

## One For Me

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# One For Me

by [Mikina](#)

## Summary

Hae Soo had waited for Wang So to come in her last days, but he never showed up till the end. A 'What If' story: What If Wang So came and saw Hae Soo for the last time. What would happen?

An alternate ending of Moon Lovers: Scarlet Heart Ryeo.

# The Last Miracle

She had been waiting for him. The hope inside her was waning slowly every time the day passed without him showing up in the Fourteenth Prince exiled mansion. Not even the news of him reading her letter reached into her ears.

*Did he read her letter?*

*Had he received her letter?*

*Did the messenger arrived safely and gave him her letter?*

*Did Jung send her letter to him?*

The questions just popping inside her mind one by one without an answer. One question though popped to her mind that made her stopped wondering about the letter.

*Did he hate her that much that he didn't want to meet her after reading her letter?*

Her already weak heart clenched tightly when she thought that he didn't want to meet her.

*Was this the end of their relationship?*

*Would she not meet him again for the last time?*

Her time was almost up and she didn't have any energy left to wait for him. She wanted to meet him. She wanted to see her fourth prince. Not the king that he became at the moment, but the Fourth Prince that had made her fallen so hard, the one that she had given her heart to.

"Sa Wangja-nim (Fourth Prince)..." She muttered her beloved name softly. How she longed for her prince to show up and embrace her right now, along with their daughter. That would be what she would call heaven on earth.

But with each passing day, she knew that her hope would not be granted. In her desperation, she uttered her last prayer for a miracle to come... For the deity to have mercy on her...

And without her knowing, the miracle was already on the way to come and meet her. The miracle appeared in the form of her best friend that she hadn't seen for a long time.

The Thirteenth Prince, Baek-ah.

## My Eternal Companion

It wasn't a coincidence Baek-ah came to Jung's exiled mansion. Even though he didn't live in the palace any longer, but he was aware of the situation within his former living place. He knew that Hae Soo had no longer living in the palace and had in fact married to Jung. Baek-ah had once come to Songak to know further about this news. He didn't meet his fourth brother though, instead, he came to Jimong to ask about this matter.

Since then, he would receive the news of his brothers from here and there, or directly from Jimong, while traveling around the nation. Commoners loved to talk about royalty and his brothers were one of their favorite subjects. Then, at one time, he heard a piece of news that bothered him. Jimong sent a letter and told him that the king had received many letters from the Fourteenth Prince recently, but he never once opened the letter. Jimong was afraid that something serious had happened with the Fourteenth Prince since he sent so many letters for the king. But no one was brave enough to make the king opened and read the letter. He asked Baek-ah to come and coerce the king regarding this matter.

Baek-ah had already planned to return to Songak immediately when she appeared inside his dream.

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"Woo-hee..."

"Hello, Baek-ah."

"Am I dreaming?"

"Yes, you silly."

"...Can I hug you?"

Woo-hee approached Baek-ah and embraced her lovers tightly. "There."

Baek-ah stood still in Woo-hee's embrace, reveling in the presence of his lovers again. Tears were streaming down his face like a waterfall. "You are here."

"But I can't stay for a long time. And I come to see you for the last time."

"No," Baek-ah embraced Woo-hee's body as tightly as he could, "don't go. Don't leave me again."

"I already leave you."

"You are here with me now."

"Don't be hard on yourself. You know clearly that we can't be together in this lifetime."

"I... can't. Please... I don't want to be left again. I... can't."

"You can. You are the one that gave me the strength to love again. To be the princess that I am not, for my people. You have this strength inside you that will help you endure and move forward."

"It's because I have you that I have the strength of all those things. You are the source of my strength, Woo-hee. I have left Songak... left So Hyungnim (Brother So) alone because I no longer have that strength to live within the palace."

"Don't underestimate yourself," Woo-hee tried to console Baek-ah. She pulled from the embrace and put her hands on Baek-ah wet cheeks. "Look at me, will you?"

Baek-ah lifted his head to look at Woo-hee's warm gaze. Woo-hee leaned in closer and kissed Baek-ah tenderly. They closed their eyes and savoring each other lips with earnest.

"I am sorry," Woo-hee said dejectedly. She broke the kiss and wiped Baek-ah wet cheeks with her thumb. "It never my intention to leave you like that. But, you and I have our duty as a prince and a princess. I know that I don't deserve your forgiveness... To make you suffer like this."

Baek-ah held Woo-hee's hands on his cheek. He shook his head to deny Woo-hee's words.

"You are not to be blamed. No one is to be blamed. The only thing that is to be blamed is the situation and circumstances we are in. And who doesn't blaming those things that we are in right now? Even So Hyungnim is blaming it. If not for those things, he will not be apart from Hae Soo. And many other things wouldn't have happened."

"Hae Soo... That friend of mine is the reason I come to meet you."

"What do you mean?"

"Baek-ah, please go and meet Hae Soo. She really needs you right now."

"What are you talking about?"

"Just go and meet Hae Soo in the Fourteenth Prince's exiled mansion. Can you promise me on that?"

"Hae Soo is in trouble?"

Woo-hee nodded.

"She is one of my best friends and like a sister to me. I will go and see what help can I assist her."

"That's great. I know that I can count on you for this."

"...How about us?"

"Us..." Woo-hee said the word solemnly.

"Will there be a chance for us? For you to be with me again?"

Woo-hee gave a watery smile to Baek-ah. She shook her head slowly and regretfully. "I'm sorry."

"You will leave me alone? Again?"

Woo-hee brought their holding hand in front of his heart. "I'm right here. I won't leave you alone."

"Woo-hee..."

"Baek-ah... Thank you for everything. Even though we can't be together physically anymore, but I will always be with you. You are a part of my soul. I will wait until our soul can be together once again."

Baek-ah couldn't utter any more words. The feelings that overwhelmed his body were too much. Nothing could make him and Woo-hee together again. As much as it pained him, he needed to let go of the hands that he was holding tightly right now for the second time. He pulled Woo-hee again to his embrace and kissed her forehead.

"I will come," Baek-ah said, determination shone in his eyes. "And when that time comes, I will never let go of these hands again. Never. That is my vow."

"I know," Woo-hee smiled. "And I will wait for you, my eternal companion."

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When the Thirteenth Prince woke up from his slumber, he could still feel Woo-hee's presence in his arms. For some reason, he didn't feel like his chest was suffocating him any longer. He closed his eyes and put his hand on his chest. At last, he found the strength that he needed to move forward. A small smile tugged on his lips.

*'Thank you and wait for me, Woo-hee.'*

He got up from his bed to prepare the one thing that Woo-hee asked of him.

To meet Hae Soo and helped her with whatever she would need.

# One Last Hope

The Fourteenth Prince, Wang Jung almost couldn't believe what he saw that had entered from the gate of his house.

“Hyungnim (Brother),”

“Jung.” Baek-ah marched toward Jung and gave his little brother a brotherly hug. “Good to see you that you are healthy.”

“Why do you come?” Baek-ah pulled from the hug and raised one of his brows.

“You are sounded like my arrival is not welcome. What? You don't like that I come to visit you, huh?” Baek-ah said in a teasing manner.

“No!” shouted Jung, denying his brother remark. “It's not like that! It's just... I can't believe that you come at this time.”

“What happens?” Baek-ah couldn't help but feel that Jung was a little weird. “By the way, where is Hae Soo?”

“Soo is...” Jung cast his eyes downward and he sounded exhausted. “She is inside the house.”

“Why is your tone sounded like she is dying? Or... something bad has happened to her?”

Jung lifted his head and stared straight to Baek-ah. Just then, Baek-ah could see that Jung's eyes were saying the word that he couldn't say it out loud. The helplessness that he felt at that moment.

“Jung...”

“Soo... Soo is...” Jung shook his head and sighed deeply.

“Bring me to her. I have something to talk to her.”

Jung didn't say anymore and turned his body to lead Baek-ah inside the house. They stopped in front of Hae Soo's room.

“She's inside.” Jung looked at the room for a while before he turned at Baek-ah. “I won't bother you two. You can take your time.”

“I know.” Jung left Baek-ah after that. The distraught attitude of Jung really bothered Baek-ah. In his dreams, Woo-hee also said that Hae Soo was in trouble and she needed his help. Baek-ah took a deep breath and pushed the door of Hae Soo's room.

When he stepped inside the room, two things caught his attention immediately. One was how sickly Hae Soo looks, sitting on the chair. And the other was the baby that Hae Soo cradled in

her arms at the moment.

“Soo...”

Slowly, Hae Soo turned her head to the voice that called her name. When she saw who it was, there was this elation feeling that she hadn't felt for a long time.

“Baek-ah-nim,” A little smile tugged on her tired face. Baek-ah walked and sat at the seat beside Hae Soo. “Is that really you?”

“Yeah, it's me,” He almost didn't believe that the woman in front of him now was the same Hae Soo, the feisty and lively woman that was also his best friend and his sister. “Are you okay?”

“What do you think?”

“...What happens?”

Hae Soo shook her head. “It's a long story. And honestly, I don't want to talk about that depressing moment again.”

“If you say so.” Baek-ah looked Hae Soo from up to down and he didn't like a bit from what he had seen. It worried him greatly.

“Why do you come suddenly? Do you have something to do with the Fourteenth Prince?”

“No, I come to meet you.”

“Me?” Hae Soo a little bit surprised with Baek-ah answered.

“Yes. Truthfully, before I came here, someone had appeared in my dream and ask me to come and meet you. She said that you are in trouble and you also need my help.”

“...Was it Woo-hee?”

“It was.”

“... I...”

“What happened between us was something that couldn't be helped,” Baek-ah said solemnly. “She and I talked a bit inside the dream and this matter has become water under the bridge. In fact, it's thanks to you that I can see and meet her again. Please don't feel guilty for something that is beyond your reach.”

“... I'm glad to know that you have come to terms with this matter. Really.”

“Enough talking about me. I come so that I can help you with whatever you really need.” Just then Baek-ah remembered the letters that Jung sent to the King that Jimong mentioned in his letter. “Jung's letters... The letter, is it about you?”

Hae Soo shook her head. She felt relieved when she heard that Jung had indeed sent her letters. She shouldn't have doubted Jung from the beginning. But then, *why* the king didn't come then?

"That's not Jung's letters. Those are my letters for the king."

"Your letters? Not Jung?" Baek-ah asked in disbelief. Hae Soo nodded her head slowly. If those were Hae Soo's letters, then it was impossible the king wouldn't read it. Even though his brother was angry with Hae Soo for lying to him about Wook's matter, but deep inside Wang So's heart, Hae Soo would always be the woman that he loved deeply. He knew that much. For his brother not reading Hae Soo's letter was something that he couldn't comprehend.

"Baek-ah-nim... Does the king really hate me that much?"

"...Why do you think like that?"

"I hurt him deeply with the Eight Prince issues. He even said to me that he didn't want to see me again. Wasn't that the reason that he sent me away to be with the Fourteenth Prince?" Hae Soo remembered the last time she met with Wang So, which was when he asked her about her past relationship with Wang Wook. "Are there other reasons for him to send me away?"

"I believe it was you that asked him to go out of the palace."

"But at first, he didn't allow me to leave him. He was so adamant for me to stay by his side." Wang So didn't have anyone that he could trust except her after Baek-ah left Songak. And Hae Soo understood his situation. She was torn between staying at his side or to leave him alone at the palace. If not because of her pregnancy, maybe she wouldn't leave his side, even though she was tired of all that happened inside the palace.

"If one thing I can be assured about my fourth brother is his love for you. Never doubt that he loves you dearly, Soo. He did angry with you, but not to the point of hating you."

"Then... Why he didn't read my letters? I have sent so many since I gave birth to Seol two months ago. But he never comes and sees me like what I asked him in my letter."

Baek-ah darted his eyes to look at the baby. "Is it his?"

Hae Soo kissed her daughter's forehead and when she looked at Baek-ah, he could see the love that exuded from her body. "It is."

"Does he know?" Hae Soo shook her head. Baek-ah stared at the baby when something clicked inside his mind. "You wanted to leave the palace because of the baby, didn't you?"

"...I did."

"Did you write about the baby in the letter?"

"No," Hae Soo shook her head again. "But if he read my letter and come to see me, he will know about her. It was never my intention to hide her from her father." Right then the baby

opened her eyes and a sweet smile adorned Hae Soo's face.

"Your daughter is very pretty."

"Baek-ah-nim... I don't have much time left."

"Don't say it like that. You have a daughter that you still need to care about. And my brother will not like it if you are not around. And neither do I."

"No, my days are number and I know that my body will not be able to hold on any longer. The royal physician that came to look after me during my pregnancy had warned me that if I continue my pregnancy, it would be dangerous for my body." Baek-ah didn't need to ask what was Hae Soo's decision for this. The baby in her arms was the answer. "I never regret giving birth to our daughter. I know what cost I have to pay, and I will pay for it. It's just... I want to see him before I go." Baek-ah could feel the longing for his fourth brother from the way Hae Soo talked about him. It was the same tone that he used when he talked about Woo-hee.

"Hae Soo-"

"No, I know that my time is almost up." Even though Baek-ah very much wanted to deny Hae Soo remarks, he didn't have to be a physician to know that his best friend was in her deathbed. His throat suddenly became dry.

"You... want to see His Majesty? To see So Hyungnim?"

"More than anything else you can imagine... Baek-ah-nim," Hae Soo handed Baek-ah a letter that was on the table. "Please give this letter to him. I want to ask the Fourteenth Prince to send this letter before, but I will trust this letter to you instead. This will be my last letter to him. Please... Please, help me send this letter to him."

Baek-ah accepted the letter and slipped it carefully inside his shirt. "I will give this letter to him. Don't you worry. I will make him read this letter even if I have to force him and be sentenced to prison."

"Thank you very much." Hae Soo thanked her best friend with a weak smile.

"You have to hang on until then. Don't you dare to leave without receiving my reply. Got it?"

"I will try my best. But, please be quick."

"I will go as fast as possible. And you, get some rest. You look so pale, you know."

"I know."

Baek-ah got up and then walked to the door before Hae Soo called him one last time. "Baek-ah-nim."

Baek-ah stopped and turned his head to see Hae Soo.

“Really... Thank you very much. And, please... bring him to me if you can.”

“You have my words, Soo.”

Baek-ah left Hae Soo’s room and searched for Jung. He found his brother in the courtyard.

“Jung.” Baek-ah approached Jung while the latter turned his head expectantly as he had waited for him to come.

“Hyungnim! How is it going?”

“I will be going to Songak right now as fast as I can. Give me your fastest horse that you have. We... Hae Soo can’t wait any longer.”

“Right. Maybe if you go and see him, you can convince him to come here. At least he doesn’t hate you as he hates me.”

“Jung.”

“No, it’s not a time to argue. I have tried everything that I can for him to come here but... he never comes. Yes, I don’t like him... I, maybe, despise him for all the things he had done to mother and Yo Hyungnim. But... Hae Soo wants to see him. She... She really wants to see him. And I want to grant her wish.”

“I will make our fourth brother come here. Even if I have to drag and tie him up, I will make him come and meet Hae Soo.”

“I will prepare the horse then.”

Jung called the servant that was assigned to the stable to prepare the horse and then he told the other servants to prepare the needs for Baek-ah’s journey.

Baek-ah saw the hustle of the preparation while making a vow to himself that he would make sure that Wang So would come and meet Hae Soo. Whatever the cost it would need.

## Letter for the King

Baek-ah stared at the gate of the palace not far from the horse he was sitting at. He had tried to come as fast as possible by riding the horse nonstop, with him resting as little as possible. The mansion was quite far from the palace, it was a place for an exile after all. It took him two days before he arrived in front of the palace's gate.

The last time he came to this place, it was because he was concerned about his brother's issues with Hae Soo. And now, he came back again for the same reason, but with different purposes.

Striding toward the palace gate slowly, little by little, he was onslaught by different memories of the palace. The happy one, the sad one, and the most recent memory that made him left the palace, the bitter and sorrowful one. But thanks to the dream of meeting Woo-hee, the remorse feelings that every time would surface if he remembered about Songak was no longer that overwhelming.

Losing Woo-hee was something that Baek-ah would not be able to forget. Those feelings were something that he wouldn't be able to describe. He didn't want his beloved brother to feel the same thing as he did, something that his fourth older brother would feel soon enough if he didn't do something.

With determination shone in his eyes, he passed through the palace gate and immediately marched through the imperial courtroom to meet with the king, his beloved fourth brother.

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Wang So, the 4th King of Goryou, known as Gwangjong later in history, was beyond pissed. No... he was *furious*.

"Pyeha (Your Majesty),"

"Don't."

"Pyeha,"

"Jimong, I say, don't."

"I-"

"And don't even make your dry jokes for this matter. Or do you want to join the other ministers that dared enough to oppose me, to meet them six-feet under, huh?"

"I just want to say that you holding the petition upside down."

Wang So looked at the petition in his hand and it's indeed upside down. He threw the petition angrily to the table and closed his eyes, while one of his hands nursed his pounding head and let out a disgruntled sound.

"You shouldn't let the emotion took over the body. And, please try to control your anger. While it's good for making the ministers fear over you, but it also isn't good for your health." As Wang So's advisor, Jimong would always be beside the king if there was a court meeting. And he couldn't help but feel weary after every meeting was finished. Wang So was his friend before he was the king, and he had avenged the crown prince after all, just like what he promised to him.

"After what my mother did to me... of her disowning me, I have learned my lesson that letting the emotion taking over your head is the biggest mistake." Wang So remembered the massacre of the monks he did for his mother to hide the assassination plan Queen Yoo had planned. That was the last time he ever showed his true feelings to his mother that at the end the queen mercilessly threw those feelings and trampled it into pieces. "That damn ministers have pushed my button in the wrong way and I have warned them about this. It's a good thing that I didn't do what I really want to do to them. They should thank me for only lashing out at them."

"But... I can't say that what they said to you is wrong either," Jimong treated the matter carefully because this thing was very sensitive, the one thing that made Wang So lashing out to the ministers. "You should really think about having an heir to succeed the throne."

"An heir?" Wang So looked straight to Jimong and let out a derisive laugh. "I should have a child with a woman that is the sister of the mastermind for all the messed up things that happened in my life? The sister of that traitor?" It's not that he hadn't slept with Yeon-hwa. But after knowing Wang Wook's relationship with Hae Soo, whenever he saw his sister, Wang So almost couldn't hold the urge to strangle her. It's better if he didn't see her until he could make amends with his eighth brother, which was *not* happening in the near time.

"She's also your sister, Pyeha. And she has become your wife. The Queen of Goryou. Your Queen."

"My queen is not her!" Wang So hit the table forcefully that many of the petitions fell down and made a mess around the table. "She has the title of a queen, but for me, she will never become *my* queen." Wang So's smoldering glare almost made Jimong cowered from the intensity.

"My-my apologies, Pyeha," Jimong said while he's bowing down 90 degrees to Wang So. How could he forget that the only woman inside Wang So's heart was Hae Soo? "It's a slip if my tongue."

"Never let that kind of slip happen again or I will cut off your tongue." Wang So warned Jimong and the latter knew that the king would *really* consider to cut off his tongue if this kind of slip happened again.

"Thank you for your mercy," said Jimong. Speaking of Hae Soo, his eyes darted to the piles of letter beside the king's table. "Pyeha... will you not read of the Fourteenth Prince's

letters?”

“Why do I want to read his letter? He’s in exile, what can he write to me about? About him and Soo? I don’t want to read of how he brags his relationship with Soo in his letters. It was enough when I saw how they displayed their affection once at that time.”

“Are you sure that nothing can be told to you in the letter? What if something happens?” Jimong hesitated to bring Hae Soo matters. Wang So had told him that he didn’t want to hear about her or Wang Jung. But on that day, there was a strong urge that made him bold enough to talk about the lady. “What if the Fourteenth Prince... or Hae Soo agassi (Young lady Hae Soo) is in bad condition? You know that Hae Soo agassi’s health is in poor condition even when she was in the palace.” Jimong continued to persuade Wang So. “Forgive me for my boldness, but I don’t think that the Fourteenth Prince will send you that many letters just to tell you about his relationship with Hae Soo agassi.” Hae Soo’s welfare and health was one thing that Wang So always care about, no matter how angry he was. And of course, Jimong was aware of that thing.

Wang So looked at the pile of letters beside his table and contemplated Jimong’s word. Should he opened one and try to read what was written in the letter? What did Jung want to tell him inside those letters that he would send this many? There’s still a part of him that felt jealous and angry toward Jung, because Hae Soo chose his brother over him. And that part was the one that hindered him to read the letters. But Jimong’s word had made him wonder about what was inside the letters.

While Wang So was pondering the thought to open and read the letter, a guard that stood outside the courtroom announced that someone unexpected was seeking his audience.

“Pyeha, Thirteenth Prince, Prince Baek-ah wants to seek an audience.”

“Let him in.” The arrival of Baek-ah was something that Wang So didn’t expect. He hadn’t seen his brother for a long time. In fact, the last time he saw him was when Baek-ah asked to let him go outside the palace. Wang So didn’t know the last visitation of Baek-ah to Songak, when the latter met Jimong to ask about his and Hae Soo’s matter. To be able to see Baek-ah again after such a long time was something that he really looks forward to.

Baek-ah stepped inside the courtroom and walked a few steps before he stopped and bowed to Wang So. “Greetings, Pyeha.”

“When did you arrive?” Wang So asked in delightful. “Why didn’t you inform me that you will come?”

“I just arrived and immediately asked to seek your audience,” answered Baek-ah in an all-business tone. “I didn’t inform you that I will come because I didn’t have any plans to come and meet you.”

“Then, why do you come?” Wang So scrunched his brows. Not to mention that the all-business tone that Baek-ah used was making him rather uncomfortable.

“I come on behalf of my friend to deliver something to you and because I have promised to grant my friend wish.”

The more Wang So listened to Baek-ah, the more confused he got. What did he mean? And since when his brother talked beating around the bush like that?

“Who is this friend that you are helping with? What do you want to give to me?”

Baek-ah approached Wang So and stood near beside him. He slipped his hand inside his clothes and took out a piece of letter. He put the letter on the table and step aside to look at his brother. “This is a letter from my friend for you. And I want you to read this letter right now, Pyeha.”

Baek-ah never asked something like this from him. Neither he never spoke to him in such urgency. Wang So took the letter and saw the word of the letter which was written and addressed to him. His eyes widen a bit because the writing style in the letter was very similar to his own.

*Who was Baek-ah friend?*

Baek-ah could see the confusion on Wang So’s face when he saw the calligraphy on the letter. He was also a bit stunned when he saw how similar Hae Soo’s writing with his fourth brother. But before Wang So could ask the question inside his mind, Baek-ah answered him with something that made him knocked out of his breath.

“The letter... is from Hae Soo.”

# Hae Soo's Letter

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hae Soo...” Wang So said the name only above a whisper. He and Jimong had a talk about her just before Baek-ah came into the royal courtroom. About letters that were piling up beside his table, that was waiting to be read by him. And now those two matters were combined into one issue. Hae Soo had written a letter to him.

“Yes,” answered Baek-ah. “I visited Jung’s exiled mansion before I came here. And she asked me to give you this letter.”

“Why did you go there?”

“I will tell you the whole story later. I implore you to read the letter first, Pyeha.” Baek-ah said rather desperately. Time was ticking and every second was precious. Hae Soo could be gone if they stalled too long with the twenty questions. He bowed his head to beg Wang So and also to emphasize his request.

Wang So focused back to the letter in his hand. This was the first letter Hae Soo ever wrote for him after she went with Jung. He traced the calligraphy in the envelope. Wang So knew that Hae Soo wrote with the same style as him. Looking at the letter and the calligraphy made him realize how he missed Hae Soo... how he longed for her to be inside his embrace again. He tore the envelope and pulled out the letter inside it. Carefully, Wang So opened the folded paper and after that, he began to read Hae Soo’s letter.

*“This letter will be the last letter that I will write to you. Truthfully, I don’t even know what I should write to you again in this letter. In those letters I have written and sent it to you, I have poured out all the feelings that are slowly have been gnawing from inside and almost eating me away. Every time I wrote a letter, my mind always wander of your being. But mostly, I always wonder if you are still angry with me. The hurt in your eyes that I saw the last time we met, I want to make amends for it. In one of my letters, I wrote that the opposite of love is not hating, but to forget and leave someone. If you hating someone, you still have feelings for that person, but if you forget someone, that person has completely gone from your mind and in the end, you will leave it behind. Since came to this place, I have never forgotten things that happened between us and cherishes it very much. All of those things make me realize, how I miss you very much. How I long to see you again. I don’t have much time left and before I go, I want to see you for the last time. So, please, can you come and meet me for the last time? This will be my last request and I hope that you will consider to grant it. I will wait until my last breath of your arrival. I will wait for you, my Fourth Prince. Hae Soo.”*

Jimong and Baek-ah waited patiently beside Wang So until he finished reading the letter. His eyes moved from word to word and he contorted his face when he read the first sentence. As he finished reading the letter, his hands were shaking a bit and he looked up to Baek-ah with a lost expression.

“Baek-ah,” Wang So called his brother’s name shakily. “What does this mean?” His head had begun pounding again. This time it was more painful than the previous one. “Can you... please explain to me what is happening?” Wang So’s throat became dry when he asked Baek-ah of Hae Soo’s letter. “What did she mean that she has sent my letters and-... and she doesn’t have much time left?” His heart had also begun to beat faster, pounding inside his ribcage.

“Hae Soo is waiting for you,” Baek-ah said solemnly. “Hae Soo is... She is... dying.”

Wang So stood up and marched to Baek-ah. He grabbed his brother’s collar and gripped it tightly. He glared at Baek-ah and shouted, “Don’t you dare to say something ominous like that again!”

“But she is dying!” shouted Baek-ah with the same fervor. “I have met her and saw her with my own two eyes that she is on her deathbed. She doesn’t have much time left.”

“You’re lying!”

“Hyungnim (Brother)!” Baek-ah addressed Wang So as his brother, not as the king. “Get a hold of yourself! Now is not the time for you to be distraught! Hae Soo is waiting for you and it’s better for you to go to her right now.”

Wang So released his gripped from Baek-ah’s collar. He took the letter again and his eyes scanned at the letter. “What letters did she mean? I never received any of her letters.”

“Hae Soo asked Jung to send her letter. Apparently, the letters from Jung that you have received since two months ago is Hae Soo’s letter for you.”

“*What... ?*” Disbelief laced in Wang So’s tone. How could those letters be from Hae Soo? The letter that was written in the envelope was clearly Jung’s handwritten! He still could distinguish her brother and Hae Soo’s handwritten, like the letter that he just read. It’s impossible for him to mistake Hae Soo’s handwritten to Jung. Never!

*Unless...*

Wang So snatched one of the letters from the pile and immediately tore the envelope. And he could see that there was another envelope inside it. He pulled the envelope out and his eyes widen when he saw what was written in the envelope.

Inside the envelope was a letter with Hae Soo’s handwritten that was addressed to him.

He snatched another letter and opened the envelope just to find another envelope with Hae Soo’s handwritten inside it. His legs gave away when he realized the truth behind all the letters. He had neglected Hae Soo’s letters and recklessly assumed that it was from Jung.

How could he know that inside Jung’s letter was Hae Soo’s letter for him? What was in Jung’s blasted mind that gave him an idea to put Hae Soo’s letter inside another envelope and made it look like he was the sender of the letter?!

With trembling hands, he took one of the letters, tore the envelope and pulled out a folded of paper. His heart pounded so hard when he read another letter that was full of Hae Soo’s

words for him.

*“Life is like a dream. Right and wrong. Love and hate. They all get buried with the passing of time and leave quietly with no traces. Do you still think that you don’t have my whole heart and resent me till now? I’m always worried that I may have left you with hatred instead of love, not allowing you to rest in peace. I still love you and it never ceases. When you gave up everything and stood by me in the rain on that day, when you threw your body in the way of a flying arrow to protect me later, you have become someone that I can never forget in my life. I came to realize that the opposite of love is not hating, but to leave and forget. I’m afraid that you may think that I have left you, have forgotten about you. And that you have done the same. You’re always in my mind for every second that passed in my life. I yearn for you so much, but I can’t be near you. I hope and wait to see you again inside these fences. I’ll be waiting for you. Everyday. Hae Soo.”*

Wang So crumpled the letter to his face. His whole body was shaking and the turmoil that began to brew after reading the second letter had slowly overwhelmed his body. A lone tear escaped from his eye without him realizing.

Baek-ah and Jimong just stood aside from the throne and observed all that unfold silently. Baek-ah especially paid attention to Wang So more because he was afraid of what his brother would do after the distraught he had seen before.

One by one Wang So felt that various feelings emerged inside him.

*Disbelief.*

*Sorrow.*

*Guilt.*

*Yearning.*

*Longing.*

His heart ached with all the feelings that emerged one by one and made him suffocate with the weight of each feeling.

He had to see Hae Soo.

He *must* see Hae Soo.

***Right now.***

“Jimong,”

“Yes, Pyeha.”

“Prepare the fastest horse for me. I will go to Jung’s exiled mansion right now. **Be quick.**”

“I will do it right away.” Jimong excused himself and didn’t say any words. He knew that Wang So’s heart and mind were full of Hae Soo at the moment. And he also personally thought that to go and meet Hae Soo as soon as possible was the best answer. He would try his best to deal with the ministers and court later if they asked of the king’s whereabouts.

“Baek-ah,”

“Yes, Pyeha.”

“Go with me.”

“Of course, I will go with you,” Baek-ah said firmly. “Is there anything else you want me to do?”

“Do you know why did Jung put Hae Soo’s later inside another envelope?”

“I... don’t know.”

“That bastard... I’m going to kill him with my own two hands!” Wang So shouted in rage.

“Pyeha!” Baek-ah exclaimed with shock. He knelt and prostrated in front of Wang So. “Please appease your anger and calm down!”

“No, it will be too easy to just kill him like that,” Wang So continued without paying no heed of Baek-ah’s plea. “I will lock him first and then I will slowly torture him. Death will be such a luxury for him.”

“Pyeha!” Baek-ah looked at Wang So and desperately called him in panic. “Jung is still your brother!”

“But he is the cause of this entire thing!” Wang So shouted and banged his table with force. His eyes were murderous and the dog-wolf that had slumbered for quite sometimes had once again emerged in full force. “Don’t you dare to interfere with this thing. This is a warning.”

“Hyungnim!” Baek-ah once again addressed Wang So as a brother to emphasize his care. “Don’t do the one thing that Hae Soo hates the most! Didn’t you make a promise to her that you won’t kill your family? Your brother?”

The mention of Hae Soo’s name and the old promise between them had made the anger and wrath that erupted to slowly dissipated, which made him calm down a bit. The strong feelings had made his throbbing head became dizzy and the anxiety for Hae Soo’s being was choking him greatly.

“Hyungnim,” said Baek-ah softly. “Just focus on Hae Soo. Don’t think about other things. You can deal with other things after your meeting with Hae Soo. And if you worry about the kingdom’s matter, you can make an edict and say that you will not be bothered for the time being because there are personal matters that need to be resolved immediately. You are the king after all.”

“To hell with the kingdom’s matters,” spat Wang So angrily. “I don’t give a damn about this kingdom right now. All those shitty rules are the things that make me can’t be with Hae Soo in the first place. Jimong will take care of those things. He is my royal advisor and if those ministers dare to go against him, I will personally deal with them later.”

“I understand,” replied Baek-ah. “And about the queen-”

“***Don’t*** mention her.”

“Okay.” Personally, Baek-ah didn’t have any animosity with his sister, Yeon-hwa. But his brother, Wang Wook, had indirectly caused Woo-hee’s death and somehow it had made him ‘indirectly’ dislike Yeon-hwa. Regarding Yeon-hwa, he had mutual feelings toward her like what Wang So had.

“Baek-ah,”

“Yes, Hyungnim.”

“Hae Soo... Is she really dying?”

“She is on her deathbed.”

“...Will ...Will I be able to meet her?”

“She is waiting for you. She won’t go anywhere until she has met you.”

Wang So clasped his hands together and after the last time -which was a very long time- when he still hoped for his mother’s affection, once again he uttered a prayer.

*‘Soo... wait for me. I’m coming.’*

## Chapter End Notes

Happy New Year all! Thank you very much for reading this story of mine.

I didn't expect that there are still many of you to read Moon Lovers: Scarlet Heart Ryeo fanfiction. The drama itself has finished airing since 3 years ago, that's why at first I never have any hope that this story will be read by so many. I just want to write the story because the idea of this what-if is strongly begging to be written. I even dream about what will happen if this what if is really happening!

This chapter is about Hae Soo's letter and one of the letters that I include in this chapter is the one letter that Hae Soo wrote for Wang So at episode 20. I use the translation for the letter from the Kissasian version, but I have added some words also. Just want to notify about the disclaimer here :)

This story is not beta-ed, therefore I'm sorry for any grammatical errors and you can freely tell me if there are any mistakes for this thing. I have tried my best for editing itself and hope that it is good enough.

I will see you again in the next chapter. See ya~~!

# At Last

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hae Soo opened her heavy lid eyes. Her eyes were blurry and she had to take some time to adjust her vision before she realized where she was. She was inside her room and there was someone else that was sitting beside her bed.

"Soo, are you awake?" Jung asked Hae Soo softly. Worried was latched heavily in his tone.

"Fourteenth Prince?"

"How are you feeling?"

"I'm okay," said Hae Soo, obviously lying. "What time is it now?"

"It's in the mid-afternoon. I came to ask you if you want to eat your lunch now."

"I'm not hungry," Hae Soo shook her head as much as she could. "I feel so tired now. Just let me sleep for a bit longer."

"If that's what you want," Jung answered a bit reluctantly. His heart was hurting when he looked at how frail and Hae Soo was. He wanted to blame someone, *anyone*. And one person crossed his mind, someone that he knew was always inside Hae Soo's mind. Baek-ah was on his way to bring him to come and meet Hae Soo. He didn't know if he wanted to meet his fourth brother now or not. He didn't like him, period. He was someone that he deemed to be the bringer of misfortune for his family, even if he was his own brother in blood and flesh. Yet... the woman who he loved, cherished this man. And he knew that she loved him *very* much.

"How long has Baek-ah-nim left this place?" asked Hae Soo suddenly, pulling Jung from his train of thought. "Did you hear any news from him?"

"I haven't heard any news from him and it was about four days ago that he left this place."

"Four days..." In those four days, Hae Soo couldn't sleep nor eat, too anxious to wait for the news from Baek-ah.

"It usually takes about three to four days to go to Songak. Don't be worried."

"Uhn," answered Hae Soo short. She had waited for about two months and she didn't mind waiting a little longer. It just, she could feel it. Her body couldn't wait any longer. She could fall asleep now and she didn't know if she could open her eyes again. "Wangjanim (Your Highness). Please, I want to see Seol. Where is she?"

"She is being fed right now. I will bring her to you. Wait a moment."

Hae Soo nodded her head weakly. Jung stood up from his position and exited Hae Soo's room. A male servant came to him in a rush when he just stepped out of the room.

"My Lord," said the servant.

"What is it?"

"Prince Baek-ah and another man are waiting for you at the main gate-" Jung dashed to the main gate without hearing his servant finished talking. In his mind, he was still processing the servant's word but his body had reacted first before the servant's word fully entered his mind. He was once a general and had trained his body to react first in all kinds of situations. Just like the situation at the moment.

Jung's mind only caught two words: Baek-ah, and a man.

"Hyungnim!" Jung shouted to Baek-ah the moment he saw him. Baek-ah stood just a few steps from the main gate and his head turned immediately when he heard Jung's voice. Jung saw that he was kind of restraining the other man's hand to not leap and make a jump on him.

Jung halted his steps when he saw the other man. Dressed in all black, his head and face were covered with some kind of silky hat. No doubts in his mind, he knew that was his fourth brother.

Jung walked slowly to the two men and bowed his head to address his king-older brother.

"Greetings, Pye-"

"Where's Hae Soo?" Wang So cut Jung's word in cold, with snide remarks. "Even though I want to very much strangle you and ask you too many damn questions right now, Hae Soo is my priority. Where is she?" Wang So's patience was running thin and if this brother of his still couldn't read in between the lines, may the gods above *oh-so-help* him not to kill his brother right away.

"We don't tell the official court that Pyeha is coming here. Save the ceremony for later," Baek-ah tried to explain to the astonished Jung. "Is she... okay?"

Still a little bit shocked, Jung regained his composure not too long and straightened himself out before answering both man's questions. "She is inside her room, asleep. I just got out of her room when I heard that both of you are in front of the main gate."

"Lead the way," Wang So ordered Jung authoritatively. "*Now.*"

"I will wait inside the courtyard," said Baek-ah. "You two just go."

"Follow me then," said Jung curtly. Wang so followed Jung without another word. He was very much restraining himself at the moment. His hands were very itchy to just grab Jung and shook the hell out of him. Along the way, he focused his mind on one matter only. That was to meet Hae Soo. Others could be damned.

They arrived in front of Hae Soo's room.

"Hae Soo is inside," Jung said short. "Just go inside and meet her. She has waited for two months for you to come."

"Don't tell me what I should have done," said Wang So coldly. "If not for you, I can already meet her much-much earlier."

"What do you mean?" asked Jung confused.

"If anyone dares to bother us... you know what the consequences are." Wang So didn't answer Jung's question. He opened the door and let himself in, leaving the hopelessly Jung's behind. Jung stood for a while in front of the door, before he turned and left with heavy steps. He walked to the courtyard, to go and join Baek-ah for the waiting. At last, he had done what he promised to Hae Soo.

---

Hae Soo was asleep indeed. Wang So walked to her bed slowly while he was basking the woman's presence into his body. He didn't have the heart to wake her up. He was just looking at her sleeping face, the woman that he loved dearly, someone that he would give his life for... someone that he hadn't seen for a very long time... Almost a year and it felt like a hundred years had passed already. *His one and only love.*

"Soo..." Wang So called Hae Soo softly. In the end, he couldn't help but call her name. With the tenderness and care seeped into his tone. "Soo... Hae Soo..."

Wang So repeatedly called Hae Soo's name only above a whisper. He hesitated whether he should wake Hae Soo up or not. Her complexion looked so pale and unhealthy. His eyes observed her from head to toe and he didn't like one bit of what he saw. But, at least the rising up and down of her chest had indicated one thing that he feared the most. Hae Soo was alive. *Still alive.*

"Soo..."

---

Hae Soo felt that there was someone calling her name repeatedly. She thought that it was only inside her mind, or maybe she was dreaming at the moment. Because the voice that called her name was *his* voice, the one voice that she longed to hear again very much. How many times had she imagined inside her dream of him calling her name again? With such tenderness and care, softly only above a whisper... just like what she was hearing at the moment.

Hae See stirred from her sleep and opened her eyes half-lidded. She could feel someone was indeed right at her side. She didn't dare to hope that the person was Wang So, but... the silhouette, the posture... the tone, the voice....

"Sa...wangja...nim (Fourth Prince)..."

Wang So heard the call of his name. Yes, it is very soft and weak. But he wouldn't mistake Hae Soo's voice for any other. His eyes darted to Hae Soo's face and there, his beloved had opened her eyes for him.

"Soo..."

"...Is it you?"

"...Yes," Wang So gathered Hae Soo's hands to his clasp and kissed her knuckles tenderly.  
"It's me."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Soo...?"

"...You come," Hae Soo choked on her words.

She was overwhelmed with the emotions that had bottled up inside since she sent her letter to Wang So. She could finally see him at last. The damn inside her could no longer hold her feelings and it wanted to pour out to be seen. One by one her tears were escaping from her eyes, but she was so focused on the man in front of her that she didn't notice that she was crying.

"You come..."

## Chapter End Notes

Here's the long-awaited update. I'm sorry that I can't update this as fast as I want. Something happened that affected my health and I couldn't write for too long in front of the computer. I am a person that prefers to type/write a story on the laptop instead of using a smartphone.

I intentionally want to write the whole reunion between Hae Soo and Wang So in this chapter. But, I guess, I will just cut it for now. I will leave the full-blown sweet-romantic-reunion for the next chapter. The next chapter will be about their conversations.

Thank you for all your reviews and patience. This will be my little gift for the late V-Day's day. **AT LAST!** The couple has reunited again! 333

See you in the next chapter then :)

# Coping with the Feelings

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“You come...”

“...I’m here.”

“You come, Pyeha (Your Majesty)...”

“I’m here, Soo...”

“It’s really you...”

“Should I kiss you to confirm that it is really me?” Wang So caressed Hae Soo’s pale face with concern and great fondness. “What do you want me to do?”

“Please... I want to be embraced,” replied Hae Soo, the same fondness was echoing in her tone. “Hug me, please.”

Wang So gathered Hae Soo slowly into his arms, to his embrace. Slowly, but tightly. And not long after that, he could feel that once again, there’s heaven in this conspiratorial dirty world. His angel was in his arms. “Soo... Hae Soo...”

“Pyeha... Pyeha... Sa Wangjanim (Fourth Prince)...”

“Yes... It’s me. Your Fourth Prince.”

No matter who Wang So had become right now, for Hae Soo, he would always be her Fourth Prince. The person that had made her fall deeply in love. That person was originally the Fourth Prince of King Tae Joo’s son. The wolf-dog that most people were afraid and frightened of. The person that many deemed as the bringer of misfortune, just because of his face had a scar, that not only wasn’t his mistake in the beginning but in the end, made his life miserable to the point of abandonment by his own mother.

Yes... that was her Fourth Prince. *Her beloved person.*

No words, or sentences, could compare the feelings that’s transpired between Wang So and Hae Soo now. Words failed in front of the deep feelings both of them felt toward each other.

Wang So released Hae Soo a bit and snaked one of his arms around her waist. He pulled Hae Soo closer to him while he put his other hand on Hae Soo’s chin and pulled it slowly. He planted a soft kiss on Hae Soo’s small but chapped lips, even though he didn’t pay any attention to her lips condition. They couldn’t hold any longer the bottle up feelings that were pouring right at the moment.

Slowly, they tasted each other's lips.

*One kiss...*

*Two kisses...*

*Three kisses...*

And they keep going to savor each other's lips.

They didn't feel the need to rush. *No hurry*. Just the eagerness to always feel each other's lips. The passion was clearly there, but they had passed the urge to be feisty and dominant toward each other. There were times for that. But, at that moment, *these* were... **enough**.

After a while, they stopped and looked into each other's eyes. Love was the only one that reflected in each other's eyes.

"I can finally see you again," said Wang So, choking a bit. "Each day... each passing day that we've been apart... There's this part of me that is dying within those days. But now, with you beside me again, it has regained its life again. I miss you, Soo... Very much."

"I'm sorry for leaving you alone inside the palace, Pyeha," said Hae Soo in regret. "It's because I have my own reason. But the reason is not because of the Eighth Prince. Yes, I once liked him. I even believe that he would take me away, with just the two of us living together. But that was already in the past. Like I have written in one of my letters, my heart is yours... *I'm yours*."

"I believe you... I won't let anyone interfere between the two of us again," said Wang So in determination. "My brothers can't. Nothing can hinder me to be with you again. Even you, Soo. You won't get rid of me ever again in this lifetime."

"How great if that can happen."

"It **will**."

"If you are here, then I suppose you've read my letter, aren't you?"

"I... have."

"What's with the pause?"

"You are sick, Soo. I... I will admit to that," Wang So was struggling with his words. "But you're **not** dying. I refuse to believe that."

"Pyeha... You are not a doctor."

"Who is-"

"It's not the doctor's fault," Hae Soo cut Wang So before he could rant about the doctor not being qualified enough. "And it's the former royal physician. Someone that had taken great care of me since I was in the palace and later when I moved here. He has known my

condition for a long time. It wasn't someone that just knew about my condition recently. Besides... I also could feel it." Hae Soo tried to explain.

"No!" exclaimed Wang So. "Don't say that!"

"Pyeha..."

"I won't believe it!"

"..."

"..."

"Please don't make this become more difficult with your denial."

"I am *not* denying anything."

"Listen to yourself then," said Hae Soo resolutely. "I won't say any more words until we get through this pace. Because it's really just a waste of time."

They stared at each other for several minutes before Wang So yielded and closed his eyes tight. A painful expression marred his handsome face. Opening his eyes, he asked Hae Soo one question and sounded as if someone else was strangling his neck. "Why?"

"Because it's the truth," answered Hae Soo firm, seemingly unfaced with Wang So's inner struggle. "It's a reality that we have to face sooner or later. But in my case, it is the former. And I want you to face it with everything that you've got."

"How can I face the things that I don't want to accept the most?" Wang So in a defeated tone.

"Pyeha, I'm still here with you. And I will help you to face it until you are ready."

"I *won't* ever be ready."

"Pyeha..." Hae Soo called Wang So pleadingly. "Do you think that I am ready for this? That I want to be apart from you?"

"Then why do you insist on me being ready then?" asked Wang So stubbornly.

"Because I don't want to leave you in this miserable state," answered Hae Soo. "My time is almost up. And I want to spend my remaining time with you, but also want to prepare you for my departure."

"... If only I read your letter much earlier, we won't be having this kind of conversation now."

"That's true..."

"...Dammit, Jung!" Wang So yelled angrily. "That bastard had put your letter inside an envelope with his writing on the envelope! How could I know that it's your letter that is

inside those envelopes? He should know that I don't want to have any kind of interaction or whatsoever with him after he took you away!"

"He did that?"

"I will surely make him suffer for those idiot and absurd things he had done!"

"...Please don't."

"You don't have a say in this, Soo."

"If you really will do that, then please go out of my room now. Violence is the last thing on my mind right now. If you can't appease your anger, you will just only waste our remaining time."

"...Why are you always this merciful? You're too easy to forgive someone."

"Even if your brother really did what you've told me, he will receive his retribution later. Whether it was for good or bad cause, it wasn't something that is the matter right now. You and I, that's what matters, isn't it?"

They stared at each other again and suddenly Jung's matter was pushed behind Wang So's mind. That blasted brother of his wasn't significant enough to ruin their time. However... it also brought back with full force those dreaded feelings of Hae Soo leaving Wang So behind.

"...Will you really leave me behind?"

"...I'm sorry."

"...How can you, Soo?"

"...I'm really sorry."

"Should you really leave me?"

"My time is up, Pyeha. Even if I want to buy it for a longer time, I don't have the ability to do that."

"...I don't want you to leave me."

"Neither do I."

Wang So once again gathered Hae Soo into his arms and hugged Hae Soo tightly. He sank his head into Hae Soo's neck and breathed Hae Soo's scent of body. And with little strength in her body, Hae Soo circled her arms around Wang So's torso and hugged the man tightly.

They need this time to cope with the recent conversation, of how they would be apart again in the very near future.

"How long do you still have?"

“Not long.”

“How... long?”

“Soon.”

“Soo... Hae Soo...”

And at last, Wang So couldn't hold his tears any longer. He was sobbing silently in Hae Soo's embrace. The parting words were slowly seeping into his mind and within each acceptance, his hold just getting tighter and tighter.

“Soo... Soo... Soo...” said Wang So, repeatedly calling Hae Soo's name. He couldn't utter any other words. He didn't want to acknowledge it, not even in the slightest. Then again, the body that was glued to his body now... It speaks about the volume of the owner's situation.

“Just you know, that I'm yours and will always be yours.” Hae Soo tried to comfort his beloved man. “I'm sorry that I can't be together with you like I have promised. But my heart is yours, my body is yours, and all of my beings are yours. No one else owns my being except you, Pyeha.”

“I love you, Soo.”

“I also love you.”

Pregnant silence ensued inside the room, leaving the two to cope with their feelings.

“...Will you really leave me behind? Alone?”

“I'm sor-... Oh.” Hae Soo stopped in the middle of the sentence. Something occurred inside her mind suddenly. “I have something for you. Something of my being that will be together with you.”

Wang So, a little bit calm already, released Hae Soo. His brows creased a little. “What?”

“Something that you have asked me before back when we were in the palace.”

“What do you mean?” Confusion latched in Wang So's tone. “What did I ever ask you to give to me?”

Hae Soo smiled as wide as she could before she dropped the surprise to Wang So, “A child.”

“...What?”

“A daughter. We have a daughter, Pyeha.”

So here's the update! I can make it in a week's time. Yay for me!

Thank you once again for reading my story. And as I promise, this the reunion between our couple that we didn't get in the drama. My what-if purpose is fulfilled at last! Hope that you will like their reunion of my version :)

There are about two chapters left, maybe I will add an epilogue. But this is it for now. I hope I can update the rest chapter sooner.

See ya~~!

# Our Daughter

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“... Say it again...”

“Pyeha (Your Majesty),” said Hae Soo, while she was giving Wang So a very serene and motherly smile. “We have a child together. A daughter to be exact.”

The word ‘daughter’ kept repeating inside Wang So’s mind and frankly that one word stuck in his mind like a broken recorder. He stared perplexedly and unblinkingly at Hae Soo before slowly he let the word from his mind out through his mouth, and said with a bit of stuttering, “D-da-daughter? Our... daughter?”

“She was born two months ago,” explained Hae Soo, her smile didn’t falter a bit. “She was born a bit prematurely, because of my poor health. But... she is **perfect**. The most beautiful thing I’ve seen in my life.”

“You were... pregnant?” Wang So suddenly realized this one thing that even though it was late already, the matter was as big as if it was happening right at the moment. “When you left the palace you were pregnant?”

“...I was.”

“Hae Soo!” Wang So grabbed Hae Soo’s shoulder and stared at her with an angry look. “How could you not tell me about this! This isn’t a trivial matter that you could hide from me! The child is a royal descendant that should be raised in the palace, not in some remote place like this. She’s my child! The king’s daughter!”

“You are hurting me, Pyeha.” Hae Soo whimpered a little and immediately Wang So released his grip in a guilty manner. But the anger still could be seen reflected in his eyes. “And that is exactly why I don’t want to tell you about my pregnancy. Looking at your reaction just now, I know that I have done the right thing. Of not telling you about our baby.”

“I am still a bit angry at you,” Wang So muttered grumpily. “Pray to tell of what did you mean by that sentence. The state of my mind right now is a mess. I really can’t understand the absurd thing you had done, of separating me from our child.”

“If I told you before that I was pregnant, surely you won’t let me out of the palace. Even with all the late king’s decree or the issue between me and the Eighth Prince.”

“Over my dead body.”

“But the one thing that I wanted at that time was to bring the child out of the palace. No matter what I had to do.” Hae Soo said in determination and an unwavering tone. “And did you know why? Because of what?”

“...Because of... me?” Wang So said a bit shaky, afraid of the actual reason. Hae Soo shook her head to deny Wang So’s speculation.

“Because it is *the palace*. A bloody place that has taken many precious lives of my friends and also had become a prison for me, and for you,” Hae Soo took one of Wang So’s hand and held it tight in her hand. “I knew that it wasn’t your intention to change into someone that you hated the most, the hypocrite and cruel king. And I know you have tried your best to be the same person that you were before you became the king. If not... you wouldn’t feel alone in that grandeur and majestic throne. That’s why... I have to leave the palace to save our child from that unfortunate place.”

“I... I...” Wang So wanted to refute what Hae Soo had said, but he knew that he couldn’t say anything back because it was the truth. Hae Soo only stated the irrefutable facts that both had known so well. “Soo... I...”

“Sshh...” Hae Soo put her index finger on Wang So’s lips. “You don’t have to say anything else. It was in the past and nothing could be undone. Our daughter has been born and the thing you should do now is to meet her.”

“...Where is she?”

“She is being fed in another room. The Fourteenth Prince promised to bring her to me before. Maybe he forgot because of yours and Baek-ah-nim's arrival.”

“I will fetch her myself.”

Just after Wang So said the sentence, a knock was heard from outside the room and Jung’s voice could be heard.

“Excuse me. But I promised to bring something to Hae Soo. Can I open the door and enter the room?”

“That must be her. Tell him to wait there, I want to fetch her myself,” said Hae Soo to Wang So rather desperate. “Please help me to get up.”

“Stay where you are,” Wang So answered loudly from inside to Jung before he turned back to Hae Soo. “But you look so weak, Soo. Can you stand on your feet? Just let Jung come and bring our daughter here.”

Hae Soo shook her head. “No. I want to fetch her by myself. Don’t argue with me on this. I have enough strength to stand and fetch my daughter, Pyeha. But, please help me get up first.”

“You are really stubborn,” Wang So sighed defeatedly. He helped Hae Soo to get down from the bed and carefully helped Hae Soo raised from the bed. He made her lean on him when she tried to walk while slowly they walked to the door.

Jung waited outside the door like what Wang So had told him to do. When the door opened, their eyes met for a brief moment before Wang So’s eyes fixed on something else and Jung’s

eyes were focusing back on Hae Soo. Jung saw that his brother was supporting Hae Soo's body while the woman was carefully walking to where he stood. A bitter-jealousy feeling was sprouting inside his chest but he pushed it back and focused on what he should do.

Jung was holding Seol in his arms and the baby was opening her eyes and looking around her surroundings at the moment.

"Soo, I promise to bring Seol to you after she is done being fed," said Jung while he smiled faintly at Hae Soo.

"Thank you, Wangjanim (Prince)," said Hae Soo softly, stopping at Jung's arm length. "Let me hold her."

Jung concurred with Hae Soo's wish and carefully he put Seol into Hae Soo's arm. Their eyes met and the thank you word was delivered within those silent exchanges. After that, Jung excused himself immediately and left the parents to deal with their own matters.

Through the whole ordeal, Wang So's eyes were fixed on the one thing that he and Hae Soo just talked about. While he was supporting Hae Soo's body with his arms, his eyes never left the baby since the first time he saw her. His eyes were clearly dazzlingly staring at his daughter.

*His daughter ...*

*Hae Soo's daughter ...*

***Their daughter...***

"Pyeha," Hae Soo called the silent-dazedly Wang So. "Let's get inside first."

They entered the room and walked to Hae Soo's bed. Wang So was doing an autopilot of remembering to close the door and helping Hae Soo back to her bed. They sat next to each other with Hae Soo cradling Seol in her arms.

"Do you want to hold her?" Hae Soo asked Wang So.

"...What is her name?"

"Seol."

"Seol..." Wang So tried to speak his daughter's name. And the moment he spoke Seol's name, the baby's eyes looked at him directly, as if she knew that she was called by someone. Seol blinked several times before she let out a gurgling sound of baby's laughter.

"She likes you," Hae Soo told Wang So fondly. "Seol, this is your father. Do you want to be held by him?"

"...Can I hold her?"

“I have asked you earlier if you want. Here, let me help you,” Hae Soo slowly put Seol in Wang So’s arms while she also helped Wang So to adjust the comfortable and right position to hold Seol. “There you go.”

Wang So rocked Seol gently in his arms. Inside his mind, he thought that he was cradling a beautiful angel. Once again, he may believe that Heaven above was there indeed. A sweet and fond smile adored his handsome face, made him look so serene.

“Seol... It’s me... Your father,” Wang So talked to Seol softly with a fatherly voice that he didn’t know he could produce. His father, the late King Taejoo, was a type of a father that was someone who couldn’t express his affection to his children freely because of his position as a king. He was in a border between hating and longing for his father to be honest. And if not for his father, he wouldn’t get the scar on his face in the beginning. He would never know why and what love his father held for him. But, seeing his daughter and embracing her at the moment, Wang So knew for certain that he would never do the same things that his father had done to him. His children would not suffer the same fate as he did.

“She’s... perfect.”

“I know.”

“Our daughter...”

“Yes. The one and only.”

“We’re a complete family.”

“You and she are my only family.”

“I love both of you very much...”

“The feelings are mutual.”

And for the rest of the days, the family that consists of a father, a mother, and a daughter, spent their much overdue time inside Hae Soo’s room. Relishing their feelings of at last being reunited as a family.

## Chapter End Notes

Here's another update! And thank you for your all kind and superb reviews! Those are the one thing that makes me updating this story faster! Cheers to you all readers XD

There will be one more chapter and an epilogue after this. And then I will wrap-up the story. Please stay tuned for the next chapter. And I hope that you like how I made the meeting between Wang So and Seol :)

See you in the next chapter ~~

# My Friend, My Beloved

## Chapter Notes

Prepare tissue. **Lots.**

And I'd suggest for you to turn on the BGM music in the drama name One For Me while reading the chapter in repeat. You will get the feeling more like I do when I write this chapter.

Sorry for any kind of grammatical mistakes. I have tried my best to edit the chapter.

May you enjoy the chapter.

Mikina

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first thing that he saw when Wang So opened his eyes that morning was the face of his beloved, Hae Soo. The shallow and steady breath of Hae Soo that could be heard amidst the silent bedroom that morning. It was the most beautiful sound Wang So could ever hope to be greeted when he just awoke from his slumber.

*How long had he dreamt that this thing would happen?*

*How long had he endured to be awake and found that he was alone?*

*How long had he longed for this moment?*

His right arm was rather asleep because of the sleeping position he was in at the moment. For the entire night, he was sleeping while hugging Hae Soo till morning. But it was also proof that all of the things that happened right now wasn't just his imagination. The pain was worthy.

He pulled Hae Soo closer and practically glued her to his body. The warmth of Hae Soo's body... The sweet fragrance that came from her body... The steady rhythm of Hae Soo's breathe... Wang So could never ask for more and hoped that this could be the first thing that would always greet him when he woke every morning.

Wang So's heart was slowly filled with blissful feelings that he hadn't felt for a very long time.

"Pyeha..." Wang So heard Hae Soo's muffled voice. "Could you loosen the hug a bit? You're hugging a bit too tight. I can't breathe."

Wang So loosened his tight and pulled Hae Soo to see her properly. Her eyes were fluttering before she opened and stared directly at Wang So. “Morning.”

“Morning,” said Wang So softly and he leaned to kiss Hae Soo’s lips softly. “How was your sleep?”

“It’s the most restful sleep I’ve ever had for many months.” A small smile adorned Hae Soo’s face. “I even dreamt about you, me, and Seol going to the lake that we used to go to, the one that was your hiding place before. We also had once rowed on the boat there. Do you remember?”

“Yeah, I remember,” replied Wang So. “Do you want to go there again? I’ll take you and Seol there if that’s what you wish for.”

“If only I could go-”

“You can.”

“I-”

“Don’t argue.”

They both stared at each other in silence, neither wanting to yield. Hae Soo turned her body and looked to the other side. A moment passed before Wang So broke the silence. “Soo...”

Hae Soo sighed. “We had this talk yesterday. And I wanted to believe that you have fully understood the situation.”

“Soo... can we not talk about this thing in the morning?” implored Wang So while placing his free hand on Hae Soo’s shoulder.

“Pyeha... can I ask you one question? And please be honest with me.”

“What?”

“What will you do after I die?”

Hae Soo’s question had completely caught Wang So off guard. What would he do after she... *died*? He was still struggling to accept the fact that Hae Soo would go at any moment. How could he even think of something that was beyond that?

Wang So didn’t answer Hae Soo’s question. The answer he could only give was silence. Hae Soo waited patiently while she could also feel the inner struggle within his beloved from his grip on her shoulder that was tightening slowly as times went by. She reached Wang So’s hand on her shoulder and gave it a squeeze before she turned back to face him. She caressed his cheek with her thumb, tried to soothe the struggle that she knew was choking him up.

“Just promise me one thing then.”

“...What?”

“Don’t blame anyone for this. Including Jung... and yourself,” said Hae Soo, softly.  
“Whatever you will do after I die, I just want you to not ever be angry or holding a grudge. This is my fate. Even though it’s unfair, that’s what life does to everyone. You have enough burden already. And I know my departure will be another burden to add in your mind. So, please, I-”

Before Hae Soo could finish her monologue, Wang So cut it by pulling Hae Soo to his embrace and kissed Hae Soo. The pecking on the lips immediately turned into a full-blown passionate kiss, heated by the suppressed desire. Hearing Hae Soo referred to herself as his burden had triggered something inside Wang So. He didn’t hold back this time and Hae Soo also let him take over. Seol was moved into another room the night before, which was exactly next to their own. They were alone in that room and for the first time since the separation, they delved into each other once again.

Wang So loosened his clothes and opened Hae Soo’s. His hands tenderly worshipped every curve of Hae Soo’s body. Yes, she has become so tiny and frail. Her plum and healthy body had gone, replaced by a sickly and thin one. But this body still belonged to his beloved. The only woman that would ever own his body and heart. No matter what she had become, Hae Soo was still Hae Soo. He would love every part of her, in and out.

Hae Soo knew that she was not as attractive as she was before. Not to mention her sickly body, the pregnancy also had left its mark on her body. The stretch mark that was visible on her stomach was one of them and she was obviously aware of it. But when Wang So saw that mark and then kissed it with each loving kiss, her tears were rolling down unconsciously and she let out a little sobbing. When Wang So heard the sobbing, he moved to her face and kissed each of her eyes lovingly. Then they continued to devour each other's lips without pausing at any moment.

“You are *not* a burden,” Wang So said after he thoroughly kissed Hae Soo’s lips. “Never will you ever become my burden. Not now, not even after... you’ve gone.” The lump in his throat was hard to swallow but he managed to say the word he wanted to convey. “Your request is something that is very hard to do. Without you by my side... how could I go on and not blaming this condemned world?”

“That’s why I told you not to blame this situation on anything or anyone. It will only gnaw on your feelings and will be eating inside your body slowly. I don’t tell you to let go, I won’t ever be gone from you forever. I’m right here, inside here.” Hae Soo placed her hand on Wang So’s chest. “Maybe not physically. But my soul will always be with you. Pyeha... you have to learn to accept it. Acceptance is the only way for you to keep going on in your life.”

“I... can’t,” Wang So said hoarsely.

“You can’t do it now. But I have confidence that you can do it later in the future.”

“You put too much confidence on me. I’m not strong, Soo. If not because of you, how could I manage through all those that happened before in the palace? Between me and my parents. And my brothers. It’s because you were beside me that I am here now.”

“Don’t you realize that you’ve grown and become someone that many people could depend on? You are a king. You are the ruler of your people. You have done something that people never thought you could do. And moreover, you are the man that I choose to reside in my heart. The man that is the father of my child. I have put my trust and confidence in you, so you better not betray it by saying that you can’t do it.”

“I’m not that **strong**.” Wang So emphasized the word once again.

“I didn’t say that you are. But I know, you are a person that can pull through every difficult situation. You can, and you will. Including... my departure.”

Wang So didn’t say another word after that and just pulled Hae Soo into his embrace. The morning passed by with both of them trying to come back from their dream world into reality. A harsh, unforgiving, and brutal reality called life.

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In the afternoon, Wang So and Hae Soo were sitting at one of the pavilions in the mansion. Apparently Jung had invited the best musician from Songak long before Wang So and Baek-ah came. He wanted to cheer Hae Soo up because the man that she waited for hadn’t appeared yet, not until yesterday. He thought that he could offer a bit of comfort by letting her listen to good music. He knew that Hae Soo loved music.

In the beginning, Wang So didn’t agree for Hae Soo getting up and went outside of the room. The weather was quite chilly at that time and Hae Soo was not in any condition to go out in this kind of weather. But when Hae Soo heard Jung tell them that the musician was from Songak, she agreed. They had come from afar place and she didn’t have a heart to just tell them to go.

“Soo.”

*“It’s okay, Pyeha.”* Hae Soo reassured Wang So. *“Besides, I’ve been confined inside for too long already. It’s not a bad idea to go outside once a while. And I do love to listen to music.”*

Wang So was not happy with Hae Soo’s decision, nevertheless, he still complied with Hae Soo and accompanied her.

The lovers were left alone with the musician, sitting side by side. Hae Soo was bundled with a thick blanket. Wang So had made sure that she was warmed enough to sit in the chilly weather. They had just eaten lunch and played with Seol a bit. Listening to good music was a perfect way to enjoy the time that they had together.

The musician bowed to them and asked if there were any particular song they wanted them to play.

“Do you have any particular song that you want to hear?” Wang So asked Hae Soo. But the latter just shook her head no. Then he said to the musician, “Just play a song that you’re best at.”

“I understand,” said the singer. “There’s once a court lady that the king fell in love with. And many said that this was the song that made the king fall in love with her.”

Wang So and Hae Soo brows raised up a bit of what the singer had said.

“The king?” said Wang So curiously, while he tried to wrack his brain of what song this singer had referred to.

One particular memory resurfaced inside Hae Soo’s mind and she smiled at that memory. “I would like to hear the song.”

The singer bowed once again before the musician played the tune that Wang So and Hae Soo were familiar with. It was the song that she sang at Wang Eun’s birthday once several years ago. How did the song spread until people from the outside castle knew, was something they wouldn’t even comprehend. Still, listening to the song brought a nostalgic memory to them. A vivid scene played out in their mind about how that event happened at that time.

Hae Soo leaned on Wang So’s shoulder while listening to the music. Wang So circled his hand to embrace Hae Soo.

“What a nostalgic song,” said Hae Soo.

“It is.” Wang So agreed.

“Does this song really has made you fall for me?”

“Maybe. Maybe not.”

“Oh? Why is that?”

“I can’t pinpoint when exactly I’ve fallen for you. When I realized, I just knew my mind was full of you already.”

Hae Soo chuckled a bit and they continued to listen to the music. Just then, Hae Soo felt that her eyelids were getting heavier and heavier. Not only that, but she could also feel that the beating of her heart had become fainter.

*Her time was up.*

“Pyeha.”

“Yeah?”

“I know that my request to you in the morning is quite a tall order. No matter what, the guilty feeling of us can’t be together... Even now I still blame myself that I have to leave you first. So, it’s really selfish of me to ask you not to do the things that I also can’t do myself.”

“Soo, don’t talk about that right now. Just enjoy the music.”

Hae Soo shook her head. “I have to. Because... I have to go.”

For a second, Wang So's heart had stopped beating. "Soo... What do you mean?"

"Pyeha, please... do one thing for me." Hae Soo looked up to directly see Wang So's eyes. "Please... protect our daughter. I... I don't want Seol to go to the palace. She isn't... someone that would fit inside the palace. Please, don't turn... our daughter into someone like me. Don't let the harshness inside the palace... taint our daughter."

Wang So knew if Seol came to live inside the palace, the innocence of his daughter would quickly disappear as the times went by. He was the living proof of what the palace could do to an innocent child. Even though it meant that he couldn't be near his daughter, he would prefer that Seol have a life that was free from the things that made him and Hae Soo suffer through their life.

"You have my word," replied Wang So.

"Thank... you." Hae Soo gave Wang So a smile and returned back to rest her head on his shoulder. "I'm getting... sleepier. My eyelids are so heavy..."

"Don't sleep yet. Talk to me more," Wang So urged Hae Soo to be awake. "I remember. This song is really one of the things that make me fall for you."

"You remember now?" Hae Soo smiled faintly. "You know, there are so many things that I... want to forget. Of our situation... of our fate... of leaving you behind... of my departure..."

"You're not going anywhere, Soo." Wang So tightened his grip. His voice was trembling and almost choked up from the emotion inside.

"Maybe it'll be better if I forget it all... Because I don't want to remember all of these painful things, the next I woke up from my sleep." Hae Soo couldn't hold the sleepiness any longer. "Thank you for coming, Pyeha."

"Don't... don't say any word, Soo. Just listen to the music."

"Hmm..." replied Hae Soo.

Her breathing was getting fainter and it's time for her to say goodbye. But she didn't want to. No. Yet, she did want to say something more to her beloved. She didn't want her time to end yet. She wanted more... and more... *and more...*

*"Friend... oh friend... Thank you for being the way you are..."*

While saying the last verse of the song she had sung before, Hae Soo breathed her last breath.

...

The moment Hae Soo stopped her breathing, Wang So's heart also stopped for a second. Then, he slowly turned to look at her face... And a tear rolled down.

A tear followed by another. And another.

The tears were streaming down, fast; falling into Hae Soo's face.

She looked like she was sleeping, so serene and free from the pain.

"Are you so sleepy that you can't hold your sleep?" Wang So caressed Hae Soo's face, his hand was shaking. "Sleep then, my beloved."

Wang So hugged the lifeless body of Hae Soo. He rocked Hae Soo's body back and forth as if lulling her to sleep.

"Soo... Hae Soo..."

With one scream, he released his grievances to the world.

***"HAE SOO!!"***

## Chapter End Notes

An update after so many months has passed... Ha-ha-ha... Oops.

So many things had happened. I can't explain it one by one really. But, AT LAST, I get the time, moment, and urge again to finish this story. Thank you all for your patience.

What do you think of this chapter? And what do you think of Hae Soo sang the song as her parting words? I got this idea from reading a manga when the heroine sang a song to the male lead as her parting words and I found it to be so touching. When writing this, I also get teary when they have to be parted... It's an alternate ending yes, but the part that they have to be parted is inevitable.

There is an epilogue left to wrap up this story. And I PROMISE that it wouldn't take that long for the next chapter to come up. Once again thank you for reading and liking my story.

See u in the next chapter~~

# Epilogue -One For Me

## Chapter Notes

The epilogue and the conclusion of this what-of story my version.

May you enjoyed and thank you for all the kudos and review!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Waking up from a coma was a thing that Go Ha-jin wouldn't want to experience ever again. Her joints were all stiff, not to mention how weak and sluggish she felt every time she was awoken from sleep. She needed a whole month to make her body somewhat okay to do her usual routine and another whole month to make her unused leg for her to use it like normal again. The tortuous physiotherapy exercise was another thing that she didn't want to experience again, *ever*. To summarize it all, being in a coma state sucks, big time.

But she never regretted her decision to jump into the lake and save the kid's life. Even though it cost her a year in a coma state, to know that in her before-drown-hellish life that instead of doing something that was utterly idiot, like gave up on her life by committing suicide (which was her original thought), in the end, she did something that was worthy enough for her to feel that her world didn't end yet. Not even that jerk ex-boyfriend of hers could haunt her life and dim her spirit to move on. Not anymore.

Speaking of someone that had been haunting her life, there was this man that kept appearing inside her dream for the past year since the second month she woke up from her coma. A very handsome man with piercing eyes that kept appearing in her dreams for almost every day since her coma incident. And not only that, every time she awoke from her dream of this man, she would always cry and she also felt that her heart clenched in tight. Plus the longing feeling that would always linger every time she dreamed of this man.

*Who was he?*

*Why would she always cry after she dreamed about this man?*

*What's this longing feeling?*

*Why would her heart clench in tight like there's an invisible hand that made her suffocate to breathe?*

These unanswerable questions were swirling in her mind for the past year. She never said this dream to anyone else, because really, she doubted that there's someone that could give her a clear answer. It's not like it hindered her from doing her everyday routines. It's just... it's rather unsettling not to know who was the man that could make her feel these strong emotions. Not even her ex-boyfriend could make her feel this way.

Every time she woke up from the dream, she could feel that the man's name was on the tip of her tongue. Yet, before she could speak of his name, she already awoke from her sleep.

*'Who are you?'*

For almost a year now, her mind always went back to that one question every time she dreamed of the man. Nonetheless, the answer was nowhere to be found.

Anyway, she was doing great after she had awakened from her coma. There were no longer debtors that were chasing after her, no more a jerk and two-timing boyfriend that was hurting her feelings nor a backstabbing best friend that stole her boyfriend. Really, life was doing her a great job after her heroic acts of saving a kid's life. As if it was giving her a reward after saving someone's life.

Except for 'that' dream, everything was superb.

Then again, she wondered if she would've ever got the answer that she was looking for. She didn't mind waiting, but she hoped that the waiting wouldn't stretch any further. Not that she had ever waited for something, but for some reason, she dreaded the 'wait' word very much.

She prayed for this reason that her answer would arrive in the near future. The sooner the better.

---

*'What has happened to me?'*

It has been a month since her official day of going back to work. Being in a coma-state for a year had made her lose her previous job, whatever the reason was. She went back to live with her parents after the coma and even though it had dampened her mood (of losing a job), life must go on. Fortunately, she could find a job in another beauty center and just recently moved back to live by herself. On that day, she and her co-workers were supposed to promote their beauty product at the fair of the Goryeo event.

One thing happened after another, followed by meeting with a stranger (which she believed she had never met before but also felt very familiar), made her ask permission to leave early.

*'Where have those voices come from? Whose voice does it belong to? Why is my head pounding so much? What is this feeling?'*

Ha-jin felt sorry that she had to leave early and made her co-worker cover her part of a job for the day. She would go and rest as soon as she got home, so that she could go back to work again tomorrow. Maybe it was because of the fatigue that was piling up in preparation for the event. Yes, that must be the reason she was hearing those voices out of nowhere.

Walking on the first floor toward the exit, Ha-jin came into a sign that said 'Goryeo Era Paintings' in one corner. For some unknown reason, she stopped in front of the sign; eyes lingering on some paintings that were displayed. A vivid scene slowly popped in her mind. The longer she looked at the painting, the clearer she could see the scene that appeared in her mind.

*One scene.*

Her feet moved unconsciously and brought her to another painting.

*Two scenes.*

She walked slowly to another painting.

*Three scenes.*

More scenes crossed her mind every time she changed to another painting that was hung on the wall. Scenes that appeared inside her dream of *that* man. Until she realized that those scenes that were crossing her mind were actually a memory of past life.

*'It's not just a dream,'* Ha-jin thought. Then she reached one painting about a banquet that happened inside Mangwoldae, Goryeo's main palace where the royal family lived in Songak. Her eyes gazed on the painting and stopped to stare at one particular court lady that was pouring tea. Then one memory crossed in her mind, of the court lady in the painting serving the royal family in one banquet, like what the painting had been portrayed. And in that scene, she saw that the court lady had the exact same face as her.

No. The court lady *was* herself.

*'Oh heavens! How could I forget those memories?'*

Tears welling in her eyes after the realization hit her. The guilty feelings of forgetting the past life overwhelmed her body and it spread inside her heart at frightening speed. She looked to another painting behind her and saw a portrait of someone. No, it's a portrait of a king.

Ha-jin stared at the portrait, particularly on the king's face. Her eyes scrutinized it, and she stopped at the king's eyes. Then, she sucked on her breath.

She recognized that piercing eyes. Those eyes were the same eyes that always appeared inside her dream. Belonged to the man that had continuously haunted her dream for almost a year.

An explanation was put beside the portrait. Ha-jin skimmed the explanation and stopped at the king's name at the end of it.

"Wang... So..."

The 4th King of Goryeo, also known by Gwangjong. His real name was So, with Wang as his family name.

While reading the name, she was attacked by varying emotions. Her eyes were getting blurry, and the feelings that erupted inside were something she never had before. Her lips trembled, and unconsciously she raised her hand to reach the king's face.

The face of her most beloved person.

But before she could touch the painting, from the corner of her eyes, it caught another painting next to the king's portrait. She turned her head slowly, but she didn't prepare for what the painting was portraying for others to see.

A lone figure of a man stood in front of a majestic palace, facing the grand building. Ha-jin couldn't see the man's face, the painting only showed the look from his back. But she knew *who* he was.

"No..." Tears that had been welling were slowly cascading down her cheeks. "No... No..." A lump began to form in her throat and she swallowed it back with difficulty. "I... I'm sorry." She cupped her mouth with her hand, which both were trembling from the realization. "I'm... I'm sorry for leaving you behind... Sorry..."

For a minute Ha-jin just stood looking at the painting, while her tears were streaming down fast down her cheek. Then, her body couldn't hold the anguish any longer, of looking at her beloved person to be left alone in that cruel place. Her feet began to take a step back.

One step....

Two steps....

She bumped into something on her third step. Startled, she almost fell because of the sudden impact. But her arms were gripped from behind and instead she was leaning on a person's body. A sturdy and strong one.

She froze for a moment but after realizing what had happened, she hastily pulled away from her captor and bowed her body to apologize.

"I'm- I'm sorry," she said in distraught. "Excuse me."

Ha-jin wanted to run. To run from all these... these *things*. She wasn't prepared to face what had been displayed around her now. The longing, the heartache, the guilt, the sadness... and many other various feelings were gnawing inside her small body. Feelings that very much suffocated and made her choke inwardly.

She got her answer at last. Her questions were no longer bothering her now. Something else had replaced it with other things that were beyond what she had expected.

She needed to move, to move far away from this... at least until she had made a preparation to be able to face all of these memories of her again. While still bowing to the other person, her feet started to move toward the exit in quick steps.

Yes, she had to-

"Do you want to leave me again?"

She halted her step.

"Will you leave me again?"

Then, slowly, she straightened her body.

“Hae Soo.”

At last, she turned her head to look at the man that was asking her question. The same man that she had bumped into and captured her before she fell. The man, who before was facing the other side, was turning to face Ha-jin now. He wore black sunglasses, covering his eyes.

*That voice... those questions... the call of that name...*

She edged toward the man. Tears had blurred her eyes but she walked steadily to the man with a small step. She stopped at an arm's length in front of him. The man didn't move or do anything while waiting for Ha-jin to reach her destination. But Ha-jin could feel that the man's eyes were following every move that she made from the moment they were facing each other.

Her hands moved inch by inch until she reached the man's sunglasses. When she removed it, the eyes that stared back at her were the very same eyes that haunted her dream for almost a year, also the eyes that she had just seen in that portrait of the king.

“Pye...ha.”

At that word, the man pulled Ha-jin into his embrace and crushed her with a tight grip.

“Finally,” he said the word while exhaling a sigh of relief. “Found you. I've found you, Soo.”

“Am I dreaming?” Ha-jin asked hoarsely. The man didn't answer, instead, he hugged Ha-jin tighter, not giving any indication to release his hugging. That was enough for Ha-jin. She replied back to the man's answer by putting her arms around his torso and also hugging it tightly.

“You are real,” said Ha-jin. “You are here.”

“I've found you,” said the man. “Finally, I found you.”

The two of them stood in each other embrace in silence, basking in each other's presence. Slowly, Ha-jin pulled a bit from the hug to look properly at the man. “You are really here.”

“Yes, it's me, Soo.” The man caressed Ha-jin's cheek while wiping her tears away.

“I... I'm sorry for leaving you behind.”

“Sssttt,” the man cut Ha-jin before she could continue her self-blaming. “It isn't the right time to talk about that.” The man leaned his forehead and placed it on Ha-jin's. “Just promise me that you won't leave me ever again.”

“Never again will I leave you alone,” Ha-jin said her promise and she would do anything to keep it until her last breath. “I will stay with you, always. I can't be with another except you.”

“There won’t be another for me, except you,” said the man. “Because you are *the one for me*.”

“As you for me.”

They sealed their promise with a kiss that was long overdue.

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The two lovers, separated by thousands of years, could finally find each other back. Words were failing them both of how they longed for each other. They were just a lone dog-wolf and a heartbroken girl when they met for the first time in unusual circumstances.

It’s the fate that brought them to meet each other.

It’s the fate that separated them.

In the end, fate was also the one that brought them to meet each other and be together again.

Their story as moon lovers had ended for one part, but the other part had started. It began with their promise and vow to never leave each other, to stay always by each other.

The one for each other.

The one for you.

The one for me.

## Chapter End Notes

Done. DONE!!

Finally!!! A closure, or should I say, beginning that we all are craving to have. Something that won't be happened in the future I guess (*\*cough\*Season 2\*cough*). But, hey, at least that's what fanfiction for!

I was inspired to write this fanfic after listening to the BGM of this drama called One For Me, hence it's the title. And the mood of the song really fits into the story. I hope that this what-if version of mine can give some of you a nice ending of the closure that we all deserve.

And I apologize once again for any grammatical mistake, hope it won't disturb the enjoyment of reading the story :)

Scarlet Heart: Ryeo - Moon Lovers is one of my favorite drama and I silently ship LJG with IU XD

Thank you all once again for reading the story, and please leave a comment on what you think of this epilogue.

Mikina (2020)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!