

I love Jihoon. There's nothing more to it, though I could go on and on about why and how much and what exactly makes me love him. And, you know what? I will. I have a whole damn flight to get through so I might as well get something nice out of it, right? And Jihoon has never let me down on that department.

I love everything about him, from the strand of hair that's out of place to those wiggly little toes that move even when he's sleeping; I can't help but adore everything that he is or does, he's my dream come true and my very best friend. Even when I hate him, I love him. Even when I want to push him away, distance myself, storm out or even block his ass on KakaoTalk, even then I love him.

Jihoon doesn't put the stars in the sky, doesn't make me see in shades of pink and isn't perfect; I'm well aware of all of his flaws, very much in the know about his frustrations and how much of a screw up he is. Those things don't make me love him less, as one could believe it does, but only love him more; because those moments when he's down in the dumps, doubting himself and pretending he's fine for the sake of everyone else, that's when he needs a little extra love. In his life, sadly, people always thought he was difficult and stand-off-ish or even rude because he doesn't just smiles for no reason, he doesn't coddle people when he talks and he's not scared to tell the truth when he has to; that made many people give up on him, which is good for me but also very sad.

Jihoon has a huge heart, so big that I dare say his whole body is made up of that organ and all the others just squish around where they can; he's so generous, so caring, so attentive and so worried about those he love... It's incredible. He's never too tired to help one of those people, he's never too overworked to work on something for them, he will put himself aside to focus on someone else and that's selfless and just shows how much he cares. Being like that made him lose a few people, those who would like to be someone he loves but didn't have the patience to wait for it to happen naturally - so just complained about how he treated them better. Because of that, and a few other similar experiences, he hasn't had many relationships nor let new people into his life - which is a shame, but their loss is my gain.

I love how he looks, too, though it's not really that important and it's just a complement to who he is; but he is smoking hot and I can't help but ogle over how he was built like one of those Greek statues you see in museums - except for the small dick on those, *that* is not accurate at all. But yeah, I love how his face is round and almost baby-ish, but his eyes and hair make him go from a smiling kid to a sexy frat guy in just a second depending on styling and how he's feeling. If he's feeling himself? Ooh boy, he smirks and winks like nobody's business, he even moistens his lips slowly because he knows that people will be looking at him; he knows the power he holds when he wakes up and sees how gorgeous he actually is. On those days I need strength for myself, let me tell you.

There are also days when he wakes up and doesn't want to get out of bed, those days that he swears to his parents and close friends that don't happen and he's just tired from working too much when in reality he's just scared and unsure about everything in his life. Those are the days where I love him extra hard, give him smiles and cuddles and also don't let him work or fall into the pit of his own despair. He is only human after all, even if he does put himself like a superhero to those he love - holding them like Atlas would the world, taking care and making sure they're happy and without concerns. I always asked who took care of

him, since he cared for everyone else, but he usually just ignored me in the beginning. Nowadays he just puts his head in my chest as I hold him and I know the answer is me.

I love how he won't tell me how he feels, but also won't make me doubt it for a second; I know his love is there because I can see it in every word he writes, every photograph he takes, or even in every one of those small and caring slight touches he pretends he's not doing but are very much calculated. His eyes, for example, never lie and I can always be sure of his feelings just by looking at them; they shine the brightest when he's happy, almost like having the whole entirety of the cosmos inside those hazel-black orbs. When he's sad it's impossible to see the chocolate hue that makes his stare so warm, it's just frozen and empty like staring into a dark marble counter in the dark: hopeless. When he's mad, or aggravated, is easy to see by how the lower part of his eye will twitch involuntarily when the object of his hatred, or subject of it, is mentioned or present. Of course, for those who don't know his little quirks those are things that will just be overlooked.

His laugh, on the other hand, is impossible to be overlooked. His smiles can be deceptive and dubious, even confusing at times, but his laugh no; when he laughs is like he's putting his whole body into it, being unable to stop himself from clapping or even hitting the closest surface because he can't contain his excitement. One of my favorite things in the world is when he laughs, I love to watch him as he does because he has no idea how much he shines; and I, like a moth to a flame, can't help but lose myself in him.

It's very hard to talk about the person we love, you know? Not because there's so much to talk about and we don't know how to, but because there are so many details that only we can see... And those details are just too precious to be shared like that, you know? It's hard... Specially when you're trying to hold on to that feeling of anticipation that comes when you're apart from them for a while. In my case it has been a few months, he was busy with work and I was called to judge dancing competition in a different country - I wouldn't have come but he made his case about how dancing was important to me, how I was so incredible at it (his words) and how I shouldn't pass on an opportunity like that. How could I say no after that? Exactly, I couldn't.

And let me tell you, being in a long distance relationship is a very difficult thing; a lot of trust and hard-work are involved. It requires having your mental stability and anxiety in check, because you can lose your mind overthinking a picture, a tweet or even imagining that text was sent with a different tone than it originally was written. Then you have calls, voice and video, which require a knowledge of time zones and the full schedule of the other person so you don't bother them and they don't bother you while doing something important. It's horrible! Worse if you're someone who likes to cuddle, like me... *sigh*

But it's not all bad. I mean, distance makes the heart grow fonder right? You start to think of all the amazing things that person is and does, their perfume, starts to anticipate every phone call, appreciate every small gesture like telling others to wait because they're talking to you and you're the priority; mostly you just keep imagining the moment when you'll finally get to meet after that time apart, and that builds the anticipation that makes the moment even more special. You start to think about what to wear, how your hair is going to look, if they're going to smile as soon as they see you, who will be the one to see the other first - will it be you? Will it be them? Will your eyes meet like a period piece romance where you're on

opposite sides of a filled ballroom? - it gets on your head and it's impossible to get out. And you know what? Anticipation is great. It's what makes the first kiss such a milestone, all the firsts if I'm being honest; the first time you walked hand in hand, the first time being seen as a couple by those people you consider important, the first 'i love you', it's all filled with that moment, that build up, that makes everything seem like it doesn't exist for a second.

But I digress; I was talking about Jihoon and how much I love him and why.

I could say we met when we were kids and since the beginning I knew he was going to be the one for me. I could also say that we met and the stars seemed to be aligned, he made the world turn in slow-motion, everything else was black and white, and all those things. I could, of course, but it wouldn't be true. We didn't meet a long time ago, nor it was something completely perfect from beginning to end; neither of us knew what this was going to become, neither of us actually had any hopes or ideas about the other until, well, the flirting started to go over the friendship line. We all know I am a flirt, a big one, all my friends know this and I flirt with them with no intentions whatsoever - exactly why I get so flustered and giggly when someone reciprocates and makes me feel like it's not a joke, my brain goes "ABORT ABORT!" and that happens - and that was the same with Jihoon, too. We became friendly enough so I would be comfortable in flirting with him, he didn't like it in the beginning but it was all an act, as I now know, and after a while he started to respond with some different things aside from calling me 'idiot' or 'dork'. Little by little we became more than friends, best friends, had a flirtationship going on and, well, one thing led to another and we went out.

I was on vacation, had been living in Japan for a while now before meeting him on an anime chatroom making comparisons between Marvel movies and some of his favorite animes. I swear I am not making this up, he was making the entire chatroom feel like a TED talk and he was the expert, he was that smart and entertaining. I, of course, sent him a message saying what I thought about his rant and he replied with nothing but a thumbs up emoji. Yes, I wanted to punch his face right there but instead did what anyone else would do in my situation: just ignored it and kept talking. He didn't seem that eager to talk to me in the beginning but soon we found similar shows to watch and talk about. ANYWAY...

I was on vacation in South Korea and we had agreed to meet. Our flirtationship was going strong but neither of us thought it was going to lead anywhere, we were so well matched as best friends.. Why would we want to fuck that up, right? So we didn't talk about it. We didn't mention anything about the flirting when he picked me up at the airport, nor when he brought me to his place saying I wasn't going to stay at a hotel when I could just hang out there with him, not even when we started making plans for every single second we'd have together on that trip. It was, well, perfect; I loved spending time with him online and now, in person, was even better because I didn't need the anxiety of waiting for his notification to show up, I could just barge in his makeshift studio - his second bedroom - and show him a meme or something; I didn't have to text him to stop working and drink some water and hope he'd do it, no, I could just bring him some and lay down on his couch to play my games while he was working. And I was okay with that, you know? Knowing he would probably be working while I was there, hanging out in his studio as we talked sporadically about what we'd eat later and

what to binge after he was done. I wasn't, however, ready to hear that he'd be taking the week off so he could enjoy my time there, we could actually go out and do stuff; *that* was a surprise.

But no surprise, in the whole entire world, would be bigger than him wanting me to go with him to Lotte World. I swear I would have given my kidney to anyone who said he liked it, because I wouldn't believe it for a second. Turned out... He really did.

"Why do you do this to me?" I looked to him as we stood in line to get inside. I still couldn't actually believe that was happening, and in my defense it was a very hard thing to imagine. Maybe I hit my head and was in coma?

"I don't. You agreed." He shrugged, like it was nothing. The audacity, I swear.

"I didn't know you were serious! No one would believe you like this stuff."

"That's their problem." I opened my mouth to respond and stopped; he was not wrong, was he? Damn him and his flawless logic.

"Ji-"

"Stop complaining and just have fun." Anyone that knew him knew he was kind of bossy, so this was very normal of him and not to be taken as harsh or whatever. But, then again, he was dressed in pastels and had a bunny eared hat on; it didn't quite match the attitude.

I decided to do what he said, specially since he was indeed getting more and more excited as closer we got to the entrance. "Fine." His smile, or the one he tried to hide many many times while in line, was cute enough to be an argument on its own.

After we got past the entrance, and completely surprising me once again, he took my hand and started to drag me around the place as he'd show his favorite spots for each of the things we'd be doing. It made me laugh, obviously I couldn't hold it as well as he did, but it was something so pure and endearing that I also believe that my eyes may have sparkled more than the whole entire place.

After a few hours, that seemed to go by way too fast for my taste, we stopped to eat something and he smiled, very proud of himself, to see me enjoying everything. "Having fun there I see." He tried not to snort but he did, making me laugh out loud as he just rolled his eyes with a subtle smile.

"Maybe a little."

"Right." One sip of his coke and another sly smile as we both pretended I wasn't having the time of my life as much as he was.

"How did you find this place?"

"I've been coming here since I was a kid. It's kind of my happy place."

"Other than your studio." Without even batting an eye, while putting a fry in my mouth, I let it out while he's starting to say the exact same thing.

"Other than my stu-" He blinked at my gloating face two times with his mouth agape and head tilted. "How did you-?"

"I know you, ok? I may not have known about this, and let's face it no one could ever, but I know you." It was my turn to shrug, because I did, in fact, know him very well. More than he was aware of, apparently. Maybe even more than I knew I did, if we're being honest here.

"I guess you do." I didn't see his face then but he told me, recently, that he smiled at me while he said that; just looking at me as I watched the things around us with the most impressed face I could. It was an amazing place to visit and it did have a magic feel about it. How could I not be impressed?!

"Soon.." He called and I murmured a response, incapable of actually mouthing the words because of the size of the hamburger bite I took. Oops. "...Nothing." He looked a bit red on the ears but I attributed that to the sun, so didn't pay that much attention - when I should have. "Thanks for coming."

As I said, I should have paid more attention to a few things that I now know were important, but then I was just a stupid boy in love - who didn't even know he was in love. "No problem Ji! It's fun!"

"I told you it was!" He gloated with tossing a french fry in my direction while he laughed. Honest to god, I never thought seeing him laugh so much could make me so happy, but it did; him laughing was more important than the whole day at that theme park (or whatever it was).

"And seeing you laugh and enjoy yourself like that is amazing, so thank you for asking me to come with you."

He got more red then, drinking his coke to deviate from whatever thought he had in that moment. "N-no problem." The muttering I did notice, finding it strange for a second but giving it no second thought - as the idiot I am.

"Maybe next time you can go to Japan and I'll take you to Disney." He smiled and agreed, drinking his coke like there was no tomorrow. He did say he was trying to keep his red to a minimal, which now makes sense because I wasn't allowed to look him in the eyes for about twenty minutes after that.

A couple more hours have passed and we did the entire place, going a few more times in some of his favorite places because he just had to and I loved to indulge him. But we were both a mess when we got to his house, throwing our stuff in a corner and ourselves in the couch without even thinking of showering first. "I'm beat." I let out a huff as I hugged one of the cushions. "Are you hungry? Wanna order something?" It was strange not hearing him answer, not even hum in agreement like he usually did, so I turned to look at him "Ji?" And couldn't help but smile to myself with the sight.

He was asleep, head falling onto my shoulder and the resounding silence of his breathing as he did. I wanted not to move, wanted to be there just watching him, but if I did we'd have so much to do after he woke up; and worse, I could end up falling asleep as well and we'd both be having neck cramps the next day. So I did what anyone would do in my position and put a pillow under his head, covered him with my jacket and took all of the bags to his room. I asked for food right before going in the shower, calculating they would arrive a bit after I got out - and I was right.

I did forget, though, the doorbell existed and could wake him up, and so it did when the food arrived. I was sitting down, close to him, just watching him sleep, when it rang and I jumped to make it stop. I got the food and put it on the table just to look at him and see him mumbling something with a big frown on his face. "Hey! You're up!" I had shorts on and a blue tank top and that must have threw him because before he slept I was still wearing the matching outfit we had planned for the day. "Are you hungry? I bought a few things, there's like three bowls of rice for you." He looked at me for a second, maybe thinking about what I said and trying to understand it, then looked at the food and I could hear his stomach growling while he gulped.

His eyes were on me again as he sighed. "I'm sorry, I totally passed out."

"You were tired, it's ok. I get it." My hand was quick to hold his and pull him out the couch as he was lazily getting up. "C'mon."

He wasn't being lazy, he said after, he was upset with himself for having slept; and that's the reason why: "But you're not here for long and I wanted to enjoy the time I have with you."

"Don't worry about it, Ji." He sat down and I brought the coke from the fridge for him to sip on while eating his rice, and the rest of the food - knowing way too well he'd eat all of his rice and the two extra portions I bought "for myself".

Out of nowhere he paused the TV and bit his lip as if he was nervous. "Soon?" I continued to eat, saying a quick 'yea?' just for him to know I was paying attention to whatever it is he wanted to say. But, you know, something I learned to expect from Jihoon is *not* to expect anything because he will most likely surprise me in every single way possible. "Why don't you move in here? I mean, you are trying to find a new job because you don't really like that one, and you did say you wanted to come back to South Korea eventually, why don't you just... I don't know, stay here?" I stopped mid taking my chopsticks to my mouth and looked at him with wide eyes and mouth open. "We're used to each other, it's close to where I work and we could try to see if the company would like a new choreographer, since it's what you really like to do." He seemed to be finished and I wanted to say something to make him feel better but I just couldn't think of what to say. So he, of course, got a bit defensive and shut down; like he usually does. "It was just an idea, don't feel like you have to or whatever."

It took me a few seconds. Actually, if I'm being very honest, it took him to unpause the series we were watching for me to get the remote and pause it again so I could actually move and talk. "Are you serious?" He wasn't surprised with my moment, and didn't complain about me pausing the tv when he had just unpaused it. "Like, serious serious? Not just saying it to be polite or something?" Jihoon lifted his eyes off the rice and I swear I saw my life flash before my own, he was almost giving me a death-threat with those angry eyebrows. "I know you

don't do that, I'm just, it's a big change and you've lived here alone for a long time. And I can be noisy and over-

"Do you want to be my housemate Soon?" He didn't let me finish, sighing like I was being a bother to him and I could understand because it really must have taken him a lot of thought to actually ask that in the first place.

So... What else could I do unless accept?! "Yes!"

"Great." He sighed again and got the remote back, unpauseing the show again. "Now eat." There was a slight smile on his face as he ate, but he pretended it was the very dramatic scene that was making him happy. He's a horrible liar, I know.

After that, as one can imagine, I went back to Japan to give up my apartment, leave my job and pack my stuff. In two weeks, maybe three, I was moving in with Jihoon and having a completely different life than I had just the month before. It was, without a doubt, a crazy leap of faith; and not just on my part since he was the one giving up his freedom and bringing me in to his space.

For a while, maybe two months, I was unemployed and forced myself to do everything in his house so that I would actually do something and wouldn't feel like a total waste of space - which would lead to me having anxiety attacks about being useless and a bad roommate to my best friend. He, however, didn't seem to mind any of those things I was seeing and feeling, instead he was just happy I was there; that was clear one day after he got home from work and tossed himself on the couch with an angry frown. If he was a cartoon, I swear to you, there would be a boiling forehead and it would be all red.

"Hey! How was work?" I asked as soon as he walked in, but shouldn't have seen as the door got kicked shut and his shoes tossed to the side.

"Literal hell." His anger was felt from a far, I was in the kitchen, so I stopped doing the dishes and went over to the couch as well, hearing him continue as I sat down beside him. "I swear to god those people have no idea what they are doing."

"Here." I pushed my sleeves up and started rubbing his shoulders, making him freeze in place.

"What are you doing?"

"It's called a massage? It's supposed to relax you, now stay still." I rolled my eyes and tapped his shoulders so he would stop squirming, pushing my hands inside of his shirt through the neck hole and feeling how hot his skin was under there. I didn't comment on it because it was probably just his angry state making his body show the signs of his willingness to kill his coworkers. I smelled his shampoo, too, which made me feel better and that wasn't even the focus there. "Feel any better?" He nodded and I continued for a while, not long because I felt his body tense up again and that made me stop. He didn't say anything, neither did I; I also didn't take my hands out of his shirt until he coughed briefly and that brought me back from wherever my mind had gone to and I took my hands out.

"Thanks.." He said a little breathless and I didn't understand what happened, looking at him with concerned as he stood up like The Flash and gestured the bathroom, the Tv and the couch. "I'll go take a shower and we can order food and watch something. Ok?"

"Sure" My eyes followed him and I sighed after he was away, feeling my own shoulders relieve the tension I didn't even know was there to begin with. I kept asking myself why I got so nervous feeling his skin under my fingers, the smell of his shampoo, and how sad and disappointed I was when he just stop up and left; I wanted him to stay. Hell, I wanted him to turn around and kiss me.

Oh boy.

When I finally got my job, as a choreographer in the same company as he worked as a producer, it was perfect. Seriously. Not because we would be working at the same place and mushy things like that, no, but because I would be able to stop feeling useless and having anxiety attacks from doing nothing all day; I could feel like an active person once again and that would do wonders for my mental health.

Jihoon, obviously, knew how much being without a job was taking a toll on me and was ready to throw a party for everyone we knew just because - and he hates parties. "Well, we need to celebrate!"

"Thank you Ji, I couldn't have done it without you." We were home and I sighed. I wasn't going to cry because of it, it wasn't one of those emotional moments, but I was very much sensitive about it.

"Yea yea, stop being all mushy on me." He, as one could imagine after five seconds of knowing him, was not keen to be emotional.

"I mean it." I sighed again and held his hands, looking in his eyes deeply so he couldn't escape. He might not like those things but I needed to thank him and he needed to see how important it was that I said it. "You have no idea how much you've helped me by inviting me here, and putting up with my loud ass."

"I like your loud ass." He muttered without even thinking about it first, widening his eyes and blinking repeatedly after saying it; he coughed right after, letting go of my hands and getting away from me.

"Ji-"

"So? Let's celebrate, yea? You got a new job and it's an amazing one too." He stayed still for only two seconds before starts moving around the living room as if looking for something before going into the kitchen to get some drinks for us to celebrate. Me, no understanding what the hell had just happened, couldn't help but think that he could have been confessing to me. At the same time I laughed at myself because I was so long gone for him that I was starting to see 'signs' where there was none.

It was a good idea to celebrate, for sure it was, but also a very bad one since we started drinking and I don't usually handle my alcohol very well. So.. One can already tell that I was

tipsy beyond belief when I turned the music up and started to dance in the middle of the living room.

Another very common thing to happen when I'm drunk is my curiosity hits its peek and I say much more than I should about, well, everything. "Hey Ji!"

"Yea?" He had his beer in hand and nodded to me as a response.

"When you said you liked my loud ass, what did you mean by that?" Exhibit one of what I said.

Jihoon stared at me at first, doing nothing but drink his beer as if he was trying to seduce me by taking the can to his lips and smashing it in his hands right after it was empty. "I-" There was a glitter in his eye, something shining there and I can't begin to try and understand; I know him very well, that much is true, but I couldn't, for the life of me, be able to read anything about anyone while I was that drunk. Not even Jihoon. "This." He closed his eyes as he pulled me into a kiss, his hand gripping strongly the back of my neck. It was over too fast, let me tell you, and I was soon looking him in awe and disbelief. "And also this." He slapped my butt and made my eyes widen even more; disbelief won after all.

"I-" He may have been drunk or relying too much on how uninhibited he was because of the alcohol loosening up, but soon he realized what he did and started to walk away as if escaping to his studio - where there was a lock on the door. "Hell no." I said, letting go of my glass on the nearest table (or table-like thing) and holding his hand to stop him. When he turned to look at me and ask, I didn't let him. I pulled him in and kissed him, hard and passionately, like that one measly kiss he gave me that had inflamed my yearns and left me burning up inside.

It was an out of body experience, that kiss, so much so that I couldn't tell you how we ended up on the couch with me on top of him as my hands caressed his waist. He gasped when they found their way under his shirt and I felt like maybe that was a little too much, so I stopped and gave him some space; both of us out of breath and staring half surprised and half thrilled into one another's eyes.

"You're only doing this cause you're drunk, we should stop." He said. He wasn't all wrong, I'll give him that, but still hurt my feelings a little bit.

"I'm not." Shaking my head was a mistake, I felt it as I closed my eyes to keep me from feeling like the world around us was spinning - didn't really work that well, but I had a conversation to pay attention to so the world could spin as much as it wanted to 'cause I wasn't going to let it stop me.

"You're drunk as a skunk Soonie." Again, not entirely wrong but completely out of his mind if he thought *that* was the reason for my kissing.

"That's not what I mean." I took a deep breath and sighed, holding down a burp because of all the alcohol and shaking my head and world spinning. It was fine though, after another deep breath. "I'm not doing this because I'm drunk." I gulped, trying to keep my sentences short; short and sweet, maybe. "I'm doing this because.."

"Because?" Anyone that tells me Jihoon is a man of patience is going to get slapped, just giving off a warning right now.

"Because..." I thought back on what I wanted to say, all of the explanation of how I came to realize what I was going to confess, but my drunken state wouldn't allow me to say it all - less alone in a coherent way. So all I could do was blurt it out. "I love you Ji." And hope he would not want me to leave his apartment and never come back.

Jihoon blinked a few times, his breath erratic and his face screaming how surprised he was. I wish he wasn't, if I'm honest, because if he wasn't surprised it would mean I had the smallest hint of a chance with him, right? "Have since before the amusement park but I guess I realiz-" I continued talking, seeing as now I was anxious because I had said too much and was pining him on the couch, I also tried my best to get off him but he didn't let me.

He didn't let me because he was pulling me down, closer to him. So close that I could smell the beer in his breath, which didn't really bother me at all. He seemed a bit nervous at first, holding my neck like the kiss he gave me before, completely unaware of the mess he was creating on my insides as he kept those eyes on mine and took my lips in his like they belonged to him. "I love you too." And they did; they most certainly did.

My dreams usually consisted of Jihoon ever since we started, so it's nothing new catching me dozing off on the plane and reliving all of our starting moments. I would say they were the most precious ones but that would be a lie; all of them were precious, each for a different reason and with a different meaning after all.

I know that some moments are etched in our memories with more ease than others, they burn the brightest in the constellation of our love, I know and I respect it too, but to say they are the only precious moments is just wrong. I mean, whenever Jihoon gets home tired and needing a bit of cuddling to feel better, it is precious. When we go to the market together and have a spat about what type of cereal we should get because he doesn't want to eat frosted flakes anymore and I want everything that has a tiger on it, that is precious. Those simple moments that make up our routine are precious as well; so what if we get used to them and don't make them into songs or poems at the end of the day? So what if we don't scream about them to the seven seas and all directions of the wind?! They still matter, they still make all the difference when we lay our heads down on the pillow, next to each other.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as we start our descent into Incheon Airport, please make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position. Make sure your seat belt is securely fastened and all carry-on luggage is stowed underneath the seat in front of you or in the overhead bins. Thank you."

Remember what I said? The anticipation? Yeah, that's pretty much what starts to build when you're going to land at the airport after being apart from the one you love for so long. No matter what anyone says, either, because Jihoon and I, for example, have been together for years, married and all, and I still feel like it's the very first time I'm going to be seeing him in

person; he still is my favorite notification, the only pair of eyes I want to see when I wake up in the morning and the very last I want to close my eyes to.

The shifting of people in their chairs, arranging everything, themselves even, while others like me just settled into their chairs and waited. Of course I was waiting stiffly while my fingers intertwined nervously.

“Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Incheon International Airport. Local time is 11:22 and the temperature is 5°C. For your safety and comfort, please remain seated with your seat belt fastened until the Captain turns off the Fasten Seat Belt sign. On behalf of Korean Air and the entire crew, I'd like to thank you for joining us on this trip and we are looking forward to seeing you on board again in the near future. Have a nice stay in South Korea and happy valentine's day!”

I could feel the airplane slowly coming to a stop, the revving of the engine dying down as the movement outside increased as more and more people came to do their jobs as the plane came to a full stop. That's also when people usually chose to forget the directions given to stay in our seats until disembarking is allowed; also my cue to roll my eyes to those people getting up to get their bags and just stay up in the middle of the aisle like they were the only ones in desperate need of getting out of the plane. I chose to look out the window, see the other planes stopping in close-by lanes or leaving with their small cars helping them reverse - since airplanes can only move forward and do not back up.

The flight attendant opened the door and soon more people started to get up, meaning soon we would actually be able to leave. I took in a deep breath and saw how my hair looked on the in-flight entertainment monitor; it wasn't that bad, so I just ran my fingers through it a few times while waiting for those on the edge of our seats to stand and leave.

As I walked outside, feeling the cold air, I thought of Jihoon. Would he be there already? Would he be excited to see me? Would he be feeling like that time took forever just like I was? Would he be missing me as much? There were too many questions, too many things to think about and it was Valentine's Day! Like, if all the missing him and anxiety of seeing him after all this time wasn't enough, arriving on Valentine's was just making me even more nervous than before. How would it feel if I was there, all excited to see him, and he didn't show? I would be heartbroken, and not only that! I would feel horrible. And that's how my mind goes when I should just breathe and not think those things because Jihoon wouldn't just ditch me in the airport after months, he just wouldn't.

Right?

As soon as I was out of the plane, walking with my small bag, I turned airplane mode off and waited to see if he had sent me any messages. I didn't want to open anything, just wait and see if the notifications would roll in.



Watching them roll in made my heart skip a beat for a second but I had a smile on my face. Of course he would come and of course, judging by his texts, he knew I would be spiraling out of control because I think too much about things. I had to do a double take to see those notifications again, sighing happily as I looked around the airport and followed the signs to where he was.

The anticipation grew with every new step towards him, but he was right: there were too many people and I just couldn't find him like I usually did. I looked around, walking a bit from one side to another, my eyes scanning every single person there like I was a robot in search of a target but I couldn't, for the life of me, find him.

I sighed and grabbed my phone, ready to call him, when I heard it. It was faint, very low in comparison to the loud people around, but I would have recognized that sound, of him clearing his throat, *anywhere*. I turned and there he was, that cheeky smile of his and hands behind his back. His eyes seem to speak more than I could hear at the time, but mostly they just seemed to have the whole entire universe in them; beautiful and enticing, like he himself.

"Welcome home." His voice came in and I let out a deep breath; it could have been a dream and I wouldn't be sure until that moment right there. "And happy Valentine's Day." He pulled a plushie from behind his back, a white tiger with a red ribbon on his neck and a pendant with its name on it. I took it, smiling so much I could barely have my eyes open, widening them immediately when seeing the name of the tiger: Kwon Jihoon.

"Are you serious?!" My eyes went from the plushie in my hands to him, nodding in agreement while not even trying to hide his fond smile towards me. "This is amazing, oh my god, I love you so much!" I threw my hands around him and buried my face in his neck; the smell of his perfume hit me like a ton of bricks and my body relaxed immediately.

I was home, finally.