

# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

## (Part 1)

“Caution! Things are about to get serious . . .”



Saturday, December 20<sup>th</sup>, 2014

8:30 P.M.

Gangnam, S. Korea – ‘Cup of Hotness Cafe’

**T**HE ‘Cup of Hotness’ café had seen its share of winters and weathered many a holiday, its doors opened to some of the biggest names in the S. Korean music industry. But, this year without the presence of owner Young Jae Ryu, it was just another coffee shop struggling to keep up with the competition of the bigger chains and the madness of Christmas itself.

*uncle Ryu sat in the darkened café, his memories floating about the room much like his detached invisible body did when moving. In the hustle and bustle of a memorial service, change of café ownership, family drama and lack of business, it didn't surprise him the Aunties had closed the doors until after the holiday. The girls were pre-occupied with their*

own problems, and without even a Christmas tree occupying the stark bare corner (like it did every year), the usually cozy café looked bleak and uninviting.

Was this all his fault? In an attempt to bring the sisters into a meaningful relationship with not only each other but, their mother Sandra as well, he'd left out the most important piece of the puzzle. The café. How would it survive this? More importantly . . . 'could' it survive this?

The newly completed 'Hotness Wall' sporting a bright colorful background, held only one photo to date. G-Dragon and the little girl he'd so selflessly given up his bear to, only days ago. Even it, only served to create a sense of urgency in the moment.

Whirling in circles around the tables, he made his way toward the staircase, leaning against the bannister. It would be impossible to miss Saffire parked right here in the doorway. But, was he ready for a blatant ghostly confrontation with her?

Manifesting himself in various ways over the last 24 hours had proven itself useful to the end result, however . . . Saffire and even Saffron might not see it that way. Since arriving Saffire had been spooked over his eerie interference involving whisperings, and unexplainable happenings and Saffron . . . well, she wasn't much of a believer in the supernatural at any level. That being said, his 'sixth sense' told him, (especially tonight), she was confused and heartbroken. He was desperate to wrap her in his arms like he used to do, and tell her he was with her. He just wasn't sure how she might respond.

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**C**LOUD cover in the night sky transformed a glowing, full winter-white moon into a pale hazy yellow, blocking the shadows from around the cab as it pulled up in front of the deserted café.

Slamming the door behind her, Saffire's questions ran rampant as one foot on the front stoop, bag and violin case in hand, she shivered in only the borrowed sweater and jeans needed for the Spring-like weather of JeJu. *Why is everything so dark? Where is everybody? It's only 8:00. Are they closed?* The sign on the door confirmed her worst fears.

CLOSED UNTIL DECEMBER 26<sup>TH</sup>. HAVE A WONDERFUL HOLIDAY. THE OWNERS.

“What the ‘F’. Is someone in the hospital?” This was just not good. Digging for the small key near the bottom of her purse, her heart plummeted in her chest, worried that something may have happened to one of the staff or Aunties that she and Saffron hadn't been notified of.

They had been told in training that Christmas was one of the busiest times of the year for the café. So, with the 25<sup>th</sup> right around the corner, and this being a normally hectic Saturday night, five more days without business meant a significant drop in revenue for everyone, from the top all the way down to the wait staff. Attempting to keep her head from playing a numbers game she rattled the key in the lock proceeding to step inside.

Already hesitant, (afraid of being victimized after her run-in with the auspicious JaeJoong days earlier) she stretched her neck into the darkened vestibule, reaching instinctively for the light switch.

*Where is that infernal black cat?* With the hair already standing up on the back of her neck, she searched out her feline adversary, aware she definitely didn't need a run-in with the she-devil tonight! *Whew . . .* Finding the coast clear pressing one booted heel to the still open door, she cringed as it slammed with a loud resounding thud behind her.

“Maud? SeRae? Anybody here? What the hell's going on?” Without an answer forthcoming, her voice echoed around the desolate walls and empty hallway. Leaving her travel bag and violin case behind, she scanned the bar area, hoping an unfamiliar face wouldn't pop out from around the corner. However, smelling faintly of coffee and sugar cookies, the area appeared neat, clean and tidy. Everything seemed to be in perfect order.

“Okay Saffire. Deep breath. This isn't creepy at all is it? Why would the Aunties close the café without an explanation?” Part of her knew she should call one of them to find out, but the other part was annoyed that the decision had been made without either of them notifying her or Saffron. After all, weren't they the owners? Opting (in her already agitated state), to leave it alone for the time being, she toyed with the idea of walking the perimeter looking for something

unusual or out of the ordinary, honestly not knowing if she was that brave. Normally, she was the one who covered her eyes in the middle of horror movies and ran screaming out of the haunted house at Halloween.

Despite her frustration and anger, her gaze skirted the bar area clear across to the lunch room. In defense of her raw emotions, all she could conjure up were memories of JJ making her favorite coffee, Junsu . . . his breath warm against her neck as he back-hugged her. The butterflies in her stomach when intuition told her to check the chalkboard for JJ's phone number and squealing happily at the fancy white invitation to dinner at the 'Toscana Hotel'.

Why was it that when she was at her worst, wanting to break down alone, in quiet solitude . . . the tiniest signs appeared, making it literally impossible to forget the 'good' times over the past few weeks. The Hotness Café was a safe haven against the harsh realities of the outside world.

But, right now 'reality' aside, all she really wanted to do was hate them both. Swallowing hard in an attempt to turn her anger inward (like always) she released a long, slow breath, shaking the picture of JJ's sad eyes meeting hers in the Toscana lobby out of the depths of her subconscious.

Even though the memory of JeJu Island had been a mild, pleasant refuge from the drudgery of winter, now . . . freezing, misguided, and confused it seemed she'd returned alone. But, then again, why should 'alone' be the end of her world? She used to be a fighter until stupid Antonio came along. Still . . . bucking her emotions in JeJu, really thinking she'd done the right thing for once, now . . . standing amongst the memories of her first weeks in the café, she wasn't so sure.

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**S***ENSING Saffire's inward struggle, having seen the violin case when she deposited her things at the front door, Uncle Ryu made his way back downstairs toward her curiously. His advice had always helped before, maybe it would again. "Your music Saffire. You still have your music. Don't give up just yet."*

*Where had the violin come from? He didn't remember her buying a violin in JeJu. The case looked familiar, but . . . scratching his head unconsciously, he stooped down beside the old*

*weathered case. There were initials imprinted on it, 'SMK'. Unable to move it to see the underbelly to be certain, his heart soared none-the-less, remembering Sandra's violin case growing up, engraved with her initials on the side, just like this one.*

*The vision of her lifting the violin from its center, cradling it between her shoulder and chin, drawing the bow across the strings expertly, brought happy memories of their childhood together to the surface.*

*It seemed, sometime in the last 24 hours, Sandra had 'paid it forward' giving up her prized possession to daughter, Saffire. Excitement oozing from places he didn't know existed any longer in his state of limbo, he clapped hands, whirling about Saffire's downhearted figure, struggling to coerce her into encompassing his joy and energy. This was a good thing. Mother and daughter had finally connected, really connected. Damn, he had missed it. But, it was progress none-the-less.*

*Longing to hear her play again, he warned himself not to get overly anxious wishing he had the ability to place the violin directly in her arms. Didn't she realize that playing would help her find her way? One thing he had always told her was, "Listen to the music in your heart, it will never lead you astray."*

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**K**ICKING first one boot off, then the other, Saffire watched as they skidded precariously across the floor, bumping side-by-side into the bottom of the tea and coffee display. Wanting to scream at the top of her lungs, destroy the stupid display or break something . . . anything, clearly holding it in wasn't helping anymore. In fact, it was making her sick. Physically sick to her stomach. Standing in the tiny foyer, sucking down memories like shots of alcohol intended to medicate the pain, how amazing would it feel to let go of weeks of disenchantment and regret?

Finally giving in to the overwhelming hurt, the silence and ticking of the large overhead clock convinced her if she did, no one else would be privy to her outburst.

“AGHHHH . . . I FUCKING HATE YOU . . . BOTH OF YOU . . . I DIDN’T COME HERE FOR THIS. I CAME FOR UNCLE AND ME.”

Not feeling any remorse for cursing both Idols simultaneously, snatching up her violin and suitcase angrily, she dragged them up the steep staircase behind her, groaning with the culmination of each step as she approached the small landing. Surrendering it all abruptly, she shoved one thin hip into the squeaky wooden door. Losing her balance as it swung ajar, she stumbled awkwardly inside, slapped in the face by a gust of frigid winter wind. Accompanied by the distasteful stench of too many roses, it was akin to being shoved head first into an arctic funeral parlor.

“OH MY GOD!” Gagging unexpectedly, the frosty room was proof that obviously someone had attempted (unsuccessfully) to air out the apartment over the last few days. The obvious motivation being the several dozen roses standing majestically atop the tiny kitchenette counter directly in her line of vision. They had to go before she puked. The door easing shut behind her, she tossed her purse across the couch not caring that it careened off the other side, plunking in a heap on the floor, knocking JaeJoong’s gigantic stuff counterpart ‘JaeBear’ down with it.

Feeling sullen and hateful, stomping across the floor like a petulant child, it wasn’t but a few more seconds and the immense heavy vase of roses was making a watery trail to its own death out the second story window. Stupefied to see a fluttering of snowflakes beginning to waft down barely dotting the sidewalk beneath her, she hesitated momentarily, watching the blooms launch through the air, dropping randomly to the ground below, giving her little consolation.

Reaching over, she sniffed somberly, slamming the shutters after their descent. *Junsu and his fucking display of arrogance. So many roses.* Now, she was pretty sure she hated them and what they represented as much as sister Saffron did. Not to mention, they reeked of death.

Done with the task at hand, assessing the chaotic bedroom where she’d primped excitedly in the full length wardrobe mirror, her eyes blazed cold and emotionless as she set her sights on JaeBear. Nose first to the worn wooden floor, butt in the air, his little French beret toppling over to one side, he looked like he was struggling to stay out of the line of fire.

What had JJ’s note said to her again? *Shitttt . . . ‘BEAR’ our souls together. Yeah, you bared your soul alright, to some freaking photographer, without a second thought to me.*

Darting out into the cramped living space, she reared back kicking the bear across the room like an overstuffed soccer ball, dropping to the floor as pain shot through her toes on impact.

“OW. FUCKING SON OF A BITCH! Now look what you’ve done.”

Spinning in circles, the heavy animal landed at the base of the end table, knocking over one of Uncle’s porcelain statues, bouncing it against his furry leg until it rolled across the floor, coming to rest alongside the magazine rack.

Huddled in the fetal position, her throbbing toes cupped in one hand, a mixed up and infuriated Saffire curled over grabbing the nearest blanket, screaming at the top of her lungs, once more letting all her pent up emotions boil over in rage at the life-size bear, representing Prince Jae himself.

“If I broke my toe I’m gonna slice you into pieces, you lying, cheating bastard. How dare you tell me to ‘bear’ my soul? You don’t fucking DESERVE MY SOUL!”

Rising to one knee, eyes dark and resentful, she scooted closer toward JaeBear’s innocent fluffy back. Grabbed at it, tugging hard, with every ounce of energy left inside she attacked one arm like a crazy woman, ripping a massive hole straight into the shoulder seam. Nails digging out the stuffing, she scattered it across the already cluttered floor wishing it was a Voodoo doll she could stick pins in to punish JJ for breaking her heart.

Moments later, spent and exhausted she shoved the bear’s broken body away from her, the tears finally emerging.

“WHY?” Sobbing inconsolably over the catastrophe perpetrated around her, she struggled with the same question since seeing him yesterday in the hallway of the Toscana. “Why Jae? You said . . .” Sniffing, barely able to eke out the words he’d uttered into her ear (only days ago) she whispered in the bear’s ear. “You said you fell hard. And, we could fall together. I’m . . . I’m falling alone Jae.”

Gulping in long breaths of air trying not to hyperventilate, wetness matted the tuft of fur beneath her cheeks. What now? With her head was spinning, and every bone in her body aching, when all was said and done . . . she only wanted to be loved, unconditionally loved. Wasn’t that what Junsu had promised her? Even in California. To take her away from Antonio, love her the

way she deserved to be loved? But, his promises hadn't materialized until much too late. And, then . . . he'd acquainted sex with love. No, that wasn't love. That was manipulation.

And, JJ. He'd asked her, "What can I do to make you love me?" Surely, dissing her an entire weekend for the company of another woman wasn't going to encourage her to love him. So, what was to become of her confusion over the two Idol brothers? In truth, her need for a man's attention, (any mans') had pushed her into this insanely, frustrating triangle in the first place.

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**C**ONTEMPLATING each moment since Uncle Ryu's death, sadly, Saffire was beginning to see most of it 'was' her own damn fault. Self-examination was hard. It was probably her own obsessiveness keeping her from finally being satisfied and happy moving forward in any relationship.

Now came the ultimate dilemma. Work through her feelings for each of them. Make a choice. Or let them go. With hearts shattering so loudly around her she could almost hear them breaking, and without the emotional glue to seal them back together, it seemed as if despite her own feelings, maybe her only recourse was to sweep up the mess she'd created, and move on.

Saddened at the destruction she'd inflicted on poor innocent JaeBear she patted his limp arm her flushed face pressed against the soft fur around his cheeks. "What do you think JaeBear? I shouldn't have kissed him that first night, huh?"

Gently searching out the bear's large brown nose with puckered lips, there was no clear answer forthcoming to satisfy her curiosity. "He was pity kissing me 'cause I was drunk, wasn't he? Is he always like that? Feeling sorry for women when they drink or cry? Mmmm, probably so. He has sisters." Rearing up, boring her eyes into the slick rounded button-eyes of the stuffed animal, she wished Saffron, Uncle or 'someone' was there to make her feel better. "You should've warned me. Now look what's happened. I've fallen for him, and it's all fucked up."

Once JJ knew about Junsu, (and for sure he would eventually), there would be no turning back. To hang on now would mean disaster. Maybe her only choice 'was' to cut him loose.

Despite his injury JaeBear stood his ground, allowing the squeezing, kissing, whispering and scolding in his ear to continue, never once letting on it disturbed or annoyed him. Saffire was being a bit Bi-Polar right now, he had to go with the flow.

Now calm, her burst of anger over, (much like the tornado her sister Saffron was prone to whipping up), she propped him back into the crux of the cushions, stretching out across the couch, not bothering to turn on the living room light. Wiping away tears, she stared into the darkness, grabbing the thick, furry arms, and draping him around her blanketed chest, hating that she'd destroyed JJ's loving representation of himself.

Yes, it was time to stop running, and start identifying and facing her fears. Starting with the Prince himself, Hero Kim JaeJoong. Turning to the illuminating light of her cell phone she scrolled back through the list of messages in silence. Nothing yet from the Aunties or Saffron. No emergencies but, her own.

Fretfully skimming JJ's stream of emoticons, ranging from 'hearts' to 'smiley faces' to 'questioning looks' to a final desperate plea of 'LET ME EXPLAIN!!! SHE WAS JUST A FRIEND', clearly Junsu's weren't faring much better. Both of them bordering on pathetic, Junsu (not one for pictures to express himself), stuck to the simplicity of words instead. "MIANHAE . . . SARANGHAE . . . CALL . . ." Followed by, "HAVE 2 LEAVE FOR JAPAN IN THE A.M. I'LL BE BACK XMAS DAY. BE SAFE. LET'S TALK THEN." He was leaving. That was a good thing. She wouldn't have to deal with him for another few days. And, JJ's exasperated . . . 'just a friend'. Was that the truth? Or just a desperate lie to get her to forgive him.

Now sorry she hadn't read the messages sooner, her decision still vague, she moved on to the scores of photos in her feed, realizing everything recorded over the last few weeks was solely about Prince Jae. One by one, as the clock ticked nearer and nearer to 10:00 P.M. she viewed them, tearing up again, the wetness dotting the soft blanket thrown about her shoulders.

She and JJ dancing in the dining room, eating cotton candy together . . . his request for a 'sexy' pose, the heart-to-heart she'd had with JaeBear over his feelings for her, among others . . . and lastly . . . her smiling figure parked between the large life-size cutouts of Junsu and JJ in the 'Toscana Hotel' lobby.

In the aftermath of the storm, was she feeling sorry for herself? Was that it? She had always been prone to falling into depression over every lost or nonexistent relationship she'd been involved in. What had spurred her forward in her pursuit of Junsu in the first place? Rebound? A new start? Had she used him? All of the above . . . selfish motives. Now in retrospect, was she really thinking about him? It had been cruel of her to lead him on. It was reminiscent of Antonio and what he'd ultimately done to her.

And, JaeJoong . . . She'd done nothing over the last few years but be annoyed over him in her fangirly pursuit of his band member Junsu. She hated his attitude on stage, his persona with fans . . . her list had been a mile long when he'd dipped under the table in the drinking tent scouring to gather the things from her purse. So what exactly had he done to snag her heart, hook, line and sinker? Kissed her. Like no man had ever kissed her. And, she'd let him. There was no turning back after that.

But, instead of being the stand-up person she was proud to call herself, she gave into the fangirl and hung onto both of them, craving the attention she'd missed with not only Antonio, but her father as well. If she was ever going to even 'like' herself again, moving forward . . . she had to fix things. Anger and self-pity wasn't the answer. She was.

She had to rectify her self-esteem. Her cell lit up in the darkness again, this time her own fingers flying across the small screen.

JUNSU, MIANHAE, WE DO NEED 2 TALK WHEN U GET BACK. HAVE A SAFE FLIGHT.

The ding of his reply came immediately, almost as if he'd been sitting on the phone.

DAEBAEK YEOBOSO, DON'T DO CHRISTMAS WITHOUT ME!

She couldn't possibly tell him what was going on in her head now. Feeling horrible for leading him on, she answered the only way she could in the moment.

I WON'T. SEE U THEN.

Transfixed on the image of JJ, lips about to touch hers in the kitchen days earlier, she followed Junsu by a quick response to his insistent text. He deserved at least that much. He really hadn't given her any reason to doubt he was telling the truth.

I'M SO SORRY JJ.

As it hung out there waiting to be sent, she sat straighter, knowing everything was still so raw. One, 'I'm sorry' would open up a can of worms she wasn't sure she could deal with tonight. Nope, he would have to wait. She needed to sort out what had happened with Junsu first. There was no other choice.

Changing her mind, she watched the message disappear, a smile tempting the corners of her dry lips. Rising (the unyielding crippled bear crushed in the crook of one arm), if she could get Junsu to understand her lack of feelings for him, maybe JJ wouldn't take the news of last night so hard.

Padding across the cold plank floor headed back down to the kitchen to scrounge for Raman and get a hot cup of cocoa, tonight there would be no alcohol. Ultimately this would be a conscious decision. No longer ashamed, it was pointless to continue blaming herself for her continued state of disrepair. Stepping back, it was imperative she forgive herself and move on, regardless of the outcome.

And, then . . . thinking she might be closer to having it all figured out, the old violin case on the landing came into view. Pausing, finger between her teeth, it occurred to her that she'd never made a decision without first sacrificing herself up to the clarity of her music. These past weeks in 'The Hotness Café' without it . . . had been her ultimate downfall.

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**C**REENING toward his private dining room in a rush, Young Jae Ryu rattled the door handle opting to slip through the wall instead, convinced that Saffire (violin in hand) was most assuredly headed there. Pushing the door ajar behind him, he settled against the wall under the large glass window, smiling as she appeared, confounded by the unlocked entrance.

Why is the door open? What IS going on around here tonight? Confounded for the second time since coming home, Saffire stepped inside, caressing the length of the taut violin strings, staring out the massive window into the heavy white snowfall. Even though it was Uncle's dining room, ultimately . . . for her, it was JJ's space. Playing here wouldn't make her feel any better. The only purpose would be to solidify the hold it had over her memories and her heart.

*"Fighting!" Eagerly fist pumping the air around him, Uncle's protégé was finally back to her roots. He knew eventually she would rediscover them. She was a sweet, kind woman with a forgiving heart whose intention had never been to hurt anyone. For all his coercion, whisperings and prodding's (to do the right thing), over the past few days, when push came to shove, she needed to find her own way.*

His vacant eyes keen he watched in quivering anticipation as she dropped the large brown bear on the bench, lifting the instrument to her chin, the sound of her fingertips carefully

*tuning the strings, bringing a swell to his empty heart. It seemed like a lifetime since he'd heard her play.*

In the background of her mind's eye, the ghostly outline of Uncle Ryu, sat holding hands across the table from a tall, thin woman; heads bent together; lost in each other's presence. This was a room filled with love.

"It's no wonder I can't forget the way you felt here with me, is it Jae?" Stepping closer to the small table, she mumbled under her breath, "Am I strong enough to tell Junsu I can't be with him? I don't think I can let you go." Hesitating, focused on the curtain of snow that for some odd reason seemed to follow JJ wherever he went, she added tentatively, "I don't want to."

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**I**NHALING, Saffire stroked the bow over the smooth velvety string, imprisoned with overwhelming emotion. The first sounds penetrating the silence, sent a warmth surging through her cold, weary bones, surrounding her in a cocoon of motivating heat.

Could she be willed back into existence by the optimistic lure of the music alone? It had always worked before. Like the calm after a storm, music gave her hope, a reason to keep going when everything else was crashing down around her.

Abandoning herself to the notes, they clung to one another like a persistent, yet patient lover commanding surrender as they exploded in gratification around her.

Half a Sonata later, eyes closed, beads of sweat popping out across her furrowed brows, she gave in to the peace, her senses struggling to grasp the overwhelming reverence the instrument demanded of her. Awakened and aroused, she was finally aware that the confidence welling up inside, was melting her discouragement while at the same time, mending her broken heart.

Relationships were hard. Growth was hard. Hell, life was hard. What had Uncle Ryu always told her? "Follow the music in your heart . . . it will never lead you astray".

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**A**HHH, Uncle . . . fond memories of her first violin surfaced as she played. The sights and sounds of the cluttered music store, tinkling of the player piano, smell of musty wood, polish, and paper sheet music. Her six year old senses cried out in excitement what her little eyes couldn't yet comprehend. She wanted it all, like the candy in the local convenient store. Each instrument, each note played . . . she wanted to experience it, but in her innocence, didn't know how.

Fingering the strings on the child-sized violin, with a piano concerto playing in the background, she remembered whispering in Uncle's ear, her voice small, as if divulging a grave secret.

"Uncle, can I play, can I? De?" And, the magic began. Now, years and scores of lessons later, she was laying down her life in the very room she had given up her heart in. She wanted to surrender, but instead . . . it felt like she had finally come home.

*Sitting deathly still under the shadows of the falling snow, Young Jae heard and saw his little eight year old 'Fire', begging him to join her on the rooftop of his small Gangnam apartment. Standing in the bright sunlight, dressed and ready for her first live showcase, in a lace cotton dress down to her ankles, black patent leather shoes, her hair swept to one side in a large bright red bow. She was about to join the ranks of other young prodigy's, performing in front of an audience of the S. Korean entertainment industry's finest, professional musicians, producers and composers.*

*"I want you to hear me play my solo piece here outside on the roof, Uncle." Skipping from one foot to the other excitedly, she lifted the violin to her chin, her young voice pronounced and sure of herself. Smiling impulsively she announced, "My favorite place to practice is on the beach back home. It makes me feel closer to the Angels."*

*How could he refuse? She took his breath away. Then . . . and now. He had primed her well. The rest had been up to her. The way she poured every ounce of her innocent heart and soul into her carefree style of music, gave away her raw, unbridled passion for the craft. Now, he was certain each pain-filled moment of arguing on her behalf with his brother Kyong to keep her in lessons had been worth every second.*

The music swelled, and waned, as the haunting Sonata came to a close. For being dead, he had never felt so alive. He'd been privy to her emotions from the moment his eyes closed to the swirling notes overhead. His initial fear of her impending decision made his own, that much easier to swallow. She was still that strong, sassy little 'Fire' he adored so much. She might stumble, but she wouldn't fall and give up.

Every purpose he had been 'saved' on the wrong side of eternity for, needed to be covered. He knew her union with Kim JaeJoong was crucial. It was just one of those things a spirit was privy to, that the living was not.

His voice foreign to his spiritual ears, (using her childhood nickname) Young Jae found himself encouraging the tormented little girl in Saffire to give JaeJoong another chance. "Don't give up on him 'Fire' . . . He loves you. The two of you may never experience this kind of love again!" Only he and Kim JaeJoong himself, knew he was the good, loving soul she needed to complete herself.

Hoping she could sense his presence as clearly as the others, he dropped down beside her bent back as staring out into the night snowfall, she sobbed. The arms he'd always loved her with found themselves wrapped about her quaking shoulders . . . Only this time, the voice of tinkling wind chimes was replaced with the clear whispered words of, "Follow the music in your heart 'Fire' . . . it will NEVER lead you astray."

Curled up in his ghostly arms, Saffire managed to mutter a small, yet tenacious response, knowing what she had to do. . . "I can't let him go . . . I love him Uncle, really I do."

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