

## Summer vibes

Summer was almost over. Sunnie's debut date was set for the first week of fall, and BTS' comeback was due a month afterwards. For the past few weeks, Lexi and Namjoon struggled to find time to see each other, both being occupied with their respective schedules. Lexi was even busier settling the rest of her admission paperwork for the registration deadline; a date that she both anticipated and dreaded. They sneaked every now and then to meet in the studio whenever Namjoon spared some time, but their meetings kept getting shorter day after day. Being away from him for days broke her heart, and she couldn't allow herself to think how this long distance would affect their relationship. Standing in the middle of her dorm room, she contemplated the place that was once her home for one last time.

### A couple of weeks ago

Lexi did her last boutique sightseeing before moving abroad. Passing by a toy store, a huge plush toy placed on a chair caught her attention. Instantly accessing the store, she purchased it and asked for the owner to enfold it for her. As her shopping session came to an end, she went to the closest bus station and picked up her phone to dial a familiar number.

*"Yoboseyo Ahjussi, can I trouble you for a ride juseyo?"* she begged her caller while making puppy eyes despite not being seen by the old man through the phone.

20 minutes later, a car pulled up near the bus stop. Kim Suro-ssi was as close to Lexi as he was to Namjoon. He was a kind-hearted man and often offered to grant her a favor or two if she ever needed one. Luckily for her, his assistance has never been required like it was that day.

*"Where to Lexi-ssi?"* he inquired.

*"BIGHIT Entertainment juseyo"* she politely requested.

This was Lexi's last visit to the building. She had to submit a two weeks' notice and retrieve her belongings. She was hoping that everybody was present in order for her to say goodbye properly: Secretary Jang, Shinah, Hitman Bang ... She has made so many beautiful memories with each and every one of them, be it on a professional or a personal level. But the person she was hoping to find the most was Namjoon.

*"Annyeonghaseyo Jang biseo-nim, is the studio open?"* she wondered before heading there herself.

“Lexi-ssi, it’s so good to see you” the secretary greeted her “*Animnida*, Namjoon-ssi is busy rehearsing”.

Lexi chuckled, startled by Secretary Jang’s unexpected but witty response. After all, she has spent enough time around the pair to know when either one of them was looking for the other.

While carrying her full-size gift, she entered the studio: every corner of this place held her most important achievements. Going through flashbacks inside her head, she breathed out a sigh of relief “All is well that ends well”. She placed the wrapped plush on the office chair and started packing some of her old books that she has kept alongside Namjoon’s on the shelves.

She paid the recording room one final visit, remembering the moment when she felt lost and tried to gather her strength from it. Picking up her possessions, she headed towards the exit only to step back and gape at the office one more time.

“This can’t end like this” she put her things down and hugged the heavy gift back and lifted it. In the hall, she called the elevator and pressed the seventh floor’s button: BTS’s practice area.

Aside from the bangtan boys and their staff, access to the seventh floor was denied to the rest of the employees. The idea of being so close yet so far from Namjoon killed Lexi inside; irony at its worst. Going against the rules and her better judgment, she knew that she had to see him one last time before leaving the company at once.

As the elevator’s doors opened, she struggled to get her delivery out to the hall: the moment she spotted the gift in that shop, her mind was too starstruck to think twice about delivering an enormous package without being too obvious about it.

“*Noona* do you need help with that?” a mellifluous voice shyly approached her, curious about her identity.

She bowed before the figure “*Kwenchanayo*, it’s not that heavy”. Raising her head, she spotted none other than **Jeon Jungkook** in front of her. On any other day, she would probably be at a loss for words upon meeting one of the magnificent seven; but right now her mind was too preoccupied with Namjoon to even process the scene before her.

“Is-Is Namjoon-ssi around?” she muttered, not sure if her Korean accent was correct enough for the golden maknae to understand her. With a hand signal, he showed her to the room at the end of the hall. Finding her way, she smiled at him and bowed “*Kamsahamnida Jungkook-ssi*”.

The BTS floor had multiple rooms. Among them, Lexi located the break room where a playful **Taehyung** met her with a goofy expression “*Yeokshi V, your silly behavior is all too real*”.

Passing by the recording room, she spotted the three eldest hyungs inside. Locked in the isolation booth, **Suga** was earnestly rehearsing his rap part in blazing rhymes while **J-Hope** and **Jin** were dancing foolishly around the place. Every member was a true depiction of what they showed on variety shows; Lexi was pleased to witness this reality in person.

Finally reaching the room she was ushered to, Lexi reached for the door knob only to feel someone turning it on the other side. As she let go, a sweaty idol opened the door.

Taken aback by her sudden appearance out of nowhere, **Jimin** watched her closely for a moment before initiating the conversation “Can I help you with something?”

“*N-nae ... Can I talk to Namjoon-ssi ?*” she requested, hiding most of her face behind the large package.

It took the 95-liner a minute to recognize the young lady before him “*Monie Hyung, Myujeu sin Noona is here*”.

“Let her in” Namjoon urged behind the door, out of breath.

Meeting the rest of the boys before getting to Namjoon gave Lexi all kinds of feels. But hearing the nickname her partner gave her dazzled her even more “And he said he hated nicknames” she snickered under her nose.

Accessing the room, Lexi put the gift on the floor and closed the door behind her. The last time she saw Namjoon was eight days ago for exactly five minutes, the amount of time he had before practice started. Ever since that day, she could barely get a hold of him as the rehearsals lasted until dawn while she left the studio at 10 PM at best. The mornings were no good either since he often went straight up to the seventh floor after a recap of three to four hours of sleep. Right now, seeing him in front of her was just right, and yet it wasn’t enough.

As for him, seeing her in front of him was exactly what he needed before his short break ended. Her presence slid the corners of his mouth upwards; and as a response to his smile, she ran towards him and pulled him in for a strong yet gentle hug.

*"Ya Jagi, I'm all sweaty. You're going to ruin your clothes"* he tried to warn her.

*"Kwenchana. I miss this, I miss you"* she responded, oblivious of his sweaty state *"I thought I would never get to see you again"*.

*"I know, I'm sorry I couldn't make more time for us"* he apologized *"everything is hectic right now with the comeback date approaching. I still need to improve my dance routine, Jimin was helping me master my moves"*.

*"Ah yes, I met him outside"* she baited him *"So Myujeu sin, huh?"*

He chuckled *"I thought you liked labels"*.

*"I never said otherwise. I was just surprised, that is all"* she heartened him.

Taking a seat on the floor, the couple caught up on their mutual lives as usual. They were both patient being away from one another, but once they met, they lamented the moment they'll have to go apart again; and this time was probably their last one together.

*"What's in the box?"* Namjoon suddenly asked, looking at the human-sized doll next to the door.

Amused, she tested him *"Guess"*.

*"Well judging from the life-size of the package, it'd better not be human"* he teased her.

Leaving his side to bring the wrap closer, she put it in front of him *"Why don't you find out for yourself?"*

As he started unwrapping the gift, a pair of brown ears appeared. A genuine grin claimed his lips as he removed the wrap, revealing an actual life-size Ryan doll.

*"Heol ! Jinjja Daebak !"* he admired the newest addition to his collection *"Jagiah! Jeongmal komaweo"*.

“I wanted to give you something that you cherished the most to remember me by” she justified herself.

Resting her head on his chest, he held her affectionately in his arms “You are the best gift”.

The pair remained in each other’s embrace for a while. In the silence, random whispers were heard as the vocal line stood behind the door, with a deep voice dominating the rest of the members’.

“Ya Taehyungie, it’s rude to eavesdrop on people’s private conversations” Namjoon sniggered at the maknae line’s sudden curiosity.

Caught red-handed, he attempted to defend himself “*Aniyo hyung*, we’re just waiting for the other *hyungs* before rehearsal starts”.

“Well then, that’s my cue” she placed a tender kiss on his cheek “I’ll let you get back to practice”.

“What, no goodbye kiss?” he manifested.

“I changed my mind” she challenged him “I refuse for us to go our separate ways like this. I will still be in town for the next fifteen days: even if it’s for a split second, find me. I will wait for you”.

Calmly leaving the room, she put a puzzled but content Namjoon at ease since her visit didn’t mean this was their last farewell.

### **Present day**

The weekend marked Lexi’s last days in town and her birthday as well. She stared at the suitcases scattered around the house; still unable to admit that the best moment of her life has come to an end. Being quite the nostalgic, every part of the dormitory held a special meaning in her heart, and almost every special memory had Namjoon in it. Unable to get together before her flight, Lexi blamed herself for not properly telling him goodbye when she had the chance. All of this packing woke up her appetite; she grabbed the phone to enjoy one last taste of Korea’s best dishes. Ten minutes later, someone knocked on the door.

“Well, that was fast” she exclaimed “I guess they don’t call it express delivery for nothing”.

She approached the door “*Nuguseyo?*” to which a muffled voice replied “Special delivery”.

Upon opening the door, Lexi received the most savory delivery of her life: a gray-haired model figure in all-black clothing, her favorite appetizer. Carrying a pastry box in his hands, he smirked “Sorry I’m late, I hope this will make up for my absence. I ordered it last minute”.

Ushering him in, she accepted his apology and put the box on the dining table. As she was about to open it, he placed himself behind her and sneaked his arms around her waist while his chin rested on her shoulder. Studying her baffled expressions, he smiled from ear to ear “I was supposed to deliver them with the candles lit, but I dropped them when I left the car: I’m afraid none survived the fall. Sorry for my clumsiness babe but hey, at least the food is safe”.

Lexi didn’t reply. She was too busy admiring the pastry set in front of her: Five red velvet cupcakes, each one of them held a name tag: 렉시 - 텍슬라 - 레이디 학자 - 뮤즈 신 - 알렉산드라.

“Namjoonah” she shrieked “Are you ever going to stop surprising me?” she turned to the side and planted a kiss on his jaw line “I love it, thank you babe”.

Thrilled with her reaction, he commented “You should thank the lady who suffered by writing western names in Korean. She kept telling me that a red velvet cake would’ve been more suitable, but I insisted on the cupcakes because I wanted to celebrate every side of you individually”.

“Aren’t you quite the romantic” she affirmed “This is the best birthday celebration ever, thank you Namjoon”.

“I’m glad you like it. Happy birthday Alexandra” he rested his lips against her temple.

Their moment was interrupted by a knock on the door: the actual delivery has arrived.

“*Mansae!* Food came just in time, I’m starving” she sighed out of relief “I’m glad I ordered enough to suffice the both of us”.

Startled, he looked at her “You were expecting me?”

“No, I was actually going to eat my feelings away” she explained herself “But it’s a good thing you showed up; I have been craving you lately”.