Name: Angeles Belen Yach Ramirez

"Why do I care about you."

<Do not do it please>

"Don't do it, I don't want to cause trouble," I blurt out.

"And you won't. Tell me why do you have your eyes like this?" Were you crying? "Question harshly."

"No, and if I had, it's none of your business."

"Honey, what happened to your eyes?" "Question severe."

"Nothing," I say docile.

"Tell me," he insists.

"Joon you don't care."