Floriography

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by glory

Summary

> The girls talk about what's going to happen now that Sooyoung got back what she was promised. As it turns out, she didn't care so much about the apartment deed after all.

Notes

> I don't anticipate many people reading this since the movie has no fandom, so if you do, you're cool!!!

Hundreds of cracks in Jung Yoonsun's windshield spiralled out into a spiderweb pattern that distorted everything outside. Yet, even though the view through the glass was skewed and warped, when Yoonsun looked through it, she could see Ha Sooyoung perfectly. Even from a distance, the only thing Yoonsun could clearly see was Sooyoung, eating fish from a vendor at the seaside.

"Let's sort it out back home," Sooyoung had said. However, it didn't look like she was in any hurry to get back to Yoonsun.

The minutes ticked by, slowly. Agonisingly. Yoonsun no longer had a phone, so she had no means to check the time. No way to know if she had really been sitting there for hours, or if it was merely her impatience gnawing at her. Her fingers curled around the steering wheel just a little tighter. Her gaze never left Sooyoung's distant figure.

Although Yoonsun's eyes didn't wander, her thoughts did. It seemed more like worrying. One thought bubbled up, then another, then another—each one quicker than the last.

Why's she taking so long?

Is she even coming back?

Should I just leave now?

How can I even drive with my windshield like this?

Why did I do that for her?

I lost my fucking shoe, too.

She had better come back.

The flurry of thoughts in Yoonsun's mind morphed into a cacophony of noise that became barely decipherable, even to herself. Words instead turned into strong, all-encompassing emotions that made her uncomfortable to feel.

Anxiety, resentment, admiration, preemptive sorrow at something yet to come, regret… exhaustion.

Her head lowered to the steering wheel, gradually enough that she didn't notice until her forehead actually made contact with the cheap leather, and her eyelids drooped. Wisps of dark, curly hair draped over one half of her face and filtered out much of the sunlight. Her eyelids fluttered for a while as she faintly fought against herself to keep them open, but eventually they fell shut.

It felt like Yoonsun had only shut her eyes for the briefest of moments when a knock on her window that she could only describe as curt in nature startled her back to full alertness. Her heart pounded in her ears and the sound of her own yelp scared her twofold.

Yoonsun turned her head towards the window to her left. The cold, dark eyes of Sooyoung met her own. Yoonsun's muscles spasmed, her body unable to decide if she was supposed to relax from relief or tense from the pressure of that piercing stare.

Sooyoung's pointer finger tapped firmly against the window again and gestured for Yoonsun to roll it down, which she did after a moment of hesitation.

"What took you so long? I thought you were going to ditch me," Yoonsun complained.

"I considered it," Sooyoung replied in a tone that was more deadpan than Yoonsun would've liked.

Yoonsun's lips curled into a lopsided smirk, but her eyes remained dull and contemptuous. "Oh, well I'm so glad to hear that you kept your word. Get in the car."

"I'd like to go to your place."

Yoonsun blinked. Her lips twitched. "What?"

Sooyoung remained still and silent for a long while. She didn't like repeating herself, but she did anyway. "I said, I'd like to go to your place."

"We can have one more drink?" Yoonsun's tone came out as pathetically hopeful.

Yoonsun received no verbal response. Instead, Sooyoung leaned into the window and her hand reached forward. Her thumb brushed against the corner of Yoonsun's lips and wiped off a drip of drool.

Yoonsun's cheeks began to burn, as she hadn't realised she'd even drooled in her sleep at all, but she had no chance to respond since Sooyoung had already quietly circled around the car and gotten into the passenger's seat.

Sooyoung's presence alone shifted the atmosphere, no matter where she was. She had an air about her that made her simultaneously frightening and intriguing. Perhaps it was the stoicism and firmness coupled with her elegance and beauty. Whatever it was, it was a fatal combination that turned the normally strong-willed Yoonsun into nothing more than a brainless fruit fly that flies straight into a trap simply because it smells sweet.

The drive to Yoonsun's home was as quiet as every other drive with Sooyoung. If ever Yoonsun made an attempt to speak, Sooyoung would not respond. It made Yoonsun frustrated. It was like no one was even there.

Every now and then, Yoonsun would glance over to make sure Sooyoung was still there; and she was, unshaken and staring straight forward out of the windshield that was nearly shattered to shit. It was difficult to even drive in that state, but Yoonsun never cared about what was right or lawful.

The drive almost felt longer than the wait for Sooyoung to come back to the car, but they did arrive.

The one thing Yoonsun appreciated about Sooyoung was that she allowed her to walk side by side with her. In Yoonsun's mind, Sooyoung seemed the type to always walk ahead of anyone she deemed below her (which seemed to be everyone), or at least keep her distance from them. And for all Yoonsun knew, that may have been true in the majority of cases, but Sooyoung always allowed her to walk right beside her, so close that their shoulders touched.

Yoonsun liked it when their shoulders touched. Especially when they walked through the same door, and Yoonsun didn't want to fall a little bit behind so they'd both fit easier. She liked squeezing in right next to Sooyoung and pressing against her.

Once they were both inside, Yoonsun retrieved her pitcher and filled it with ice and whiskey. Her eyes stayed glued to Sooyoung across the table as she shook the pitcher around and poured its contents into Sooyoung's glass, then her own.

A soft hiss left Yoonsun's lips after she took her first sip. The initial burn that the whiskey left in its wake on its way down her throat was something she could never stifle her reaction to. She was amazed that Sooyoung didn't even bat an eye when taking a big swig.

"So… what are you gonna do with the deed?" Yoonsun finally broke the ice.

Sooyoung's eyes trailed thoughtfully down to the golden liquid in her glass. "Nothing."

Yoonsun's eyebrows just about shot straight up to her hairline. "Wha- *Nothing*? What do you mean, 'nothing'? You got the seal and everything, didn't you?"

Sooyoung chuckled at the bewilderment in Yoonsun's tone and took another long sip before answering, "I did."

"So what do you mean, you're gonna do nothing? You made me do all that, just for you to do jack shit? I hit someone with my car!" Yoonsun exclaimed.

Sooyoung's gaze flickered up to meet Yoonsun's, but her head didn't tilt up an inch. Silence permeated the room.

"You're just gonna go back to the hotel?"

Still no response yet.

Sooyoung took several moments to thoughtfully look all around the room, committing every bit of it to detail. Every dent in the wooden furniture, every tear in the upholstery, every chip of paint off the wall, every frayed piece of the rug.

The light that filled the room and spilled onto her was warm. Warm like the comfortable silence that she could finally enjoy after 730 consecutive days of nothing but snoring, chatter, fluorescent lights buzzing, pipes creaking.

And the scent. The scent of Yoonsun's cheap perfume, clinging to her furniture more than it clung to her own skin. After about half a day of wearing it, it would already be gone. Sooyoung noticed this after being around Yoonsun only a couple of times, and she thought it was a shame, since she quite liked the smell.

It was a strange scent that Sooyoung couldn't quite place. A general floral-adjacent smell with notes that were impossible to pick out and discern. It was obviously very cheap both in terms of price and quality, but something about it was still pleasing to Sooyoung's nose. The fact that Yoonsun's whole home smelled like that filled Sooyoung with an inexplicable comfort.

Finally, Yoonsun received an answer.

"No, I'm not going back to the hotel."

"Why? Aren't you stacked now? Especially since you didn't pay me," Yoonsun remarked dryly.

Another glance around as Sooyoung debated about how to phrase what she wanted to say, but this time, she was looking at Yoonsun.

She looked at Yoonsun's soft-looking hair, wondering how it would feel to have her fingers wrapped up in those loose curls.

She looked at Yoonsun's outfit, a clash of colours and materials that would be abhorrent on anyone else, and yet she somehow managed to pull it off. She found herself wondering what Yoonsun would wear tomorrow, which set of press-on nails she'd pair with whatever she picked from her eccentric wardrobe.

She looked at Yoonsun's pretty face, the way her smile always seemed a little uneven, the beauty mark under her eyebrow, and the way her nose bridge wrinkled between her eyes when she smiled.

As Sooyoung looked at all these things, she couldn't help but smile. Not her typical smirk which was usually all she could muster, but a genuine smile that graced her lips.

Bluntly, Sooyoung said, "Money isn't the issue. Company is. I'd like to stay here."

Yoonsun's eyebrows raised. Of course she knew Sooyoung was a blunt woman, but she hadn't expected this. Her eyes darted all around the room, as they often did when she was thinking hard. Or, as Sooyoung put it, when her wheels were turning. She caught her lower lip between her teeth and chewed lightly on it.

"For how long?" Yoonsun asked tentatively.

"Indefinitely. I want to live with you," Sooyoung replied, as though it was the most casual thing in the world.

Once again, Yoonsun was reduced to shocked silence. Her mouth hung slightly open and her wrist went limp. She wasn't sure what to think. A million thoughts raced through her head. Sooyoung didn't seem like one to spontaneously lie, especially not about something like this; but at the same time, for her to express such a vulnerable and human want was very unexpected.

And fuck, if Yoonsun didn’t want to throw her arms around Sooyoung right then. Yoonsun wanted to kick herself for feeling the way she did about her.

“You’re not, like… screwing with me, right?” Yoonsun asked haltingly.

Sooyoung shook her head. “No, I’m not. I’ll pay you rent, of course. I don’t plan on living here for free.”

Yoonsun didn’t need to think about it, but she pretended she did. She took a slow sip of her whiskey and looked up at the ceiling as though in thought. She heard Sooyoung chuckle.

“It shouldn’t be a problem,” Sooyoung began slyly, “Since I’m sure you could use the money, and I know you like me.”

It took all of Yoonsun’s willpower to prevent herself from either spitting her whiskey everywhere or choking on it.

When Yoonsun looked back down at Sooyoung with wide eyes, Sooyoung had her glass to her lips again and her eyebrows were raised slightly, wordlessly imploring Yoonsun to give her an answer.

“…Yeah,” Yoonsun replied after a moment of hesitation, trying to keep her tone casual and avoid addressing what had just been said. “You can stay.”

With a smug smile still on her face, Sooyoung gave a simple nod in response. When Yoonsun set her now empty glass on the table, Sooyoung’s hand reached for the bottle and poured Yoonsun another drink.

And that was all the warmth Sooyoung offered.

She wasn't sure why, but Yoonsun had a more than small expectation that Sooyoung was suddenly going to open up and become fully comfortable in what was now their shared home. Yoonsun imagined them talking all night, laughing, sharing stories and telling each other all sorts of things about themselves. She imagined the warmth of Sooyoung’s hand enveloping her own. It made the absence of Sooyoung’s affection feel extra cold.

Instead, they continued to drink mostly in silence. Sooyoung then went on to reach into her designer duffel bag and produce a stack of money which she declared as her first rent payment. Yoonsun’s eyes did admittedly light up at the sight of it, but the familiar ache of longing remained settled in her heart.

Then, when Yoonsun saw Sooyoung suddenly getting cosy on the couch, she almost panicked.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“I’m tired,” was the only response Sooyoung gave. Short and direct. No affection at all.

“Why are you sleeping on the couch?”

Sooyoung looked over her shoulder at Yoonsun, who appeared thoroughly puzzled. “Do you have a guest room set up?”

“No?” Yoonsun answered, as though it should have been obvious.

“Then where else do I sleep?”

Yoonsun frowned. Almost comically. Her eyebrows furrowed and her whole face scrunched up in indignation.

“In my bed,” Yoonsun answered, evidently annoyed.

Sooyoung raised an eyebrow. “In your bed? And where will you sleep?”

“In my bed,” Yoonsun repeated.

“You want us to sleep in the same bed?” Sooyoung asked slowly, her tone knowing.

Personally, Yoonsun was not happy about what Sooyoung was trying to imply. She instantly went on the defensive.

When the words came out of Yoonsun’s mouth, they came out rather rapidly. “I only have one bed! I don’t want you curling up on this couch all night. It’ll be bad for your back or whatever. I’ll get another bed if you want, but I can’t do that right now, so just sleep in mine for tonight.

Sooyoung chuckled again. She had been enjoying getting to sleep by herself for the past few days, but it wasn’t like sleeping with Yoonsun would be anything like sleeping in a room full of several other women.

Predictably, she didn’t give a verbal response, but she did slowly stand up and follow Yoonsun to her bedroom.

Yoonsun immediately began rummaging through her dresser. She found an old pair of silk pyjamas and unceremoniously threw them at Sooyoung.

The speed at which Sooyoung caught them displayed her strong reflexes, which Yoonsun couldn’t help but notice and be impressed by. Sooyoung disappeared into the bathroom to change, and shortly returned to the bedroom where she saw Yoonsun donning a beautiful coral pink nightgown.

While she watched Yoonsun shimmy under the sheets and get comfortable, Sooyoung began to feel… not uneasy, but uncertain. It had been years since she had laid beside someone in bed, and although she tried to tell herself that it would be just like sleeping beside a friend, she knew it was more than that. It wouldn’t be truthful to either of them to reduce this to something that was just “friendly”.

Sooyoung was noticeably rigid when she slipped into bed alongside Yoonsun. She didn’t physically distance herself, but she laid on her back with her hands at her sides in a position that clearly did not suggest relaxation.

Yoonsun, however, did not care. She curled up on her side and rested her head on Sooyoung's shoulder. Sooyoung's muscles tensed instantly, however the tension quickly began to melt away. Yoonsun's warmth didn't feel bad at all, nor did the tickle of her hair against Sooyoung's skin or the smell of her lotion.

When Yoonsun had been asleep for a while, her arm suddenly threw itself over Sooyoung's waist and held her like a stuffed animal. Sooyoung tried once to pry off Yoonsun's arm and push her head away, but the attempt was met with Yoonsun's arm flopping back over Sooyoung's body or her head rolling back onto Sooyoung's shoulder.

Sooyoung inhaled sharply and stared up at the ceiling for quite a while. Her racing thoughts slowed to just a trickle, and her eyes closed.

The contentment that began to spread through Sooyoung's body was unfamiliar, but not unwelcome. Perhaps it was okay to let her guard down.

Sooyoung shifted just a little closer,

And Yoonsun's hand finally became enveloped in the warmth of Sooyoung's.

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