

## Chapter Eight Part 2

# “Have you guessed the riddle yet?”



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**BREAKFAST** had been great, and RapMonster was full. Resting his hands in his chin he listened to the conversation around him. *It was too bad they wouldn't have more time with these incredible girls. But, the members were more important right now. He needed answers and they needed to get on the road.* Reaching over Abby with one long arm he tapped Alex timidly.

“Yah, Alex. Can we talk for a sec? Important.”

“Course, Ice Bucket . . .” Smiling at this tall, talented young man, she wished would have touched her ‘heart zone’ more than her ‘friend zone’, it was clear he was suffering from the disappearance of his close friends.

Abby watched her stand and scoot her chair up beside the boy who had kissed HER in the closet yesterday. With a sick jealous rage rising from her gut she squinted at them distastefully. *Stupid ALEX. Just because she could rap didn't make her special. What was it about her that seemed to attract men just long enough for her to be ‘one of the guys’, before sinking her teeth into them?*

As Alex skimmed behind her, Abby coughed loudly announcing her displeasure, hard pressed not to see how J-Hope's dark, twinkling eyes followed along as the curvy, dark-headed girl moved.

*And, what the hell was going on THERE? Obviously, the UNASSUMING Alex had them both in the palm of her hand. So, what about her? It looked like she would leave empty-handed, without the guy of her choice . . . and certainly without his number either.*

Disregarding Abby's scowling face, RapMon slid his iPad under Alex's nose, pointing at what he had been recording earlier before she had arrived.

"See all this?" he muttered quietly.

"Yeah." Reading down the list hastily, she picked up the names 'Sumre' and 'Sundae' in the writing. "What is it? And, why are Sundae and Sumre's names on here?" Her curiosity peaked she cupped her hand to his ear, so the others couldn't hear them. "Is one of them your 'Ricky'? Yikes. That's creepy."

"Wha? Ani (WHAT, NO). At least I hope not." RapMon couldn't help but chuckle at her open-minded ability to see outside the box. "But, the voices, the dream and now this last thing about Sumre and the box. It HAS to mean something. You said you knew these girls, so why would I be hearing all this crap? I'm worried about my members Alex. It's been two days already without any news." Despondent, he didn't want to worry them by mentioning the news report, but it was imperative he get information.

Crossing her hands in her lap Alex thought for a moment. Glancing down the table at the others, Suga and Andrea heads together giggling about something, J-Hope rocking to silent music, and Abby glaring at her angrily, she couldn't help but wonder herself, why they had all met so curiously . . . and on top of that . . . now seemed to have the unusual and unpredictable Whyte sisters in common!



"Wellll . . ." she drew out slowly, "I do know they used to live around here somewhere. Before they left for college." Cringing, that she hadn't divulged that information to him sooner, especially after hearing about the 'dream' of the creepy farmhouse he'd had, she touched his arm gently. "Let's ask the others. Andrea knew them best. Maybe she can help."

Now, the Whyte farmhouse in the news had just been confirmed by Alex's timid confession. RapMon shook his head in disappointment hissing, "Why didn't you say something the other day? I told you about the dream."

*He thought he and Alex had that special connection. That thing that made it easy to understand what they were thinking and talking about without even saying. He had never experienced that with anyone before, especially not a female. He couldn't believe she hadn't picked up on his vibes,*

*considering he had been discussing them with her from the moment they had met at the ice machine two days ago.*

As the others around the table looked up at RapMon's sudden flushed face and ragged breathing, Suga and J-Hope knew it was unlike him to be this agitated and anxious about anything. The last few days had worn on his nerves noticeably.

"I didn't think it was important. Seemed like just a coincidence at first." Alex sat back ashamed. The last twelve hours her head had been somewhere else. Directly focused on J-Hope and the way his lips had felt over hers in the dressing room during hide and seek. Now they were getting ready to leave . . . would probably never see each other again, and the one she had let down the most was RapMon. She felt awful.

"Andrea." His low commanding voice called down the table, (purposefully bypassing Alex). "Talk to me about the Whyte sisters. Sumre and Sundae."

Laying his iPad out on the table in front of him, he pointed to it, one long finger tapping the screen anxiously. "I'm hearing all this . . . and I swear it has to do with them. I think the other members might be with them for some reason."



*THERE. Finally, he had said it. As stupid and crazy as it sounded, now that he knew they were in the vicinity, it made more and more sense. Without waiting for Andrea's answer he kept on talking.*

"What's up with the 'Chosen One'? I heard Kookie say he was the 'Chosen One'."

Andrea's eyes widened horrified. *He wasn't kidding OR playing around.* Biting her lower lip her eyes skirted Alex and Abby's nervously, wiping sweaty palms on her pants leg.

"Tell him Andrea." Alex whispered, feeling a shiver run up and down her spine.

"What? TELL ME WHAT?" Coming up off the chair, RapMon parked both hands on the table-top in renewed frustration.

"Sundae used to call her boyfriend the 'Chosen One'." Andrea blinked, sudden tears pricking the corners of her eyes. She wasn't sure where this conversation was headed, but she didn't have a good feeling about it.

“WHAT ELSE? What do they look like?” he barked, now feeling like someone had punched him straight in the gut. *If the other members were there, why hadn't they tried to get in contact after service was restored? They had a car, cell phones, iPads, all manner of communication.* Suddenly, he was terrified for their safety.

“I have a picture of all of us in the Book club on my Facebook page,” Abby piped up, punching her cell phone hurriedly. “They’re blonde. Big eyes. Wait . . . wait!”

If she could help she certainly needed to. The Whyte sisters had been two of the strangest girls she had ever encountered. Even though they had started the ‘Alice Club’ together and still maintained the unusual fascination for ‘Alice in Wonderland’, the twin sisters took weird, to a whole new level!

“There! That’s them.” Sticking the phone in his face so he could see the picture, he grabbed it from her hand peering at it even closer.



“It IS her,” he groaned. “The girl in my dream, standing in the window of the farmhouse. And, there was a sign on the front door that read, ‘I’m late, I’m late for a very important date.’ It was their house? That’s what I was seeing?” he asked around the table to the gathering of equally as startled faces.

Abby shrugged her shoulders. “Maybe. They DID live on a farm. Inherited from their grandparents they said. But, geez . . . I can’t believe they still live there. They dropped out of college unexpectedly after an accident. We didn’t bother to keep in touch, but I thought they would have gone on and finished college eventually. Sundae was going to be a teacher, and Sumre was all into animals and stuff. Talked about being a Vet and applying to med school.

Now that the pieces of the puzzle were coming together, Abby began to think harder about the unusual stories they used to tell during book club.

“The expression . . . ‘Late for a very important date’,” she started hesitantly, “they used to tell us this story about being stood up for Prom their senior year of high school. And, they were still so LIVID about it.”

Alex stepped in agreeing, her head bobbing up and down, hoping to add some important details.

“Yeahhh, I remember that. They would flirt with mine and Andrea’s boyfriends and act like they knew them, even though they didn’t. It was really awkward. And, more than once Sundae called one of them her, ‘Chosen One.’”

Flopping back down in the hard, wooden chair, RapMon pursed his lips, the frustration evident on his handsome, dimpled face. Here they were about to leave Illinois, their manager was just now able to get with the local authorities, and he didn’t even KNOW about all of this. Feeling like his hands were tied, he knew he should be taking some kind of action (as their leader) but he didn’t quite know what.

“I think it’s time to say our goodbyes,” he grumbled turning to Alex first. “I have to do SOMETHING. I just don’t know what. Here.” Sticking his phone in Alex’s face he tried to smile. “Number. Mianhae (SORRY) about everything this morning. I did have a great time. I’ll keep you posted about what we find out.”

Alex punched her number in his phone quickly. “You’re going to try to find them? Can you do that without permission? Or telling the cops?” Her curiosity peaked she glanced around the room wondering if their Manager was close by. *Surely, they weren’t going off half-cocked into the Illinois countryside looking for a random farmhouse.*

“Don’t know. Guess I have to try.”

“Hey, maybe we can help,” Andrea piped up willingly, “I can point you in the right direction at least.” *She didn’t know the area that well, but she’d made this same trip to her relatives more than once. There was only one road that led out of this God-forsaken area, straight to the Whyte farm. And, she knew what it was.*

“I’ve been this way before. There’s only one road that goes out of town toward the State line. I’m sure they live on it. Or not far off.” Grabbing Suga by the hand she stepped back as he stood up reluctantly.

*Now what was he going to do? He hadn't even had time to get her number, kiss her goodbye. Damn Destruction. He was making this so incredibly difficult.*

Throwing his 'leader' a look, he tugged Andrea off to one side alone.

“Am I going to see you again? I know we're busy, but I'm okay with long-distance.” His quiet tone reassuring, he let his fingers slip around hers gently.



“I don't know.” Smiling coyly, she hated to disappoint him like this. He was amazingly cute, and such a great kisser. But, even though her horoscope had said she would meet the man of her dreams, she wasn't sure her self-professed Knave had been it. “We live worlds apart Knave. And, as much as I'd love to say I would come to S. Korea one day. I doubt that will ever happen. I think this is probably goodbye.”

With downcast eyes, her lip quivered uncontrollably. “I sort of think we just met so I could help you find your other members. If they're in trouble and all we're thinking about is ourselves, I'd never forgive myself,” she finished, wrapping her arms about him in a massive hug, muttering in his ear, “But, give me your number anyway, and I promise, I'll at least text you.”

*But, would she? She didn't know and neither did he . . .*

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**ABBY** stuffed the white cloth napkin into her purse, scanning the area closely to make sure no one was watching. If she had to go home empty-handed in the boyfriend arena, the least she could do was take another souvenir with her.

J-Hope grinned watching her out of the corner of his eye. As her shoulders lowered when she sighed, he wondered why they hadn't managed to connect better. She was attractive, smart, but just not . . . wellll . . . maybe just not what he was looking for. Alex on the other hand . . . he hoped to God she would follow through and stay in touch.

“So how do I find this place?” RapMon asked, breaking the chatter of the goodbyes around him.

“Straight out the main highway . . . Keep going until you see a house that resembles the one you saw in your dream. It can't be more than a few miles from here. Sits really far off the road

from what Sumre told me. Sort of run down. Big barn in the back.” Andrea swept around the table to RapMon curling into his strong arms almost apologetically. “I hope you find them. I feel responsible somehow.”

And, then they were gone. In a flurry of girly waves, pictures, tears and hugs . . . the ‘A Sisters’ swept out of the dining area toward the lobby, arms around each other chattering amongst themselves. Their adventure with BTS (the Bangtan Boys) in the Illinois countryside over.

RapMon watched them leave, heaving a sigh of relief. Now they could finally get down to business. The voices had started again . . . Popping his palm to his ear, this was the most disturbing . . .

“AW, F\*\*\* WE’RE ALL GONNA DIE!”

Scanning the lobby for his manager who seemed to have suddenly disappeared with an officer in tow, he knew if he was going to find them . . . he had to go now.

Grabbing his jacket off the back of the chair, the car keys clinked in his pocket. Dashing away from the table, (skirting curious onlookers) he didn’t realize his two remaining hyungs, members J-Hope and Suga were directly behind him.

NOW WHAT?

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