

Unexpected

Your POV

I slowly opened my eyes, I felt warm. The last thing I remember was... I looked and saw our fingers intertwined. I blushed, but I smiled. Stop it (Yn), this is dangerous. You know you can't! He started to stir awake. "Thank you. For calming me down and helping me to sleep I tell him. He nods, then notices our hands. I watch as he just stares. A er he realized what happened, he lets go of my hand and blushes. I get o his lap and stand. He stands not long a er. Then my phone suddenly rings causing me to let out a squeak of surprise and stumble. Jimin catches me, still blushing. I mumble a thank you, he still just nods. I wanna just.... Talk to him. But I know I can't. I pick of my phone and answer. "H-Hello?" I asked. "(YN)! I'm so glad you're okay. I've seen so much about you in the news recently and you hadn't come to work. I was worried someone had killed you." The voice explains. A small smile graces my lips as I walk a short distance away from Jimin. "Thank you for your concern Namjoon. I'm just sick at the moment." I respond. "But you're alive. Your Guardian Angel has been doing a good job then?" He asks. I glance at Jimin. "He's been doing a very good job," I start and turn just to stare at him. He must've felt me looking, because we make eye contact (Jimin still can't see). "I've never felt more safe in my entire life." I finish. "That's fantastic!" He explains. I finally look away from Jimin, blushing. This is gonna be hard.

Jimin's POV

We looked away at the same time. Oh geez. Why did she have to stare at me for so long? I can't see, but I could feel it. Oh geez. She was making this difficult. I was blushing. A lot. "I'll probably be good enough to come back to work with you in... Two days, if I'm still not better I'll let you know okay Namjoon?" She says. Namjoon... Where have I--- no way. Is that Namjoon~Hyung? It--- the lady at the desk! That's Courtney, holy crap that is Hyung! He's been here in Korea, no wonder I haven't seen him much! Alright, bye." She speaks, and I hear her phone turn o. There's a moment of silence. It's awkward, and extremely tense. Holy crap. This isn't good! "Uh--" She starts but feels dizzy again. I grab her arm? Nope.... That's her waist. This isn't going to end well... Is it "I... Need to make.. Soup..." She mutters. She groans, she places her head on my chest. She's really sick. I felt so bad.. I didn't know what to do. Not long later, I hear the door open and close. "(Y-- is she okay?" The voice of Cordelia asks. "She's really sick, I'm thinking we make her some soup see how that goes and if that doesn't do any good we go to the hospital." I tell her. "Sounds good, I'll start on the soup, since you can't and... Yeah." She says and starts moving. "Jimin... I... Feel.... F-feel...." She tries to say but only groans again. I pick her up, and carefully find the way to her house. I sit down and just hold her tight as she begins to shiver. What in the world... What kind of cold is this? Maybe it's not a cold! I move a hand and start feeling around for a blanket. I find something so. That's a blanket! I pull it over us. I start rubbing her arm, once again placing my cheek on her head. "I need to.... L-lay.... Down.... Please." She whispers. I nod against her head. I lay her down and stand up. As I walk away I feel her hand grab my wrist. I turn to her. "Please... Stay." She whispers and curls into a ball. I blush. I get into the couch beside her. She snuggles up next to me. You're going to be the death of me (Yn).... Actually.... You might end up being the death of yourself. Get a hold of yourself Park! I wrap my arms around her and close my eyes.

Cordelia's POV

I had finished the soup when I heard so snoring, but I didn't see anyone. I walk over to the couch and I smile. "Aweeeeeee... They're so cute." I whisper. I take a picture and send it to Courtney. Who responds the same. "If only it would end well for the two. You're not the only one who knows the consequences." I whisper. I place the soup in the fridge and write a note before going to my apartment next door.

Jin's POV

I had found her in the park crying. "Marisol!" I say. She looks up, her eyes widen and she cries more. Hiding her face in her hands. I crouch down in front of her. I grab her hands. "Mari.... Look at me." I whisper gently. She slowly looks at me, but then looks away. "I'm sorry... I shouldn't have said anything." She chokes out. "No, no. It's okay." I tell her taking one hand and wiping away her tears. "But it's not..." She whispers. "How is it not?" I asked. "Because I..... You just....." She couldn't find the words. "Mari, it's okay. You did nothing wrong." I tell her. She still sobs, and it breaks my heart. "I told you I love you." She whispers, shutting her eyes tight. I take my hand and gave her head towards me. "Mari--" I start. "Jin... Stop.... I can't." She whispers. "Telling someone you love them isn't wrong Marisol. Trust me. It's something that is better for your own well being to get o your chest. I'm glad you told me, and one day you will be too. You'll feel more relaxed and a weight will be li ed from your shoulders." I explain, subconsciously intertwining our fingers. "Then why does it feel it's gotten ten times heavier." She responds finally opening her eyes to look at me. I give her a small smile. "Because you're scared of my reaction. I'm not gonna leave you just because you're in love with me Marisol." She just stares at me. "I'm sorry." She whispers, I'm about to speak when she leans forward and kisses me gently. I freeze. Before I can respond she pulls away not looking at me. I see a pink tint on her cheek and I smile. "I'm sorry." She whispers again. "Mari... Look at me." I whisper. She slowly looks at me. I kiss her forehead. "Maybe someday. But first I need to recover, trust me, you're not the only one who felt like they were doing something wrong. Everyday I had to fight my feelings for you. You were the reason I stayed strong during that time Marisol. I loved her during that time too, but my feelings for you. Seemed to be stronger than my feelings for her, and I hated it because I thought it was wrong. Maybe it was but now... It won't be. Once I've recovered, we can give us a shot okay?" I whisper. She looks at me. "Are you saying--" She starts. "I love you too Marisol." I respond with a smile, finally kissing her back.

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