

The final call

Lilah woke up a bit early to finish packing. After her late date last night, she couldn't focus on anything else and just went to bed.

"I can't close the stupid luggage," she sighed.

"It's okay, we'll manage to close it," Bea tried to calm her down, "You still have time, so you don't have to freak out."

"I have a feeling I exceeded weight in both suitcases," she held onto her head, "Screw this, I'm throwing the overweight."

Stella didn't even bother to intervene because she knew how stubborn Lilah was; instead, she just watched from a distance. "Lilah, your phone is vibrating non-stop."

"Yeah, I'm aware," she scoffed, "I need to get back to six people, and honestly I don't know how to do that."

"Let me guess," Stella threw her thoughts in, "You're just going to leave Korea and leave them behind?"

"Yes?" Lilah shamelessly admitted. "I mean, I really enjoyed their company, but let's face it. What were they expecting would happen?"

"Hey, I'm not judging. But you owe them a text, that's the least you can do." Stella threw her two-cent opinion, to which Bea adamantly nodded in agreement.

"And what about him?" Bea suddenly evoked, "You're still seeing him today, right?"

Lilah shrugged, "Yes, but he's an exception. Remember our conversation a week earlier?"

"What about it?" Bea inquired.

"I know we talked about ideal types and all, and how a woke person would be the best fit, because it'll transcend all other vain ideologies that make up relationships and what not," She initiated.

Bea was carefully listening, "And?"

"It's just crazy how our entire debate last week shaped itself into reality last night," she revealed.

"It did?" Bea's curiosity was piqued, "How so?"

“Let’s just say that I finally felt that I can be understood in this world,” Lilah let out.

“Are you whipped?” Stella interrupted them, “Is this why you’re leaving the other six on seen?”

“In five hours, I’ll be nowhere to be seen anyways.” Lilah picked up her phone and scrolled through the many messages until she landed on Namjoon’s text, “I’ll be there in 10.”

“You’re right on time!” Lilah greeted an ecstatic Namjoon waiting for her at the entrance. The young man had the attire of a model, all dressed in white, and hiding his hair locks under a baseball cap.

“Are you all set?” Namjoon picked one of her luggages, “Are your friends coming?”

“No, they said I’m in good hands,” she wittily smiled.

Despite the hourly ride, the distance felt rather short. Lilah was taking one final look through the window, bidding her safe haven farewell.

Upon their arrival to the airport, Namjoon helped Lilah with the check-in and was getting ready to say his goodbyes as well. He was too caught up in the rush earlier to notice what she was wearing: denim overalls, a plain white Tee, and a pair of sneakers while rocking her reading glasses.

“You look very pretty today,” he complimented her.

“Really?” Lilah was unsure whether he was being genuine, “Even with the glasses?”

Namjoon chuckled at her reaction, “Especially with the glasses.”

“Ha, thank you,” she pushed her glasses in. “You’re a fine man yourself.”

“You know,” he faced her, “You’re the brightest and kindest woman I have ever met.”

“Oh- I was not expecting that,” was all Lilah could mutter.

Namjoon took a step forward, “Can we make this work?”

“Make what work?” she was suddenly caught off guard.

“You know,” he held on to the nape of his neck, “We can keep talking on Kakao, and we’ll try to visit each other.”

“Long-distance relationships are a bit difficult,” she eyed the floor, “Are you willing to give it a try?”

“I am if you are,” he winked at her.

“Alrighty then! Hit me up when you decide to pay my country a visit.” It was time for Lilah to get to the boarding gate, “I have to go now.”

Namjoon lifted Lilah’s chin with his right hand, gently brushing her lip with his thumb. He leaned in for a kiss when she swiftly moved her head and planted a kiss on his cheek instead. “Save it until we meet again next time.”

Namjoon chuckled at her playfulness and hugged her goodbye, “Have a safe trip, Lilah.”

“See you soon, Namjoon,” she returned the hug. “By the way, my full name is Delilah.”