

**-18-**

## **COMEBACK**



**MARCH 15<sup>th</sup>, 2017 - 7:00 A.M. – UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL – SAFFIRE’S ROOM**

**SITTING** in the still, darkened room, JaeJoong studied the rise and fall of Saffire’s chest sleeping soundly beside him. Glancing away only long enough to check the time, his watch told him it was early morning, but still unable to totally relax, his body told him otherwise.

So many hours spent waiting . . . worrying . . . even joining the others in prayer. Something completely foreign to an atheist like himself. He knew despite all efforts to cover himself, back home his sudden disappearance wouldn’t go unnoticed much longer. It didn’t matter. Where else could he be?

Pushing off the chair, desperate for coffee, he was unwilling to seek it out fearing she would open her eyes and find him gone. Strolling around the darkened room, like he’d done a dozen times over the past few days, he toyed with the remnants of Saffire’s vast ‘fan’ club of classical students and friends.

Still trying to wrap his head around her reasoning behind shutting him out of her life, he pulled back up beside the worn, antique violin perched bedside (obviously meant to illicit an immediate response when breaking through her coma).

But, instead . . . last night had ended up being an optimistic, yet anxious, ‘party’ of sorts. Including Sienna, a blubbering Kyong, beaming Sandra, elated Hyun Joong, mystified Saffron, and host of hospital personnel, paying her homage.

There hadn’t been time for questions, conversation or even a proper confession. Her confused and dreamy gaze at seeing him perched bedside with Sienna had said it all. Re-assured by the doctor that clarity would come after a good night’s sleep and calmer atmosphere, everyone was shooed from the room except for him. Suddenly grateful for the lie about being her husband he’d settled back in for the remainder of the night . . . still alone.

Today, the resurrection of L.A.’s favorite hippie philanthropist would no doubt top the news, much like it had the other night. Itching to snatch the T.V. remote and see who (of the hospital staff) might have already leaked information to the press, JJ stuffed one hand in his pocket, frustration taking over.

Moving forward, there would be no peace for any of them. Inevitably, would it hurt his chances to convince this Princess he adored to take their daughter and return to Korea with him? It seemed she’d been extremely careful to avoid any type of press coverage involving either he or Sienna over the past few years, stashing all her thoughts and memories away to share after she was certain he’d forgotten her.

*Forget her? Humph.* She obviously didn’t know him as well as he thought. There had been no forgetting, and never would be. Eased into the recesses of his heart maybe, but just like his past relationship she’d come screaming back into his life at every turn, making it impossible to cut the emotional ties they shared.

Raising the blind, the city unfolded before him, lights going off to welcome the dawn. He’d been to California before. Years ago, as a new Idol with ‘SM’ he’d done a few videos, spent some

time wandering the streets of Korea Town. Now, being here left a bitter taste in his mouth, the memory and sounds of the accident popping up in his daily life, both awake and asleep.

Wanting to grab Saffire's hand, scoop up the daughter he'd come to love and disappear without a trace, sadly he knew that was impossible. Even with her current status, and inevitable recovery what 'he' wanted and what 'she' wanted, might end up being entirely different. For a man who had spent most of his life engaged in moving forward, patience and acceptance were words he was learning to cope with.

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“JAE?” Moaning audibly, Saffire thrashed lightly against the covers capturing his attention at the window. *Finally!* Spinning around he dashed forward, nearly kicking the violin over in his haste to make it back to her side.

“I'm here, Princess,” his feathery voice encouraging her eyes open, he kissed her cool skin, smoothing a stray hair off one cheek.

“What time is it?” Attempting to focus she blinked rapidly, resting on his concerned expression remembering him last night, exhilarated and jumpy, darting around like a fly searching for a place to light. Groggy and out of touch, after hearing his voice and imagining he was at her side, the realization of his physical body being present in the room placated her enough to return to sleep peacefully. Somehow, she knew no matter when she woke again, he would still be there.

“It's morning. The doctor gave you a sedative, remember? You comfortable? Need some water? Should I call the nurse?” Anxiously spouting off questions, JaeJoong hoped now things would begin to seem clearer.

“Mmmm, that's right.” A slight chuckle emanating from her dry lips Saffire wiggled her toes under the blanket to ensure she was indeed awake, hating the continual feeling of grogginess surrounding her. “I'm okay. Maybe just a drink, thanks.”

“You got it.” Jumping toward the pitcher at the side table, JJ poured the cold liquid, carefully positioning the straw to her lips. “Aishhh you had us all really worried there for a while.” Not

able to convey his true feelings amid all the commotion last night, he set down the glass, running his fingers across her smooth, bandage-free, forehead. “We thought we’d lost you.”

“Don’t be silly, Young Jae kicked me out, said you and Sienna needed me.”

Realizing she finally had the opportunity to be alone with Prince Jae, her thoughts randomly collided back and forth inside her head. Strangely enough, floating somewhere between heaven and earth she’d unwittingly managed to keep one ear to the ground. Having heard enough to know he’d held her hand from the back seat of the crumpled SUV; cried over her; played her favorite music; accepted their daughter without hesitation; and even confronted her family . . . Where did she even begin?

“Aigooo, Uncle . . . right again . . . we do.” JJ’s quiet, solemn response caught her by surprise. “I didn’t get a chance to say it last night Saffire, but . . . she’s beautiful. You should’ve told me.”

“Can you raise my bed some, please?” Evading the elephant in the room, she clutched his hand, blushing, wanting to bring herself up to eye-level with the man she loved more than life itself. There would be plenty of time for details. She needed more strength to tackle it first.

“Saffirree . . .” Happy to appease her but, saddened by her inability to confront him head on, JJ fluffed the pillow behind her as well, dropping back down on the side of the bed. “Arasseo, I guess it can wait . . . How’s that?”

“Perfect as always.”

Already knowing she was responsible for his vulnerable condition, she examined him closely, biting her lip in guilt. The dark circles under his eyes, ruffled hair, and wrinkled T-shirt were a dead giveaway to the fact that he’d either dozed in the chair all night, or across the side of the bed. Alerted to the fact that their upcoming time together, would continue to be emotionally strenuous she drew his head to her breast, stroking his hair, as his body weight released against her. *What had she done to this man?*

“You look exhausted Jae.”

She knew he needed answers. But, in the moment, with the beat of his heart in tune to her own, every sin she'd committed by omission over the past two years, slowly began to fade away. Replaced by the warmth of his body, huddled beside her, on a cold winter night in Young Jae's dining room, watching the snow fall gently outside the rooftop window. Idol Prince, JJ had opened his world and his heart to her. Making her his 'Cotton Candy Princess'.

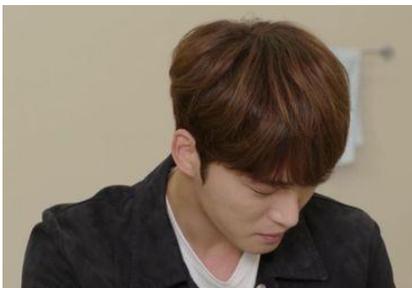
His kisses that night had sealed her fate. No wonder he was back here in her arms, mourning the missing years she'd denied him. She had to find a way to ask forgiveness and explain.

"Saranghae (I LOVE YOU), and thank-you for everything," she whispered, feeling him relax into the calm, rolling through their embrace, seemingly as relieved to be back in her arms, as she was to have him there.

"I love you too Princess. Never stopped." Sighing he let go of the nagging voice reminding him of the slew of letters he'd read giving him personal insight into her very soul. "And, don't worry about me. I'm used to sleeping on the fly, Idol and Army remember? Besides, later they'll come get you for tests. I'll go nap then . . . promise."

*Don't worry? How could she not?* Feeling him shift, his body weight released against her as rising he paused, raking back his hair, the silver wedding band on his left ring finger, sparkling in the first rays of the morning sunlight. Staring up at it, she couldn't help herself, the questions rolling from her lips before her rapidly waking brain could stop.

"JJ? Last night . . . the nurse called me Mrs. Kim, huh? I, ahhh . . . it didn't register right away. But, how can we be married?" Vaguely recalling him talking about it, Saffire shivered anxiously. "It's a lie isn't it?"



"Ye." Head bowed in admission, (hating to admit the truth) JJ studied the cotton pilling on the blanket tucked beneath her hand. "I had to do it for Sienna. Your mom was on vacation, and with you in a coma, there was no one else available to give parental consent. It's complicated." His heart racing, he waited for the reprimand, that never came.

“Complicated? How so?” Instead, soothed and encouraged by his sincere tone and quick thinking Saffire temptingly lifted one hand. “Only a true Prince would fulfill a dying girl’s wish. But, where’s my ring? You did get me one, didn’t you?” Mumbling under her breath, “A proposal first would’ve been nice though,” now she was mocking him, her blue eyes twinkling mischievously.

“Exactly how much DID you hear while you were under Mrs. Kim?” *Meeting her smile JJ found himself smiling as well. Was it possible she’d been privy to his lonely confession of life without her? His love for Sienna? The questions, regrets AND tears?*

Suddenly silent, Saffire’s head drifted back against the pillow, whispering . . . “Mostly all of it, Mr. Kim.”

### **12:30 P.M. HOTNESS CAFÉ, L.A.**

**"WELL,** it sure stands out.”

The Hotness wall loomed before Saffron, painted in bright (almost offensive) colors. Hoping she wasn’t both owner ‘and’ decorator she wondered if artsy, sister Saffire had been responsible.

Walking through the café door for the first time, she hadn't really known what to expect. Thankfully, Maud and Serae had taken the bull by the horns, informing the staff about her condition ahead of time giving her the space she needed without questions. Looking back, she was glad she’d taken the time to review the employee files that morning. It had definitely made the employee greetings less awkward.

Inspecting the collection of pictures, her one arm folded over the other, unconsciously. *Who were all these people?* Some were obviously from the opening, including KPOP group NCT, along with a few Asian and American celebrities. But, certain ones caught her attention. Mother, father, and Uncle, holding babies (of all things). One blonde; one redhead . . . She and Saffire?

The rest were below, making her think of a family tree. To the right, she and Kim Hyun Joong; the left, sister and JJ. Tapping her front teeth with one thumb nail, goosebumps broke out across her forearms. *If only her ‘picture-self’ could talk . . . telling her the truth.*

Curious, seeking a closer inspection, she squinted reaching for the frame. On tiptoes her fingertips brushed the edge making it swing precariously on the hanger. Cursing, she glanced around in frustration for a ladder or step stool, settling for the chair from a nearby table.

Now, only inches away she took it off the wall studying Hyun Joong's short-cropped hair, (surmising it was right before his military service). Full-faced, she could see the twinkle in his eyes. Wearing a gleeful smile, she traced the outline of his mouth with a steady fingertip.

Damn, even with short hair he was gorgeous. *Where are your flaws Joongie? No one is this freaking perfect.* Last evening, he'd pleaded for her to return with him to S. Korea and strangely enough, his reasons were valid. But, would running away really help her memory loss? If it was one thing she DID know about herself it was that she didn't run away from either relationships OR problems. She met them head on, consequences be damned!

But, this time the consequences were heart-wrenching. Remembering seeing Joong strut through security at the airport had tied her in knots. Raising her hand, quietly examining the sliver band, it hadn't helped her, hearing him confess this morning over breakfast. Slipping on the misplaced ring, she almost fainted when his warm lips pressed over it. Now, more than ever she felt married. Glancing around she sighed, hoping no one was focused on her teetering on a chair in the middle of the photo wall, blushing relentlessly, one hand to her burning cheeks. What did it matter? Finally, another poignant memory to tuck away and pull back up when her circumstances seemed impossible.

Eyeing the picture once more, scrutinizing the redhead, her head turned slightly, "Pffft . . . God Saffron, you're so f'ng obvious." That woman's eyes glinted with love, devotion and maybe even a little obsession. Looking closer she zeroed in on Hyun Joong's left hand gripping hers. "Hmmm, no rings there . . ." Pausing to think she could hear the voices and scuffling of chairs around her, but as if in a bubble of her own making, she ignored the commotion focused only on the collection of facts. 'If we're married, it had to have been AFTER this picture was taken."

*What could the remaining photos tell her?* Glancing at the framed Saffire and JJ, nothing happened except a continual feeling of closeness to the blonde smiling back at her. "Ahhh . . .

girl, you're the key . . . I can trust you to speak the truth. Right, sister dear?" Resolved this photo wouldn't trigger her memory any further, she hung the couple back on their place of honor.

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"**SAFFRON**, get the hell down from there before you break your neck!" Barking over the music coming from the ceiling speaker, Sandra couldn't help wondering if the girl had lost all common sense in the accident.

Jerking, Saffron caught the wall with one hand, the other flinging to her heart. Peering at her Mother's pinched face she barked back, "I WILL fall if you sneak up on me like that again. I just wanted to get a closer look at these pictures."

Suddenly aware of the few customers in the main room, she scanned them casually, still grateful no one was paying any attention.

"Mother, don't you think Saffire looks kind of sad in this photograph?" A hand on her mother's shoulder she hopped off the chair, appreciative of the tennis shoes Joong had insisted on, (citing her clumsiness).

Sandra stood stiffly, studying the familiar image of the brothers surrounding her, a baby in each of their arms. The what-ifs. Dredging up memories she'd buried long ago she'd hoped the photo wouldn't have made it all the way to the California café wall. Much to her dismay, someone else had felt otherwise.

"Ah-hem. What now?" Clearing her throat, she turned back to the picture in question. "Saffire, sad? Whatever for? Of course not. Look at her smile." However, upon closer inspection even she could see the happiness didn't exactly reach her daughter's usually glittering eyes. "Well . . . now that I really look at it . . . maybe she already knew about Sienna. She made it more complicated than it should've been."

"Mmmm-huh. I guess." Imagining Mother was correct, Saffron slid the chair under the table. *What might that have been like for her sister? Watching the man she loved go off to the Army,*

*knowing she was pregnant? Did that explain JJ's tireless bedside vigil, and desperate attitude toward the niece she didn't remember? More questions she needed answers to.*

Placing an arm through Saffron's, Sandra drew to her side chuckling, "However, you my dear were certainly more than content, with your handsome, 'Baek Sung Jo'."

"Stop with the name, Mother." Rolling her eyes Saffron balked. "And, look at me. I look like a crazy woman ready to gut him and eat him alive. I don't get it." *If she was so in love with Kim Hyun Joong, why would Ian try a reconciliation? Had she accepted his advances, giving the impression she was single? Why would she DO that?*

Sandra's eyebrow rose at not only her daughter's questions, but her sudden stupidity, "Pffft . . . don't get what? He's gorgeous. Damn, if I was twenty-five years younger . . ." Her eyes transfixed on the image of Young Jae, unwelcome memories flooded back to her once again. *If only she hadn't been a foolish, bitch. The girls could have been raised together. AND, with their real father.*

"Mother. Quit drooling over my husband." Unable to keep a straight face, Saffron giggled, seeing a tenderness cross Sandra's usually hollow eyes. "Besides, so is Ian. Gorgeous."

"Sorry. I don't know what came over me. Ian? Gorgeous? Sure. On the surface." Continuing she tapped her heart, "but, not in here. I can honestly say, he showed his true colors eventually and you WEREN'T impressed."

Remembering dinner in JeJu, and Saffron storming off at Ian's surprise appearance, Sandra brushed the fly-away hair from her daughters confused expression, wishing she remembered her love for Hyun Joong . . . not the pain Ian had inflicted on her.

"Baby girl, Hyun Joong is a wonderful man, inside AND out. And don't discount the importance of Young Jae's approval. Even for your sister and JaeJoong. You girls should consider yourselves lucky." Tugging her away from the wall Sandra found herself smiling as she guided her in the direction of the office. "Since Saffire is finally awake, now things can get back to normal."

Speculating as to the reason why Uncle's approval was so important instead of seeking out Kyong's blessing, Saffron strolled to toward the office, her head on her mother's shoulder. It was obvious her father favored the arrogant Ian and Idol millionaire Kim Junsu, NOT Hyung Joong or JaeJoong. Why (for some reason) did 'that' not surprise her? After all, he had always been about the money.

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**SWINGING** the door open, Saffron gawked openly at her private domain, "Who's been using my office?" she barked, surveying the mess littering the small space. "And, what the hell is that?" Pointing to the black kitten perched on the corner of her desk thoroughly preening itself, she shivered despite the warmth surrounding her.

Not only was there an 'animal' inhabiting her space, this didn't look anything like her chrome and leather, spit-polished, glass enclosed office in Chicago. It was disorderly at best, decorated in a mismatched pattern of colors, eclectic antique furnishings, sporting toddler toys, cooking books and reeking of . . . yes . . . some weird scent reminiscent of cinnamon incense?

Pushing by her, unsure of what she meant, Sandra scanned the familiar area quickly. There had only been minor additions since the accident. A leftover coffee cup, mail piled somewhat higher, and folders strewn out across the already cluttered desk. Scooping up the kitten she turned, "It's fine dear. You just don't remember. And, this . . . little girl is 'She-Devil II', a gift from Saffire."

*SAFFIRE. Of course.* Much like the photo wall, the office had her sisters' fingerprints all over it. Staring across at the cat Saffron squinted, appalled. "I thought she liked me. Why the hell would she give me a CAT? How many times have I said in the last 36 hours . . . I hate cats."

Ignoring Sandra's half-smile, she marched further into the unfamiliar, disorderly room already feeling claustrophobic. Picking a dish towel off the back of the office chair by her fingertips it dropped unceremoniously to the tile floor. Easing herself into the worn leather laced with scratch

marks, she sighed, trying to decide (other than a good cleaning and redecorating) what might need her immediately attention.

The kitten, anxious for companionship jumped out of Sandra arms, bouncing off the desktop and into Saffron's lap. Rubbing against her top welcomingly, she proceeded to curl up in the familiar curve of her owner's lap, purring with innate satisfaction.

"UGGHHH . . ." Arms up above her head, Saffron watched the little fur ball mar the beige sweater with her claws and black hair. "MOTHERRR . . ."

Seeing the inevitable reunion, Sandra snickered, one hand to her mouth. "Awww, isn't that sweet, she missed you." Turning on one heel, satisfied Saffron was good hands, she announced over her shoulder, "Well dear, I'm off to the Conservatory. Promised them an update on Saffire."

Dropping her arms in disgust Saffron raised an eyebrow, "What, you're going to leave me with this animal? Motherrr . . ."

Ignoring Saffron still whining as the door closed, Sandra waved, rushing out and leaving her distraught offspring trying unsuccessfully to dislodge the tiny feline from her chest.

"HUMPH. I'm out of the hospital one freaking day and already they're all leaving me to my own defenses. I sure can't see this new positivity everyone keeps bragging about." Hearing the door click shut, the kitten's vociferous purring irritated her ears as she contemplated her surroundings.

With a tiny private bathroom on the left, and a small wooden wardrobe along the other wall, a brightly patterned bulletin board caught her eye. Positioned dead-center, a 5x7 photograph of a smiling Sienna tucked in Ian's arms, her little finger smearing pink frosting on the tip of his nose.

Cautiously eying She-Devil, she rose plucking her up, laying her back into the crease of the chair. Stepping past the wicker trash basket, (aiming for a closer look), Sienna was as cute as most little girls clutching a fist full of cake but, what captured her attention was . . . Ian's expression. (Much the same as what she'd seen in the photo of herself gazing at Hyun Joong on the picture wall.) Devotion, love, and joy shining from his face.

"He's completely enamored of her," she whispered scratching her head in disbelief. "Wow, who would of thought? Maybe it's true and he really HAS changed." Perusing the other pictures began giving her a better sense of how involved Ian HAD been in her life lately.

Several were taken during different stages of construction, Saffire and Sienna, herself, the staff, and more of the enigmatic Mr. Carver III alone. But, oddly . . . the ones with her and Ian were all connected to the café, together breaking ground; bent over a desk studying blue prints; and grinning side-by-side at the front door. No loving, couples' photos to be found.

Glancing back around, there weren't any personal items on the walls or the desk either. The more she searched, the more she realized, (not unlike her rental house), Saffron wasn't the one at home here. Saffire and everyone else was. Hyun Joong had left a bigger imprint in only a few days than she had all year.

Sneezing she grabbed a tissue out of a box sitting on a corner table, magazines tumbling to the floor, as She-Devil wailed her displeasure. "Oh, sorry YOUR HIGHNESS. Maybe you can live in this mess but, I refuse." Squatting she picked up the publications spotting the safe beside it.

Instantly forgetting them, she laid a hand on the cold metal top, staring at the keypad, racking her brain for the combination. The loud beep resounded around the small space as she punched in her birthday. Nothing. Ian's birthday? Still nothing. Then she noticed the ring on her finger . . . could it be a wedding date? Or maybe Joong's birthday. *Funny, he'd never mentioned the exact date of their wedding. By the picture of them at the Korean Café, it would have been January 2015.*

Damn, every new discovery brought another mystery but, few answers. The wardrobe wasn't locked. Rising she tugged the cabinet open finding what she expected. A uniform, sweaters, shoes.

"Wow, more trash?" Seizing a plastic bag, she closed the door returning to place it on the desk.

Dumping the contents onto the top with care, she hovered over them, staring, trying to find something meaningful in the random, ordinary items. A small pack of unopened tissues, pair of gloves, tire gauge, sunglasses. Observing a CD case, she flipped it over only to see a young Kim Hyun Joong smiling back at her with warm brown eyes. Her stomach tightened at the memory of his smooth, mesmerizing voice playing through her mind.



What more evidence did she need to attest to a connection with the Idol, and how could Ian possibly not know? Spreading the pile across the desk, her fingers felt a small keychain. Palming it, captivated by the spinning skull and heart dangling from the keyring, images of Joong; a skull jacket; crystal skull on a table; and skull wall painting, flashed in her mind's eye. All of them vaguely familiar.

A dull ache started at the top of her head. Shooing the kitten from the chair she dropped down, a heaviness trekking through her body. The unexpected knock sounded far away. Brushing the loose hair from her face she took a deep cleansing breath before responding, "Come in."

Carrying a tray Wallace entered, "Your mother said you needed a pick me up." Setting it on a stack of folders, he couldn't help noticing the items from her car. "Serae and Maud recovered what they could after the accident, figuring you would want it."

"Yes, that was thoughtful, I'll be sure to thank them. Is that mocha I smell?" (Anything to mask the strong scent of cinnamon, nearly gagging her.)

Dropping the keychain to the desk she reached anxiously for the cup of coffee, bringing it forward, inhaling the rich aroma of chocolate and cream. Shrugging her shoulders in glee, her eyes closed as she sipped the dark liquid of life.

"Mmmm . . ." Satisfied she grinned up at Wallace, hands behind his back waiting patiently for . . . "It's delicious. I love my coffee. But, you already knew that huh? Was there something else?"

"YES." Relieved she'd not automatically dismissed him he returned her smile genuinely. "I made this new muffin and I wanted your opinion." Lifting the plate, he handed her a napkin. "It's organic, cappuccino with flax seed, and dark chocolate chips."

Raising an eyebrow, she broke off a chunk, allowing the rich scent to sift up through her sinuses, "Nice coffee aroma." Popping it in her mouth, she chewed slowly judging the texture and flavor. "Wow. I love it. The cappuccino and chocolate complement each other perfectly, I can't even taste the flax seed."

Suddenly out of nowhere, she DID feel at home. The new 'baker' in her beginning to seep through the cracks of the corporate façade she remembered. Meeting his eyes her smile turned to a full-fledged grin. "Have Maud and Serae tried it? Anyone else?"

Surrendering plate as she ate the rest, Wallace beamed proudly, relieved at her critique. "Yes, mam, absolutely. And, I let the staff give their input. I even put a promotional plan together. If that's alright with you Ms. Saffron." Pressing both palms into his apron he blushed boyishly.

Catching the crumbs with the napkin, she reviewed his stance. She had a good vibe about the young manager and Serae couldn't stop singing his praises. "So, the Auntie's they like the idea, huh?"

"Um, yeah, but I wanted to make sure you were on board first."

"Pitch it to them, I trust their judgement, if all agree, we'll implement it immediately." Setting the plate back on the tray she folded her hands primly. *This running a café, wasn't much different than signing off on new contracts. What was she so worried about?*

"Thanks, thanks so much . . . I'll take care of it right after lunch. You won't be sorry. Promise." Excited, he started to retreat.

"Wallace, the tray." Holding the cup to her lips Saffron tried keeping a straight face as he hauled one hand up, slapping his forehead.

"Right, sorry." Seizing it quickly, he caught the folders, dragging them precariously to the floor. "Oh, crap! I'm so sorry." Flushed and embarrassed he froze balancing the tray with one hand.

Returning the cup to the desk, the coffee sloshed to the rim as she waved him out. "Don't worry, I got it. No harm done." Watching him back out meekly she reassured him, "I needed to go through them anyway," kneeling as she shuffled the collection of papers back into their respective folders.

Puzzled at memos and receipts she didn't remember, a letter caught her eye. Sinking to the floor to read, she recognized it as one of Ian's company letterheads, addressed to the Aunties and dated Monday, October 17<sup>th</sup>, 2016.

Raking her hair behind one ear unable to grasp the significance of the date she furrowed her brows, incapable of identifying the signature at the bottom. Looking closer, one of them had added a handwritten note in Korean, TALK TO JJ.

Clicking a nail on her front teeth, as if that would help her discern a reason, why would they need to talk to JJ about the L.A. café? All she currently knew was he was her niece's father. Did he have a connection to the café? More unanswered questions.

Rising, Saffron hurried over to retrieve her laptop, suspecting it was going to be a long afternoon.

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