

“ORGEL”

Part 2



I get pushed more and more with my sighs after entering a forest called you,
from which I can't escape

I don't care if I die in this unknown place so hurry and come to me.

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



MALIBU BEACH, CA

NO one could've been more shocked at what had transpired in the last hours of the afternoon, than the sisters, who'd taken an innocent stroll up the beach, to check out, 'what was going on'.

Skipping away from the dwindling crowd, Keis thought she heard shouting directed at them, over the droning sounds of the tide.

“Did you hear that? It sounded like someone called us. I could swear I heard, ‘YAH’ in Korean.”

Already almost half a block away she hesitated, looking back in hopes of seeing JJ or Hyun Joong one last time. Squinting into the silhouette of bodies surrounding the diminishing outline of CoCo's, her eyes rested instead on what seemed to be two young male figures staring toward them into the bright evening sun.

Engaged in what seemed to be an awkward conversation, the frame of the shorter one looked vaguely familiar. Her mind still whirling with the imprint of JJ's dark, moody gaze, it was hard to focus her attention elsewhere.

“I can’t really see their faces. Wonder why they shouted at us.”

“Don’t know.” Following her sister’s line of vision, IlSeok thought it odd the tall, lanky guy did somewhat resemble the body shape of her fantasy man. “They probably just recognized us from the shoot. If we’d ran into them, pretty sure I would’ve remembered those long spindly legs.” Turning back around it was easier instead to think about the dark, mysterious ‘Mr.-Perfect’, Kim Hyun Joong, (the memory of him all-consuming).

“I agree. From way back here, they look young too. Trainees maybe? Definitely not surfers. They’re both kinda scrawny. Bet they show up in one of my workshops in a few weeks,” Keis giggled matter-of-factly.

“Yeahhh . . . A couple of cute, pliable trainees. Right up your alley, huh?”

Why was IlSeok suddenly thrown back to Lolita’s insistence that there were two trainees about to take up residence somewhere in and around (their very own) Malibu Beach? Shaking her friends comment from her head she snickered at her own ridiculousness. *If those were the Hotties she’d been referring to, Jazzy had her work cut out for her turning them into appropriate contenders for the summer ‘Hotness Blog’.*

“Pffft, whatevrrr . . . If you LIKE little boys. Of which I DON’T. I’d rather be in the arms of a REAL IDOL MAN like JJ. Not some trainee baby. And, it doesn’t hurt that he’s handsome, adorable, sexy. AGHHH . . . DEAD!”

Rolling her eyes in mock reverence to JaeJoong’s irresistible attraction, Keis darted around like an annoying fly, chanting good-humoredly, “I got a soul mate . . . I got a soul mate . . .”

Relying not only on what she could sense but, she and Keis’s conversations at the house as well, IlSeok dug her foot into the sand beneath them, kicking it up into a whirlwind, hoping to encourage the overly rambunctious girl to calm down.

“EARTH TO BIANCA. Stop already. No more energy drinks for you. You’re gonna crash and burn any second now, and they’ll find your body washed up with the tide.” Biting her bottom lip, she twirled along in circles none-the-less, at the mercy of Keis’s fangirlish whim.

“So, what if I’m running on caffeine and determination. I can’t help it. I told you I was coming unglued at home. You act like this is my first summer. I’ve been waiting for this day all year.”

Her eyes dancing with glee, Keis poked IlSeok’s arm shamelessly. “You said yourself I looked like a model. It feels amazing. And . . . Bianca is dying to have a summer fling. With someone JUST like JJ.” Arms out wide, (as if encompassing the entire male beach population), she called out zealously. “Come and get me JaeJoonngggg.”

Now convinced she was seeing a totally unhinged, unrecognizable stranger, IlSeok grabbed Keis by the arm, trying to stop her incessant babbling, confused about more than one thing since she’d arrived. Her sudden change in demeanor, Suni’s frustrating insistence to stay together and toping it off . . . her own attraction to Idol, Kim Hyun Joong.

“DEAR GOD. JJ AS A SUMMER FLING? *Had sister gotten laid by someone back in Korea?* “Okay, I should never have encouraged you. You’re taking this Bianca thing wayyy too far. SooMin I can sympathize with. Keis I understand, but THIS? Ahhh, NO.”

Her face pinched in disbelief, Keis brushed her sister’s fingers away, perching both hands on her hips.

“What’s with you? Why, do you always have to ruin everything? You act like I can’t get anybody to like me. F’ng Bianca was YOUR idea. Now you’re just pissing me off.” Flipping her newly dyed hair in frustration, she spun away on one heel, wanting desperately to give her suddenly judgmental sister, the dreaded ‘hand-to-the-face.’

“KEIS wait, don’t get mad. I’m not trying to ruin anything, it’s just you . . . doing THIS . . . it’s weird.” Running to catch up, IlSeok bounced along hoping she could make things right. Darting in front of her again, they locked eyes.

“Sister, a little flirting is one thing, but . . . you with JJ . . .” Shivering in disbelief at her sister’s blatant, visible seduction of a well-known Idol was almost more than IlSeok could fathom. “Sorry, but you seem so different this year. Are you still a virgin? Or, did you get laid since last summer and I’m the last to know? You’re panting after every dick on the beach for some reason. It’s not like you. And, comon . . . I KNOW he had his hand up your thigh, ON VIDEO. I’m not

stupid, I have eyes. If that goes viral, the Chairman's gonna have YOU handcuffed and both of us on the first plane out of here."

Whoah. One finger to her sister's shoulder, Keis's ample chest heaved in and out, her back bristling in hurtful outrage.

"WHAT THE HELL? This is where I draw the line. You said it. I AM ALMOST 20 YEARS OLD? NOT that it's any of your business, but I'm NOT naïve and I AM STILL a virgin. AND . . . maybe I LIKED having JJ's hand on my thigh. Father can go to hell. This isn't Korea, it's America. Jesus since when did you turn into Mother Teresa? Suni not living up to your expectations anymore? You gave up your phone number with a damned smile on your face too."

"It's just an observation. All I asked you a simple question." Somewhat stunned at her sister's outrage IlSeok hadn't meant to sound critical but, that was an awful lot of protesting for one question. "If that's not it, then is there something else going on you AREN'T telling me?"

For the most part . . . when they were together, they had fun and Keis was cool. But, it seemed like they were experiencing a strange sort of disconnect right off the bat this summer. Were they finally growing apart?

"NO. And, seriously Seok, you think I've changed that much? Everyone's always pushing me to come out of my shell . . . be myself when I get here. Shit. THAT'S what I'm trying to do." Determined not to give her sister anything else to go on, the newly transformed Keis clamped her mouth shut against the persistent line of questioning.

"I dunno. I guess not." Hugging her sincerely, IlSeok rocked playfully back and forth in the arms of the sister who had never been very transparent, (especially about relationships or lack there-of). *Obviously, SOMETHING had forced her into this new, brazen attitude she was taking on. A spray tan, and hair dye wasn't enough to elicit the birth of 'Noona-Bianca'.*

"But, Keis you have to know how it looks, considering every other year you barely come out of your room the first couple days. This was so out of character for you. And, I saw Skippy watching us from the bar. Pretty sure you freaked him and stupid Monique out, as well. That's probably why she came over. You, me, all the cameras and shit. We've never shown up for any of that kind of crap together before. We're the two who (for the most part) only come to the beach alone or with people we know."



WITH the heat of the previous moment dwindling, now an awkward silence grew between them. “Okay. It is what it is. Let’s talk about something else.” Forced to change the subject, IlSeok stepped away first, wiping her palms on the back of her red bikini.

“So, you’re the expert on the supernatural. What do you make of Monique telling me that shit about my happiness?” Mulling over the unusual prediction she was unsure if she should be disturbed by it or not. *Sooth-Sayers, fortune-tellers and the like had never been her cup of tea.*

Already over their momentary cat-fight, Keis shrugged her shoulders, strolling off toward the ocean, dipping her toes into the cool, frothy surf. “My guess is, it means you control your own destiny. What’s wrong with that?”

“Pffft, you tell me, you’re the one who believes in all this Fate and fairytale bullshit. Maybe it was just the way she said it. I hate how she talks in riddles.” Frowning, IlSeok was worried that after avoiding the old fortune teller all these years, she had finally found just the right time to corner her, saying something profound that would screw with her mind. “She’s been lurking in the shadows for years. Why do you think she picked this time to come spill the beans?”

“How should I know? ‘Cause she’s a damn Psychic that’s why. That’s what they do. It’s not like she spouted off with, ‘You’re gonna die’ or anything.”

Pausing to contemplate her own strange prediction, Keis stuck one finger between her rosy lips, staring thoughtfully out over the consistent movement of the waves. *‘Don’t be blinded by the crown’. What could that have meant? Crowns . . . Kings? She’d looked right at JJ. Did she see him as a ‘King’?*



Not sure of her own solution, she turned her attention back to Seoky. For as much as she was being berated over JJ, it seemed like sister wasn’t having too hard of a time dissing Suni for Kim Hyun Joong.

“So Seok, since you brought it up. What do you think she meant by telling us the eyes are the windows to the soul?” Unable to contain her own assumption, she burst out without waiting for

an answer, “Hey! Maybe she was talking about Suni. You guys are the real soul mates. After all, he is your boyfriend . . .” adding quietly to herself, “at least for now.”

Grinding to a halt behind her sister’s back, IlSeok’s heart stopped, both feet planted firmly in the wet, sinking sand around her ankles,

“Uh oh. Did I hit a nerve?” Not knowing where it would lead, Keis flipped around eagerly her gaze meeting IlSeok’s downcast eyes, (daring her to fess up to her own issues). “Gotta say, no matter what you think about me and JJ, I was pretty surprised you got all gushy over Hyun Joong that quick.” Grinning with the realization she might have the upper hand, she attempted a friendly hug. “Clearly, you’re super hung up on him, and you my dear . . . unlike me . . . are NOT single.”

Feeling IlSeok’s stiff, cold reaction, the mood HAD changed. There was more to what was going on, much more.

“Okay, Jang HyeSu; IlSeok Wu; MS. NOONA SKYLER . . . You wanna get up in my face about all this shit.” Tossing out Seoky’s numerous names Keis backed up, attempting to get answers. “Spit it out. I’m supposed to be grilled on the witness stand and air all my dirty laundry. You need to as well. Nobody around here but us and the seagulls. I asked you before and got nuthin. What the hell’s going on with you and Suni?”

Pausing momentarily to take another breath, the suddenly feisty, young woman raked her fingers instinctively through her long, dark hair, winding up for the final blow.

“I might’ve let JJ get a little frisky but, there’s no way on God’s green earth you’d have sat at that table letting Kim Hyun Joong practically rape you with his eyes if you and Suni weren’t on the outs. NOW, LET’S HAVE IT.”



Satisfied she’d hit a nerve by the look on her sister’s face, Keis dropped her body into the warm sand, sifting a handful through her fingertips, waiting for an answer.

“HE DID NOT RAPE ME WITH HIS EYES. You’re delusional.” Rearing up alongside her, IlSeok sat down as well. *If ever there was a time to tell her about SungWoo, it would be now, before she lost her nerve.*

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