed a sample of the donut and ate it quickly. It wasn't much, but it's good enough.

I began to walk to Choi Inc, seeing the morning rush of the town as people drove to their work destinations. I checked the time, 9. Huh, so by the time I get there it'll be around 10. Good enough.

I recieved another text.

"You'll be meeting with Choi Siwon in Room 137. Show this message to the attendant at the front desk, she will bring you."

Tiffany's POV

I held the application up to Siwon, "Siwon, is this the Kim Taeyeon I know?"

He widened his eyes, "Huh?" he asked, getting up from his desk and moving closer to me. I handed him the application and he eyed it.

"Yes it is." he mumbled, concentrated on the paper.

For some reason, my heart began to beat fast. Siwon furrowed his eyebrows, "Why would she need a job?" he muttered.

"Are you going to accept her?" I asked.

He looked at me, "Only if you want me to." he said sincerely.

I smiled, "It doesn't matter to me, this is your buisness, isn't it?"

He nodded, "I think I'm going to accept her."

Taeyeon's POV

I sighed, am I really going to walk into this interview with casual clothes on? I shrugged, oh well. I walked

in and showed the message to the person at the front counter. She got up and motioned me to follow her, so I did.

We used the elevator to get up to the first floor, then she led me to a room.

135... 136... Ah, 137.

You could noticeably see how large room 137 was compared to other rooms. She smiled at me and gave me a thumbs up, "Good luck." she said, before knocking the door and walking off.

"Come in." I heard the manly voice.

I opened the door and saw Siwon sitting in a large chair behind his desk. He smiled, "Hey Taeyeon, long time no see."

I smiled slightly and stood awkwardly at the door. "Oh! Why don't you take a seat on the couch over there." he said, gesturing to one of the sofas in the corner. My mind seemed to wander, where was Tiffany?

Aish, Taeyeon, you are here for a job, not for Tiffany.

But still, I really miss her. I've tried to visit her before, but Leeteuk never allowed me to.

"Taeyeon?" Siwon called.

"Yea?" I asked.

He smiled, "You were spacing out, I called you like three times."

I smiled, "Ah, sorry." I replied.

He nodded, "No problem. So, if you don't mind me asking, why do you need a job? Don't you have Leeteuk and your father?"

Should I tell him the truth? Can I trust him?

I bit my lip. He raised an eyebrow, "Well?"

"Do not tell anyone, including Leeteuk and my father." I warned first.

He nodded and raised his right hand, "I promise."

"I ran away."

He seemed silent for a moment, then he spoke, "Ran away? Why?"

"Leeteuk is quite the abuser." I said in amusement.

Why was I even telling him this? Siwon's eyes widened, "Leeteuk? Abusing you? No way. He would never do that."

I scoffed, "Even you won't believe me."

He furrowed his eyebrows, "What do you mean?"

"My own dad doesn't believe me. I've tried to leave Leeteuk, but that only resulted in a scold by my dad and a beat from my own 'husband'"

He lowered his head, "Oh.. sorry."

I smiled, "Nothing to be sorry about, it's not like you beat me. Anyways, I'm here for a job."

He lifted his head and smiled, "Right. Well, I'm just going to give you a job."

"Really?" I asked.

He nodded, "I know you are hard working."

I raised an eyebrow, "You've changed since high school."

I dreaded the next words he said.

"It's because I met Tiffany."

Tiffany's POV

I plopped a hand over my mouth to keep the gasps in. Taeyeon was beat by Leeteuk?

If you're wondering how I heard, I'm hiding under Siwon's desk. Yes, under his desk.

So, Taeyeon ran away? But, she was the one who married Leeteuk, wasn't she?

And why did Leeteuk hit Taeyeon? He had to have a reason, right?

So many questions flooded through my head.

I need to talk to Taeyeon.

Tiffany's POV

Siwon and Taeyeon seemed to talk forever! I waited patiently under Siwon's desk. If you're wondering how I got here, let me explain.

Flashback

I was talking to Siwon about Taeyeon, he's been wondering what happened to her, like I wondered aswell. All of a sudden.

KNOCK KNOCK

I widened my eyes, "Taeyeon" he mouthed to me.

I wasn't ready to see her, not yet. Not just yet. I scanned my eyes around the room for a hiding spot, panicking. Sure, this room was huge, but it was horrible for a hide-and-seek game!

"Here!" Siwon whispered/shouted, pointing under his desk.

I raised an eyebrow, he expected me to sit BENEATH him? He rolled his eyes, "Hurry up." he whispered.

I sighed and quickly ran under the desk. "Come in" I heard Siwon call

And, that's what happened. No, I was not giving him a "blow", you perverts. I was simply hiding from Taeyeon, nothing more, nothing less. Also, never in my life will I give a blow to Siwon, no matter what.

I ended up resting my head on the desk side, tempted to just nap until they stop talking.

"Well, Taeyeon, I called someone up to help you with the job. You can start today." Siwon ended the conversation.

It was silent, "Bye." I heard her soft voice. I can imagining her waving to Siwon, since Siwon waved to Taeyeon. After I heard the door shut tightly, I pushed Siwon's wheely chair back and dramatically gasped for breath. Siwon looked at me in amusment. I scowled, "You're feet stink."

He chuckled as I sat on the sofa, "So, what do you think of Taeyeon?" he asked.

"She's been beat." I got angry, remembering when she told Siwon about Leeteuk. No one lays a hand on my Taeyeon. Wait, my Taeyeon?

But still, no one lays a hand on Kim Taeyeon and gets away with it! The next time I see Leeteuk, expect alot of slapping and kicking involved. I'll show him what it's like to be beat.

Siwon nodded, "Yea, and her dad never believed her."

"She ran away." I stated again.

Siwon nodded again, "Yea."

I gasped, "Where does she live?"

Siwon widened his eyes aswell, did Taeyeon have money? Did she have clothes? Did she have a place to sleep?! All these concerns raided my brain.

Siwon probably noticed me panicking. "Alright, alright, I'll check. If she doesn't have a place to live, I'll just rent a hotel room for her, alright? No need to panic."

I nodded, calming myself.

Siwon's POV

I couldn't help but feel my heart clench when I saw her worry so much about Taeyeon. Did Taeyeon mean this much to her? To make her panic this way?

Sure, when I proposed to Tiffany I knew she doesn't love me. But I was determined to make her fall for me. So determined that I didn't think of the heartache I would have to go to.

It didn't seem like Tiffany had a lover before, I'm guessing I was her first one. But, we never kiss, or cuddle like regular couples. If anything, we seem more like siblings. But it's alright, as long as I have Tiffany.

And, if anything does happens that makes Tiffany leave me, if she is happy, I'll let her be happy. But, until that day comes, she is mine, and only mine.

Now, to take care of Taeyeon...

Taeyeon's POV

I stared at the stack of papers on my small desk. I needed to staple all of this? Man, the stack is huge! I sighed and sat down, time to start working.

What was my plan? I wondered as I began to staple.

Plan? What plan? No plan. I have no plan. I continued to staple and staple nonstop until someone called my name. I looked over and saw Siwon, "Yes?" I asked politely.

He smiled, "No need to be polite, we are friends, right?"

I nodded, it was true, he seemed like a friendly person, even though I hated him before, "Yes, we are. What's up?" I asked, immediately leaving my formalness.

He put his elbow on my desk and spoke in a soft tone so no one would hear, "Remember when you told me you ran away?"

I nodded slowly. "Where do you live?" he asked.

I widened my eyes. He frowned, "Don't tell me you slept outside like a hobo."

I grinned shyly, "Uh.... maybe?"

He sighed and shook his head, "Taeyeon, Taeyeon, Taeyeon." he said, wagging his finger.

I shrugged, "No where to go."

"Do you have money?"

I shook my head.

"Clothes?"

Shook my head again.

"Did you even eat today?"

I hesitated, did the donut sample count as eating? "Did you eat a full meal?" he asked, rephrasing his question.

This time, I shook my head immediately. Again, he sighed and shook his head, as if he were scolding a little child, "I'll rent a hotel room for you, I'll buy you some food, I'll get you some clothes"

I widened my eyes at his selflessness, shaking my head, "No, you don't need to."

"Yes, I do, you're my friend." he replied, taking out his phone and texting someone.

"But, wouldn't that cost alot?" I asked softly.

He shrugged, "I have alot of money."

Doubtfully, I sighed. He looked at me and sagged his shoulders, "Look, if you are that guilty, you can just work off the money I spend for you."

I smiled and nodded my head. He chuckled, "There's a hotel down the road, room A15, clothes and fresh food is in there. You can go home and rest for now."

I opened my jaw slightly at how fast he did everything. He smiled, "I'm Choi Siwon."

I rolled my eyes at his cockiness before smiling, "Thanks."

He nodded and patted my head like a dog, I swatted his hand away, he laughed, "No problem."

After leaving the park, I remembered about Tara. I walked over to the park, was I too late? I probably was, but to my surprise, the familiar little girl ran to me and hugged my leg, "Unnie! You came!" I smiled down and patted the girl's head.

Even if I was in the states, it seemed Koreans were everywhere. "Hey Tara." I said gently as her parents walked over.

"I didn't catch your name." the dad said.

I smiled and bowed slightly, "Hello, my name is Kim Taeyeon."

They smiled, "I'm Vivian" the mom smiled. The dad grinned, "I'm Bryan."

American names, huh? I smiled at them, "Nice to meet you."

Vivian eyed Tara, "She seems to like you." Tara hugged my leg tighter, "I do!" she exclaimed.

I chuckled and patted her head again. "Unnie, can you play with me tomorrow?"

I bit my lip, "Unnie has work tomorrow, how about after work?"

Tara frowned, but then nodded reluctantly, "Okay."

I smiled at her, "Don't be sad, I'll play with you a lot tomorrow, but unnie needs to rest."

Tara nodded again and let go of my leg, "Okay. Bye bye!" she waved.

I smiled and walked towards the hotel Siwon told me about. I was grateful, honestly. If it weren't for Siwon, I'll probably be sleeping on the streets, basically starving.

I frowned, remembering Leeteuk and my father. I looked up at the slightly dark sky.

"Are you happy, mom?"

Taeyeon's POV

I groaned when I woke up, stretching out on the comfy hotel bed. I got up, went to the bathroom, doing my usual 'thing' before seeing clothes set on the drawer.

I found a little note placed on the black dress pants and white blouse,

'Clothes for work, don't be late! Starts at 10'

I glanced at the clock, 9:30 I widened my eyes and quickly changed and did my hair, letting it flow down my shoulders. I practically ran to the building, since it was 9:40 now.

I arrived and the attendant showed me to my 'new office'. New office? But I just started. I shrugged it off and followed the person. We were outside Siwon's office. I raised an eyebrow at the attendant..

She shrugged, "Mr. Choi told me to let you work in his office with him."

With my eyebrow stil raised, I nodded as the attendant knocked on the door twice. This time, I heard a couple voices in there. And, I knew for sure, that the husky voice was Tiffany.

"Come in" I heard Siwon.

I opened the door as the attendant walked away. To my surprise, I only saw Siwon in the room. I raised an eyebrow. He raised one back, "What's wrong?"

I shrugged it off, maybe I was being delusional, "Nothing, just thought I heard someone elses voice in here."

He seemed to shift in his seat uncomfortably. This caught my attention, "Is there someone else in here?"

He bit his lip, "Mayb--- OW!" he suddenly screamed.

I widened my eyes as Siwon's chair was pushed back, "Gosh, your feet stink like hell. It's not even funny." I heard the familiar voice, then a red head appeared from below the desk.

I knew it was Tiffany, only she could make my heart beat like this was such simple words, "Tiffany?" I called.

She turned and smiled, "Hey Taeyeon."

I raised an eyebrow at how casual she was. Shouldn't she be yelling at me for leaving her? Or at the least, ignoring me?

Siwon clapped his hands, "Well, now that you two met again, Taeyeon start working!"

"Where?" I asked.

Siwon gestured to a corner of the room. I looked over and found a desk and chair that was not there yesterday. I shook my head and walked over, sitting on the chair, staring at the stacks of paper on the desk.

Siwon looked over, "Staple, staple, staple!" he called out enthusiastically.

I rolled my eyes, but began to staple the tons of paper on my desk. After about 30 minutes, I barely finished half of the stack as Siwon got up. "Lunch time." he announced.

I glanced at the clock, "Siwon, it's only 10:30."

He chuckled, "You're never too early to eat!"

"Fatty." I mumbled. I heard Tiffany, who was sitting on the couch in front of my desk, laugh slightly. I grinned, liking that I made her laugh.

Siwon raised an eyebrow at our behavior, "Alright, I'm going out to eat, you two can stay here."

Silently, I was scared of how awkward we would be with each other. After Siwon left, it was silent, except for the sound of my stapling.

Suddenly, Tiffany got up and pulled a chair over to my table, sitting rather close to me. I raised an eyebrow, "Yes?"

Tiffany shrugged, "I'm bored, so I thought I could help you."

I huffed a cheek and handed her half of my stack and gave her an extra stapler. Together, we stapled the papers and managed to finish. We were silent the whole time, but it wasn't the awkward silence. It was the comfortable silence.

"Taeyeon.." Tiffany called in her low voice.

I looked over, "Hmm?" I replied casually, even though my heart was beating.

"How's Leeteuk?" she asked, I could sense amusement in her voice.

I bit my lip, "He's..."

She raised an eyebrow.

"Beating me." I told the truth.

She didn't seem surprised, instead, she knuckled my forehead, "Pabo."

I rubbed my forehead, "What was that for?"

"Why did you marry him?"

Tiffany's POV

She seemed to hesitate as I asked that question, fidgeting in her seat. My heart was beating rapidly, waiting for her reply. She bit her lip. I raised an eyebrow, "Well?"

She sighed, "It's a long story."

"We have time." I replied, getting more anxious for her answer. Because, I knew, for sure, that she did not marry Leeteuk because she loves him. There had to be another reason.

She sighed again, "What if Siwon comes in while I'm talking?"

I shrugged, "He's your friend too, right?"

She shifted, "But... but.."

I huffed out a breath, "Fine, if you are that cautious about it, we'll talk over lunch."

Taeyeon smiled and nodded, "Okay."

I looked at the clock, 11 AM. I smiled and held one of Taeyeon's hand. She looked at me, surprised, with her eyebrows up. I shrugged, "Let's have lunch now." I commented before dragging her out.

"But... the papers.." I heard her say as I dragged her out of the office.

I waved my free hand, "Whatever, you'll get them done after we have lunch."

She stayed silent, and when I looked over, I saw her wearing a small smile as she looked down. I followed her gaze, and found she was looking at our interlocked hands. I couldn't help but smile also as I continued to drag her to a nearby cafe.

"SM Cafe?" she asked outloud as we entered.

I nodded and sat at a booth located at the back of the cafe, far away from anyone. Taeyeon sat across from me and I sat across from her.

"So? What's up?" I asked her, placing my hands in my lap.

She shook her head, "I.."

I could tell she was having a hard time, I frowned. Did she not trust me enough to tell me? "Don't you trust me?" the words spilled out of my mouth.

Play it cool, Tiffany. I acted like I meant the words, but on the inside, I was panicking and scolding myself for being so reckless with my words.

Her eyes widened and she immediately shook her head, "No, it's not that. It's just.. it's personal." she said, her tone getting lower as she said the last few words.

I smiled softly, "It's alright. Just talk, I won't judge."

She smiled and nodded. "Alright. Where should I start? Ah. Remember my mom?"

I nodded, recalling the memory of Taeyeon telling me her mom had left her family.

"Well, she was in the hospital when you were."

My eyes widened, no way..

"She had cancer." she said softly.

I bit my lip, watching her look into her lap.

"I visited her everyday, either after or before I visited you."

Oh, so that explains why Taeyeon would show up, sweaty and out of breath, at my hospital room. I nodded and motioned for her to continue.

"Before she... passed.." Taeyeon said painfully.

"She told me and my dad something." Taeyeon continued.

I waited patiently for her to continue, understanding it wasn't easy to talk for her.

"It was for me to marry Leeteuk." she finished.

Well, I didn't expect that. "But, you didn't have to." I reasoned.

She sighed, "My mom ment alot to me. I want her to rest in peace, knowing I married who she wanted me to marry."

I scoffed, and Taeyeon looked at me, eyes wide at my rudeness. "What?" she asked.

"You think your mom will rest in peace knowing that you are being beat?" I asked, crossing my arms.

Taeyeon seemed to register everything I said before tears filled her eyes, "I didn't think about that."

I sighed, "Taeyeon, I think you need to think about your happiness, rather than others once in a while."

Taeyeon nodded and tears fell down her flawless face. I got off my seat and sat beside Taeyeon, hugging her around the neck. She wrapped her arms around my waist and cried into my neck. I rubbed her back.

"I.." she sobbed.

"I'm sorry." she continued to cry.

I nodded and placed my mouth near her ear, "It's alright."

She shook her head, "It's not alright, I left you. I'm stupid."

I didn't say anything.

"And now you're engaged to Siwon." she cried.

I had totally forgotten, I stared at my engagement ring.

"Fany." she called.

My heart beat from my familiar nick name.

Her mouth was near my ear.

"I still love you."

Taeyeon's POV

The words seemed to slip out of my mouth. Did I regret it? Nope, not at all. It was true. I still loved Tiffany, in fact, I never stopped loving her.

"Taeyeon.." Tiffany said softly as she proceeded to pull out of the hug.

I hugged her tighter, pressing her body against mine. "Don't say anything, not yet, not until I can enjoy your embrace." I said, tears rolling down my face at the thought of Tiffany rejecting me.

"But.." she started.

I continued to hug her, burying my face into her neck.

"Taeyeon, move back alittle." she called sternly.

I obeyed and pushed my body slightly off hers. I was surprised when she cupped my face with her warm hands. "Pabo." she said softly before kissing me gently.

It was a small kiss, but enough to make me go crazy. I hugged your waist tightly as we broke out of the kiss, your hands wrapped around my neck.

"I love you too." She whispered, looking into my eyes.

I grinned widely and kissed her cheek.

"But.. Siwon." she began.

That was enough to make me lose my grin. I forgot about Siwon. She noticed my sad face, "I'll break up." she said.

I smiled widely and nodded. "But Leeteuk.." she began again.

I frowned. She smiled, "We'll get you divorce papers."

I nodded again and kissed Tiffany's cheeks repeatedly, making her giggling and blush. I smiled and hugged her, "I'm sorry I ever left you."

She nodded, "We are here now though, right?"

I nodded and buried my face into her neck, inhaling her scent, "Right."

Siwon's POV

"I'm sorry." she said solemnly as she stared at me. I averted my gaze to my lap, not wanting to look at her pitiful eyes. I lost her.

Sure, I knew sooner or later she would leave me. But, I didn't expect it to happen this quick. Especially not to her.

Taeyeon.

I lost Tiffany to Taeyeon. I knew that they had some sort of special relationship, I never thought much about it, because Tiffany seemed straight to me. I never expected this, never would've guessed.

I trailed my eyes up to meet Tiffany's eyes. I saw the tears fill up in Tiffany's eyes. Why was she crying?

"Siwon, I hope you find someone better than me. I've always seen you as a brother. We would never have gotten anywhere. Especially since my heart was always with someone else." Tiffany said softly as a tear rolled down her cheek.

I meekly nodded before leaning over the table and wiping the tear away with my thumb, "Arraso. I understand, stop crying, you pabo." I joked lightly, trying to ease the tense mood.

She smiled shakily to me, "Thank you."

I nodded again, getting up from the dinner table and walking over to Tiffany's side. I slipped my ring off and placed it in her palm. She widened her eyes at me.

I smiled, "It was your parent's rings. You should keep it.."

She gasped, hearing the news. She stared shakily at her hand, "This was my..."

"Your mom's." I finished for her, smiling as she hugged her hand that had the ring on it.

I lifted her chin up with my fingers, making her stare up at me. I smiled and leaned my head down, onto her forehead, leaving a kiss. A very meaningful kiss, as this was going to be the last I ever gave her.

I pulled back and stared into Tiffany's eyes as mine filled with tears. Man up, Choi Siwon!

I couldn't help it..

"You are happy." I asked, but it came out as a statement.

She nodded, "I am."

I smiled sadly and nodded, "I'll be there for you if you ever need me."

"I'll take a note." she replied.

"I'll sleep on the couch.." I mumbled, walking over to the couch.

"No need, I'm sleeping at Taeyeon's." she said to me.

My heart clenched, "Oh.. okay."

She hugged me tightly, "I do love you, but not the way you think."

I watched her leave, closing the door tightly. I broke down and began to cry.

"I love you." I said between my sobs.

She was the first person I trusted, the first person I loved.

Since my family died.

Tiffany's POV

I held the two rings in my hand. It was my mother's? A sob escaped my lips as I closed my palm and pressed it to my mouth, letting the tears fall. I missed her. My mom, the woman who gave birth to me.

I saw Taeyeon enter the living room from the kitchen, she ran over to me, "Wae? Wae? Wae?" she asked, panicked that I was crying.

I didn't answer as more tears streamed down my face. Taeyeon wrapped her arms around me, embracing me, making me feel protected. I cried into her shoulder and wrapped my arms around her neck.

She rubbed my back and whispered soothing words into my ear as I continued to cry, still enclosing the rings in my palm.

After a few minutes of crying, I pulled away. Taeyeon leaned down and used her soft hands to wipe my tears away, caressing my face. "What happened?" She asked softly.

I showed her the rings in my hand. She seemed confused. I bit my lip as a single tear rolled down my face, "My mom's and dad's.."

She made an 'Oh' face, since she knew my mom had died. She kissed my cheek, taking the tear away. Taeyeon smiled at me, showing off her little side dimple, "Well, isn't having her ring a good thing?"

I sniffed and nodded, "But.. it's the only thing I have left that was her's."

She kissed me softly, gently. I responded as our lips moved together. Taeyeon lightly bit my lip as we pulled away. She took one of the rings from my hand and grabbed my free hand.

I looked at her oddly, she winked at me as she slipped the ring on my finger. She smiled and kissed the ring, "If it means that much to you, then we will take very good care of it." she whispered.

I raised an eyebrow, "We?"

She nodded, "Well, you are going to be my wife, and I am going to be your husband." she stated casually, making me blush.

She giggled as I took her hand and slipped the ring on.

Taeyeon pulled me in for another kiss, "Saranghae." she whispered against my lips.

"I love you too."

Taeyeon sighed and grabbed her blonde hair in frustration. I sat on her lap and wrapped my arms around her neck, "What's wrong?"

She sighed again, "Remember the divorce papers?"

I nodded, waiting for her to continue. "Both members of the marriage need to sign it." she finished.

"And...?" I asked.

"Leeteuk won't sign it."

I gritted my teeth, "Why not?"

Taeyeon shrugged, "I don't know. But I think it has something to do with my dad."

I grabbed Taeyeon's phone that was in her hand. She looked at me weirdly as I dialed in a number.

"Who?" she mouthed to me.

I ignored her and heard the ringing of the phone.

"Taeyeon! Finally, you called me, I was getting so worried! I--"

"It's not Taeyeon." I muttered, stopping the person from talking.

"Tiffany?" Doctor Kim asked.

"Yes, this is she." I responded bitterly.

"Why are you using Taeyeon's phone? Where are---"

"Be quiet." I ordered, snapping at him. Taeyeon rubbed my waist, calming me down. I smiled slightly at her.

The phone was silent except for his breathings. "Do you have anything to do with the divorce files?" I asked, being straight forward.

"W- what?" he stuttered.

"Are you forbidding Taeyeon from divorcing with Leeteuk?" I asked again.

"I.. I--"

"Yes or no." I snapped.

"Yes. But--"

"Why?" I interrupted.

"Tiffany, please, just let me--"

"Let you what? If Taeyeon doesn't want to be with Leeteuk, just let her divorce him. I thought you were smarter than this, Mr. Kim."

"Smarter?" he asked, mostly talking to himself.

"Yes, smarter. You're forbidding Taeyeon from divorcing someone who beats her. Do you like seeing your daughter beat? Do you like the fact that she suffers with Leeteuk?"

"Tiffany..." he trailed off.

"Make him sign the papers. Or else." I threatened.

"Or else what?" he asked, sounding slightly amused.

I bit my lip.

"Or I'll run away with Taeyeon."

Taeyeon's POV

I widened my eyes after she said that. She smirked at me and winked. I squinted my eyes at the red head who was sitting on my lap. What did she have planned?

"Yes, well, technically, we already ran away. But, this time, we will cut off all connections to our past lives and start anew." I opened my mouth to protest, but Tiffany put her index finger on my lips, shushing me.

"I got this." she mouthed. I sighed and nodded, putting my trust into my girlfriend.

She nodded, even though my dad couldn't see her, "Yep, I'm serious."

It was silent as Tiffany's smirk grew, I heard muttering through the phone, wondering what was going on.

"Get Leeteuk to sign the papers, then we'll talk again." Tiffany said as she hung up.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and leaned in, I leaned up as our lips met in a soft kiss that lasted a few seconds. I grinned, "I'm guessing it worked?"

Tiffany nodded, "Mhmm." she mumbled, her forehead resting against mine.

I smiled widely and pecked Tiffany's lips once more and wrapped my arms around her waist. Tiffany turned her body, and the position turned quite intimate. Tiffany was basically straddling me, her legs on either side of me, our bodies resting on each other, arms wrapped around each other.

I smirked and rubbed her back gently, she bit her lip. I giggled, "Come on, Fany. Get up, didn't you tell me about your pills?" I ordered, remembering that she needed to take her daily pills.

Tiffany groaned and hid her face in my neck, "Don't want." she mumbled.

"Fany.." I called out as I felt her breath on my neck, causing me to slightly shiver. I felt her lips curve up in a smile, I gulped silently, knowing Tiffany was going to tease me.

"Fany, you need to take the pills or you'll feel pa -- Ah~" I suddenly sighed as Tiffany began to suck my neck.

"F- Fany." I stuttered as she continued to kiss and suck my sensitive skin.

"Hmm?" she hummed, continuing her work.

"S- stop." I managed to get out in between my sharp breaths.

But, she didn't stop. She continued to kiss my neck softly until I gasped at a certain spot. She then began to suck on that spot. I moaned lightly at the feel.

What was happening to me?

"Tiffany." I called sternly, surprised at how steady my voice was considering the situation.

"Yes?" her husky voice rang out, her lips now next to my ear.

"That was mean." I pouted.

She bit my ear lobe gently, "I never said I was nice." she whispered.

After a hot session with Tiffany, we lay on our bed, tanktops and shorts on. "You told Siwon, right?" I asked.

She nodded, "Mhmm."

"What happened?" I asked, curious as to how Siwon took it.

She shrugged, "It went surprisingly okay. Siwon wasn't mad at all, he was really understanding actually."

I nodded as I listened, "Well, that's good."

I turned to my side and hugged Tiffany's waist, pulling her body into a hug. She rested her face in the crook of my neck, wrapping her arms around my torso.

I let my mouth linger near her ear.

"Now you're officially mine, and I am yours."

Tiffany's POV

I clapped my hands in delight as Taeyeon showed me the divorce papers, with two signatures at the bottom, one being Taeyeon's and the other being Leeteuk's.

"So, it's official?" I asked her, smiling with my eyes.

She nodded, "As soon as I send this off in the mail to the court, it'll be official."

I hugged her tightly around the neck. She hugged me by the waist, stepping back slightly because the force of my sudden hug pushed her back, onto the wall. When I leaned back slightly, our bodies were still resting against each other. "Fany." Taeyeon breathed.

I used one hand to support my body from crushing Taeyeon's and used the other hand to cup Taeyeon's cheek. I leaned in, already closing my eyes as our lips met in a kiss.

One arm of hers was wrapped around my waist, pulling me close, while her other arm trailed up and down my back body, down my spine and onto my bottom, where it rested and squeezed. I yelped slightly into Taeyeon's mouth at her perverted actions. She giggled into the kiss and I rolled my eyes at her behavior before continuing the kiss.

We stopped the kiss at the same time, needing oxygen. I rested my forehead against hers, "So, when are we going to tell our dad's about this?" I asked gently.

She shrugged and wrapped both arms around my waist as she leaned back on the wall, pulling my body on hers, "Don't know, but we will sooner or later."

I nodded and kissed her once more before burying my face into her neck and hugging her, liking her embrace.

"Love you." Taeyeon whispered into my ear before kissing it softly.

"Love you too." I said into her neck, my voice muffled. It was true. I do love Taeyeon, I really do. In fact, I think I've always loved her, since the day I met her, I knew she was different.

Tiffany's POV

"What's so important that you had to stop me from working?" my dad asked, entering the kitchen as he sat across from Taeyeon and I in the dining table.

"And why did you make me buy a plane ticket?" Doctor Kim entered, sitting besides my dad.

I looked at Taeyeon, who caught my eye contact. Taeyeon nodded and I smiled softly.

I grabbed Taeyeon's hand and interlocked it with my own holding it up for show. The dads didn't seem surprised, we always held hands.

Taeyeon shook her head, "Dad, you're not thinking about it right."

Doctor Kim furrowed his eyebrows, "What do you mean?"

Taeyeon sighed, and began to talk slowly. "Tiffany.... and I...."

I got annoyed with how slow she was being.

"We are dating!" I said suddenly, cutting Taeyeon off.

The dad's were silent. Too silent.

"JInja?" my dad finally said something.

We nodded, "Really." I confirmed.

I saw my dad look at Doctor Kim, who had a blank expression on his face. "I'm okay with it.." my dad said.

I smiled widely at him, as did Taeyeon, but Doctor Kim looked shocked. "You're okay with this?" he asked.

My dad nodded, "As long as my Miyoungie is happy, I'm happy, plus I know Taeyeon is a good kid. She'll treat my girl right, or else." my dad threatened playfully.

Taeyeon smiled and did an 'Okay' sign with her fingers. Doctor Kim cleared his throat, we all turned our attention to him. "You divorced Leeteuk, for her?"

Taeyeon shrugged, "I was going to divorce him anyway. that's kind of why I ran away.."

Doctor Kim sighed, "Even though I disapprove same sex dating...."

I held my breath.

"But... since you two are important in my life, I'll approve of this dating."

Taeyeon and I smiled, along with our dads. "Thank you." Taeyeon and I said at the same time.

We looked at each other and giggled. Our dads shook their head, "I swear, the relationship between you two was unique." my dad stated. Doctor Kim nodded, "It really was."

"Oh! That reminds me." my dad suddenly said.

"What?" I asked.

"Remember how you broke the engagement off with Siwon?" I winced, but nodded.

"You two will get married. In a week."

Tiffany's POV

I looked at the phone in my hand, receiving a text from Taeyeon, who happened to be in the same building as me, but just at a different part.

'Have you taken your pills yet?' It read.

I smiled to myself, Taeyeon was so caring, even when it was the most happiest day of our lives, the wedding.

'Yes I did. Thanks for asking <3' I replied with a smile on my face, already dressed in my wedding dress.

'Good girl. I love you.'

'Love you too, see you in a few.' I grinned as I responded.

She responded quickly, 'Can't to see my sexy wife in a white wedding dress!!!!'

I blushed slightly, "Omo! Ms. Kim, are you sick? You look red." one of the attendants asked, rushing over,

The fact that she called me 'Ms. Kim' made me blush even more, but I nodded, "I'm alright." I replied, waving her off as my dad came in the room with his suit on.

"It's time, Miyoung."

Taeyeon's POV

My breath hitched in my throat as I watched Tiffany walk down the aisle with her father, she looked stunning. Not that she doesn't look stunning on other days, but DAMN, she looked like a goddess!

My goddess.

Finally, after what seemed like years, her father dropped her off in front of me. As the priest began his speech, I couldn't take my eyes off of Tiffany. She caught my gaze as I studied her face, and she turned red, seeing me check her out.

I heard a chorus of 'Aww's' as Tiffany lowered her head in embarrassment. I chuckled at my cute girlfr--- I mean, my cute wife. Even the priest chuckled mid-speech.

"Do you, Kim Taeyeon, take Tiffany as your lovely beloved wife?" he asked me. I nodded once cutely, 'Yes.'

"And, do you, Stephanie Hwang, take Kim Taeyeon as your lovely beloved husband?" he asked Tiffany. She smiled widely, 'Yes.'

The rings were given to us as we slipped them on each others fingers, "You may kiss the bride."

Cheers rang out from the crowd, I could hear Jessica's unique high-pitched voice, Yoona's childish whooping, and the maknae's calm clapping.

I smiled as I kissed Tiffany.

We were happy, together, finally.

"I don't think I can be a good wife." Tiffany pouted.

I wrapped my arm around her waist, "Why not?"

"I have pains, remember?"

I shrugged, "So?"

"I don't think I can give birth."

I wondered for a little before smiling, "Then I'll give birth."

She raised an eyebrow, "Aren't you the husband in the marriage?"

"I've heard of husbands being pregnant before."

Tiffany giggled and slapped my shoulder, "Pabo." she said playfully.

I smiled and kissed her gently, "If you want children that bad, I'll go through hell and back to get you a child." I whispered.

Tiffany smiled with tears in her eyes, "I love you."

"I love you too."

After finally being able to get Nick asleep, I huffed and flopped onto the bed, "That kid is ridiculous."

Tiffany giggled, "He's only 2."

I frowned, "He's such a bad baby."

She pointed to me, "You gave birth to him."

"What does that have anything to do with me?"

"He's got your genes."

"Yah!" I half whispered, half yelled.

I grabbed Tiffany's waist and pulled her closer to me as she squirmed in my hold. After tickling her for a couple minutes, I stopped and hugged her softly, inhaling her scent I've grown to love.

"I love you." Tiffany stated, turning around so she was facing me.

"I love you too, I always will." I replied, meaning it.

She smiled, "You came when I needed you most."

"Really?" I asked.

She nodded.

"You were there when it hurted for me. My pain subsided when you left. You're my pain killer."