

Oppa

“Taeyeon-ah, I like you.”

A lot of feelings can course through a person when a confession is being said. Whether it is a confession of like, fondness or even hate. Emotions can run as high as the sky. But when a person confesses a secret as small as liking someone else. A different feeling can usually arise in a person. A feeling of happiness or in some cases the feeling of panic.

“Oppa...” But this isn’t panic, yet it isn’t happiness either.

“I know that we are both busy a lot but I think we can make this work. Have faith in Oppa.”

The conversation goes on but without much response from the receiver of the confession. If anything Taeyeon is only nodding or gesturing her acceptance or whatever she calls this. All the while a bright smile shines back at her as the words of promise and care flow out to her ears but not really into her ears.

A person should feel happy...right?

Gentle hands touch her cheeks and her eyes immediately focus on the face in front of her. Caring eyes, the kind of eyes that promise things girls can only dream of, “Taeyeon-ah,” The soft caress of his thumb on her right cheek further confuses something within her but she can’t seem to pin point it, “I’m not the only one right?”

“No.”

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It’s 4 am in the dorm and most people would think that it’s an awful time for anyone to be awake. Especially people who work ‘28’ hour days and then some. But to them 4 am is virtually nothing when schedules start two hours after.

“They didn’t air this part but Yuri fell on her butt like eight times trying to do that one scene. She kept whining about how it was unfair that I was-”

Taeyeon giggles within the confines of her blankets. The combination of Sunny’s stories plus the warmth of her blankets can only make her smile in content at 4 am. But this is a regular morning to her. Wake up as Sunny prepares for her schedule and then wait for her energetic roommate to leave only to fall right back asleep knowing that she got to talk to someone other than her manager.

“There was another part too where Yuri literally fell on her face, then again I pushed her but still it was funny.”

Another fit of giggles escapes the kid leader and she almost fits her description of a child to the T with her expressions of amusement.

But as the two continue their morning conversation neither notice the door open or the figure now standing at the doorway. Taeyeon only slightly recovers from her giggle fit when she finally notices the other member in the room.

“Are you serious?”

Sunny doesn’t need to be told nor does she need to guess what is going on. She quickly picks up her bag and walks towards the door, “I’m leaving for my schedules.” A quick nod in Taeyeon’s direction and the door closes softly behind her.

A small sigh and Taeyeon sits up a little straighter, her hold on her pillow a little tighter, “Morning Fany-ah.”

There are only a few reasons why Tiffany would be in her room but there is only one that can cause that look on her friend’s flawless face, “When were you planning on telling me?!”

The shout is enough for Taeyeon’s right eye to twitch a little. Even if it is 4 am, yelling isn’t something anyone can get used to this early in the morning, “Tell you what? It’s 4 am.

There is something in Tiffany’s stance that bothers Taeyeon. Is it her heavy breathing? Is it her still

figure? No...no it's her eyes. They are no longer smiling, "I gave you 6 hours," Tiffany pauses to shake her head, "No, 7 days and 6 hours to tell me, Taeyeon."

An internal struggle starts in Taeyeon's mind but she keeps it to herself and continues to do what she does best when it comes to being confronted, "What?"

Play dumb.

But there is something wrong with playing dumb. She forgets that she can't play dumb with Tiffany. Someone who knows her far better than herself, "Don't play dumb. I hate it when you play dumb. I've known you for too long for you to play that game with me."

"Well then just tell me what it is that I was supposed to tell you." Taeyeon already knows, there are only so many things that can set Tiffany off but when it deals with trust and friendship, Taeyeon knows.

"Oh don't worry I found out from your boyfriend. He was so kind to happily inform me of your new relationship status."

Taeyeon's jaw tightens at the mention of the situation and she almost has a distaste for the way it sounds out loud. As if it sounds wrong but a lot of the things going on in this room sound wrong right now, "Do we have to talk about this?"

"What do you think?"

It's wrong to pick fights but when a person picks this kind of fight, they should only expect the worse to come from it, "Like you said, it has been 7 days and 6 hours. Why not make 7 days and 8 hours. Another two hours won't hurt."

What is she doing? Taeyeon doesn't know but with the struggle in her mind there is a small light, a small voice saying this is okay. This is right. This is what needs to happen.

"Cut the BS."

A sigh forces its way out between Taeyeon's lips, her own patience wearing thin, "It didn't seem important to tell at the time of even now."

"I'm your best friend, don't you think I deserve to know before the whole WORLD finds out?" The slight rise in Tiffany's voice causes Taeyeon to frown. Though the statement holds many truths... there is something about it Taeyeon seems to find odd or even weird.

It turns quiet but the air only grows thicker between the two. Tiffany silently begging for some sort of answer, explanation to the news while Taeyeon can only wish for Tiffany to let it go. Just like she had many times before when the situation would be the other way around, "I was never treated with the same respect why should I start now?"

It's lie. She knew, she always knew. She never needed Tiffany to tell her things. She just knew but, in the current situation Taeyeon finds the need to dig a little deeper; to dig somewhere she shouldn't.

A scoff and Taeyeon knows the next words that will fly out of Tiffany's mouth, "Oh whatever, I told you about my boyfriend before. You know this is different Taeyeon!"

It is different.

"No! I heard from Sunny, Sooyoung, Jessica, Yuri, Hyoyeon, Yoona, MAKNAE!"

She knows she has hit a chord but a cheap one. Like cheap shots in a losing fight. Why bother when she has already lost?

"You knew they weren't important enough for me to tell you or mention them to you. They meant nothing!"

But even though Taeyeon is losing, she doesn't seem to mind losing harder than she already has, "Then I guess this one means nothing as well."

"I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND, TAEYEON!" There it is. The look in Tiffany's eyes that brings Taeyeon to think of what she is doing. Does she even know? Does she even care?

“Well best friend...now you know. Now can I go back to sleep or should I ask-” A door swings open and Taeyeon feels relief that the attention shifts to the intruder.

“What is with all the yelling??” Leave it to Taeyeon’s former roommate to come in and investigate at 4 am. In a way she is glad that it is Sooyoung and not someone like Yuri or Jessica but as much as she is glad, this isn’t something anyone should witness.

“GET OUT!”

Two hands quickly come up surrendering in silence as the door closes again. The slight mumble from Sooyoung clear enough to be heard behind the door, “I was just going to ask you to take it outside but I guess not. Let’s all just die of Jessica’s wrath when she wakes up to screaming and yelling. Yeah sure why not? Idiots.”

They are left in silence again but the air is no thinner than it had been earlier. If anything it is only getting thicker in the passing seconds.

“Are we done?”

Taeyeon makes the only mistake she can ever make in this fight. And that is look directly into Tiffany’s eyes. Whatever struggle that is happening only gets stronger. The confusion, the frustration, the anger...it gradually intensifies as she gazes into the eyes that should only be seen smiling.

Not this.

“Taeyeon-ah...” And there, in her voice, is the silent plead for an answer. What can she tell Tiffany that she herself does not understand?

“Look, you’ve yelled, you’ve screamed and it hasn’t changed anything. Can we just move on from this.”

The pain that flashes across Tiffany’s face feels ten times worse inside, even if Taeyeon can’t see it. She can almost feel it and in all honesty, she hates it. She hates that this is happening. She hates

that it's Tiffany that she can't seem to face. She hates it, "Is this what it comes down to? 7 days and 6 hours out of 5 years? Are you really doing this Taeyeon?"

No..but nothing makes sense enough for anything to seem clear anymore, "You did it to me, I'm only being fair."

"You're unbelievable, you know that?"

"No, but thanks for telling me."

There is a pause in Tiffany's breath. A pause Taeyeon takes keen notice of as Tiffany begins to stare at Taeyeon but not like she had been the entire morning. This stare is something Taeyeon can not escape because she hasn't found out how to yet. It's that stare that Taeyeon can feel Tiffany searching. Searching for the problem that would cause Taeyeon to act so out of character. To act different to someone who has known her the longest, "You know, I'm glad it's him. Out of everyone else that it could be, I'm glad it's him. he must mean a lot to you because you just put 5 years on the line. Congratulations Taeyeon."

It's quick and it's swift but it all feels like one big blow to Taeyeon as Tiffany turns and leaves the room. The door softly closing with a click and nothing but fading footsteps retreating back to a room. Another click and it's silent.

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It would be a lie to say things turned out for the better after their morning conversation but lying has never brought good to anyone. Lying has never been Taeyeon's strong point yet she chooses to stick with it. Because when fear plays a role, lying seems to be the quickest reaction someone can do to save themselves. Selfish? Or just human?

But after pushing the closest person away, Taeyeon's thoughts are only filled of her. Worry and fear slowly creeping into her as she finally feels the effects of her stupidity.

So at dinner, she notices the absence of a certain member. An absence she is sure she has caused and there for determined in a way to fix it.

“Where is-”

“Tiffany?” Taeyeon has always stood for something. Transparency.

“Ye-yeah a-and Jessica.”

Sooyoung skillfully fills her plate to the brim as her focus shifts from her food to Taeyeon’s questioning face, “Oh you didn’t know? They are on a date.”

A small gesture of victory and Sooyoung sits down happily in her chair. The other girls finally getting a chance to dig in to their dinner. Taeyeon only sits wide eyed but Sooyoung quickly shakes her head to confirm, “No, a double date. Ida unnie set them up with two blind dates so they are out having dinner together.” Sooyoung nods to herself as if double checking her facts.

Taeyeon can only nod, slight discomfort bubbling up inside her. The distaste from their conversation before slowly creeping back into her.

“Didn’t you get Fany’s mass text message saying she wouldn’t be home for dinner because of that?” Sunny chimes in while picking at the kimchi.

Taeyeon flips her phone underneath the table. Her thumbs quickly pressing the inbox button only to find it empty of new messages, “I forgot to check my inbox.” She says this as more of a whisper to herself than a confirmation to the rest at the table.

Sooyoung discreetly tears her spying eyes away from Taeyeon’s phone and gives Sunny a quick head shake, “Yeah uhm, they said they would be back late so no need to wait up for them. You know how they are.”

Taeyeon closes her phone and nods, “Yeah..I know.”

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Heels click against the marble floor while slight giggles carry out through the quiet apartment. A light turns on only briefly for the two girls to slip out of their walking contraptions and into much warmer

and comfortable house slippers, “Shh. Quiet, everyone is sleeping.”

“Yeah, that’s what I should be doing now!” Jessica slowly drags herself to her room, her mind only focused on the warm bed waiting for her tired body to land on.

Tiffany follows but stops at the sound of the TV in the living room, “Oh my gosh, I told them not to wait up.” A smile small forms on her lips at the thought of her members waiting for them. Jessica waves the thought off and continues her walk to her bedroom. Nothing else in mind but her bed.

“You guys didn’t-” Tiffany doesn’t need to be close or near to know who is on the couch. Small, curled into a ball to escape the cold, hair draping in front of their face. The TV only serving as a light to illuminate the tiny sleeping figure. No, Tiffany doesn’t need to be close to know that it’s Taeyeon sitting in the most awkward position, in their cold living room without a blanket. She just knows, even in the dark, it’s her.

Tiffany treads softly towards their couch, not that she needs to. She knows Taeyeon is out like a light. Anyone would be in their leader’s shoes. No matter how much Taeyeon would love to see them equal in that aspect, everyone knows Taeyeon is their leader and the girls wouldn’t want it any other way. It’s just sometimes, Tiffany wishes Taeyeon would take care of herself better...or allow people to help her.

Making her way onto the couch, Tiffany stops to look at the small body in front of her. The wrinkle of worry on Taeyeon’s forehead only further confirms the reason of the leader’s body in their living room. And for that moment, Tiffany can feel any frustration or anger towards Taeyeon dissolve in an instant. Then again the two of them are never the kind to stay mad at each other long, one always gives in way before their situation can escalate into something worse. Tiffany breaks a little every time they fight. When a argument does spark between them, Tiffany can barely hold her tears let alone continue yelling especially when the person she goes to when she feels distressed is the person she is yelling at.

Her mind wanders within itself, their arguments, their misunderstandings, her discomfort in knowing something before Taeyeon tells her, her guilt for avoiding Taeyeon when she should know better, and her fondness for the girl who stays up to wait for her even when she treats her badly.

And as if Taeyeon can feel Tiffany's presence, the look of worry all over Taeyeon's face slowly disappears, a small smile finally playing at her lips. She doesn't need to be awake to feel that the most important person is home.

"What am I going to do with you..." Fingers gently dance around the softness of Taeyeon's cheek, careful to move the strands of hair away from her leader's childish face, "I should have known," Her fingers gently pull the last of the remaining strands to tuck behind Taeyeon's ear, "That you would wait, even if I didn't tell you."

Despite their differences at times, there is always something between these two that neither can really explain other than...they know each other.

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With the TV blaring at 6 am, Yoona tiredly trudges her way into the living room. Her bunny slippers shielding her feet from the freezing floor, "Jeez it's cold." She wraps the blanket around her tighter as her feet shuffle toward the TV. Her eyes and mind too tired to comprehend anything other than to turn off the hideous noise of the cooking channel. She eats food, she doesn't want to know how its made or else she won't eat as much as she does now.

Finally finding the off button on the side, she relishes in the silence but frowns at the sound of movement to her left. There in front of her, two small bodies curl closer to each other, in search of warmth. Yoona sighs heavily at the two but not in disappointment, more reluctant in giving up her blanket to cover them, "If we weren't in the same group," She mutters to herself while covering the two, "I would let you die of hypothermia." Realizing just how cold it is without the warmth of her blanket, Yoona shivers. She leaves with a smile, knowing whatever happened between the friends is possibly behind them.

"Why are you so happy looking this early?" Sooyoung frowns at Yoona's enthusiasm for the morning.

"Nothing don't worry about it. Go back to sleep. I turned the TV off."

"Thank god, I was going to murder Taeyeon if she was still awake watching that stupid cooking

channel.” Sooyoung grumbles this as she heads back to her room, her slippers scraping against their wooden floors.

When everyone is back in their rooms again, two eyes slowly open at the now complete silence. No rushing to a schedule, no yelling for bathroom time, just complete silence. The silence of a break but as the thoughts of a break slowly pass through Taeyeon’s mind, her eyes finally focus on the face in front of her.

She smiles at the realization of why Tiffany would be in the living room with her, somethings don’t change between them. No matter how mad they can be...they always find their way back to each other. One either crying or angry that they had gotten into a fight in the first place. But as these thoughts jumble together, Taeyeon begins to frown at the reason of their fight. The root to why everything is why it is. Which leaves only one question in her mind at 6 am.

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“So are you up for movie night with us?” With a bowl of popcorn in hand Sooyoung playfully nudges Tiffany towards the living room where the rest of the girls are situated in their respectful places. Meaning, Jessica lounging on the couch while everyone else sits on the floor, “Come on, take your jacket off. We are starting in like-”

Wiggling her way out of Sooyoung’s constant nudge, Tiffany steps off to the side, “I know it’s movie night but...I have uh-”

“She has a date.” The bluntness in Jessica’s voice doesn’t surprise anyone but the murderous glares towards Sooyoung and the popcorn bowl do, “Can you please hurry with the popcorn...”

Sooyoung mockingly glares back at Jessica but focuses her attention back on Tiffany, “Okay if we didn’t know that means-” Putting two and two together, Sooyoung groans in realization, “Are you two seriously still fighting over that stupid excuse of a-”

“SOOYOUNG!” The shout from Hyoyeon is enough for Sooyoung stop her investigation and walk towards the living room but not before turning to give Tiffany a look of disappointment.

“Seriously, you need to talk it out or something because when she finds out that you went on another date on our movie night. She is going to be mad.”

“SOOYOUNG!”

“What, I’m just saying. I mean Taeyeon was my roommate. I think I know my ex roommate.”

“She was mine too. And I’m sure I know her just as well.” There is a sense of authority once Tiffany says this, the kind of authority only a best friend can have, “I can handle the little one. But please tell her to go to bed when she gets home.”

The rest wave her off while the movie begins and Tiffany knows she has left them on a good note. Though the feeling of uneasiness begins to grow inside her as soon as she closes the door and press the button to call the elevator.

She checks her phone for the time and silently curses at how late she might be on making it to her destination. The ding of the elevator signals the doors to open and as soon as they do, she leaves. Her eyes still on her phone, thumbs working their way to a text message.

A hard bump to her right causes her to drop her lifeline, thankfully the casing saves it from shattering on the marble tile, “Shi-”

“You shouldn’t be on the phone and walking Fany-ah. It’s not safe.” The blackberry buzzes on the tile, announcing an incoming text message. Scrambling to pick it up, Tiffany nearly dives for the device but doesn’t expect the phone to already be in someone’s hands by the time she gets to it, “Whoa, don’t worry it’s not broken.”

Tiffany smiles at the return of her phone but holds off before replying, “You’re home early.”

“Schedule finished quicker than they thought. Where are you going? I thought it was movie night.” Taeyeon adjusts the coat around her, as well as the bag on her shoulder.

Tiffany nods but hesitates to explain any further, “Yeah, yeah it is. The girls are upstairs already watching.”

“But...where are you going? Dressed like that?” Taeyeon gestures to Tiffany’s attire. The black leggings plus the dress that goes with it is hardly something someone wears on a movie night, “Going out?”

“Uhm. Yeah, yeah I am. Last minute plans kind of thing. You know you should really head up if you want to catch the movie.” Tiffany tries to usher Taeyeon along but she knows the attempt is futile. Especially since both are treading on already thin ice with each other.

It doesn’t take a genius to know when someone isn’t wanted but it doesn’t make it hurt any less. One of the downfalls with knowing Tiffany so well is that, she can always tell when there is something being hidden or avoided, “Are you-are you going on a date?”

She isn’t sure why it bothers her so much but Taeyeon can’t stand it. Even without Tiffany’s confirmation, Taeyeon is already going mad inside. Has it really come down to not talking to each other anymore? Have they really gone that far off in their friendship that one becomes scared to tell the other what is happening in their life?

“Uhm, actually yeah. We were going to get some coffee real quick. I told him it was movie night but he insisted and I mean I won’t be gone long. It’s just coffee.”

Taeyeon nods slowly but it doesn’t mean she is okay with it. Nodding is the only thing that seems logical to do at the moment, “Who? Who is he? Do I know him?”

Another vibration and Taeyeon can see the struggle in Tiffany’s eyes to answer or continue talking, “Uh I think so. Remember that guy a couple months back? Before-”

“HIM?” Tiffany meekly nods without much more response than that. She already knew Taeyeon wouldn’t be too happy to know who the person was. Or is, “But I thought you didn’t like him?”

Tiffany begins to wring her hands nervously, unsure of where their conversation might turn or what else might be said, “I didn’t but, I think it might be better with another shot. Give him a second chance and what not.”

“But he was horrible. You even said you wouldn’t go on another date with him. Why-”

“I said probably.”

“Same thing.”

“No. It’s not the same. It’s just coffee. It won’t hurt.” The tension slowly builds but neither is really paying attention to that.

Taeyeon shakes her head in disapproval, “He was a jerk though! Why would you go though with that again?”

Tiffany sighs and throws her back to breathe before explaining, “He said ONE off comment, it doesn’t mean EVERYTHING he says will be bad. He’s not a bad guy, Taeyeon.”

“You say that about everyone.” Taeyeon internally winces at her own comment but she knows she won’t be able to take it back.

“Are you saying I have bad judgment?” Tiffany narrows her eyes and waits for Taeyeon continue or even attempt to reply.

“No, I’m just saying you get...blinded sometimes and then-Look I just don’t want you getting hurt again. You’ve dated enough jerks.”

Tiffany rolls her eyes, annoyance evident as she shakes her head, “Why are you being like this?”

“Like what?”

“Why are you always acting like whoever I date is Satan or the next antichrist!?”

It’s Taeyeon’s turn to show her annoyance but she knows it’s true. Every person Tiffany has been with, Taeyeon has shown no approval or trust to them. In her mind, she thinks no one can take care of Tiffany better than herself. But as of lately even that is beginning to waver. Though one thing is for certain, whatever is going on between them, Taeyeon can’t seem to find the breaks to stop it. Not even her own voice is stopping.

“I don’t know,” Another scoff from Tiffany and Taeyeon snaps, “BECAUSE THEY ARE?! How many guys can you count on your hand have been good to you? Huh?!”

“Not everyone is evil like you think they are, Taeyeon.”

“Yeah? Well, not everyone is nice and holy like you think they are!”

“How would you know?!”

“I JUST KNOW! OKAY?! HE ISN’T RIGHT FOR YOU!” Though as Taeyeon says this, she isn’t sure if she is saying this to Tiffany or to herself. Nothing makes sense anymore.

“Taeyeon, you sound so ridiculous right now, I can’t even look at you.” Shaking her head one last time, Tiffany forcefully shoves by Taeyeon’s shocked form and walked toward the sliding door.

“HEY I’M NOT FINISHED!” Taeyeon turns to see Tiffany stop and look back. She almost expects her to walk back and continue their fight.

“But I am, Taeyeon.”

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As the days go by, so does Taeyeon’s mental stability. Ever since their fight in the lobby of their apartment building, Taeyeon has become a complete zombie. Her mental state slowly declining as she spends less and less time with the girls and more and more time by herself. Everyone has taken notice but no one is sure how to approach the girl without setting off World War Three or something worse.

Though she is already a workaholic, the loads of things needing to be done seem to pile up even more in the recent days. Constantly out of the dorm, in the studio practicing, out with her managers, even other friends. Yet neither of those activities are helping her obvious state of unhealthiness.

“What’s wrong?” On the floor sits Taeyeon’s motionless form against a wall. Physically she is there but even Oppa knows she isn’t fully here with him.

“Nothing.”

He scoots closer to her so their shoulders are touching. His movements encouraging Taeyeon to lean on him, both physically and mentally but this is the last thing Taeyeon wants or needs, “You can tell me you know. I’m here. Tell Oppa what’s wrong.”

Does she even know what’s wrong? Because no matter how hard she tries, she still can’t understand why she is acting the way she is. It’s as if there is block somewhere in her mind that she can’t get through. Anything that can help her...won’t be help. The way things are going in her mind, she is too far from it.

“It’s okay Oppa. It’s none of your concern.” If she could cry she would but, why cry when she doesn’t even know the reason to cry.

A hand gently rubs her arm but her mind is too full of confusion to pull away from it, “Taeyeon-ah, you can tell me-”

“I said I was fine.”

Fine is never a good word to describe a person’s feelings. It can mean a lot things but using the word ‘Fine’ doesn’t mean what it casually means. In most cases, when one uses the word fine, a group of words pop up. Neither sounding good at all when bunched up to make up the word ‘Fine’.

A person isn’t fine when it means one is ‘Freaked out, Insecure, Neurotic and Emotional’. Using the word fine is never good and it proves so in Taeyeon’s case as she sits on the hard floor. Confusion and anger all over her face because of something she herself can not understand.

“Do you even know what you look like right now?” There is worry in his voice but Taeyeon can care less of what he thinks or of what anyone thinks.

“Do you think I care?”

“Taeyeon, just tell me. I’m right here. I can help you.”

No...he can't.

"I can take care of myself."

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"What ever is wrong you need to fix it Taeyeon."

It's 4 in the morning and Jessica has deemed it fit for an intervention. Sacrificing her sleep to fix a problem between two old friends because she honestly can't stand the way Taeyeon is beginning to look. The childish features no longer present as they are beginning to be replaced by those of exhaustion and fatigue.

"I don't know what you are talking about."

"Okay, I may not know you like Tiffany does but you can't use that on me. Something is wrong or you wouldn't be picking fights for no reason. All these fights sound ridiculous coming from you Taeyeon, I can hardly believe it really is you saying that stuff."

Taeyeon rubs her eyes. Something is wrong but how can she fix it if she doesn't know what to fix, "I don't know what's going on. I told you that already. I just-"

"Taeyeon-"

"I DON'T KNOW!" Taeyeon has never been one to shout at her members. She is more known for her silence than she is her anger but this time, Jessica can feel herself jump at the sudden outburst. It's not normal for Taeyeon to shout anyone else besides...Tiffany but even then, having Taeyeon shout at all is surprising and in a way frightening.

Jessica isn't the kind of person to try to read someone when they don't want to be read but seeing Taeyeon in so much confusion, it makes her wonder what is really going on between her friends.

"Taeyeon..."

“You know, everyone has been calling my name as if I will have an answer but I don’t. I don’t know what’s wrong or why I’m being like this. I don’t know. It doesn’t make sense and I can’t figure it out. Every time I look at-” Taeyeon stops mid-sentence as she remembers who her audience is and all of a sudden she turns cautious of what to say. Another clamp around her words as they are stuck in her throat unable to cry out.

A hand shoots out across the table to hold onto Taeyeon’s shaking one, “Every time you look at what? What are you looking at?”

Retracting her hand away from Jessica’s, Taeyeon mutters, “No one. I’m not looking at anybody.”

“I asked what...not who.”

Her breathing hitches and Taeyeon can feel her heart race. The unintentional slip up driving her mind into over drive, “I-I”

“Who is it, Taeyeon? Who is that is making this happen?”

Taeyeon stands up in shock, trying to get away from Jessica’s prying eyes. She doesn’t know why but Jessica’s questions are starting to scare her. Scare her to the point that she can’t be in front of Jessica anymore.

“It’s...It’s not her fault.” Taeyeon mutters before walking away from the kitchen and back into her room. Sunny doesn’t bother to ask what is wrong and continues to get ready for her Invincible Youth schedule. Most might think Sunny would be the one to intervene but Sunny knows it is almost useless to do so when Taeyeon wants someone else do that. Someone specific.

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It’s one of their practice days where they are all stuck at the company studio, practicing their performances until all of them can perform with their eyes closed. One of those days where they come home exhausted with foot cramps and headaches.

They have been home for only 30 minutes before Tiffany is seen rushing back and forth between

the wash room and her bedroom. A different piece of clothing added to her attire each time she passes by.

“Where are you going? We just got back.” Sooyoung shouts from her location on their couch. She watches as Tiffany hurriedly tries to put a pair of earrings in, a bag hanging from her arm as she does so, “YAH, where are you-”

“Another date.” Jessica interrupts while plopping onto the couch next to Sooyoung, her hand pulling the remote from her roommate’s hand.

Tiffany takes a quick look at Taeyeon’s still form on the floor in the living room before glaring at Jessica, “I’ll be back later.” Tiffany gestures for Jessica to follow her into the room but Jessica pays no attention to her friend. Instead someone else does.

“If you want to talk to her, talk freely here.” Taeyeon moves from her spot and walks toward her room.

A feeling of regret passes by Tiffany as Taeyeon begins to walk away from her spot, “It’s-”

Taeyeon doesn’t bother to turn or notice that Tiffany is talking to her, instead she keeps walking forward unable to keep her thoughts in check. She isn’t sure whether is she is hurt over Tiffany telling Jessica things or if it’s the fact that Tiffany is going on another date.

Closing the door behind her, she sits on her bed and ponders why things are bothering her. Why is everything sounding so weird to her? It’s not jealousy, because being jealous of her own members is ridiculous. Being jealous of Jessica is ridiculous. All of this is ridiculous.

“Why doesn’t any of this make sense?” She growls in to a near by pillow before throwing it against the door. Currently unaware of the audience behind it.

Hearing the thump of the pillow hitting the door, Sunny quickly stands up. Her eyes looking between Tiffany and Jessica, “You should really be careful with how you do things.”

“Me? I don’t even know what I did!” There is a silence between them that drives everyone to wonder

what exactly is happening to their leader.

“Do you think she got into a fight with Oppa?”

Tiffany shakes her head, “She didn’t tell me anything.”

Sooyoung nods in worry, “Me neither.”

“Why would she tell you anything?”

“Hey, we are friends too okay!” Sooyoung defends herself from Sunny’s judgmental eyes before giving up and sitting back against the couch.

Jessica remains quiet, uncertain whether or not to reveal her conversation with Taeyeon from earlier that morning. The information she had gathered from their conversation wasn’t exactly information that Taeyeon had willingly told.

“Someone needs to talk to her. Maybe it’s not Oppa. Maybe it’s home? You know how Taeyeon can get when it comes to family matters.” Though Sunny’s suggestion does seem possible, to one it just doesn’t seem like the problem at all.

Tiffany shakes her head in confidence, if it’s family that is bothering Taeyeon, Tiffany would know, “They would have called me.”

“It’s not family.” Growing uneasy of the direction of their conversation, Jessica finally speaks out, “It’s neither family or Oppa. I think it’s someone else.”

The remaining girls left out of the conversation grow curious as to the condition of their leader. Their eyes and ears ready to listen to what Jessica’s input on the situation is.

“What do you mean Jessi? What do you know?” Setting her bag down Tiffany sits on the arm of their couch, “There is someone else?”

The slight raise in Tiffany’s pitch only further confirms the sudden panic at the mention of another

person. Did her own actions push Taeyeon to confide in someone else? She questions herself, wondering whether or not she had gone too far in ignoring Taeyeon.

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As Taeyeon sits alone in her room, for what is probably the second day in a row, she begins to ponder about her problems and what they really mean.

Why she has been acting so weird when it comes to people, especially Tiffany?

Her mind clouds again when Tiffany enters her thoughts but she tries to clear them this time. She tries to see through it, past the haze, through whatever smoke is covering her way.

But what surprises her is that when she does try to fight the block within her mind, what she sees isn't exactly what she thinks she sees. That or she doesn't believe it. With the way her mind has been lately, everything is unbelievable. She can barely trust her self at this point.

There isn't much she can do but sit alone and hope that it's wrong. It's just her mind going crazy because they are growing up and she can't accept that. They are moving away from their childish connection and going on to better things, different people. She is just being left behind and forgotten. It's not what her mind is making it out to be because if it is...she doesn't know what to do. Of course it make sense that it's this particular issue but it doesn't at the same time.

She is misunderstanding herself is all. The lines have blurred so much that she is beginning to see things, think things...believe things. It's impossible.

The thunderous sound of Sooyoung's knocking shakes her from within the confines of her mind. Taeyeon only takes a second to focus on her surroundings before standing to open the door for her former roommate, "What?"

"Oh, Sunny isn't here?"

Taeyeon doesn't need to turn around to answer the question, she knows the reason for Sooyoung's visit. In fact she knows the intentions of all of her member's visits. Though she is sure they think

they are being secretive about it but if Jessica has to check up on her, it's question enough as to why Jessica would even bother.

“You don't have to pretend, Sooyoung.”

At a loss for words, Sooyoung blinks blankly, sometimes she forgets that Taeyeon knows her members better than everyone thinks.

“I'm okay. You can, go tell everyone in the living room that I'm alive.” Taeyeon closes the door before Sooyoung can even open her mouth to speak. She isn't in the mood for unnecessary conversation. It won't do her any good, so why bother?

-

It is day three and their three day break is slowly coming to a close. Soon, their phones will begin to ring nonstop for schedules and other meetings. Soon, their lives will take off again and the three days they have been given will only serve as a distant memory or maybe not at all.

“She hasn't talked to anyone in the past couple days, I'm getting worried.” Tiffany sits on her bed tightly holding a pillow. Her growing concern for Taeyeon coming to its breaking point.

The girls already knew something had to be done when Taeyeon refused to talk to anyone the first day so they made it a point to check on their tiny tot leader. Making sure to take turns knocking on the door, telling her when food is ready and covering her when she falls asleep on the floor. Though the only person yet to check on her is the person with the most worry.

“Then you go in there and talk to her.” Sunny sits on the floor with her back against the wall, her legs beneath her as she pulls at the carpet in Tiffany's room.

Throwing the pillow aside, Tiffany sits up, “She doesn't want to talk to me.”

“How do you know? You are the only one that hasn't seen her. Do you ever think that it might be you that she wants to talk to? As much as I hate to admit it but you know her better than all of us combined. If we knew her as much you do...this wouldn't be a problem. You think she doesn't want

to talk to you? I think its you that doesn't want to talk to her." Sunny has never been the person to get mad at Tiffany, being Taeyeon's roommate has taught her a lot about the American and why Taeyeon favours her over everyone else. She also knows how much Taeyeon wants to protect Tiffany but through all that, she has grown to figure out just what makes Kim Taeyeon tick inside. Raising her voice to another member isn't and will never be something Sunny wants to do but knowing how Taeyeon looks on the floor of their shared room, raising her voice is the only thing that comes to mind.

Seohyun always mentions the different habits of her unnies but one of the habits she hates mentioning is anger, something Sunny is the only person she can honestly say is the most frightening when angry.

"This is between you two. For all I know, there has to be a reason for Taeyeon to be like this...to you."

Sooyoung walks in, her facial expression showing no signs of happiness or cheer, which only worsens the guilt inside Tiffany's head, "She isn't eating. Says she isn't hungry and that we should stop checking up on her. The usual."

Raising her eyebrows Sunny looks over at Tiffany's direction, hoping the American will catch her meaning when she suggests Tiffany to talk to Taeyeon, "She is your best friend...she wouldn't say all that stuff without a reason. It's you, Tiffany. She can't hate you."

"Yeah, she practically adores you. I honestly want my midget leader back. All this depressing stuff is too much for me and it isn't even happening to me. Can you please go in there and talk to her. Or at least give her something to eat because it hurts not seeing her eat." Sooyoung expresses her concern all the while digging into a half empty bag of popcorn.

The rest of the girls in the room stare at one another, wondering and hoping that Tiffany will go.

"Please."

Heads turn to the sound of Seohyun's almost silent whisper. It's not everyday Seohyun pleads for something.

-

There are times in a lot of people's lives that define them. Moments like these can be winning something to accomplishing a task that a lot would deem impossible for that person; it's these moments that can change as well as guide someone down a certain path. Whether the path is right or wrong, it's up to the person to really figure that out. It's path more than it is a solution. This type of thinking is something Taeyeon is still struggling with.

So when she is walking into the apartment elevator after a night of solo schedules, she starts to think to herself again. Having three days to herself to think over her actions, she has come down to a couple ideas. Some probably while others completely preposterous.

The idea that she wishes to stick to firmly is that she is just going crazy because the lack of sleep is finally getting to her body. But even she knows that it's just an excuse compared to the other ideas mingling in her mind.

Like the idea that the girls are different and that she missed whatever week it was that this happened due to her schedules, another excuse but better than the first.

The last idea is one she isn't sure she can think of freely, mainly because it scares her more than it does anything else. Saying it out loud would further complicate her current situation with the girls and Tiffany. But this is more a ridiculous thought than it is a solution to her issue. At least she hopes so.

Opening the door to their apartment, the sounds of her members in the living room sends only warm feelings to her during these cold nights. She is glad that their busy schedule is finally slowing down enough for them to enjoy nights together without having to wait for four or five other members to come home or to know that four or five won't come home at all.

"Kids, I'm home." The announcement is more out of habit than it is to actually announce that Taeyeon is home. Being the one to come home last for the past year brings along odd habits. Like eating ice cream at three in the morning. But that is another story for another time.

No one hears of course, who would hear anything when Sooyoung and Sunny are yelling and

laughing at each as they play some board game. Another gift the girls never find uninteresting from fans. Taeyeon watches in slight interest from the entrance way, her body leaning against the sliding door as she watches the girls laugh and roll around on the living room floor. Though this isn't the first time Taeyeon is seeing this, the feeling never changes when she watches her members finally relax through all the rush.

Hyoyeon points at the members, probably telling them to pay attention to how the game should be played but no one seems to pay attention, well except the ever polite maknae. Yoona is too busy laughing on the floor to notice that Hyoyeon is talking. It takes Taeyeon a while but she begins to notice the differences between her members at this moment.

Hyoyeon, as fierce as she is on stage, she is no different from a mother hen making sure her chicks are in line.

Seohyun, the model for almost perfect. Without her the girls would probably be more rowdy than they are now.

Yoona, epitome of beauty and grace...when not at home. When at home, the habits that no one sees along with the ungraceful like manner that some THINK they know comes out. The real choding.

Sunny and Sooyoung, a pair. Though they don't have to come together, they usually do when something goes wrong. Whether or not it is intentional, it helps when there are two different views on something that happens with the girls.

Yuri, quiet and poise when not with Yoona. A person that a lot of people can't seem to figure out. Partly because Yuri probably keeps to herself for a lot of things, unless Jessica beats it out of her. If not Jessica, Hyoyeon.

Jessica...who is actually the only one on the couch at the moment. Even with the chaos known as her members is happening around her, Jessica can still find it peaceful enough to sleep. A feat that Taeyeon wishes she could possess.

"I don't understand this game, and the instructions are in English." Tiffany's voice comes from the

floor next to Yoona. Her hand patting Yoona to stop from her rolling, the same hand that eventually makes its way around to the other members for not paying attention, “It says we need nine people though.”

“We have nine.” Sooyoung protests, her body straightening as she sits up.

“We have seven. Jessi is sleeping and TaeTae... isn’t home yet.”

Taeyeon isn’t sure what makes her move; the fact that Tiffany is talking or Tiffany’s nickname for her. And it is at that moment, she understands something about herself. After reflecting on all her members, when it comes to Tiffany, there is only one thing that ever comes to mind. Smile.

“I’m home.” Taking her respective place on the floor next to Tiffany, Taeyeon smiles at her members.

Sooyoung nods and points at Tiffany, “See, I told you we had nine.”

Tiffany pays no attention to Sooyoung though, her eyes still on her former roommate next to her, “You’re home.”

“Mhm. Come on let’s play. Sica, wake up.”

There is a groan from the couch and like a dead body rising from the dead, Jessica sits up, “I am awake, I was just waiting for everything to start. I never knew it would take more than two people to start a game.”

Tiffany watches in amazement how everyone blends with each other as if there isn’t a problem anymore. She shouldn’t be surprised though, arguments and fighting never last long with them. They tend to miss each other after two minutes.

-

“I don’t want to play this game anymore.” Yoona tosses her cards to the ground with a pout.

Sooyoung does the same, her eyes glaring over at the younger girl across from her, “Me niether. It’s

no fun when Maknae wins every round.”

“Hey, it’s not her fault she knows how to handle money better than all of you.”

“You can’t say anything Hyoyeon, you have been last each round.” Jessica plops her body back down on the couch, her legs stretching freely since no one else dares to sit on the couch with her.

“Shhhh.”

All eyes turn to Tiffany who silently gestures to Taeyeon. The leader asleep on a pillow known as Tiffany’s lap.

“Ooo, yay. Marker time.” Sunny crawls over to Taeyeon with a smile that never results in something good.

A light slap at Sunny’s inching hand and everyone snickers, “You won’t. Let her sleep.” Tiffany brings her hand through Taeyeon’s hair, lightly combing through it. Something a lot of people probably wish they could do.

“Why is it you protect Taeyeon when she is sleeping but not me. I slept next to you on the couch two weeks ago and you let this little monster draw on me.” Sooyoung points accusingly at Tiffany and Sunny, obviously still sore about the mustaches and stars Sunny had drawn before. A faint mark under her nose still visible.

Jessica chuckles and stretches her arms above her head, before letting them fall lifelessly to her sides, “Isn’t it obvious?”

“What?”

“You aren’t her TaeTae.” With that Jessica’s eyes close, one hand above her head while the other lays comfortably on her stomach.

Sooyoung rolls her eyes before standing up to get away from the suffocating nature of Tiffany’s actions towards their leader, “Two weeks ago you were fighting with each other, now you are lovely

dovey again. Screw you guys.” She mutters this while walking into the kitchen, Yoona following closely behind in hopes of a midnight snack.

“So does this mean unnies aren’t fighting anymore?” Seohyun hesitantly looks between her two unnies, in hopes that it’s true.

Smiling, Tiffany continues to brush her hands through Taeyeon’s baby like hair, “It was just us being stupid.”

A scoff comes from Jessica’s sleeping form before everyone shares a small laugh, finally knowing that things will return to the way they are supposed to be.

-

Another night, another movie, more popcorn.

“Sica, stop hogging the couch!”

“I got here first and you didn’t call dibs. I win.”

“It’s not you winning when you kick everyone off...”

“Deal with it.” Snagging the bag of popcorn from Sooyoung’s grip, Jessica sits back comfortable against the plush of the couch.

Sooyoung stares at her roommate in shock and slight aggravation but she holds in her yell of protest and mumbles to herself as she gets back up to go into the kitchen, “You are lucky I’ve known you since you had braces.”

Walking into the kitchen, Sooyoung opens the pantry to pull their box of popcorn out. The buttery smell already invading her senses before she pops a bag into the microwave. A generic ringer sets off from a phone on the dining table, setting her popcorn cooking to a halt.

She walks to the phone hesitantly and looks at the caller ID. As she watches a name flash across

the front screen, a thought comes to her mind. Looking over to her members in the living room, she frowns before looking back at the name on the phone. Taking her time in deciding, the ringing stops, her eyes lift again to see if anyone notices but no reaction comes from anybody since most are too busy trying to decide what to watch. The fighting going on between Yoona and Sunny drowns out any noise that emits from the kitchen. Hearing a phone go off in the apartment is like trying to wake Jessica up in the morning, nearly impossible with these girls screaming and yelling at each other. All in good fun of course.

Momentarily forgetting about the phone in her hands, Sooyoung turns back to her popcorn only to stop when the phone begins to ring again. The same name flashes across the screen and she finds herself biting her bottom lip. Another glance into the living room but this time to a more specific place.

“What are you doing?” Hyoyeon’s face magically appears in front of Sooyoung, which startles the taller girl, dropping the cell phone on to the floor. The sickening sound of plastic meeting tile meets Sooyoung’s ears.

Hyoyeon shows no reaction to the sound but bends to pick the cell phone up, “Isn’t this Taeyeon’s?”

It takes Sooyoung a second to finally look at the still intact phone, “Yeah, it-”

To both of the girls’ surprise the phone rings again, shocking even Hyoyeon but only for second until she sees the name on the screen, “Oh,” Moving away from Sooyoung, Hyoyeon walks back towards the living room.

“Wait, don’t. Don’t give that to her.” Sooyoung suddenly pleads as she blocks Hyoyeon’s path to the living room. The phone stopping it’s rings as soon as she does.

A frown forms on the dancer’s face, curious as to why Sooyoung would stop her from giving the phone to it’s rightful owner, “But her-”

“Don’t give it to her.”

“Why not?”

“Look, I know it might sound crazy but, I think it would be better if you didn’t give that to her just yet.”

Hyoyeon looks back down at the phone, uncertain of Sooyoung’s intentions, “I don’t understand...”

“Doesn’t it seem weird that all of this started because of him?”

Hyoyeon raises her eyebrows at the sudden assumption before gesturing to Taeyeon and Tiffany sitting on the floor laughing at the Yoona and Sunny still fighting over movies, “This always happens though. They always go through a little rough patch when Tiffany gets a boyfriend. It’s just Taeyeon has a boyfriend now. That doesn’t really make it any different. Look, they are fine.”

“Because she hasn’t spoken to him in days.”

“Have you been blocking his calls to her?”

Sooyoung quickly puts her hands up and shakes her head at the misunderstanding, “No, no, no. I’ve just noticed. I wouldn’t do that. I’m just saying. She hasn’t spoken to him in days and ever since those two over there made up the other night...everything has been kind of normal...maybe even a little abnormal.” She flicks her eyes towards the two in the living room again.

“Abnormal? Sooyoung what are you saying?” Hyoyeon tilts her head in slight confusion towards the conversation, a bit lost as to what Sooyoung is really implying to.

Sooyoung shrugs, unsure of her own way of thinking, “I don’t know what I’m saying I just...don’t want to see them like that again is all. I mean look at them. They look...so...abnormally happy. Do you want to be the one to break that up with the flash of his name on her phone?”

Hyoyeon looks over at the two friends again. The sight is something to behold. Not being able to see that for a couple weeks, it kind of hits her a little harder seeing both of them smile so freely with each other. Knowing that, only the two of them together can emit such a happiness from each other.

The phone rings again and Hyoyeon quickly gives it back to Sooyoung, “I really don’t understand why you are doing this but, I do like seeing them smile again.”

“Okay, can one of you please just give that phone to Taeyeon. It’s been ringing nonstop in that kitchen. Can someone at least answer it?” Jessica voice clearly booms into the kitchen, where both Hyoyeon and Sooyoung stare at each other with wide eyes. More from shock that Jessica can even hear the phone as clearly as she can.

A head pops up from the floor at the sound of her name, “My phone is ringing?”

Sooyoung clutches the device in her hand, the ring continuing it’s generic tone. This time the sound is clear through out the now quiet apartment. Sighing Sooyoung walks her way to Taeyeon and reluctantly gives up the ringing phone.

As soon as the name flashes again on the front screen, Tiffany stands up to give her friend some privacy because if she doesn’t move there is a high chance that the phone in Taeyeon’s hands will fly across the room. The feeling of seeing his name on the phone isn’t a happy one but a confusing one. Walking away from the couch is the only thing Tiffany can think of in order for her to keep whatever emotion she is feeling in check.

“Are you going in to the kitchen Fany? Can you get me my milk while you are in there please. Thank you.” Sooyoung is already settling herself on the ground next to Hyoyeon, the two of them furiously gesturing to each other while Tiffany sighs and follows Sooyoung’s orders. She takes one more glance in Taeyeon’s direction and watches as the tiny leader clutches the phone to her ear, as if whatever the caller is saying is something of importance.

Shaking her head of any thoughts that might turn up to think negatively towards the caller, Tiffany walks to the refrigerator and pulls out a small carton of milk. But as if sensing something is wrong, she turns to watch Taeyeon stand up and leave the living room, phone still attached to her ear.

“Taeyeon?” Her call for her friend isn’t loud but she hopes that it will at least bring Taeyeon to turn around, to look at her and tell her what is wrong. Just for once.

But Taeyeon continues to put her coat on and slip on her shoes. Taking no notice of Tiffany standing down the hallway watching her leave the apartment in hopes that she might turn around and see her best friend silently begging her not to leave.

-

It's cold and the wind shows no mercy as it whips around Taeyeon's shaking form. The overly large coat around her doing nothing to keep her warm in Korea's winter weather.

"Oppa?" Taeyeon calls out hesitantly at a lonely figure sitting on a bench in front of her. The figure turns and smiles at her, a hint of joy in his eyes that Taeyeon had actually come to meet him.

He motions for her to sit next to him as he moves to make room. A small cup, probably filled with coffee also sits next to him, "Come here, Taeyeon-ah."

Feeling unsure as to why he would call her out in the middle of the night to talk outside, Taeyeon hesitates but walks forward after feeling the wind blow in her face. The faster they talk, the faster they move somewhere warmer. Hopefully.

"Is something wrong Oppa?" She buries her hands in her jacket as far as she can, hoping to find some sort of warm within them.

A light chuckle from him results in a frown from her, "You could say that."

"Oh?"

She watches as he breathes in the cold air, his breath a contrast to the darkness around them, "

Taeyeon-ah, I like you."

"Oppa?"

"But I don't think the feeling is mutual." He turns his head to her and Taeyeon is thrown into even more confusion. Confusion as to why he is confessing again to her and confusion as to why he is still smiling.

Taeyeon blinks at him and then to the ground in front of her, "I-I don't understand." Her eyes turn back to his, a small light in her mind blinking but never staying on. What does he know that she

doesn't?

“You know what I mean. I like you Taeyeon-ah...a lot. But you don't have to pretend anymore.”

Turning his body, his head lowers so his eyes can level with hers, “At times I thought it would be better if I waited for you to come to me but when you never did I kind of figured out why.”

Struggling to understand his meaning, Taeyeon pulls away and stands up, not caring about the wind hitting her already freezing body or the involuntary shakes that she can feel, “Figured out what?”

Leveling their eyes again, he stands up as well and takes a step toward her. His hands steadying on her shoulders as he bends down again to look into her eyes, “That it's never going to be me and I've come to accept that,” His eyes flash a sense of hurt but he smiles again, “But you need to accept it as well.”

“O-Oppa...”

“You need to sort out your feelings because they are tearing you apart. you came into this relationship to escape your own feelings but it's time for you to accept them and let me go.” His eyes tear away from Taeyeon for a split second, a second Taeyeon can barely register before he breathes in to talk again, “Because you never let them go to begin with...”

His hands leave Taeyeon's shoulders and whatever warmth he had provided, it's gone. Her body becomes numb but not so much because she is cold but something else. Something deeper. A sense of realization. Or maybe a sense of finally understanding something she has been trying so hard to cover because of the fear it brings.

“Don't stay out here too long, okay? Oppa still worries about you.” Adjusting her coat, he steps back again, a smile still on his face as he does so, “Goodbye Taeyeon-ah.”

He walks away, not bothering to look back because Taeyeon knows that as easy as it looked for him to say everything to her, he is probably hurting more than anyone.

When she can no longer tell the difference between his fading figure and the black of the night, she breathes. Her body slowly sitting back down on the bench while her hands fall to her sides. She sits

in silence and contemplates whether or not she should run and say sorry or keep it the way it is. No fighting, no apologies, no more hurt. In the end of her thinking she decides that it is best to keep things the way they are and that Oppa had chosen the easiest path for them.

Moving to her right, her hand pats the seat next to her. She waits a for a few seconds before patting the seat again. This time a little harder, her body does not turn or move to greet the visitor behind her.

“I-I didn’t-I was just-I wasn’t following-I-I was j-just. Milk?” Tiffany stutters uncontrollably while she walks to the bench. Her hands fumbling with Sooyoung’s small carton of milk.

“Sit.”

“Really I just-you-I-I didn’t-”

“Just sit.”

Trying to regulate her breathing Tiffany sits next to Taeyeon. Her hands clutching the carton while her body shakes from the cold.

-

It would be a lie to say Tiffany hadn’t been spying on Taeyeon. She had actually thought Taeyeon had gone out on another thinking walk. Where the leader walks for hours and doesn’t return until the earliest of hours of the morning. But as soon as she had noticed Taeyeon wasn’t alone, she couldn’t bring herself to leave. So she stayed and watched as Taeyeon basically stands and does nothing as their Oppa breaks the only tie that binds them.

Hiding not so secretively behind a tree, she continued to listen until a pair of eyes looked directly at her but she didn’t move when he took notice of her. Because the look he gave her was a look that told her to stay.

It is when he finally says the words of letting go that Tiffany understands the meaning of every fight, every shout, every yell, every tear. She truly begins to understand just how much she has pushed

aside in order to keep things the way they are. And that she isn't the only one pushing things away.

"I never really knew."

Taeyeon shrugs and smiles, "Neither did I."

"But it seems like you do now."

Shaking her head Taeyeon looks at her feet, her body numb and cold but she is glad she can no longer feel it, "I don't even think I know now."

Silence takes over them, both at a crossroads of where exactly they are in their lives. Both unsure as to how to manage this new found information about themselves, "You lied, you know."

"About what?"

Tiffany finally takes a look at Taeyeon for the first time since she has taken her seat. Her eyes trailing the contours of Taeyeon's face, "He was important."

"How?"

"He understood you more than I could or did."

Taeyeon begins to shake her head, knowing that Tiffany is wrong, "No...he didn't."

"Taeyeon."

There it is. Her name being called as if she knows the answer. As if she knows what is wrong and how to fix it. And this time she kind of does.

"You know me. And you called me on my problem way before I could even address it or think of an answer. You still know me best Fany-ah."

"But I couldn't help you with this one. He did."

“I don’t think I was looking for help.”

“Then what were you looking for?”

Taeyeon smiles at the question because finally understanding why she is the way she is, the question is simple to her. The answer even more so.

“Something...something to show me I wasn’t going crazy.”

“Crazy?”

Panic sets in at Tiffany’s small question and Taeyeon all of a sudden loses any confidence she has gained in understanding the reason for her actions, “

Please...Please tell me I’m not the only one that feels like this?”

Smiling at the indirect confession Tiffany turns away from Taeyeon, trying her best to conceal her obvious eyes, “Like what Taeyeon?”

Standing up and burying her head into her jacket, Taeyeon sighs, “Like I’m crazy about my best friend and it’s freaking me out because I’m starting to accept this.” Breathing in Taeyeon pauses, her head jutting out of her jacket letting her breath evaporate into thin air, “Accept, me.”

There in the cold both girls stare at each other with an understanding about their friendship. Both had tried so hard to hide a part of it in their own ways that they had lost the basics of their bond. Almost shattering it to pieces because of the confusion and frustration. While Taeyeon’s mentality slowly deteriorated due to the blurring lines of their friendship, Tiffany had completely blocked it all. She had tried to forget that there is always more to friendship, it’s just a person has to look for it.

And here they are at 2 in the morning in the freezing cold with nothing but heavy jackets to cover their pajama clad bodies. A sense of clarity both in their eyes as to what is really happening between them.

Breaking their little staring contest Tiffany stands up. Her legs wobbly due to the sudden weight

upon them, her eyes staring at the ground as she buries her head further into her jacket, away from the harsh wind. And while her face is partially hidden from Taeyeon, she lets a smile break out. The kind that reach her eyes and make it seem impossible to see.

“You mean, us.” Frowning, Taeyeon steps forward due to the muffle from Tiffany’s jacket. Her mind in a daze as to what Tiffany is saying.

“W-uh-uhm. Us?”

Chuckling at Taeyeon’s shock, Tiffany looks up to meet Taeyeon’s eyes. Eyes that have always somehow mirrored her own feelings and thoughts, “Yeah, us.”

Taken aback, Taeyeon freezes, the chaos that has been filling her head with it’s maelstrom of questions and problems finally stops. Her mind finally feeling light from the absence of what she considered hell. She can barely make herself breathe let alone laugh or smile now that it is finally clear.

“So you...”

Letting her smile break out, Tiffany nods, “You...”

“And me?”

Another chuckle at the adorable face that Taeyeon starts to make as she slowly pieces everything together, not just for herself but for the both of them, “And me...”

“Are basically both crazy.”

The lightness of their laughter helps them momentarily forget that they are both freezing cold and that they can’t feel their toes or fingers but it also helps them remember just who they are...when with each other.

“I’m glad some things will never change.”

Though Taeyeon doesn't want the conversation to end, it does because both are still waiting on something that they aren't too sure who should address it first. The clarity is there but is it really there, or is this just a moment to make everyone feel better...

The wind stings as it blows by them, both girls shivering at the sudden attack from mother nature. Taeyeon's eyes take a glance around her, hoping to find a solution to their cold predicament. Their conversation isn't really one to be discussed outside. But as she glances her eyes stop at the lonely cup of coffee sitting on the bench next to Sooyoung's forgotten milk. The thoughts that begin to rise within her mind though are quickly diminished when she notices the involuntary chatter of teeth.

Stepping forward Taeyeon gently picks up the still hot coffee and presents it in front of Tiffany, "Coffee?"

Tiffany cutely declines with quick shake of her head, her eyes beaming at Taeyeon's as she continues to shake, "No, I kind of want to go buy our own." Tiffany looks at the cup and then back up at Taeyeon

"OH." Setting the cup down, Taeyeon finally realizes why Tiffany wouldn't want the cup considering who had offered it to her in the first place, "Right. Well uhm yeah...good idea."

Another smiles breaks out from Tiffany as she notices that her subtle hint has finally crossed over to her slow friend, "Gaja?"가자

"Fany-ah."

Stopping her movements to walk forward, Tiffany raises her eyebrows at the mention of her name, "Hmm?"

"Anahjyo." 안아쥬

It's when Taeyeon acts like a lost child that Tiffany understands how much Taeyeon has been keeping to herself the entire time. Who wouldn't want to comply to such a request?

Though the feeling of being numb stays with them, there is a warmth that both can't deny is there.

Not enough to keep them warm physically but enough. Enough for them.

“Tatteutahda.”따뜻하다

But all good moments can be ruined by just one word.

“You’re really are gay, you know that...”

Pulling away from their hug Taeyeon lightly hits Tiffany on the arm. Her shock completely evident in the night air, “YAH!”