

**The reason I live is because of my addiction to  
the sweetness that is you.**

*Overdose* by EXO

# First Kiss

It's spring in Korea. The weather gets warm and cozy. Many people walk on the pedestrian hurriedly towards their destination. Some people talking and smiling into each other. On the other side, there is a couple holding hands while listening to a song through the boy's cellphone. Meanwhile, a group of high school students busy betting on who the idol group that gonna win the trophy on music show today. Some girls adore a poster of a male artist which is attached to a wall.

After being back to Korea, it feels slightly empty. I don't know Korea well now. I don't know that male artist's name whose posters are everywhere. I also don't know what songs from idol groups that's nice to listen nowadays. It is

indeed so pathetic. In this crowd only me who doesn't feel like being home at all, although my home is just two blocks away. It is so near and such a good place but still it's not that good without a family.

"Hi, back from France already?" A man stands in front of me, distracts my longing. He smiles and sits on the chair in front of me while he gestures his hand towards a waitress. "How long has it been?" he asks while ordering a cup of coffee to the waitress who runs to our table.

"Ten years." I say. "You haven't changed, *oppa*<sup>1</sup>." This man is my friend since elementary school. He is a year older than me and supposed to be *oppa* next door back then. "Still playing football?"

"Of course I am." He answers. "How are you? Everything's okay?" He asks while looking at me thoroughly. "You look rather thinner than ten years ago and get rather tan."

"Really? I played a lot in France." I hold my laughter. Look, even just remembering how nice France is making me happy. How sad. "I heard now you are famous, *oppa*."

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<sup>1</sup> older brother, said by younger woman to older man.

“Not really.” He smiles. “But, at least I am the president of young girls now.” I notice what he says is true because at that time the waitress comes towards our table brings the coffee with trembling hands. Her eyes steal one or two glances on him. It is funny –really funny. “You see?” He whispers when the waitress gone.

“I see.” I nod. “But, Dujun *oppa*, help me.”

“What kind of help you need?” He asks while sipping his coffee.

“Can you bring me to my old house? That house where I lived next to yours.” I say while holding my breath. “I need to check some stuff.”

Dujun *oppa* doesn't answer me. He sips his coffee while closing his eyes. I look at him worriedly. He does look like thinking about something. I hope he can help me, just to this extent at least. Please.

“What kind of stuff, Sarang?” he opens his eyes and puts the cup on table. I don't know that his expression scared me. “Isn't that nothing left there? That is such an old house. My family doesn't even live on that neighbourhood anymore.” His voice sounds so serious and full

of force, suggesting me that visiting my old house is a fault.

“Just...,” I sigh, “I don’t know... just... some stuff...,” I look at him, begging, “can you?”

“It’s better to not visit that home again, Sarang.” He says. “By the way, I need to go now. I will visit your new home later. I am sorry you have been here for a month but I just can see you now.” Dujun *oppa* stands and ruffles my hair for a second before walking to the cashier.

Deep sigh escapes from my lips as I don’t know who I should ask for help. It is so frustrating because I don’t even remember my old house address.

What should I do... what should I do...

“I can help you.” A voice suddenly heard from the seat where a while ago Dujun *oppa* sat there along with the appearance of a guy that I do really hate to see. My eyes widen as if seeing him is the biggest disaster in my life after losing to both of my parents.

“You...,” I point him with my finger, “what are you doing here?” it’s actually a rhetoric question. I know why he is here. I know pretty exactly and pretty immediately. “I...,” I take a

deep breath, "I don't want to give you my blood again."

He smiles.

That smiles which have tortured me this week. That smiles which have made my night sleepless. That smiles which have hurt me more and more every time I want to erase his existence.

"Who says that I want you to give me your *precious* blood, Sarang?" He smiles again. I want him to stop smiling, like please, it hurts me. "I am not that disrespectful of helping human for granted." He says while grabbing my wrist. I want to resist, but he is too strong. "Or actually you are the one who is longing for me?" He gazes the biting-kind-like-mark on top of my right hand's wrist, exactly on the top of where the vein is. "It is healed quite fast, I see..." He kisses that mark.

I closed my eyes. *Oh stop doing that! You jerk!*

"Of course it's healed pretty fast because you are not a common girl." He let my wrist off. "So, who are you?" He looks at me intensely. "I know I can read your mind, that's beyond easy, I even know you called me jerk just now and that

you have sleepless nights after what we had been encountering together. But, other than that, your mind is pretty like a blank paper, you know, that me myself feels so annoyed.” He stops for a second. “Besides, I can’t feel your soul and heart. I usually *read* them fast, even faster than anyone. But, you! It’s like mist has covered it, I can’t access it.”

“Just leave me alone then. Why bothering to know who am I exactly? I won’t reveal yours and your friends’ identities. So stop pressing me..., I don’t know myself too...,” I say, frustrated. “I am just back from France, you know, and remembering old memories are such hard stuff for me. That was years ago. I don’t even remember how I was doing when I was a child. I forgot everything!” I almost scream if he doesn’t hold my hand asking me to lower my voice. “After what you guys doing to me, torturing me like that...,” whispering, I look at his eyes *-the gentlest eyes I’ve ever seen-* while holding my tears, “it’s already hard for me to be here, why you guys make it even harder...?”

“Sarang...,” He whispers, “We need to know who you are because there are only two possibilities why you are different than the others...,”

"I don't care. I won't bother you! I won't even remember your guys' faces (*no, it's a lie! I remember all of their faces as if every night twelve of them come to my dream!*) and I will pretend that everything that has happened is never happened." I grip his wrist while he still holds my hand. So now both of us look like holding each other wrists like a couple in a table of a coffee shop but we are actually *not*. We are each other's *enemy*. "I promise." I say.

"No. You can't run." He doesn't want lose over me. He looks at me back. "You can't run from me for your entire life." He continues. "You wonder why, right? Because I have chosen you...,"

"Minseok..., what are you saying...," I can't believe with what I have heard from his lips. "Kim Minseok, remember, those nights were not supposed to happen. Why don't you let go of me?" Without knowing it a tear falls from my eyes and lands on his hand that suddenly that a dot part of tear shines for a second in his skin. I gasp, not believing with what I see. His skin shines -although just a second. "Water makes vampire's shine?" I mumble words without thinking that probably other people will listen to this.

Without knowing it, Kim Minseok's lips come to mine. I widen my eyes in bewilderment -so dumbfounded!

These lips are the worst of all the bad things that happened those nights that makes my heart ache badly even now. I think it has ended but I may have probably made a wrong prediction.

My first kiss is gone -now.

So, it hasn't ended yet.