

Chapter Four – Pt 2

“If Everybody Minded Their Own Business . . .”



GLIDING slowly toward the middle of the pool, Suga kept focused on the buxom blonde-haired beauty about to cross his path midway to the shallow end. It was like a scene out of a well thought out Disney love story.

Was he swimming in slow motion? Because it sure felt that way. Was it possible he was capable of drowning out the sudden commotion of chatter around him consisting of families with squealing children, rowdy teenagers and couples descending on the pool after lunch?

In the split second it took him to realize he wasn't the only fish in the sea, she swirled up against his bare legs, fingers touching his shoulders lightly as she stretched to balance on her tiptoes. Blinking out droplets of water her eyelashes glistened in the overhead lights. Poor Suga, was dying an honest death at the hands of an Angelic Mermaid!

“Annyeonghaseyo dasi (HELLO, AGAIN),” he mumbled quietly, unable to think or speak clearly in her glowing presence. Yesterday, she had looked celestial, today just downright sexy! As he gulped through the longest pause in history, she opened her mouth and what came out couldn't have shocked him more.

“Annyeonghaseyo, naega dangsin-ui ileum-eul moshaseo, naneun andeulea haeyo (HELLO, I DIDN'T GET YOUR NAME, I'M ANDREA.)” Greeting him in (nearly perfect) Korean, she gazed into his astonished face.

“Ahhh, ummm, Suga.” Rendered speechless, if she knew Korean, why hadn’t she said something to him yesterday, standing at the door? “You speak Korean?” he managed to fumble through in English.

“I do.” Answering him definitively, her touch light, her knees brushed against him gently as other guests and children bounced around them, the waves intensifying.

“How?”

“My folks were Missionaries to Asia. I know several languages including Korean. I didn’t want to overwhelm you yesterday. You know.”

“That’s daebak (AWESOME),” he sighed, “wanna get out of here and have some lunch together?”

Andrea looked around the now crowded pool, realizing this was not going to end up being the secluded oasis they had planned on hanging out at all day when choosing their activity that morning.

“Absolutely,” she agreed pleasantly, taking off toward the side, not bothering to look back. *She knew he would follow . . . they always did!*

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“**SO!** Mr. Ice Bucket, Rap Monster, Destruction . . . BTS . . . Bangtan Boy.” Alex barked loudly above the increased activity and screaming from the (nearly filled to capacity) swimming pool. “I’d say you’re one important dude. Nobody I know has THAT many names. You rap for me later? Since it’s your specialty and all.”

Pensively tapping his long fingers on the table RapMonster stared off over the chaotic pool area to the snow still falling outside. “Sure,” he muttered, almost dismissing her attempt at humor.

What had happened to the rest of the members? The pit in his stomach was growing, the longer they were gone. It was plain to see they wouldn’t be able to get to the hotel now, even if they tried. They were all snowed in at least until the storm stopped.

Their manager had spent the last two days doing nothing but talking to the local authorities, making phone calls and hanging out in the lobby hoping to catch them miraculously coming through the front door.

This girl was fun, and amazing and took his mind off the inevitable, but the afternoon was already going flat, in lieu of the seriousness of the situation.

“Yah.” Trying to sound chipper, he glanced over, “I’m hungry. Looks like Suga and your friend are getting out. Lunch?”

“You bet.” Alex could tell he was worried about something, she just didn’t know what. “How about I buy? My treat, for taking your extra room, and making so much noise this morning.”

Standing, she stretched out, not seeming to care that he was watching her long lean torso, bend at the waist to slip on strappy sandals, and reach for a towel.

“They serve pizza in the bar. Bet we can order and get them to send it upstairs to the room. You game?” She asked, never skipping a beat in their casual conversation, feeling like she had known him for years.

“Sure, yeah.” Nodding agreeably, he motioned Suga and Andrea over their way, figuring if there was pizza, they might as well be included.

“What about those two?” Alex asked, nodding over toward the hot tub where J-Hope and Andrea sat talking side-by-side.

“Ehhh, they can fend for themselves,” RapMon chuckled, knowing once J-Hope got started talking to a girl, it was like pulling teeth, to get him away from her. “They’ll figure it out.”

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LEANING back against the queen-sized headboard, patiently waiting for the pizza to arrive, RapMon squinted into the drone of the TV Andrea had turned on when they arrived back in the room.

“What’s that? Looks familiar,” he asked, head cocked to one side, watching the characters dash crazily about on the small screen.

“Wouldn’t you know . . . its ‘Alice In Wonderland’,” she announced, clapping her hands together delightfully. “Our favorite. Huh Alex?”

“Yeepppp . . . That would be the one,” Alex responded smiling, arms crossed over her chest, as she peered at the screen. “Patterned our college book club after poor little Alice.”



“Really?” Perking up, Sugar finally took his eyes off Andrea long enough to focus on the screen as well. “She’s THAT interesting?”

“Oh yeah! Ask Abby. She practically lives life by the quotes and sayings. How many times has she read the book Andi?” Alex asked putting up ten fingers and counting them down. “Nine . . . ten . . . More? I dunno.”



“Probably more. She’s obsessive about reading. Her and that other girl who used to be in the club . . . what was her name? The one with the twin. Sundae, that was it, and her weird sister Sumre . . . she was even worse. Now SHE could quote just about every page. I’ve never seen anything so freaky in all my life.”

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“**SUNDAE . . . SUMRE! GUYZZZ . . .** Can I get down now? I wanna play too . . . I’m the ‘Golden Maknae’ . . . Aren’t I the chosen one? Come onnn . . .”

JungKook banged his head against the wall for the second time, hearing giggling and laughter coming from the living room. Game time had started over fifteen minutes ago, and here he was . . . stuffed between two walls, being punished because he’d turned his nose up to helping with dishes. He didn’t DO dishes. That was V’s job . . . He was the mom. DAMN!



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AS the TV ‘Queen of Hearts’ flung one arm in the air defiantly, screaming “Off with her head!” RapMon chuckled at all three bodies now gathered at the foot of both beds watching intently.

Pizza in his lap, he chewed the last piece closing his eyes to the fairytale, and instead, zeroed in to the random thoughts and raps flying around in his subconscious.

What a strange coincidence that the sign on the door in his dream had said, “I’M LATE, I’M LATE FOR A VERY IMPORTANT DATE.” the little band of “A- Girls” rooming next door had woken this morning barking out the same expression in their chanting and now this . . . Alice on TV . . . The unusual book club . . . Strange twins.

“SUNDAE . . . SUMRE . . . GUYZZZZ . . . CAN I GET DOWN NOW? I WANNA PLAY TOO . . . I’M THE ‘GOLDEN MAKNAE’ . . . AREN’T I THE CHOSEN ONE? COME ONNN . . .”

Kookie’s voice rang out clear and recognizable in Rapmonster’s head as his eyes fluttered down, bits and pieces of yesterday’s random words piercing him again as well. “WHO SAYS THEY’RE BEAUTIFUL?”

Sundae . . . Sumre . . . Alice? Was JungKook with sister’s Sundae and Sumre? And, were the other members there too? But where? Holy shit! The bizarre and eerie conversations in his head weren’t the makings of a disembodied voice named Ricky, (as Alex put it). They were real. VERY, VERY, REAL!

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