

“ORGEL”

Part 3



It's only us in this world

Only dance for me

Aren't you happy if you see me always smiling?

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



MALIBU BEACH, CA - CON'T

PUSHING into the early evening hours, the beach around CoCo's was still a hub of local activity despite being relatively quiet down toward the Wu estate. Waves rocking gently against the shore gave way to seagull's squawking for domination of the ocean fish and the soft (still warm) breeze against the girl's skin, was a reminder that summer was already upon them.

Conversations like these were like 'breathing as one' for the two sisters, who separated by continents were still bound by the heart and misfortunes of their past. Forming a makeshift sandcastle between her legs, Keis waited out IlSeok's reluctance to jump into foreign waters.

She was aware this wasn't the first time Seoky and Suni had been on the outs. He was a guy. A teenage guy. With needs, that didn't always include his girlfriend. They'd split and gotten back together and split again. She knew the drill. He'd cheated and more than once. But, never-the-less, they'd known each other for years and if nothing else, familiarity always brought them back together. Maybe this time, (whatever it was) wouldn't make it that easy.

"Shit. How do you always seem to sense these things Keis?" IlSeok knew she was at SungWoo's mercy, meaning . . . she hated to bring her sister (the peacemaker) into the war, but

the truth HAD to come out. His little ultimatum was proof they needed to be on the same page again where he was concerned. If not . . . there would be no end to what chaos he was capable of churning up.

Sighing markedly, her eyes were stormy, “We sort of HAD to break up. I just didn’t wanna tell you right now. At least not today. Trust me, I really did want you to have fun without worrying about anything.” Digging a trench in the sand around her calf, she wished to God she could get by with saying that and nothing more. But, despite the arrival of Bianca, they knew each other too well. Forging on, she spouted out the details she would’ve rather forgotten.



CRINGING at the picture being created, Keis flattened both legs out in front of her, curling one arm around IlSeok’s bare shoulder in support.

It didn’t matter whose head was on the chopping block, hers or Suni’s. Was sister serious about giving in to SungWoo? Still in the throes of night-terrors, SHE continued re-living a past she didn’t even truly remember. But, not wanting to get involved wasn’t her style, if nothing else, she wasn’t a coward. She wouldn’t be able to live with herself if she let the two people she loved the most in this world, absorb all of the ‘devil’s’ wrath.

After hearing the details, her worry over SungWoo’s ability to unexpectedly pull the plug on her final adventure crept to the forefront, impossible to ignore. Suddenly, it seemed as if this wasn’t going to be ‘summer as usual’ for either of them. *Why wasn’t she surprised? There was always drama that came along with being Jang’s daughter.*

“Wow. That sucks Seok. But, we both already knew you weren’t going to go through with this stupid marriage contract. So, when were you going to tell Suni about leaving for school in Korea?”

It was true. Seoky had never planned on marrying SungWoo, no matter WHO demanded it. Why had she let Suni get so hung up on her over the years? Now, everything was falling apart, and he was going to get his heart brokent. Of course, he wanted to be with her. She couldn’t blame him for his feelings. This was on SungWoo. (who even though a force to be reckoned with) was ignorant and pig-headed, known to lead with his brawn, never his brain.

IlSeok shrugged, “I dunno. I thought maybe we could just do long distance for a while and then naturally drift apart. It happens to couples all the time. But, God knows he really can’t do

that. Hell, he can barely do THIS distance most of the time. I DO love him in my own way and of course I'm NOT going to let anything happen to either of you. Seems like Fate IS taking over in a weird sort of way, doesn't it?"

"Fate? Ha, that's interesting. You mean Fate using Baboon's threat to get you off the hook? Not sure how you can rationalize that and still say you love Suni in your own way. What way would that be sis?"

"I don't know. I just do. Maybe it's because we grew up together. But, as usual being his stubborn self, he won't give up without a fight. Suddenly, he's like a dog with a bone. Already got us married and living in the suburbs with 2.5 kids. Pretty sure he thinks I'm going to wake up tomorrow like none of this ever happened. Honestly just between you and me, I think I was getting ready to call it quits anyway . . ."

Now, she wasn't even thinking about Suni, she was seeing a tall, dark-haired young man, running the beach, whispering . . . 'I exist only for you.'

"Really? So, if he isn't going to give up, what's the plan?" Smashing down the piles of sand she'd already formed between her legs, Keis imagined Suni's sad, frustrated face peering up at her from in-between her handprint.

"What plan? There IS none." Brushing off her hands IlSeok shaded her eyes against the early evening sun. "Look at this rationally Keis. We CERTAINLY can't blow the whistle on SungWoo to anyone. Who would even believe us? That's why he's doing it. He knows he can rattle my chain using you and Suni. Face it . . . he hates me. His fucking ass BETTER be gone by now."

But, was he? God, she hoped so. She'd done her part in giving him what he wanted. She'd be surprised if he HADN'T sulked off into the shadows, crawling back home like a champion with a trophy. No, if they were still being tailed after all this, it was probably some local on his payroll, doing clean-up.

"Yeah, let's hope so . . ."

In Korea Keis had her own personal bodyguard and for the most part, Father made sure he kept his distance. And here, she had always felt safe. Now, despite SungWoo's 'drop and run' tactics, inwardly she wasn't feeling quite as confident as her sister that he was really gone.

Smiling, IlSeok reached over pinching her sister's cheeks. "Sorry to drag you into this shit. Gimme some of that sister love."

Responding in kind, Keis grinned, wanting to put her at ease. "It's okay. Back at ya." Tossing sand at a seagull hovering above them looking for scraps, she added, "Come to think of it I'm sort of pissed you didn't tell me all this sooner, like BEFORE I got here. At least I could've been prepared."

"It wouldn't have made any difference. Besides, I was banking on the fact Suni would be putty in my hands. It seemed so cut and dry at the time. You know . . . break up with him, make sure SungWoo knew about it, wait out the summer, and then go on with the original plan. Humph, so much for that."

Her eyes glassy, she sighed despondently. "But, nooo, little shit had to get all sappy on me, suddenly decide to become an adult and follow me to Korea. Geez, surprised he didn't get down on one knee as well, figuring that would seal the deal."

"Yikes. That wouldn't solve anything. But, honestly Seok, you really DO need to come up with something, especially if you really AREN'T feeling it anymore. Hmmm, let me think a minute." Realizing her sister's dilemma was beginning to be more about Suni and less about SungWoo, Keis switched the focus, her heart beginning to beat rapidly. "So, did Sungjae get into Harvard after all?"

"Yep, but he said it doesn't matter. He wants to go where I'm going. Do what I want."

"Okayyy then. Any chance you could tell him the truth? I mean after all . . ."

"Ahhh, no. You know he's clueless about SungWoo and all that shit. I guess that's on me." Frowning, IlSeok blinked almost wishing at some point in their relationship she HAD given him at least some indication they wouldn't be together forever. *Maybe that was her biggest mistake, causing her to inadvertently play right into SungWoo's hands.*

"I guess you're right. Well shittt. Could you at least let Mommy and Daddy in on the break up? Maybe, they could talk to him. They know about school in Seoul."

"Nooo. They have too much on their plate already. They certainly don't need to worry about SungWoo, or my breakup."

“Yeahhh. Well, then the only thing left is to tell your stubborn boyfriend you’ve got three months to live.” Suddenly unable to contain herself, Keis burst out laughing, leaning back against the sand, trying to maneuver herself away from IlSeok’s flailing arms about her body.

“STUPID. This is serious! I think you’re the shithead.” Smacking her across the top of the skull, IlSeok realized they were out of viable options. “All that’ll do is make him wanna move in and take care of me. You know how he fusses over me every time I even cough.”

“Okay, okay.” Feeling the moist sand beneath her heels, Keis dug her feet in deeper, trying to contemplate another plausible solution. IlSeok’s solemn voice broke her concentration.

“Maybe I SHOULD just up and disappear. Go join ‘Cirque’du Soleil’ or something. You can tell Suni I was abducted by flying aliens on trapezes. I can’t do it alone tho, you’ll have to go with me if that’s gonna be my excuse.”

“ME? Holy crap. ‘Miss-Two-Left-Feet’ on a trapeze? You’re kidding right? Dying’s easier to fake. Now YOU be serious.” Giggling anew at their ridiculous solutions, Keis tumbled into her sister’s arms in their quest to make light of what they knew could potentially be a no-win situation. “Seok, what could you do that would be horrible enough to make Suni break up with YOU instead?”

“I dunno.” Flipping her long ponytail in Keis’s face IlSeok grinned sheepishly. “I’m freaking perfect.”

“In your dreams. Forget who you’re talking to?” Sitting quietly, the answer finally came to Keis in a flash.

“Heyyy, I know this sounds really shitty but, what about cheating? After all, he’s cheated on you, like more than once.”

Cheating . . . hmmm. She hadn’t thought of that, (despite the fact it had been a common thread in her relationship with him).

“Well, that’s a good idea but, Suni and I know all the same people. Who else is there around here I would go after? Skippy? Damn, forget SungWoo . . . CHINA would have me strung up in the nearest palm tree by my ponytail if I did that.”

Mouthing, ‘Henry’, Keis threw one hand to her flaming cheek, embarrassed that saying his name even mattered.

“Ewww, HELL NO. What have you been smoking? He is NOT my type.” Barking in disgust, she flounced back against Keis’s shoulder, nearly knocking her over in the process. “You’re f’ng crazy if you think I’m gonna involve him. That’s ALL I need! Besides it’s starting to look like he’s your problem.”



DISREGARDING Keis’s sassy, outstretched tongue, IlSeok leaned on one hand, standing to skim the sand from her bottom already anticipating the next question. “And, NO. Not the Korean boyfriend. He’s too young and we both know it. So, that only leaves the ‘gang’, teachers or Daddy’s cronies. None of which would be my choice or even give me the time of day. Suni knows that. Any other ideas?”

Starting back up the dunes toward the stone staircase leading to the house, Keis jumped up to follow, snatching at her right arm to stop her.

“Hey . . . look at your wrist. THAT’S IT. Why didn’t I think of it sooner? Hyun Joong, what about him? He’s not even gonna be around to defend himself for at least a few weeks.” Satisfied she’d come up with the perfect solution for them all, Keis slapped one bare thigh smirking. “Damn I’m good. You know you’re crazy about him. It’ll be the perfect, one-sided relationship.”



“You’re kidding me right? That’ll never work . . .” Pausing to ponder the solution, IlSeok’s mind whirled with unanswered questions.

“What if Suni wants to talk to him, you know he’s relentless? What am I gonna say, I don’t have his number. He’s gonna want to know every little detail. Like where we met, how long it’s been going on, blah, blah, blah. You really think I can tell him we met, like an hour ago doing a video shoot and now we’re dating. No way. I don’t know the first thing about him.” Swinging around she stared into Keis’s face gravely,

“By the way, is Kim Hyun Joong his real name, or stage name? I should probably know that huh? Annnddd, holy shit, I nearly forgot. Here’s the real kicker . . . it’s a well-known fact I don’t

really LIKE Idols, like that. So, why the hell would we be dating? I might as well tell him I'm the Queen of fucking England."

Dancing around her sister gleefully, Keis finally saw her opportunity for intrigue. Her sister's usual concern over petty issues gave 'her' the chance to turn the next few months into a different kind of Drama. Like the heroine in a melodramatic romance novel, she could help sister rid herself of Suni, satisfy SungWoo, AND divert Father's attention away from her . . . all in one harrowing summer!

"Ohhhh, details, details, details. After all these years, you don't know me very well, do you? Trust, me I can take care of all that. This happened in one of my books. It worked out for them. It'll work out for you too."

IlSeok squinted into her face quizzically not so sure she wanted to trust her entire future to this 4-D, boy-crazy sister of hers. "So, great . . . you gonna single-handedly write my happy ending? Goody, just what I wanted."

"Aghhh, there you go, making fun of me again. A little faith please." Swatting Seoky's behind, Keis looked back seeing two familiar figures, lumbering through the heavy sand, gaining ground quickly. "Oh my GOD Seok, they followed us after all. SHIT. Run!"

