

one had a heart ♡

the other didn't.

by theninthtrack

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It was cold when Tiffany came in. She took her jacket off leisurely and threw it on the stairs. Taeyeon was greeted with a curt 'hi' when she passed her. The air outside made Taeyeon rub her goose bumps, but she looked at Tiffany and it was still cold even when she threw the door close.

"I've made dinner. You want to try some?" Her voice was odd, hollow but at least she tried she thought.

"No."

She noticed that Tiffany didn't take off her shoes when she put down her purse on the table. The comfortable flats took some dirt with them, sand, Taeyeon guessed as she took in the back view of Tiffany. She loved Tiffany at home, but despised the feeling of insecurity each second in her presence. The sand from her shoes could be very well from the beach as she laughed, ran around and kissed someone else. Maybe she wore flats today, because they were easier to run away in. An overwhelming sadness took over her.

Taeyeon stood like a statue behind her, hesitant words unspoken but wondered lightly, albeit fearful, how Tiffany could be okay with Taeyeon not at her side.

The wooden floor cracked slightly as she took small steps towards Tiffany, hand outstretched to hold hers. It took less than a second, Taeyeon hadn't even thought she had touched her, but Tiffany flinched from her touch like she was some kind of disease she could sense a mile away and Taeyeon's heart broke a piece, because it seemed like reflex – that she was just something Tiffany had to stay away from.

"I... I can't even touch you now?" her voice broke halfway.

Tiffany was so far away, but if she was the disease then Tiffany was the cure she wanted to bathe in and with the same intensity Tiffany was repulsed by her, Taeyeon was drawn to Tiffany. It stung her, because she knew very well that she didn't deserve to be treated. A very selfish part of her didn't want Tiffany to realize the same.

"It doesn't feel right when you do." Tiffany's hair waved when she took off her blazer.

Taeyeon's body shook. It took over her slowly, from her clenched fist as she bit down on her tongue to her shaky knees. She hated the honesty in Tiffany's voice.

"Can you... at least, for a second, look at me?" Taeyeon grabbed her arm anyways when she didn't answer and turned her body.

Tiffany fixed her eyes on the ground, her body tense under Taeyeon's touch. "I can't."

"Why not?" Her trembling voice betrayed her; she knew the reason.

"I want to feel happy."

A confused look drew on Taeyeon's face.

"I feel all sorts of things when I look at you, but never anything good. Today, I just want to feel happy."

Her tears started to spill and she let them fall freely, hoping Tiffany would see how much it hurt her too. How she very much wanted everything back.

She looked at Tiffany and felt like asking was a bad idea, but she did anyways.

"What do you feel then? What do you see when you look at me?"

Tiffany sighed, her pained face drawn together. She was about to walk away when Taeyeon held her in place and grabbed her neck, forcing eye contact.

"Tell me. Please."

When their eyes locked, Taeyeon had to hold in her breath. Tiffany's face was so close, her lips were parted, faded pink cheeks and full eyebrows. She swiped some strands of hair to the side and felt guilt surge through her. Tiffany was beautiful, but her eyes were so empty.

"Tell me." The tears dripped off her voice.

"I just see you with some girl," Tiffany's eyes had nothing at all, "fucking her in our bedroom when I'm at work, kissing her goodnight when I wait for you at home, making her breakfast while I eat mine alone, saying I love you to me and fuck her again the same day." Her voice was flat, she almost sounded bored. "That's what I see when I look at you."

The grip on Tiffany's arm slackened and Taeyeon imagined her heart going something like that, too. Like it slowly died with each pulse, took all air and life from her body to its grave and left her half-dead, just to have her taste every bit of pain she put Tiffany through. She clutched her chest and thought Tiffany was even more amazing, even more wonderful, feeling like this and still willing to live under the same roof with her.

The gratefulness and admiration in the mix of her feelings quickly dissolved and she was left with only the feeling of a bullet pierce through her chest, through her heart, evoking every nerve in her body. Tiffany's voice was so cold it froze Taeyeon in place.

"I look at you, but I don't see us anymore."

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She woke up the next morning, the other side of the bed vacant and very cold. The faint perfume on the pillow was the only indicator that Tiffany had been here, but it was on the far end of the other side of the bed where Taeyeon couldn't get close to.

The clock read 6AM and her mind pressed so hard it hurt her head slightly. She couldn't remember a time when Tiffany had to leave for work so early. She wondered whether Tiffany was at work already or maybe that she had gone out for coffee first. Wherever Tiffany was, she wished she could earn back the privilege to know.

She took a deep breath and squeezed her eyes shut, but her heart wouldn't stop clenching.

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The living room eyed different, but she couldn't tell what it was. She fed herself another spoon of cereal, sitting at the end of their dining table. The kitchen had a different feel too, as well as the hallway and it irked her why she couldn't spot what had changed.

The bowl of cereal dropped to the floor as Taeyeon rushed to the living room and scanned it over and over and over again. Next to the TV was supposed to be a photo of Tiffany and her in Paris, arms wrapped around each other in long trench coats, smiling under the Eiffel Tower. A big photo of them on the wall of their second anniversary, Taeyeon laughing uncontrollably as Tiffany stole kisses, as happy as could be, had disappeared.

Their first moment captured, the time before they dated, badly taken photos they didn't have the heart to throw away – all gone.

Her heart worked, she knew then, when it sank down to the bottom of her feet with an impact so painful it triggered her sobs in an instant. She dragged herself out of the living room to the hallway, tracing the empty walls with trembling fingers.

She let herself fall back against the door and dropped to the floor, hands covering her mouth to silence her cries. Her sobs echoed through the empty hallway anyways, tears streaming in pools to drown her.

It was such a simple thing to do. The photos were probably somewhere in a drawer, maybe in the basement, but Tiffany did it so easily, so cruelly, that Taeyeon couldn't see this as anything else then Tiffany's heart slipping out of her hands.

Their memories were literally gone and Taeyeon was so afraid Tiffany did the same to the memories in her heart. How it was very easy to start over again when you drop old love, old pain to the floor like hot coal and not look back. It was very easy to love again that way, very easy to look elsewhere and find someone else. Tiffany was on her way to that.

It drained all hope from her and her cries ran through the apartment. It was the moment she broke, but Tiffany wasn't there to witness her pay for her mistake.

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The front door opened with a squeak and her mind wandered back to how they always had said to get it fixed but never did. Tiffany walk in with lips pressed to a straight line. The past flew by in front of her eyes, memories that apparently Tiffany thought weren't worth keeping and a tear trickled down her cheek.

"You threw them away?"

Tiffany turned to look at her, lips still in a fine line.

"I'm thinking of moving out."

A lump grew in her throat and her eyes burned so bad Taeyeon had to close them for a second. Everything fell.

"I thought... I thought we'd try," her voice cracked.

Tiffany took a deep breath shakily. Taeyeon could see she had prepared for this, the way she fidgeted with her fingers, touched her already perfect hair, and Taeyeon could only hope secretly she hadn't prepared for goodbye.

"I've tried really hard," Tiffany began. Her hands were tight in the pockets of her black jeans. Taeyeon eyed her blue dress shirt. She wore that on their last date.

Tiffany took a step back when Taeyeon reached out, but she drove her in a corner and took her hand when she had nowhere to go. Taeyeon let her own tears fall and let Tiffany speak.

"I wanted to go back to how we were." Tiffany's eyes fell.

"We can," she said quickly, but Tiffany shook her head lightly in answer.

"I want to tell you about my day," her hair covered her eyes, "I want to eat the tomatoes from you plate, because you dislike them." She paused. "I want to hug you, kiss you."

"You can, we just have to—"

"But I wake up next to you and then suddenly... suddenly it doesn't seem to matter anymore."

Taeyeon searched her eyes in panic. "What doesn't matter?"

"Nothing matters anymore," she whispered, "I'm turning numb, I'm starting to feel nothing."

"You're just tired," Taeyeon reasoned, voice shaking.

"It's so scary," Tiffany's eyes brimmed with tears for the first time, "I went head-first while I loved you and threw in my whole heart." She straightened her back. "It scares me how I can be so close to not caring anymore, within a second."

The grip on Tiffany's hand tightened. Taeyeon felt like she had to hold on even tighter, because they were on the edge of this cliff, Tiffany ready to let go and let her fall.

Tiffany touched her face, "Let's just stop. This." Her eyes were still far away. "Us."

There had only been two times in Taeyeon's life when she knew what she wanted. The first time was when she saw her mother make music in sold out theaters, receiving standing ovations the moment she hit the last key on the piano. The second time was when Tiffany laid her head on her lap, ignored the movie and looked up to her instead with round eyes and a soft smile. Taeyeon had leaned in with only the intention to make Tiffany hers.

Now, she pressed her lips hard on Tiffany's, hoping the rough kiss would tell her everything she couldn't say; that she was willing to wait, that she wouldn't leave, that she begged her not to leave. She wanted Tiffany to not stop loving her.

Her fear only grew bigger when she slowed down and felt Tiffany's lips like rocks, unwilling to move. Taeyeon opened her eyes to see Tiffany's arms limp on her sides, her soul so far away she didn't react to the kiss one bit.

She gripped Tiffany's waist and sobbed hard into the softness of Tiffany's neck, tears spreading through the fabric of her shirt to her shoulder. Taeyeon's hold only got tighter and for the first time she realized that not only was she losing her, but more so that the Tiffany she was holding wasn't Tiffany anymore at all.

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Their friends dragged them out for dinner as a last resort. Sooyoung flirted with the butler instead, but the distance between Taeyeon and Tiffany caught her attention halfway. They were so far away from each other even if they were just a seat apart.

Taeyeon's shoulders hung as she looked at Tiffany. Tiffany. Tiffany. Tiffany. It drove her mad.

"So. How are you guys doing?" Yoona asked attentively.

"Fine." Taeyeon remained still with Tiffany's flat answer.

"It takes time, you know. As long as you're willing to fight."

"Yeah," Taeyeon said hesitantly, she didn't really know if Tiffany was still fighting at all.

"You still love each other, right?" Yoona pressed.

"I love her," Taeyeon said resolutely. It was the whole truth that she wished would've been enough. She shifted in her seat uncomfortably when Tiffany was silent, as if she didn't hear the question at all.

Yoona sensed her worry and observed Tiffany from across the table. "Why aren't you answering me?"

Tiffany lifted her head up, eyes staring straight into Yoona's. "Do you love her?" Yoona asked.

"What if I say I don't?" The words already left her mouth before she could stop herself. Tiffany didn't know what she was trying to do, but Taeyeon hurt her and now in front of their friends, Tiffany wanted her to feel the exact same pain she felt.

The table grew quiet and Tiffany remained calm as Yoona looked at her, unable to hide her shock. She reached out to hold Tiffany's hand.

"I know it's hard for you, but you can't spit out words like that so carelessly." Yoona sighed. Her eyes softened. "It's not easy, but with time it'll be alright. You're hurting her." Her eyes darted to Taeyeon.

"Taeyeon cheated on me," Tiffany said, the firm words made Taeyeon slowly put down her fork and knife, hang her head low in shame. Tiffany cut her meat. "It's very easy to say that it takes time, but your boyfriend didn't fuck anyone else. You can't lecture me when you have the love of your life while I've lost mine and think you understand what I'm going through."

Yoona looked at Sooyoung dejectedly and turned back to Tiffany. She watched her eat and said quietly, "She loves you. And I know you love her." Her eyes shifted to Taeyeon again for a second. Taeyeon's spirit couldn't be any lower, her arms stiff against her sides as she couldn't look up.

"Does she?" It was almost mockingly said, if not for the slight quiver in Tiffany's voice.

"You know she does," Sooyoung said.

Tiffany's voice was dangerously sharp as she spoke. "I'm sitting here, eating dinner with her next to me and I feel like vomiting. It makes me sick to the stomach to have her in the same room." She switched her look from Sooyoung to Yoona. "Now tell me, how does someone who claims to love you make you feel that way?"

Taeyeon turned to look at her with sad eyes and casted them away when Tiffany munched on her food like nothing happened. She missed the red eyes behind side-swept bangs. "Excuse me," Taeyeon said softly and left the table in such a hurry she almost knocked down her drink. Tiffany took a shallow breath.

Sooyoung watched Yoona run after Taeyeon and came to sit next to Tiffany, tucking her head under her chin. She urged her to speak again with soft strokes on her arm.

Tiffany felt the food coming back up her throat. Out from Sooyoung's embrace with a jerk, she gulped down her drink and scoffed, realizing the irony in her words. She really was just fine the whole night, but the empty seat next to her and the sour taste in her mouth made her eat her words.

"Here." Sooyoung handed her a napkin and she curled her lips fast as a thank you.

People passed their table with every minute, there were families laughing, lovers talking. Tiffany felt lonelier than ever.

"I do love her, you know?" Tiffany said after a while, hands drawn together to her lap. She found herself vulnerable under Sooyoung's care and like on cue, a tear rolled down from her cheek quietly as she spoke the words.

She felt Sooyoung nod against her head as she pulled her in again, a soft 'I know' whispered against her hair.

"But she left me, Sooyoung," Tiffany tilted her head up to look at her, "Like I was nothing. She looked really happy." Her voice shook so badly she had to swallow hard. Tiffany didn't want to cry, but the tears were out of control, racing each other down her cheeks. "She looked really happy," she said again and found only herself nodding.

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There were times when Taeyeon was sad. Yoona remembered her soft cries next to her when she stayed over, a smile splashed on her face the next morning like the world had pink clouds. She remembered long nights of endless phone calls and encouraging words and Taeyeon's tears spilling over to her side of the line but muttering words like 'I'm okay,' and 'I'll be alright'.

Taeyeon said nothing at all as she stared off into the distance as dull as a blow-up doll, but her eyes were so sad Yoona couldn't help but feel sad as well. It scared her that Taeyeon didn't even have the strength anymore to hide what she was feeling.

"She's struggling. You have to understand," Yoona said carefully.

"You think... you think she's out of it?" Taeyeon said softly, voice shaking slightly.

Yoona came to sit next to her. The wooden bench was warm and the sun was shining. The tragedy that was playing out in front of her eyes, however, threw her in a dark pit. It was hard to see where this was going and she wished she knew answers, because maybe she could save a heart or two.

"Out of what, Taeyeon?"

Taeyeon looked down at her hands, words whispered so softly Yoona had to press close to her. "Love. Do you think she's out of it?"

A sad smile was all she could give as she stroke Taeyeon's back. "I'm sure she's not. Tiffany had always loved. She has plenty of love to give."

"To me?" Taeyeon turned to her, eyes hopeful but shoulders still sagged. "You think she'd have enough of it to give me some as well?"

Yoona could only look at her, eyes full with sympathy, but she didn't know the answer so she just looked at her.

"Because you know," Taeyeon quickly caught a tear, cleared her throat, "I could go on it for a lifetime. It's amazing. When she loves you, I mean. But I don't feel amazing now?" She looked at Yoona disappointedly. "Could it be that she's not loving me?"

Her throat closed up and Yoona diverted her eyes to a million places, just to avoid Taeyeon's. She wanted to cry, eyes already stinging as she swallowed. Taeyeon was like a kid that believed in Santa, but Yoona didn't want to tell her what might not be the truth.

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Tiffany was next to her on their bed. She was close, Taeyeon could feel her. Tiffany's hair was splayed out on the pillow. It tickled her cheek, but she welcomed it like a soft breeze grazing her skin. She had missed this so much.

The proximity between them caused her breath to hitch when she turned her head. It was a sight she imprinted right there in the deepest corners of her mind; Tiffany. Just Tiffany. Every piece of a very beautiful Tiffany just an inch away.

She looked down. Their arms were close to their sides and she decided to leap as she remembered the past months of baby steps and careful distance. Tonight was going to be the end of all that, but she wouldn't stop trying until every life stopped. Her hand slowly slid into Tiffany's and she gulped when Tiffany stirred, awake all along but now coming to life.

She could only look down at their hands, afraid to meet rejection in Tiffany's eyes, even if it would be the last time.

"We won't ever be the same. You know that right? Even if we stay together." Tiffany's voice was quiet even in the dead still room.

Every bit of delicate healing that just grew in Taeyeon's heart shattered. She tried to hold back her tears.

"I'm sorry."

"I can't make you lunch anymore, set coffee for you in the morning," Tiffany turned her head to Taeyeon, "Or do anything that I did when I loved you. Not that it matters now."

The room spun, it was suffocating, it pushed every bit of air out of her lungs. Taeyeon felt her heart lose its pulse. She could be as well as dead.

"You don't love me anymore?"

"I do," Tiffany loosened the grip on her hand, "but not a lifetime close to how much as I used to."

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The days without Tiffany were matched with late nights and storms of tears. It felt like losing her repeatedly every evening Taeyeon went through dinner in solitude. She wanted to believe it made her stronger, but the numerous tears proved her otherwise as it sucked all energy from her and left her legs shuffle through the endless hours devoid of Tiffany's presence.

Tonight was no different. The TV was on, idly playing noises in the background as she cooked dinner for two. It was a habit, but she refused to think it was a bad one. She laid down the plates of food, scooped rice till the bowl threatened to spill and placed it at the seat next to her. It might have made Tiffany laugh if she was here.

Tiffany flooded her mind and it made her unaware of the vegetables that she was cooking. The smoky smell caught her attention and she turned quickly to the stove. Somewhere very deep inside, she hesitated and she wondered if it was better to just let them burn, have the apartment burn and have it give her wings to fly to Tiffany.

She turned off the stove anyway, burying escalated thoughts to the back of her mind as she scooped enough for two. Not so very deep down, she wondered if Tiffany had cared if she did burn to a soulless angel.

The TV was too loud suddenly and it interrupted her thoughts without warning. She turned to sit back at the dining table, dropping some meat in the bowl next to her. Dinner for two made her stomach turn, but she chomped down her bowl anyways to leave Tiffany's bowl untouched, with some more meat on top of the rice.

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It happened so quickly Tiffany couldn't remember how it started. There were some smiles, a light touch here and there, lights flashing her eyes and then she was out in the park, holding his hand.

She breathed in the fresh air and felt like she could finally breathe again, her head felt light and she could just skip through the streets like she was truly happy.

She looked at him. His dark eyes were sharp, his hand felt rough against her soft skin and when he smiled, all she could see were teeth. She loosened her hand from his grip and lightly held it with a finger only. Tight holds reminded her of love that suffocated her, made air nonexistent. In and out, Tiffany could finally breathe again.

"Why are you so quiet?" He made an attempt to intertwine their fingers. It was slyly done, how he let go of her finger and moved his hand up to her wrist to slide it down again. Tiffany watched it in slow motion, watched the spark in his eyes and suddenly felt very sick. She put her hand away in the pocket of her jacket.

"Just enjoying the weather." She wondered whether he could see through the pretense, because she really wanted to enjoy his company too. Since he was right next to her, she thought. She needed someone who would stay right next to her.

He nodded and smiled, now putting his arm around her shoulders. His side pressed against her, but all Tiffany could think about was why she didn't feel warm. It puzzled her, because she finally breathed but it felt like the air was polluted badly. She sighed and pretended again, with his arm still around her shoulders. Since he was next to her, she thought.

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The ride to Tiffany's work was longer than she remembered. There were too many stop signs, too much traffic and it seemed like Satan did his part in her punishment when parking her car. In the passenger seat laid the food Taeyeon had prepared - fruit she knew Tiffany liked and sandwiches that took her a whole morning to make and she smiled contently to herself as she eyed it on the way. Even with the cold splash of goodbye, Taeyeon couldn't let go just yet.

She squinted against the bright sun and rolled the windows down when it was exactly one o'clock, Tiffany coming out of the tall building, leaving work early.

Tiffany's name caught in her throat just as she was about to call out to her. It was such a sight, the way Tiffany's hair danced as she walked, how her lips curved to such perfection. Her laugh ran through the busy street, but it was all Taeyeon could hear, really only wanted to hear it for the rest of her life.

Tiffany turned in her direction, but her eyes were fixed on him. Taeyeon watched the hand, Tiffany's hand, as she pushed him lightly, playfully, laughing and smiling like she used to. She looked so happy and Taeyeon smiled, because Tiffany was back. But it was so bitter to see something so sweet, so beautiful, because no matter how much she loved to see Tiffany happy, Taeyeon realized she could never truly be happy *for* her if her happiness grew from somewhere else.

She watched them walk some more, talk some more, smile some more and Taeyeon felt so selfish and guilty for wanting to tear his smile to pieces and place Tiffany's one in the back of her heart, because Tiffany probably thought she looked really happy as well with someone else.

The food remained untouched. Taeyeon swallowed her tears and pretended she hadn't woke up at six to get fresh vegetables from the market, that it hadn't took three hours to get the sandwiches right, that she hadn't hoped Tiffany would smile as she cut the orange in heart-shaped parts.

It hurt to think that the first smile she had seen in months wasn't for her at all.

The drive home was a blur. She saw Tiffany's smile everywhere, but it lit a flame inside her. Taeyeon knew she could see the real thing, have the most beautiful one just for her, if she just held on. Her conscious gnawed at her slowly, but she thought back to Tiffany's words, to her eyes, lips, laughter and decided then and there that love had to be a selfish thing.

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Maybe in another universe, Tiffany could've been okay, but right now she was a Tiffany that got her flesh cut and as a result, the wound wouldn't stop bleeding. A band-aid would've been helpful, but she just ran out.

In the midst of unpacking she found the mix tape they made. Opening her luggage meant unpacking memories and she had considered buying everything new, from her clothes to her towels. She opened the bags anyway, dust already gathering on corners after two months. It took her a moment before she put down the wrinkled shirt in her hand and picked up the mix tape. Its reflection against the sun made it blind her eyes, but new was the last thing the disc was.

The first song played softly in the background. Its nostalgic melody brought her back to the very first glance, hesitant touches in front of her old home and eventually a love that had died, because the world wasn't perfect. Tiffany remembered a lot of smiles, particularly a lot of her own, and skipped to the next song, looking for a memory that contained more tears than love.

The living room was utterly quiet as the last song faded out. Tiffany stared at her stereo half the afternoon and finally moved to turn it back on. The determination to find unhappy moments before the incident only got stronger after the fourth play. She soon canceled her plans with him, only to have the songs on repeat.

Table was set for one, but a lingering thought teased her as she watched the movie playing on the screen. Its flickering lights set her in a trance, made her set down her plate and chew thoroughly thinking the movie would've been better with someone to watch it with. Tiffany watched it until the end anyway, credits rolling down as she swallowed her last bite of chicken. The room hummed into a silence that almost choked her and she flew to the stereo to turn it on like it was air.

Things like that terrified her, things like love – she felt like dying and it was the last shred of life, she was alive and it let the weight of it crush on her. There was no exit, no door to escape to and she felt utterly helpless in the cold room. Every fiber in her body wore out as she pressed play again. It was suicidal, but Tiffany just couldn't turn away from a love that made her alive, though very broken.

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The dairy section was devoid of customers. Her lone figure was in front of the fridges, eyeing strawberry milks and diet ones. At least twenty different kinds, how wonderful she thought. Her hand automatically reached out for the chocolate milk at the top, thumb tracing the brand. It was Taeyeon's favorite. Her basket was full, but she made some space for it anyhow. She looked out the windows.

Outside the traffic lights went crazy. She watched them fade in and out, but the lights were just so dark, she didn't know whether they were green or red. Everything faded to a shade of grey, she noticed, as she ate, slept, woke up, worked. Every possible color, colors she didn't have names for turned lifeless and every minute since she walked away has made her world odd. It didn't have directions, no roads she could take, no place to escape to.

And that's what scared her, because Tiffany knew where she wanted to go. She wanted to be happy, she wanted to love and to be loved, but her soul was so fragile that it got lost with one stab in the heart. Taeyeon made her happy, wanted to love her, but Tiffany couldn't figure out what to make of it. Tiffany would be an unanimated being, a set of teeth, smiling to herself in pain, whether she stayed or walked away. And she really didn't want that, but she had nowhere to go.

"You don't drink chocolate milk."

Tiffany turned around and Taeyeon was really close, so close that she suspected Taeyeon had some kind of power, sneaking in and out of her life without a sound whenever she wanted to. Tiffany wanted her own kind of power to make her stay when she did sneak in, but it was too late for that now.

"I don't. It's for someone else."

Taeyeon nodded solemnly, a small smile on her lips anyways. The long period of being apart from her made Tiffany breathtaking, it was hard not to smile. It did, however, worry her that Tiffany was so beautiful now, because she was happy. She moved even closer, like it was possible to morph their bodies into one. Her face turned serious.

"I don't like our break," she said, eyes looking into hers.

Tiffany's eyebrows raised up high, slightly intrigued by the straightforwardness. She almost scoffed. "Really, now?"

"I don't." Taeyeon shifted uncomfortably, looking down on her hands. "You didn't take your shirt with you. I've been washing it every week for the last two months."

"You can throw it out, it's—"

"That was our first kiss."

Tiffany looked at her. "What?"

She cleared her throat. "You had that shirt on when we had our first kiss. I spilled my drink on it that night. It was our third date."

"Right." Tiffany swiftly walked past her. "More reason to throw it out then."

"You had this hairstyle when I asked you to be mine." Taeyeon followed her briskly. "I showed you the wound on my finger and you kissed it, saying it won't ever fully heal if you don't do that every single day for the rest of my life."

She walked faster and stopped Tiffany in her tracks. "You're still using the perfume I bought you when we went on that random shopping spree. Dolce & Gabbana's Light Blue."

"What is it that you want," Tiffany sneered. The memories piled themselves up in her mind and it scared her so much how, unlike the polluted air she breathed while with him, it took her breath away instead. Somehow the heavy pressing on her lungs were a different kind of discomfort and only because she knew that losing your breath didn't always have to be a bad thing. Tiffany hated to realize that.

"Let's try again," Taeyeon said, eyes so confident and hopeful. Tiffany looked at her in surprise, hand gripping her basket almost painfully. Taeyeon noticed the white of her knuckles, how her lips got redder when she bit it. It was hypnotizing, a strange spell and Taeyeon wanted all of that to be hers again.

"We can't be without each other," she added carefully, "There's your smell on my clothes, the dish I spent hours on perfecting because you liked it." Taeyeon watched her gaze cast down. "It's the same for you," she whispered. "Your hair, the shirt, the perfume... It all comes back to me."

Tiffany looked at Taeyeon. They had come back to this – Taeyeon pushing her to this one road and making her believe it was the only road she could take. The faint smell of her fragrance was teasing her nostrils, mocking her mischievously. It was so unfair, she thought, because in the basket was still the chocolate milk and maybe there really wasn't anywhere she could go.

She felt a warm hand grazing her cheek and she looked up to fall into dark orbs, so dark that she couldn't see through her. But Tiffany continued looking, even if her own eyes said nothing at all. Taeyeon's were dark, but it was endless and she wondered if there was a light at the end if she stared hard enough. Taeyeon stroke her cheek again attentively.

"No matter how much you say you hate it, you won't ever be without me again, Tiffany."

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"You haven't been answering my calls," he said. His eyes were very gentle and Tiffany felt guilty for having him wait, because all she did the past few weeks was lying in bed and think about the set of

teeth she had with him and the smiles she had with her.

"My ex wants me back." She turned to look at him, eyes sorry.

He chuckled, lips curling up but the skin around his eyes wouldn't budge. "Why are you telling me that?"

"I want to be honest with you."

It was true, because Taeyeon was anything but, and Tiffany wanted to be at least a person who was.

"We're not exactly dating, so you really don't have to," he said. He did hold her hand and she let him, because it actually felt really nice, being with someone who would stay next to you.

"If I weren't such a mess, would you date me?" Tiffany asked sincerely, because she needed to validate that this was normal, the way she was – hung over on a breakup that was expected and drown herself afterwards in need and want and that still somebody would want her. Taeyeon hadn't wanted her, somehow, in some way. Even if Taeyeon loved her more than life now, there had been a time that she hadn't wanted her.

He caressed her hand with his thumb and with his gentle eyes, looked into hers again.

"You're not a mess," he said gently, "Maybe just a little, but you're more than that."

He said it with such sincerity that she couldn't help but smile. But then she thought back to the evening at the supermarket, to the sincerity that Taeyeon had said her words and felt like believing the latter rather too easily. Maybe, she thought, maybe it was because it was true. Maybe she really couldn't do without her.

Tiffany didn't know why, but that thought made her dizzy and he steadied her with an arm around her shoulders. As she looked up, his lips were all she saw and pushing all thoughts away, she leaned in and kissed him so hard their teeth met. Every little longing, every little want, every little love that she harbored in her heart for Taeyeon, she wanted him to have it, wanted to transfer it to him. If the kiss could reach down to her heart and grab those feelings as she gave it to him, it would've done just that. She pulled back slowly when it didn't.

He was a little bit out of breath, maybe from the suddenness, maybe from the kiss itself, and her mind wandered to lazy mornings when she stayed longer in bed than she should have, when she woke up to wet kisses and started the day with shared showers.

Tiffany had wanted to be an honest person, but she knew then that she had lied right to his face as soon as her lips left his. The worst part was that she couldn't believe her own lie enough to have him believe it too.

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It was a long day. Work ended late and Sooyoung came by, strutting in her high heels, kissing her cheek as she entered the door. They settled in a comfortable silence as she changed channels and looked over after a while to see Sooyoung thumbing the picture frame on her coffee table.

"You sure know how to ruin a good thing," Sooyoung said casually and turned to her smiling.

Taeyeon scoffed and kicked off her slippers. "Like I don't know," she whispered.

Sooyoung grabbed a pile magazines from the bar and sat on the other end of the sofa, flipping random pages, letting out an 'oh' when a male model transcended standards and in the process stole glances at Taeyeon. She sighed once and twice, before coming to sit next to her. She slipped her arm through hers.

"Tell me something about you that I don't know," Sooyoung whispered. Taeyeon looked at her, eyebrows raised.

"You know a lot about me."

"Exactly. Tell me something I don't know."

Taeyeon cleared her throat and fidgeted with her fingers. There were many things Sooyoung didn't know about her: how she spent hours perfecting her hair, only to have it look like she didn't put in effort; she didn't like the smell of toothpaste and she just bought a shirt that was a size too big. She counted them on her fingers and told the one thing she knew would make a difference.

"I'm starting to forget her," she said in a small voice. Sooyoung frowned and waited.

"It's only been a month since I've seen her, but I'm starting to forget how she feels like," the last words were drowned in an unexpected sob and through her tears she felt like she needed to tell this. It was maybe really stupid, because who could forget the one you love, but she slowly did and she was scared to death and Sooyoung needed to know. "Her smile is slowly fading. It's been so long, Sooyoung, since she had smiled at me. It's been so long."

Sooyoung soothed her back and perhaps the action was so heartwarming, but her whole body got hot and sweat formed on her forehead. Taeyeon heaved her shoulders and choked on her words as she spoke on. "I... I can't recall the last time she kissed me, really kissed me. What if it really was the last time? What do I do then?" The whole room spun again and it felt like a déjà vu— the pain, the tears, they just wouldn't leave her alone.

"You'll just get her back," Sooyoung said simply, tucking Taeyeon under her chin. "If you don't want to forget her, then just get her back."

Sooyoung's jacket was soaked and Taeyeon buried her face into it, laughing dryly. "It's not that simple."

"Oh, but it is."

Taeyeon put some distance between them to look at her. Sooyoung just smiled. "Sometimes, it really is that simple. You don't let go of something you love and if you hold on, you can have her, forever maybe. So don't give up now," She swept away her bangs, "Tiffany will make the first step once she's ready."

Forever, Taeyeon thought, sounded very much like what she wanted.

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She tilted her head back and hit the door with a thud. The sun set quietly through the trees and somehow it made her wake up and want to walk away. The streets were empty, aside from a few stray dogs chasing each other, but it had something melancholily that made her very sad when walking it.

The wind was picking up and in her thin t-shirt she felt it breezing through her. Crouching down and back against the wall, she waited – for anything. Perhaps a final goodbye, last words to hold on to, Tiffany really didn't know.

But as she shivered lightly, she could feel Taeyeon's eyes even more than lately on her and unlike before, they followed her everywhere. She could feel Taeyeon's eyes following her as she showered, as she went for groceries, as she talked to him. They almost always felt so pleading, wanting. It was odd, maybe slightly masochistic, but it made her feel good in a way that Taeyeon was always there, no matter how hurtful it really was perhaps for Taeyeon, maybe, if she could feel through mere connection or some kind of telepathic power, every time Tiffany jabbed her strange presence back to the dusty corners of her mind.

She hadn't noticed the pair of shoes in front of her, until someone cleared their throat. She looked up to see Taeyeon.

Probably four weeks had gone by since she had seen her. The supermarket rendez-vous was too blurry, too vague for her to remember her exactly. But now she took a good look at her. Taeyeon had gotten thinner, bonier, but it brought out her jaw line and Tiffany had always found that attractive. She stood up and met her eyes.

"Have you thought about it?" Taeyeon broke their stare and continued it at her feet instead as soon as she spoke. Tiffany shifted her weight from one foot to the other, hands already sweaty.

"I have," she whispered and cleared her throat to fill the silence. Taeyeon was waiting, eyes fixed to the ground.

"It won't ever be the same," Tiffany began, "You okay with that?"

"I am," Taeyeon nodded eagerly. She didn't dare to smile, because Tiffany could say everything she wanted to hear and wouldn't mean a thing as she walked away. Tiffany wasn't like that on purpose, but her words subconsciously had an edge, one Taeyeon sometimes was driven to, lately more than ever, and where she either had to jump and feel pain or stay on that very edge and feel pain. Whatever Tiffany did though, Taeyeon thought, whatever Tiffany might do, Taeyeon was sure she couldn't leave.

"I won't believe your words anymore, I'll question where you're at, what you're doing, who you're with." Tiffany paused. "I'd be annoying and cold and hateful."

Taeyeon nodded again, lowly and got closer, feeling slightly anxious and Tiffany felt cornered, her back already flat against the wall. She put an arm between them and Taeyeon got the clue. She sighed.

"But I'll stay by your side in return," Tiffany said after a while. She watched Taeyeon look at her, her eyes again boring through her, eyes that looked at her like she was needed. Tiffany brushed her cheek, just in case there were tears there.

"So," she began again, "if you can't handle that, then I don't think this love is for you. Because that's what I think this is." Her chin quivered and she was too late to catch a tear. "I hate you, but this is love. If you can't handle it, then please... please," she begged, "get the fuck out of my life and let me move on."

Her chest unclenched and for the first time in months Tiffany felt so free she could roam the world. She had said it before, but this time the revelation was so painful, so hard on her heart that she felt it was the truth – she loved Taeyeon, even after cheating, and coming to terms with it was like admitting to love itself, admitting that this was– yes, so terrible, so horrible, so bad, what they were, but they were in love, in a way, even if it was on the edge of it. But they were so in love it drove them to feel incredulous things, to spat out heavy words. Because really, that was what love could do, Tiffany thought, sometimes, love did things like that. The one she loved did things like that and if things weren't like that, then maybe it wasn't love. It was confusing, to say the least, but Tiffany thought she got the hang of love, because only love could hurt.

Her shoulders sunk and it felt so light in contrast to her head that now felt three times heavier. Tiffany leaned forward and she forgot that Taeyeon was there, really there, because she held her carefully with fingertips barely grazing fabric. She was there, gently smiling and eyes so deep it made Tiffany see colors again.

"I'm an idiot," Taeyeon said, carefully sliding away from her, giving her space, " but see if I'll ever leave you again."

Tiffany wiped her cheeks and when her tears dried, Taeyeon thought then that she was the most beautiful.

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There were cars screeching, whining children in front of stores, groups of teenagers fooling around. Taeyeon watched them quietly, watched the distance between Tiffany and her and clasped her hands behind her back. The days felt like flying by and Taeyeon had never thought about it, but she realized now what people meant with 'too little time'. There really wasn't enough when it came to Tiffany, she could walk on for weeks with her and still not feel tired.

Tiffany stopped and lost in her thoughts that she was, Taeyeon walked right into her, hands lightly gripping her waist in reflex. Her eyes widened and she looked at Tiffany from the side, the pink creeping up her cheeks.

"Aren't you going to let go?" Tiffany turned around and it was kind of like she was in her embrace for one moment again. Tiffany's face was really close and she could almost taste her skin when Tiffany pushed her away lightly, forcing distance between them. There was a faint shampoo smell as Tiffany brushed her hair out of her face. It was like being a teenager again, Taeyeon thought, falling in love with the most popular girl who had the attention of the world.

"Taeyeon," Tiffany nudged her and she was back to earth. Tiffany looked hesitant. "I haven't told mom we broke up after what happened and... what we are now." Her face slowly fell. "I don't know what to tell her."

The air around them suddenly seemed richer, it heightened Taeyeon's senses and it was like she had superpowers, because for the first time in months she could finally sense what was going on in Tiffany's head.

"We'll tell her the truth," she smiled, "I want to speak to her, too."

Tiffany nodded and continued walking. The dry air had made her thirsty and when Taeyeon bought her a drink, till the last drop of it, Tiffany still felt like she needed more water for that spot in her heart that won't ever be full.

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Tiffany watched her from behind, wind ruining her hair as she talked on about them. Taeyeon told her things Tiffany couldn't, but she thought it didn't matter anyway – they were the same words, the same happenings. Mom wouldn't have minded.

Taeyeon smiled a lot while talking and she had this thing of pouting her lips whenever she got lost in her thoughts. The evening got colder and Tiffany shivered as she walked over to Taeyeon, who was now kneeling down, placing flowers on the grave.

"Let's go, it's getting late."

Taeyeon nodded and whispered a 'goodbye, I'll take care of her,' before she got up and followed Tiffany to the car. The sky was darker and the clouds seemed heavy; it could start raining any

minute. She turned back and was contemplating to stay a bit longer for a second. Before she could even finish her thought, fat drops of rain poured down and in hurried steps she got to Tiffany's side, mustering the courage to grab her wrist.

Tiffany turned around with a bewildered look on her face, annoyed at the tug as they both got soaked fast. She yanked off her arm as she looked for the keys to her car. In turn, Taeyeon spun around with arms spread out and ran back to the cemetery. She was quickly out of view.

In front of the grave of Tiffany's mother she hastily looked back, spotting Tiffany running towards her from far behind. Taeyeon turned around and spoke fast, panting.

"I won't ever let her go again. Everything's my fault, everything that we are right now, which is basically nothing; it's all my fault. But I'll make her happy again, I promise you that." The wet drops got her hair heavy and she shook her head to get rid of the rain that blurred her vision. She put her hand to her chest. "I've never been anymore sure that Tiffany is what I want. You probably cursed me from above through all this, but I love her. Even if you'll—"

"Taeyeon! Are you crazy? Get in the car!" Tiffany's nail dug into her arm painfully and she dragged her away with some effort. Taeyeon reluctantly followed, but turned back one more time to shout out her unfinished words.

"Even if you'll come and haunt me, I won't back down!"

Tiffany looked at her questionably, but the rain made it hard to talk. She put her in the backseat first instead. The rain only got heavier and she muttered a curse under her breath as she got a blanket from the trunk of the car. She swiftly got in next to Taeyeon and wrapped the blanket around herself. A soaked Taeyeon looked at her.

"You're not sharing that?"

As her trembling died down, Tiffany threw the blanket off her body and let it fall into the space between them. She remembered Taeyeon's words and eyed her accusingly.

"What the hell was that all about?"

Taeyeon looked at her with the most innocent expression she could muster, slowly nuzzling her nose into the blanket that had Tiffany's warmth. "Oh, the spinning around? I've always wanted to play like that in the rain."

Tiffany sighed. "You were yelling at my mom, what the hell were you even thinking? She didn't do anything to you, who gave you the right to do that?"

Of that, Taeyeon wasn't so sure. Her mind went back to the previous months and reminded of the inhumane pain, she was confident it that must have been a ghost's doing. After all, the hurt was just as bad as death itself.

"I want her to accept me again," she said slowly. Tiffany turned away at that.

"She already did, Taeyeon," Tiffany looked down, "I think mom likes you. She hadn't come visit me after I left you."

Taeyeon only looked at her. Tiffany's wet hair was sticking to the side of her face now, few drops of water dripping down. It made her look impossibly beautiful, even as the mascara was running down her wet cheek.

"Open your hand for me," Taeyeon said, smiling lightly. Tiffany shifted and felt her back wet from her long hair. She scooted forward, closer to Taeyeon and did as she was told, holding out her palm. She really didn't want to, but this would be the first step to be them again. Taeyeon chuckled and held out two fingers.

"Scissors," she smiled. The hand dropped and Tiffany let out a sigh.

"You've got to be kidding me," she muttered under her breath.

"Winner gets her wish fulfilled."

Taeyeon inched forward slowly. She saw Tiffany's eyes widen the closer she got, but Tiffany didn't budge and so she just went ahead and kissed the corner of Tiffany's lips for two seconds. It was gentle and unlike the hard kiss they last shared, she made sure to not damage Tiffany any further. She sighed. It was amazing how every little cut she felt was instantly forgotten in two seconds only. The widest grin graced her lips as she pulled back and let out a low noise from the back of her throat. Tiffany only wet her lips.

"What was that for?" her voice cracked.

Taeyeon gripped the blanket on her lap tightly. She was still very close to Tiffany, could almost soak her heart in Tiffany's wet hair. Her hand went to her tummy and she rubbed it lightly, grinning like a mad woman but one totally in love.

"It still feels nice," she said smiling, "really, really nice." And hid her flushed face in the blanket.

*

Tiffany was a little girl when her mom told her about her first love. She said it was magical, borderline insane, but she couldn't ever forget that love that made her feel so new. Tiffany had always wondered why her mother's last love never quite reached her eyes as she spoke about it and later as she grew up, she wondered if last loves could be as powerful as first ones. They were neither each other's first, she thought, as she watched her from the corner of her eye, doing chores in the kitchen.

The room bathed in an orange-like color as the sun set. It had something nostalgic, perhaps because they had laid in each other's arms endlessly watching it. They weren't now, but the living room had changed and so did the sunrays as it casted down on her. It wasn't a bad thing, Tiffany reckoned. Sometimes things had to change and maybe this time, they needed to change in order to grow out every bit of the past.

Her mother looked at her through her framed photo, straight into her eyes from the coffee table. She was smiling, witnessing their relationship take its form again, their love growing slow. Her mother looked happy, but Tiffany knew that she wanted them to be more than just trying.

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They laid in bed after a fight. Tiffany couldn't remember what it was about, but there was screaming and she had almost witnessed Taeyeon shutting the door behind her. Now she looked at her back and the silence was about to swallow her whole. Love was something that could break so easily.

"When things like this happen," Taeyeon suddenly said, "I always wonder whether you'll leave, because it's too much." She turned to her side and faced Tiffany. "You did say you'd stay, but at times like these I'm really afraid."

And truth was that Tiffany did think of leaving. Whenever there weren't together, physically, she'd think that; whenever it became really hard to suppress her tears, she'd think that. Tiffany thought there would always be a fear of someone leaving, whether it was Taeyeon or her, but that should be a good thing sometimes. How you love someone much more passionate as you're on the verge of losing them. But it was damn scary at the same time, too, Tiffany agreed.

"You were the one who almost left," she said sadly.

Taeyeon shook her head slowly, scooting so close Tiffany could feel her warmth. "I wouldn't ever again. I can't run away from you. You'd realize how I really don't deserve you if I did."

Her tears fell in an ungraceful way, stumbling over each other as they crossed her cheeks. It had been a long time since Tiffany had seen her cry. Not the cries that snapped the air from her, the ones she screamed out. It was a cry like this, late at night in bed with just the two of them and the tears rolling silently, but violently down her skin and her eyes not blinking as she looked at her long and hard. It made Tiffany come closer to her and realize how vulnerable she was.

Their thighs pressed against each other from the front, but Tiffany felt like she needed to sink into Taeyeon and have her stop crying. She looked down to take her hand in hers, curling her fingers into her palm.. She looked at Taeyeon again and wrapped her hand around her knuckles, smiled a little.

"Paper."

Taeyeon chuckled through her tears. "You win."

Tiffany had stayed silent then and she recognized her own look in the reflection of Taeyeon's eyes. It was different from when they first met, from when they broke up, from when they got back together. It was from somewhere in between comfortable jokes and soft kisses, there next to sleepless nights and endless phone calls, there where her heart made her do funny and embarrassing things and where Taeyeon was the reason.

Her lips were soft, surreal as soon as Tiffany kissed them and it dizzied her crazy to the point where she had to drag her lips down to Taeyeon's collarbone to stop it. But Tiffany couldn't stop kissing, not when she had started she realized and it got worse when Taeyeon's body responded, pressing tight against her.

Tiffany sucked that spot on her neck when Taeyeon's breath grew ragged in the quiet room. It was doing flips and it sent her stomach tumbling. Tonight, there wouldn't be any words about trust or love or the pain that it caused.

Her shirt tore when Taeyeon lifted it up with more force than needed and she ripped her buttons off instead as revenge. She still felt dizzy, but Taeyeon's tongue made her do things to forget and somehow between sloppy kisses and heated breaths, Tiffany realized she wouldn't ever forget. She wouldn't be able to erase, act like nothing ever happened, but that she was, however, slowly falling out of her obsessive want to do so. It wouldn't ever be forgotten, but the realization of wanting Taeyeon so badly – not just against her body, not just tonight – but more like a want that had nestled itself in weird corners of her brain and could eat her alive if she'd go against it, it made her kiss her harder.

Her hand trailed down Taeyeon's spine and dragged her underwear down by the waistband. She just couldn't stop kissing, she knew that in more than one way it was every bit of love she couldn't ever get rid of. She wanted to tell Taeyeon that, but her lips were stuck on her skin and she breathed heavily herself as Taeyeon's body tensed up. Tiffany buried her face in Taeyeon's neck and she gripped her hair tightly, moaned hoarsely into the night and perhaps, Tiffany thought, she didn't really have to tell for Taeyeon to know.

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Tiffany watched her put on her clothes, somehow shyly searching for another shirt as she realized the buttons of her current one laid scattered on the floor. She just watched her, really just watching without thinking, laying there and taking in every bit that was Taeyeon, one that now was unable to look her in the eye and muttered something about breakfast.

The bed was immensely comfortable, but Tiffany got out anyway and put on her ripped shirt on her way out to the kitchen. She leaned against the doorway and watched her again. Taeyeon knocked against the table as she walked back to the fridge, spilling orange juice and almost breaking dishes.

Tiffany looked at her, looked at her back as she almost dropped an egg. She was looking at a Taeyeon who sang whenever she showered, who forgot to put the cap back on the toothpaste tube, laughed with her mouth wide open, hummed random songs as she made sandwiches and somehow,

in some odd way, it made it very hard to not fall in love with her. Maybe knowing parts of someone no one ever really saw could do that, maybe when seeing someone's most vulnerable side could do that, but Tiffany felt like it was impossible to stop the fall as she watched Taeyeon burn the toasts.

The kitchen floor was cold under her bare feet as she walked over to Taeyeon quietly. It couldn't be helped now and it was a first step, a small victory of her own as she snaked her arms around Taeyeon's waist and buried her face in her neck.

Taeyeon stood awkwardly in her embrace.

"Are you going to leave me?" Taeyeon asked softly.

The eggs were sizzling in the pan beside them and it filled the silence to be less heavy.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because," Taeyeon said, "sometimes it seems like you love me, like now, but then it seems like you don't at all."

"Sometimes it is that way," she answered honestly, "sometimes I really hate you and sometimes I really love you. But I'm loving you now."

The spatula hit the floor as Taeyeon turned around and Tiffany looked at her.

"A part of me doesn't want to, but I do anyway and," she quickly glanced at the ruined eggs, "I don't think I'll leave."

"You don't *think* you'll leave? That's not very comforting, you know."

"Maybe you're only staying with me, because you feel guilty or that everything you got used to got shifted because I left," Tiffany was earnest and her tone was more afraid than scary, "but there's really no reason like that for me to stay and yet I'm staying. Isn't that okay? Shouldn't that be okay?" It felt like last night and she frowned, clutched her ripped shirt. "I don't know why I'm staying and I really wish that'd be okay with you."

"You don't know why?"

"I do know why," she breathed in deep, "but I don't at the same time. I can't explain it, but I wanted to make you happy coming out here but then you look at me like you don't understand a word I'm saying and—"

"I know why you're staying," Taeyeon said simply, "but I don't understand how you can't see why I'm staying."

"I didn't mean it that way." Tiffany really didn't. "I know why you're here, for the exact same reason

I'm here."

"Really?" Taeyeon pressed, "Then why don't you just say it? I won't go anywhere and I'm okay with just me loving you like this, but sometimes it gets really hard, Tiffany." She lowered her gaze. "You give me hope and then you crush it and I just want to know what last night meant. Was it goodbye?"

"No," Tiffany looked at her sadly, "There won't be a goodbye."

"And why is that?" Taeyeon asked, slightly hopeful, slightly in fear.

"Because," she took a small step forward, into Taeyeon's personal space again, "You can't love anyone else ever again." It made Taeyeon smile a bit, their fingers intertwined. "I'm right here, aren't I? I'm trying and it seems like I don't, but you'll see, that when I'm feeding you food from my plate at seventy, you'll realize that I did. It might seem like I don't, but I really want this to last."

And that was it— as she thought back to her mother's words, she thought back to her first love. It was indeed powerful, innocent, it was the world, but now that the words were out, Tiffany knew she wanted this instead. The part where it hurt, where it drove her crazy, where it made her feel scared, loved, strong and so weak at the same time. She didn't know if this would be their last love, but it would somehow last, she thought. In its own way, it'd last.

Taeyeon wrapped her arms around her, still and warm. She felt Taeyeon breathe in her smell and she could almost cry, because the eggs were ruined and the toasts were burned, but she found herself falling in love again.

"Tiffany," Taeyeon breathed, "Did you mean that?"

"Yes," she said, smiled, "I'll feed you at ninety, too."

Taeyeon chuckled against her hair and stroke her back. Her voice buzzed warmly against her skin. Her giggle didn't go unnoticed.

"I like that. That'd be really nice."