the cold sensation of your fingers (and the warmness in our once cold hearts)

Yin Seo and Kwon Hyuk are similar peoples with broken hearts.

Notes

title is much longer than the original (cold fingers, cold hearts) but idk i like long titles !
decided to post this chapter by chapter rather than an entire piece by itself, so there will actually be updates ( hopefully ) !!
it's cold today, but your presence is making it warmer

SHE'S WALKING rather fast, but not too fast to the point that she's running, because she knows that if she runs, her already rapidly throbbing heart will beat viciously within her chest, and she also knows she won't be able to handle the amount of pain she'd be feeling at that point. the misery and loathing that ate up both her mind and body was enough to tire and overwhelm her, and if she tried to further her speed, she would undoubtedly faint.

she doesn't know where she's going, but in this moment of erratic thoughts and pounding lips, it comes as no concern to her; as long as she was away from what she'd seen, as long as she's away from him, as long as she's away from that place where she'd over-welcomed her stay, anything would suffice.

she can't hear her thoughts at this point. at this point, all that's resonating in her ear drums is the rhythmic and abhorrent pounding of her heart. she can't control it, and she doesn't want to. if it weren't for her introverted nature and fear of the impaling and judgemental eyes of civilians, she would've gotten her knees and broke down, quivering, as her eyes swelled with torrents of saline tears, and as her breaths forgot their usual pattern and became frantic gasps.

her mind replays it reluctantly, as if it wants to taunt her, to flaunt how stupid she was right in front of her eyes; to say 'look at you, you utter moron. the signs were all right in front of you, but because you were pathetic and blinded by the mere whim that it was true love, you ignored them. and because you made that decision to ignore those blatant signs, here you are, a miserable little person wandering mindlessly to get away from your mistakes. look at you, trying to hide your own hysteria. wouldn't have it been better had you listened?'

it would've been better, had she listened to the critical voice in her head, the one that's cynical yet more conscious that she is. had she listened to that voice, the one who always exclaims their opposition with valid reason, maybe she wouldn't be here, her heart overruling the thoughts in her head, her body feeling effete and numb, her eyes producing deluge of tears that threaten to leak out.

she can feel it; the shaking in her legs, refusing, bellowing, how they wanted a rest, how they were over matched by the intensity of her bashed bottom lip, or her throbbing head, or her cheeks that were burning heavily to the point where she can't believe that they weren't excreting smoke.

everything hurts, in this moment.

as she wanders mindlessly, she finds herself in a park; one with an inappropriately tranquil feeling, one that completely contradicted the feelings that were eating up her feeble figure - she found it almost insulting, how calm and collected the are was; trees holding fleeting leaves sway only merely as they are caressed by the soft winds of a warm October, the soothing leaves with soft orange colours cackling under her weight, as the birds sing a song; in that moment, though, she can't help but think the song was sombre, as they twitter gently and slowly.

the feeling of condensed air has long been forgotten, as she intakes the brilliantly refreshing air of this serene park.

she feels better.

not too much better though.

she begins walking again, this time a little slower to take the advice of her body. she's wandering, to
find somewhere to sit, to think, because as she walks, the pain in her heart and limbs only abating minutely, she isn't capable of thinking straight.

she decides to find a bench, preferably one with no one else, because she can't bear to look at any being without being reminded of his face.

she finds one, small and wooden, crowded by fleeting trees and autumn leaves, and she sits down, yet again breathing in the refreshing air.

it stings, that memory that's been imprinted behind her eyes. it stings and paralyses her, and she doesn't think she'll be able to let go of that memory, even though she wants to.

it was just ... how he looked at that girl. he's never looked at her that way, with so much held in his irises that never held anything but exhaustion. he's never said anything like that to her, he's never said those words to her, he's never done anything.

but that girl.

that girl got what she could never have, not anymore anyway.

suddenly, she remembers her lip, the one that he struck in a haste. before, she couldn't feel it because of how her other emotions overwhelmed it, but now, once she's somewhat composed herself, she can't help but feel it pulsate, feel a mixture of saliva and blood run down her chin, can't help but taste the sour taste of iron in her mouth.

she's recoiling, because the pain has gotten to her.

she gets some absurd looks from strangers, and her heart drops. she's forgotten she's in public. she's in the public's distasteful eye, and now she can't help but feel a torrent of tears revive from its only momentary rest.

but before she can break down, she hears something.

something so faint and soft, that she wouldn't have heard it otherwise.

"a broken heart," someone whispers, so softly and gently, with such little force or effort that it sounds somewhat melodic. so quiet that you could miss it if you weren't looking for it.

she turns her head, and finds him; his head directed straight forward, his eyes staring bleakly at the bricks that made up the ground, holding nothing but exhaustion and numbness, just like his eyes.

just like his eyes that were imprinted into her mind.

but she doesn't break down.

she doesn't even flinch.

that voice, soft and sweet, was from him.

she's already registered it as someone softer, with less rough edges.

the strange thing about him though was his scarf, obscuring half of his face, his black coat, or maybe his thick black gloves that concealed his hands.

it boggles her mind why someone would be wearing such heavy clothing in October, and how he wasn't getting stared at.
but she can't be critical, because she's drawn to him. for some odd reason, she feels a sort of attraction to him, and she wonders how she didn't notice him before, with his absurd choice of fashion.

"your heart," he mumbles again, as his eyes progressively move to meet her.

"pardon?" she's in a daze; she meets his eyes, and there's something hypnotic about them. maybe it was how dull they were; or maybe, it was how numb they seemed.

"it's broken," he says, his voice only barely surfacing above a whisper.

"what do you mean?" she asks.

"your heart... it's broken," he repeats, as his eyelids become heavier and as he turns away, focusing his vision elsewhere.

she stutters for a second.

it's not like he's wrong.

she exhales, to somewhat release the tension that had built up inside of her.

"yeah, i guess," she humorlessly chuckles, as she too moves her eyes away from him. he's compelling her to speak, somehow, with that breath-taking face of his, because she admittedly found it hard to breathe when their eyes met, or his pleading expression, either one. what a strange man, she thinks.

he's silent for a while, but she can hear his breaths. they're tender and hesitant, as if he's aware that she's listening to them, being soothed by them. she can't help it though, because they were soothing, the way his breath was only barely audible, or how his breaths were formulaic, like swings going back and forward.

“I've had my heart broken too,” he compels, his voice so gentle. As he speaks, he exhales and inhales heavily, as if there’s a reaction building up inside of him that he’s trying to soothe. “many times, actually,”

He says that last part with a slight tint of sincere misery that it stings. She wonders if she would end up like him one day, holding no sort of animation in her face, her features numb and without any sort of colour, her diction holding nothing but a tinge of misery, and a countenance that only ever held inanition and exhaustion.

“was he your first love?” he asks, and his voice is so alluring and weak that she holds no opposition to open up. There’s something about him, something about his voice, about his face, that convinces her that he holds no danger. Maybe it was his pale, almost translucent, skin, that resembled a doll, one with no prompt to speak and no effort in their look; One that had no real valid reason to expose a girl with a busted lip and bloodshot eyes they met on a bench.

“he was,” she responds. She’s shocked at how much sadness was in her voice, and she prays that he doesn’t acknowledge it.

“ah, the first ones always sting the most,” he sighs, as he says this, almost to himself. “what was the relationship like?”

She pauses, because she’s never evaluated their relationship. She’s always accepted what happened, and never questioned it. “… well, we loved each other, or at least I think we did,” she says, because
now she’s unsure.

“did he cheat on you?”

she pauses again.

She sighs, her brows furrowing.

“… yes,”

It sounds like she’s admitting her own defeat, but in a way, she is. She’s admitting that she was an idiot for believing in the relationship in the first place, she’s an idiot for turning a blind eye to all the concerning signs, she’s an idiot for believing in true love.

He exhales nasally, as his eyes rest on her again, and she knows because she can feel his piercing gaze engrave onto her skin.

“would you like to discuss it over a drink?” he offers, and the absurdity of it sounds in her mind, but to no effect.

She trusts him, for whatever idiotic reason she’s accumulated in her mind.

There’s something different about him.

The way his voice rings like a new bell in a flower shop, igniting a pleasant reaction of warmness and welcoming.

At the very least, she can’t hear the cynical voice in her head objecting to his offers.

She nods her head in agreement, something nearing a mere smile wore on her worn out countenance.
“**TRUE LOVE** is none existent, in my opinion. it’s something I’ve avoided for a long time now,” he explains, and she tries to listen, but two things restrict her from having her full attention; the plate of food he had bought her, and his face, half of it still concealed by his scarf, so more his eyes, as they stare placidly at her.

She can’t help but feel dirty; even though the strings with her boyfriend have been cut off, she feels wrong for accepting his offer, for walking with him with no hesitation, for letting him take care of her injury, with letting him buy her food, whilst he just stares, no food resting in front of him.

Of course, she tried her best to oppose his offer, but he compelled her to let him, with his lax diction that was lightly tainted with exhaustion, and his eyes that blazed into her heart.

“it’s hard to get over first loves. I remember mine, sadly,” he reminisces, and she’s suddenly intrigued and feels an obligation to look up and meet his eyes, because so far, all throughout this vague, almost dream-like journey, has he mentioned something about himself.

He pauses, inhaling, as his eyes rest on somewhere else.

“that isn’t important,”

She sighs, but makes no effort to persist. She has no right to.

“…she was beautiful, I remember,” he mumbles, his voice going softer.

Yet again, her interest peaks.

He shakes his head, as if to restrict himself to indulge into his memories.

“heart breaks are the worst, aren’t they?” he chuckles, and there is both some sort of humour and pain in it. it bites her.

He begins to ramble again, and she can’t listen. it’s become muted because the impact of what he said got to her; look at her, it was only her first break up and her she was, her mind so cluttered that she accepted an offer from a stranger.

She wonders what he’s doing now.

Is he with her, whispering his love for her in her ear, telling her that she meant everything to him. was he running his hand through her hair, breathing against her cheeks, laughing with her. Were they embracing one another, as if it were true love?

She hates how she’s still hung up on that thought, all throughout the time she eats and the man with the scarf rambles to himself now, rather than to her. She hates how he’s still in her head, taunting her, yelling at her. She hates how she now notices all the wrong he’s done. She hates how she can vividly remember it; that girl, being too close to him, her hand rubbing his, as she leans in, and as he holds no reluctance to that gesture – in fact, he’s avid, to press his dirty mouth against her lips that were painted with a vibrant red. He’s avid to love her, to embrace her, to have that girl as his own.

He was never avid to love her.

Why did she have to fall into this pit of never ending hatred? Hating him, hating herself, hating that
girl, hating him again, hating herself, hating everything that love stood for.

As those thoughts settle in, she finds it harder and harder to hear the man with the scarf. She finds it harder to feel anything. She finds it harder to believe anything is happening anywhere.

Her eyes have washed over with a blank numbness, and her limbs have gone limp.

Numb.

All she feels.

It’s a dream.

None of this is happening.

She’ll wake up beside him.

They’ll smile together.

She’ll make him his favorite breakfast: pancakes with maple syrup and strawberry milk.

She’ll forget this strange man in front of her, the one with the abnormally handsome face.

She’ll forget that girl – no, that girl, she’ll cease to exist.

Why?

Because it’s a dream.

How hadn’t she noticed before?

It’s always been a dream.

The man with the wool gloves will disperse into her memories as the man she’d fallen for.

Of course.

In her dreams.

“I found it hard to comprehend the reality, at first. I wanted to think it was a dream, that I had only accumulated the situation in my mind, and that I’d wake up next to her and see her face again. But it eventually caught up to me. I eventually realized that it wasn’t a dream. That it had happened. And that she was gone from my grasps,”

His words shake her from her daze.

They hit her harder than she’d like to admit.

“...I want to find solace somewhere,” she whispers vaguely, because she’s met eyes with him again and lost her touch with focus. “I want to forget him... I can’t,”

“you’ll never forget him,” he replies. “I never forgot her. But, I’m not one to forget,”

“What helped you cope?”

He pauses. His eyes momentarily rest on the floor, as memories flood of him drowning in misery; of him drinking away his own pain; of him turning a blind eye to all his concerned peers and friends; of
him staring at himself in the mirror, looking as disfigured as he did, his hair ruffled, his eye bags deepened and more heavily pigmented with that fickly grey color, with his mind cluttered and screaming that he had no reason to end all of it there in that second.

He chuckles.

If only he had listened to himself.

“what’s so funny?” she asks, because she’s concerned that he was laughing at the pitiful devastation in her voice.

“I don’t think I ever coped,” he mumbles, with a sort of bitter nostalgia glazing over his irises.

She sighs; he’s not really helping.

They fall into a silence, as both register what’s been said. The man with the scarf analyses what she’s said, tries to advance on it, to help her, because he’s been where she is too many times to count, and he knows how it feels.

Something dawns upon her as she reaches for her fork to continue eating, something that she yet again is irritated that she didn’t notice before; she doesn’t know why all these things are suddenly becoming clear now, the time when it’s the most inconvenient, the most inappropriate, and the most humiliating.

“I don’t think he ever loved me,” she mutters, a distaste plaguing her diction.

“Well, we shouldn’t jump to conclusions, should we?” He says quietly, and she’s quite lost of what he means. “maybe he did love you, at first. Maybe there were genuine feelings in the beginning, but sometimes they fade overtime,”

“And you’re saying that he did love me, but we just parted emotionally?”

He nods, and she finds it almost amusing of how unaware he is of how much he’s hurting her.

“So, you’re basically saying he got bored of me and moved on?”

“Well, now you’re just putting words into my mouth. I never said anything about that, but I’m not saying that it isn’t the case, either,” he says cheekily, as a faint smile impends on his face; as much as she would like to deny it, she can’t help but adore how his face lifts, or how perfectly crafted his dimples are, or how his face crinkles because his smile begins to strengthen.

She exhales. As much as this man is unbelievably breath-taking, he’s not very aware of what he says, and it’s somewhat frustrating.

“Are you done eating, miss?” a waiter comes by, and he notices the unfazed tension as you nod your head.

Once the waiter leaves, the man in front of her exhales a deep sigh, as he stands up, stretching. She only just notices how he looms over her whilst she sits, but doesn’t take any interest as she too gets up, somewhat exhausted; but whilst she is very exhausted, undoubtedly, she can’t deny that he’s helped her loosen up, with this somewhat off-setting brunch.

“Hey, thank you,” she says, as she watches him take out his wallet and leave the bill.

“Hm?” he mumbles, his eyes fixed on his wallet as he scavenges for a tip.
“I said thank you, for taking me out, I mean.” She repeats, and she finds that she comes off stiff and almost disingenuous.

The two of them begin to walk out, and he shakes his hand, saying, “It was nothing, so think nothing of it,”

And whilst she would like to think nothing of this abrupt brunch and the kindness of this stranger, she can’t help but be infatuated with this strange man.
WHEN SHE wanders around the city with the rather tall and unique man, she finds that he’s always trying to initiate conversation about himself, yet he struggles. Almost like his tongue forbids him from speaking, as if he utters slurs or dirty words. She tries ignoring how he constantly mumbles and curses under his breath because he’s trying very hard, she can tell, to simply speak, but it comes to be almost impossible as it becomes more prevalent.

“I…. I think the weather’s nice today….” He mumbles, and she almost laughs at how weak he is.

“I guess, but why are you wearing such a thick coat? It’s only mid-October, I don’t see why you wear such heavy clothes.” She replies mindlessly, and it seems he’s yet again silenced by his tongue, as he’s about to retort.

For a moment she looks at him, a pout on her face. Before he can notice, her fingers are already firmly gripping the ends of his scarf, and she’s already unwrapping it.

“He… – stop it! Stop – stop before I yell!” which she found ironic, since his amplitude was already particularly high. She still proceeds with unwrapping his heavy scarf, unfazed by his cries of protest. What could he be hiding that he wanted to cover up, she wondered. A scar? Maybe he was insecure about his lower face – but she doubted that his face wasn’t anything short of beautiful, and she was almost intrigued to see his lips, to see how they were shaped, their size, their pigmentation.

She somewhat scolds herself at the thought, but, in all honesty, she’s lost any sense of pride she once had.

“Stop please…. it’s really cold… my nose, it feels cold…” he whines, as she finally unmask his lower face, and she, yet again, dwells in awe as she stares at his wonderful features; his lips were actually very feminine, what with their rounded shaping and their soft looks, despite his rather defiant eyebrows that hung over his sharp and slanted eyes, with their piercing black pupils that wholly resonated an interesting soul. Above his lips formed his perfectly sculpted nose, with such a sharp, defiant structure, one that she only really saw from Europeans – his facial structure in general was very foreign, and she was surprised when he spoke perfect Korean.

“Wow…” she mumbles mindlessly, as her finger inches toward his face – she didn’t really care if she was being strange or invading his space, she was just genuinely fascinated, because she was sure this man wasn’t real. She pressed her finger against his nose firstly, even though she really wanted to press it against his lips – but she figured that could be considered harassment, so she does otherwise. However, as soon as her finger makes contact with his smooth, almost baby-like skin, she finds that her hand has been thrust away, and the man is more flustered than shocked.

He sharply inhales, as he looks down, a strange countenance wore on his face; a strained smile as his thick brows furrow, and she can’t really decipher the emotion he portrays.

After a moment of silence, her mind barely clicking out of the awe that she’s been transfixed in, she realizes her wrong, and apologizes, saying “I’m sorry, that was so uncalled for… I’m really sorry, I shouldn’t have done that to anyone, especially you, a stranger, who’s been nothing but nice to me so far…” she mutters, and she hates how much of an idiot she is. She’s such a mess just because she got broken up with, and her she was, irritating another guy for no reason.

“Why did you take off my scarf…” He hesitantly asks, as he rewraps his scarf slowly, and as she takes in the beauty of his features, quietly, this time.
She figures she has no reason to cover up anything, and, if there will be any future relationship with this man, – which she highly doubts in the first place – she may as well be blunt with him.

As they begin walking again, she sharply inhales, sad because he’s completely covered his lower face now.

“Well, I was curious to what you were hiding behind it, and I also wanted to see the rest of your features,” she explains mindlessly, her eyes wandering around the dull city around them, and toward the plain sky above them that begins to dim.

“Why?”

“Because you’re beautiful. I wanted to see the rest of your beauty, you know. I wanted to know what you wanted to cover up, because I doubted it was any less beautiful than what I’ve already seen.” She says, with a rather monotone voice, because even though if she were in his place, she would be flustered and baffled, but being on the giving end, she can’t be fazed, since she knows it’s the truth.

“Oh, really? Do you… do you really think I’m beautiful?” He says, with a little more confidence in his voice, but he’s still hesitating.

“Yes, actually. Maybe it’s that I was just broken up with, and that you just wholeheartedly comforted me, maybe that’s why you’re so beautiful now. But, I think, objectively, you’re very beautiful as well. You have great features.” Her voice continues to be plain, and as they both inch towards the bus stop, a smile begins to creep onto his face, and she can’t help but swoon all over again, as dimples begin to crease on his cheeks.

She groans. “Ah, your smile is so cute, too.” She expresses, exasperated, as she animatedly grabs her heart.

He smiles even harder, and she finds it cute, too. Now that she thinks about it, she finds everything about him cute, all his little mannerisms and how he faintly gasped when she complemented him – he was just a very cute person in general, she thinks.

“You’re also really cute, if you don’t mind me saying… you were really cute when you were crying, like a lost child,” he softly chuckles – his chuckles are so adorable too, she notes, but she figures it’s quite obvious by now that everything he does and will do will make her heart ache. “I felt like I had an obligation to help you, you know? Like when you see a young child wandering the streets, looking for their parents? I saw that look in your eyes, and I don’t know, it was really cute,” He chuckles again.

Normally, she would be fazed by these comments; normally, she would be flustered, stuttering, incomprehensible and a mess – but, she finds that today isn’t normal, not at all, and she can let the idea pass that she’s enjoying this back and forth of compliments, and that she’s fine with it, too.

“I found it cute how you spoke at first. Your voice, it’s like a soft melody,” she says, as she recalls how soft his voice was, and she finds it strange, how she acts like it’s a feeling of nostalgia that’s resonating in her eyes, even though they’ve only just met.

“Oh, really? I always thought my voice was kind of… croaky?”

“What? How could you think that! it’s nothing close to croaky, in fact, your voice is one of the smoothest I’ve ever heard,” She says, slowing down her pace, as she realizes they’re getting closer to the bus stop; she doesn’t want this to end, this weird thing she’s initiated with a stranger that could
very well kill her right now.

“you’re being too kind, really… thank you,” He says weakly, and she notices how he tenses up when she mentions something about his voice – he doesn’t tense up about awkwardness, he tenses up with giddiness of sorts. “Is this your bus stop?” he says, and she dreads that he’s noticed, because she’s going to have to end this sweetly innocent exchange between them.

She nods, because she figures she’s already made him do so much, and the least she could do was let him go.

“ah, it was nice meeting you,” he mumbles, bowing somewhat.

“yin,”

“pardon?”

“my name,” she chuckles. “my name, it’s yin,”

“oh, then, it was nice meeting you, miss. yin,” he smiles softly, and it seems it’s genuine, and she can’t help but return it.

The two of them stand there silently, and, though she’s comforted by his warm presence, she wonders why she’s waiting with him. Thus, she turns to him, and asks “Why are you standing with me?”

“Oh, is that not okay? I was just waiting with you until your bus comes. Just to see that you get on well,” he says, apologetically.

“Aren’t you just the gentlemen, huh?” she says humorously, and acts like she’s making fun of him, but truly, she’s touched by this suave man she’s just met. She can already feel the infatuation creeping up on her.

“Oh, I’m sorry, I just felt like it was necessary, considering your state right now,” and she can’t help but agree with him. at this point, someone could walk up to her and steal her purse and she wouldn’t even be fazed, so it made sense that he stayed with her. “And also, if it isn’t too rude to ask, where are you returning to? I’m sorry if I’m wrong, but I assumed you lived with your ex-boyfriend,”

For a moment she thinks, then replies simply. “I did, but I have other friends. At the moment, though, my friends are out of the country, so I’m probably going to have to stay at Jiho’s place for a little while…” she mumbles, mostly to herself.

She doesn’t notice how his eyes light up when he hears his name.

She takes out her phone, dials colleague’s number, and places the phone against her ear, as the man watches behind her.

“Hello, Woo Jiho speaking.”

Ah, that familiar deep voice rings in her ears.

“Oh, hi, Jiho. It’s me, Yin Seo from work. Sorry to call you so suddenly, but I just broke up with my boyfriend and I have nowhere to stay – “

“So are you insinuating you stay with me?”

Woo Jiho was straight to the point, he was no fun. So rigid and stoic, she really doesn’t know how
she’d survive living with him.

“Haha, yeah, basically. Just for a little while, since my other friends are out of the country at the moment. If you want, we can split the rent if that’s what’s troubling you.” She says, as she tries tightening her vocabulary, to try and remain on standard with his constantly uptight and formal demeanor.

As the man listens over her shoulder, he muses at this fact, and she tenses up because she only just notices how close he is.

“Well, I guess it’s alright. When will you be coming?”

“Right now. Where do you live?”

“Wait – what? Right now, as in – like – right now?” he stumbles, and for the first time in the two years that she’s worked with him, she hears him stutter.

Her eyes meet with the man next to her, and he raises his brows, mouthing ‘he’s hiding something’.

She flashes a chuckle at that thought, but replies as well. “Yes, right now. Text me your address, I’ll come by bus.”

The two of them exchange formalities over the phone and finally end the call, as the man and her meet eyes and burst into laughter. She finds it strange, how quickly they’ve gotten familiar.

After another five minutes of waiting, the bus finally arrives, and the two of them exchange their goodbyes – however, she notices how miserable he seems when he sees her start to leave.

Just as her foot makes contact with the bus step, she feels a tug on her sleeve, and turns back to see him again. There’s a somewhat pained look in his heavy eyes.

“What’s wrong?” She said, worried by this sudden change in personality.

“Miss. Yin?” he says, his voice low and smooth.

“Y-Yeah?”

“Can you promise me something?”

“Sure?” She says, her voice heightening, as she begins to become anxious, all the possibilities of what he wants bloating in her mind.

“Please,” he breathes. “don’t forget me.”
IT’S ALMOST another two months until Yin Seo sees the strange man again, in the same park, on the same bench, and it’s only once she meets him again does she realize that she’s almost forgotten him.

It was another day in the presence of Woo Jiho. The two of them had begun to actually get along, which surprised her. Yin finds that Jiho has a tough exterior, one of a certain masculinity and sophistication that he typical wore to impress; but in reality, though, Woo Jiho was nothing short of a playful soul, witty with his jokes that usually caught her off-guard, very embarrassed for his love for webtoon or anime, and especially his particularly prevalent love for girl groups and writing fanfiction about said girl groups – an attribute which, typically, would be offsetting or repulsive, but one that she couldn’t help but admire. He was honestly very devoted to his craft, and even though the situations he put the famous idols in were nothing short of ridiculous, the way his words flowed and how he crafted the perfect atmosphere with them was altogether astonishing.

She wakes up that morning in her bedroom, and, thankfully, they have a day off – actually, a week off. Even though she would’ve much preferred a longer winter break, she has to be satisfied with what she gets.

She walks out of her compact bedroom into their spacious living area, one that has a combination of a kitchen, living room and dining room all in one. She finds that Jiho is already up and making eggs for the two of them, and she figures that he can cook better than her, and sees no reason to protest.

The two had a perfect dynamic in which they didn’t over-analyse or see anything further than platonic, and she found that if the relationship was any different, the two of them wouldn’t be able to stand each other; but Jiho wasn’t one to make her heart swoon, and, anyway, she couldn’t see him as anything but a, now, close friend.

“Good morning, Jiho,” she greets, as she pulls out the chair, creating a soft screech against the wooden floorboards. “Are you making breakfast?”

He just politely nods as he makes a ‘mhm’ sound, leaning back to give her the view of what he was making.

He serves it to her, and the two of them sit in a peaceful silence, both of them being worn out from work and personal affairs.

“Hey, Yin, do you want to go out today? We have a week off, we may as well start it off with something to treat ourselves,” He offers in the midst of their breakfast, and she wonders why his eyes are glinting with a certain mischievousness.

“I mean, I don’t mind, but where would we go?”

And almost as if he had already formulated the entire day in advance, rather than just being a random
offer, he tells her his exact plans: they have a small lunch near the park in the city, watch a movie, and go shopping. A simple plan, one that she wouldn’t have a problem going with.

Thus, they agree on it, the two of them split into their own rooms and get changed, get in the car, and she watches as his eyes continuously gleam with a hint of cheekiness, and she can’t help but wonder just what this man is planning.

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She eventually does find out that this day won’t be one normal, as she comes upon a man that causes bells to resonate in her mind, as her eyes ignite with the image of him, with his scarf, with his beautiful lips, with his dangerously defiant brows and slanted eyes, with the image of his smile that filled her mind with pleasance and warmth.

At first, she’s taken aback, but she takes so long to recognize why she’s staring at him so contently, with so many familiar bells sounding in her mind, but eventually it strikes her, and she shoots up, startling Jiho who ate contently in front of her.

“Ah, you scared me, Seo. What’s wrong, did you – “ He’s about to ask, but then he finds that she’s already left him by himself. As he watches them pleasantly reunite, a sly grin spreads on his face, one that if Yin had saw the pure trickery laced within his soft brown pupils, she would’ve been concerned and suspicious of her co-worker; but since she was away, her entire body pulsating with memories of the day she met the man with the scarf, he could smile as widely as he wanted, since she wouldn’t have a reason to look back.

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In all honesty, she doesn’t know why she’s so ecstatic to see the man again. Frankly they knew nothing about one another. However, for some odd reason, the man had left a dent in her heart, but it was a faint one; so faint and so dainty that if this reuniting hadn’t been now, she would’ve forgotten him, his face, his smooth voice, everything. He was so faint in her mind, and she doesn’t really understand why he left such a weak impact on her – in theory, she would’ve remembered him for ages, she would’ve sought him and his warm presence, she would’ve advanced.

As she quickly speeds toward him, she realizes how much she missed him, the stranger whom she barely knew. In a way, his impact was both dainty and persistent, like there was some sort of conflict of the two in her mind without her knowledge; she now wishes that she had acknowledged that minor conflict, because she would’ve looked for the man earlier.

“Hey! Uh – “

“Hello, Miss. Yin,” He says politely, wearing a polite smile on his face – it looks the same but different, he looked more authentic, more there, because she recalls his skin being so pallid and unbelievably milky, but now it’s different, more melanin flooding underneath his skin, and she liked it that way. “It’s been a while, hasn’t it?”

“Yeah, two months is a little more than a while,” She mumbles under her breath, as she promptly sits
next to him, a large smile wore on her face. There’s so much giddiness and nostalgia running throughout her, she just wants to get up and wander the city and stare at him. She just wants to take in what she could’ve in the two months she almost forgot about him.

“How have you been?” He asks politely.

“Ahh, I’ve been well. Ever since I broke up with my ex, I’ve felt much better. Thank you, by the way. Without you, I think I would’ve went back for him…” She tells him, her eyes fixated on his ravishing appearance.

“It’s really nothing, Miss. Yin. I’m glad I could help,” He returns with a slight bow of his head.

“Hey, would you – “ Just as Yin is about to suggest them to have a day together to discuss whatever – she doesn’t care to think of a valid reason to offer, she just wants to – but she finds her phone vibrating in her hand, a picture of her and Jiho simulated on her screen. “Oh, let me just take this, sorry,” she apologises as he looks over her phone, and he scowls, looking over to where Jiho is sitting, across from them.

“Hey, Seo, you completely left me over here,” Jiho immediately says with a click from his tongue.

“I’m sorry, Jiho, but can we cancel our plans? I just met someone – uh, an old friend – and I just want to hang out with him right now. It’s been a really long time since I’ve seen him, can I?”

Jiho is silent over the phone, acting as if he’s really thinking about his decision. “Hmm… alright, fine. But you have to promise me that you’ll come back with snacks,”

Yin flutters with excitement at the idea of spending time with this guy who basically saved her relationship, and she closes off the call quickly.

“So, anyway, sorry about that. Do you have any plans for today?” She asks immediately, discarding Jiho completely from her mind and focusing her attention on the charming man in front of her, who wore less heavy clothes today.

“No, I don’t. And from your question, I’m assuming you don’t have any as well?”

“Well, now I don’t!” She says with a wide smile. “Would you like to go for coffee? My treat.”

“Sure, but I’m paying for mine.” He says, as he gets up and dusts himself off, and she can’t help but stare at his wonderfully crafted figure; today he’s wearing lighter clothing, and because of that she can see his ideally built thighs and calves and the natural curve of the broadness of his shoulders and thick torso that dipped into his flat rare-end – he wasn’t necessarily very built, per say, but she found that she didn’t like guys that were super built and muscular.

She’s almost taken aback by the things she’s thinking about this stranger, but she figures she’s always sought out to observe people like that, and she’s always nit-picking subconsciously.

“No can do. You payed for my meal last time, I should pay for yours as a thank you,” She states firmly, as she goes alongside him and they begin to walk toward a small but welcoming café.

“So? It would be rude of me to make you pay,” He says, pouting, as he opens the door for her and she bows her head quickly as a sign of a thank you. “Miss. Yin, I insist to pay.”

As they settle down on a table next to the windows that are framed by thin black pillars on each side, they continue to bicker about who pays, until Yin realizes that he’s a vigorous rock that won’t be changed by her persistence.
He goes to order what they want, and returns quickly, and all throughout his quick trip to the counter, she observes him, and tries to take away what she can; she firstly notices his stride, so confident yet so unsettling, like he hides something underneath that buoyant mask; from the small shards of conversation she heard from his exchange with the barista, she can attain that he has polite vocabulary and manners, yet somehow, his politeness can come off as disingenuous or unnerving, as she watched the barista’s smile somewhat dwindle – though she could be wrong, she found that if he were to speak to her that way, she’d have a difficult time; the way he constantly wore a smile on his face could be considered a friendly attribute, but could also be considered a sort of defensive stance, a sort of move to avoid any sort of relation or genuine connection.

She hummed to herself, as the information she gathered settled. She holds her chin between her thumb and index, and nods; though their connection could be hard to find, she believes that once she does find it, it’ll be a more interesting game.

He returns with two cakes – a red velvet and chocolate – and two coffees on a tray, and she asks how much her share costs, but he just brushes it off, saying it’s his treat. She wants to protest and tell him that it was already his treat last time, but his lax, almost melodic voice, one where every single word is said with intent, and a smooth sort of calming rhythm, made her lose her grip on her offer.

They sit in a silence, as they both pleasantly eat their food – well, not exactly. Yin is observing him carefully, every move he makes, how he nonchalantly places a piece of cake in his mouth, in between those perfectly shaped lips, as his eyes gaze off into the plaza directly in front of the small café, as he, too, observes people.

“So, what’s your name? I didn’t get it last time.” She asks, trying to spark some sort of conversation with him. She’s already alerted herself that this connection would be a difficult one to make, but she’s allowing herself to remain patient, as this is only their second meeting; she needs to tame herself, let the relationship grow naturally, because she really does want to make some sort of connection with this man, she always did – ever since he subdued her with that melodic voice of his, she always wanted to know this man, either romantically or platonically.

“My name is Kwon Hyuk,” He says simply. “What’s your full name? I only know your last name,”

“Oh, Yin is my first name,” She chuckles softly. “My full name is Yin Seo, but you can just call me Yin, no miss or anything. It’s too formal for my taste,”

“Alright, then, Yin. Why did you ask me to go out? Didn’t you say you had plans?” He says, as he focuses his attention on her again, placing down his utensils, and resting his chin on his wrist. He wears a soft grin that stabs at her heart, he has a certain air to him that makes everything minute movement he does immensely impactful; she can’t say whether it’s because of how genuinely suave and gentlemanly he is, or how wonderfully crafted his face is, but the air takes her hostage and subjects her to feeling inferior in front of him.

“Well, I just thought it’d be appropriate. After what you did two months ago, I think it’s justified that I return the favour,” she says frankly, avoiding his eyes quite evidently. They, like his demeanour, have a certain affect on her, and she hates it with a passion, how he makes her squirm under his sharp gaze; he’s wholly tortured and has seen almost everything, and those eyes distinctly flaunt that fact.

“Hmm. You couldn’t possibly have feelings for me, now, could you, Yin?” He says, as strings pull at his lavishly presented lips depart to display his well-structured teeth, and to congest his eyes into plentiful crescent moons – an adorable sight, one that made her feel things blossom in her stomach.

However cute this scene was, she was utterly taken aback at the words he nonchalantly spills from
his ravishingly crafted lips, ones that she can’t help but let her eyes wander upon – not with any sort of impure intent, of course, she wasn’t a girl of indecency – but to be fascinated with the way they move, the way they’re accentuated by certain expressions and positions of light – but she’s getting distracted again.

“How would I fall in love with a stranger? What do you take me as, an indecent woman who only falls for handsome men?” She comes back at him strong, trying to reprimand his assumption. No matter how hard he tried, she wouldn’t break her demeanour, she wouldn’t let those thick black locks slightly obscuring his dimmed eyes with angular and sharp lids distract her, nor would she let the shifting of his skin as he opens and closes his mouth, particularly at his jaw, either, or his lips, those luxurious, brilliantly crafted and endowed, with a wonderous hue and the pervading question of how they would feel, in any context, distract her.

“Ah, so are you saying I’m handsome then?” He says, with that cheeky smirk again.

She sharply inhales. “Yes, Kwon Hyuk, you are handsome. Very handsome, in fact. Probably one of the most handsome men I’ve ever had the honor to lay my eyes upon.” She says with a sharp diction, yet her eyes constantly drift from side to side, looking at anything but him. “But just because a man is handsome or suave or extremely warm, does not mean he is worth my love. Get over yourself, Kwon Hyuk.”

For a moment he pauses in the midst of his cheeky play, and settles in a moment of reconsideration of his actions; whilst this is all in good spirit, she can’t help but notice the protrusion that travels across his face, as his tongue wanders inside his mouth as a sort of mechanism to let himself sink into his thoughts. She just stares at it in awe, because she loves how his face contorts like that; she was okay in admitting she thought about those things, because she wasn’t hesitant to admit he was an immensely attractive man, and when an attractive person does attractive things, she picks at them and observes reclusively, commenting in awe or disgust in her own little bubble.

“My actions were uncalled for. I’m sorry.” He apologises quietly, and let’s his eyes return to the window, because he figures he’ll get more of a story out of observing people than he will out of this woman; she’s too on guard, and, anyway, he shouldn’t try to initiate anything he’ll regret in the future.

“Oh, alright then…” She trails off with a sort of faint disappointment. She wanted to talk further, but she had already lost their string of what was already a weak conversation. She sighs, and looks back to her cup, and she finds that it’s empty. She glances over at his, and finds that it’s empty too, and it dawns upon her that this might be it: she might never get to see this man again, with his spectacular appearance and demeanour, and she would forever reprimand herself if she lost the mere string of fate that ties them together, she would honestly, and truly, never forgive herself if she let him walk away like this.

She stands up, placing her hand against her pocket, scavenging for her wallet. She quietly approaches the counter and orders more, and tries her best to not drag his attention upon her. She returns with the same things they ordered, and places them in front of him.

His eyes eventually travel to be upon the coffee and cake she had purchased again, and he inclines his head, slightly unsure of what he should say.

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“Is there a problem, Hyuk?” She says, as she sits with a more dignified position, her hands resting delicately upon the edge of the table, with her back straightened, and a small, polite smile displayed.

“No, it’s just… why did you buy more?” He asks with a slight irritability that she’s sure he meant to conceal.
“Well, to be frank, I don’t want to leave just yet. So, I brought more food to occupy us,”

For a moment he’s about to retort and tell her how silly she’s being, but he figures that there is nothing to gain if he were to do that. So, he just sits, only hesitantly picking at the velvet cake. His stomach is full and, in all honesty, he doesn’t want to eat more, but he’s already found out that this woman is a rock when the circumstance is in her favor; thus, he just sighs, letting himself be submitted to her analytic and almost invasive gaze, as he picks at the cake and drinks the coffee.

“I’ll walk you home.” Hyuk says, not with any particular enthusiasm or push, but just to be gentlemanly to the woman who has ardently tried enticing him in things he was physically incapable of taking interest in. His face continually contorted in his own secrecy, because he found it pathetic, how hard she was trying to seek something – he knew this would happen, of course he did, but he didn’t expect her to be so persistent – but, actually, he had no complaints. His plate is bland and boring, and he doesn’t mind some spice to his dish every once in a while.

“Oh, are you sure? It’s a long walk.” She prompts out, because in reality she had absolutely no protest to letting him walk her home, and wasn’t even planning on replying, but the thought passes her mind and she says it; it’s quite obvious he’d rather do anything than spend another minute with the pesterling girl, but he has a sort of pity for her that she clearly hears resonating from his drawn-out words or downwardly hitched shoulders.

She hesitates again, and bites her lip; she’s given off the wrong impression. She was too persistent and too irritating, she should’ve just left the conversation, she shouldn’t have given off such a strong impression and should’ve been more soft and gentle towards him, but she can’t really blame herself because it was really him that initiated the conversation to go that way, but in the same light it was her fault for aggravating it when she should’ve just left the insinuation, she shouldn’t have bothered him in the first place, she shouldn’t have been so aggressive in saying that he wasn’t worth her love, that probably offended him and offset any chance of them having any sort of romantic or platonic relationship, she shouldn’t have said anything, she should’ve just been nice and ladylike and–

“I don’t mind,” He shrugs, puffing his cheek, and he says it with a sort of genuineness that she didn’t expect.

She’s about to go ahead and prompt their promenade to Jiho’s apartment, but there’s a bickering voice in her head, telling her that she’s just burdening him, that she should stop being a pesterling bug and just thank him for going out with her in the first place, that she should apologize for wasting his time – and though the voice is sharp and the words they say are bitter, in her resolutions, they were right.

Thus, she turns to him, her head inclined downwardly, her hands hitched in front of her midsection, as she bows politely. With a diminutive voice, she whispers, “Thank you, Hyuk, for spending the day with me. I’m sorry I wasted your time, I should’ve been more considerate. Thank you for going out with me. I will just walk myself home or take the bus. Thank you,” Her head and upper torso remained bowing towards him, as her face distorts into a sort of sour rue, because now she feels really guilty, and her eyes slightly bloat.

For a moment there’s silence between them, and she’s waiting for him to tell her goodbye or tell her that it was a good day or just tell her anything, because she hates the silence lingering upon them,
and the weight of what she’s done only seems to gain upon itself, and she’s really worried she’s done it now.

But, on the contrary, she hears him softly chuckle, as she feels a cold, soft surface press itself against her head, and it sends chills down her spine. She looks up, and finds that he’s wearing a gentle smile that only just indents his dimples and overburdens his eyes into vague crescents – and she also figures out the cold surface upon her head is his hand, softly tousling her hair, in a somewhat docile empathy.

“Don’t worry, Yin. You haven’t done anything wrong.” He smiles, with a sort of fondness swelling in his visage, a sort of warmth that contrasts with the masticating touch of his hand, one that makes her tensed shoulders relax and a feeling of welcoming washing over her cheeks. “If you want to go home by yourself, go ahead. I had a nice day out with you, so thank you for taking me out. Let’s do this again sometime, huh?”

She lets out a gasp, as she focuses on his finger that’s softly scavenging her roots. She just wants to melt into his touch, she loves the way his cold fingers wander throughout her hair, she loves looking up at him from her still bowing position, she loves feeling the care and genuine humanity that radiates off of him. She’s so infatuated with the idea of watching him live, just watching him in his daily life, because she’s so enticed by his unwavering beauty that it’s unhealthy – but she knows love is more than just a mere infatuation, and she’s more experience than she gives herself credit for.

“I would like that…” She mumbles, pouting slightly, as she snaps out of her bowed position and looks towards his leather shoes that jovially gleam in the sunlight. “I would like that… a lot…..” She mumbles again, fiddling with her hands. She squirms underneath his enthralling touch that she just wants to feel forever, as his fingers begin to wander again, the sensation blooming from the contrast of her temperature with his was something she wanted to just fuse within her, she just wanted to feel his chilled finger tips running through out her silky locks forever.

“You would?” He repeats, with a soft prompting of this situation as he runs his fingers more thoroughly throughout her hair. He, too, enjoys the feeling of her impeccable and silk strands gracing his fingertips, and he likes that she doesn’t complain. “Well, why don’t we exchange numbers, then?”

It takes a small while for his words to reach her ears, because she’s just so enraptured by this sensation scavenging her roots, that she isn’t aware of what he’s prompting; but once it does reach her, she immediately hitches her phone out of her pocket and they exchange numbers. After they do so, his fingers leave her roots, and she takes a massive disliking to the emptiness she feels there, but she feels too unusual to ask him to do it again.

Thus, they say their goodbyes, and she jovially walks towards the bus stop, the barren feeling loitering atop her roots, but she doesn’t complain; she’s made a lot of progress without her even noticing. That’s the perfect melody, in her ears.
YIN SEO is very much aware of Kwon Hyuk. She’s very much aware of his aura, his demeanour, how his face contorts and how his skin shifts when he speaks, and she hates how she’s so aware, how she’s so attentive to every minute detail. She feels like it weighs her down, it presses against her chest and constricts her, and she hates it so much. It causes her to lose her train of thought – which often leaves conversations at a sort of unsatisfied end. He just does something to her, with those eyes that pierce into her, every time without fail; with those lips that move so magically and so harmoniously, birds singing every time he opens his mouth; with that face that just masticates her mind and just arrests her to focus on him. only him. nobody else. It’s like the world around her disperses, and she’s just sitting in a muted café in front of his enthralling eyes, those laced with a sort of vague animosity and exoticness, like he was an exclusive that she couldn’t pass up on.

And she doesn’t pass up on it. in fact, most of the time, she’s the one really prompting these; these strange little meetings that she intends to be for bonding, making a sort of connection, but what really turns out to be a session for her to admire his features that seem to adorn further as they pass through a chilling winter.

It’s only on about the fifth try does she really reach anything; before, all his answers were short and uninviting, as if he found these to be more fatiguing than enjoyable. It exasperates her and berates her, but she remains strong, as she pummels through question by question, asking him anything she can think of – and right as she begins to lose hope, a bright light illuminates and graces her eyes, as he finally hitches up his shoulders, and his eyes gently sparkle with interest.

“Oh. I like her books, which is your favorite?” He says, as he responds to a question she only mindlessly asked; it was about an author, a fairly new and indie one, and she has always noticed that he had her books every single time she met with him, stashed away in a small bag he carried.

“Ahhh, it’s hard to choose, isn’t it? For a novice in the industry she’s already too good. Honestly, if she has a fluke you won’t find me surprised,” She says, as she watches as his eyes gleam with interest, and, for goodness sake, her heart is shooting fireworks from every vessel; she’s really hit a spot here. she’s found something, no matter how insignificant.

“Do you think so? I can’t help but agree with you, really. It’s kind of like a beginner’s luck that will probably fade away soon.”

It was only then that he really peaked, other than that, she didn’t recall any sort of interest seeping from his words; but what she did recall was a certain tightness in her chest as she saw the light ignite in his eyes, and a certain delicate sensation pulsating throughout her entire body.

It was sudden, and she was caught off guard by the familiar feeling of love, yet again.
maybe our hearts aren't so cold, after all.

Chapter Notes

last chapter sorry this sucks lolololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololololo
confide in hers, and as he releases a gentle smile. He nods, communicating to her that he does know, very well, of that fact.

“Kwon Hyuk… I like you… very much…” She slurs again, as her neck seems to give in, and as she rests her head on his shoulder.

He softly chuckles.

“I like you a lot too, Yin Seo.”

“No no…. I mean like, love you….” She mumbles again, and she barely drags her eyes to meet his, and she finds that there is no bewilderedness, there is no shock; there is only relief and happiness, as he gently picks her up bridal style, softly placing her on the bed, taking off her heals and sliding her under the covers,

She watches as he walks to the lights and shuts them off, only leaving the lamp on, and she pouts; he didn’t answer her, he just left her to be with her feelings.

He noticed this pout as he undoes his tie and softly exhales from his nose, as he crawls into bed, shutting off his bedside lamp, and for a moment there is only a silence ringing between them; but eventually, she feels his hands quietly conjoin around her waist, as she feels his chin rest on her shoulder and as he hears him faintly mumble a sweet and delicate, “I love you, too.”

Chapter End Notes

sorry this sucked woops it was supposed to be a slow burn but i just want to forget about this garbage since it's just pester me. it's very rushed i know and i had so much more planned with jiho and blah blah blah but it was all just going to be problematic garabge and i'm rly not that good at writing character development or romance. sorry if the confession thing was cringey lol. i'm 12 leave me alone !!! idk how to write cool stuff ok !!! but stick around i guess or read my other stories, they're exactly 6 times better than this one thank u for reading !!! have a nice day or night !!

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