

“U & I”

Part 2



I know you fell for me at first sight
The person you talked about is me
I hear your heart beating
Don't hide your heart

(Lyrics Sung By: BTOB)



MAY 2007 – 11:11 A.M. – YOOK SUNGJAE’S HOUSE - MALIBU, CA

SUNGJAE’S voice could be heard singing, ‘Sandy Jone’s’ (one-hit wonder), ‘Chevy Van’, at the top of his lungs, above the music blasting from the speakers in his classic 1976 van. Sparkling in the late morning sun, he polished down the vehicles interior carefully, finally leaning back to proudly observe his handiwork.



All the doors open, the fresh air cleared out the wretched smell from last night’s party. It had been his final chance to hang with his buddies, smoke pot, drink beer, and make ‘good’ use of what his friends had aptly christened the ‘Pussy Van’.

Patting the dash, he sighed, “Ahhh, we had some good times, didn’t we ‘Little Kitty’? Now I gotta get you cleaned up and put away.”

Glancing down toward the floorboard he noticed a small scrap of paper the tall, busty, blonde, Sandy, had written her phone number on, before stuffing it in his hand when he dropped her off.

“Sorry babe, you’re no Val or Seoky,” Proud of his new grown-up attitude he crumpled the note, (knowing he would never call her back), chucking it out onto the grass with the rest of the garbage, coming to the conclusion she was like all the others . . . forgettable! “Sure sucks, being a grown-up with a conscience,” he added, thoughtfully.

Seemed like suddenly his mind was on the future . . . but, with who? That was the question of the hour. For more than a year he’d bounced back and forth between girlfriend Seoky and her best friend, Val.

As last night’s beach party wound down, he’d found himself doing a lot of soul searching. Hanging out with guys who’d already graduated from high school, with no plans except living off their parents, he didn’t want to end up like them . . . surfing and pissing their lives away.

After dropping ‘Sandy’ at her front door, he knew there was more out there for him. And, he wanted it. Choices had to be made. (Being the only boy in the childish triangle of ‘Three Musketeers’ was coming to an end.) If he didn’t make them and soon, someone close to him was going to get hurt. Which girl would it be?

A short time later, knowing the sun blaring down on his back would start burning his fair skin, and desperately needing Tylenol, he gave up the detailing. Driving the just waxed vehicle into the garage he parked it beside the fancy yellow convertible that had been a birthday gift when he turned sixteen.



ALL the way in the belly of the house, JunSo Yook, could hear the growling engine and squeal of tires as Sungjae pulled into the open garage. Headed toward the back doorway he stood quietly watching his tall, dark-headed son slip easily from the bucket seat, slamming the door with grave determination.

In that split second, he saw himself . . . a young man headed away to college, lovingly grazing his fingers down the side of the van he’d rescued from a pot-headed hippie, scrounging for cash

to buy a new surfboard. Nicknaming her ‘Kitty’, back then, after a complete overhaul, she’d purred like a kitten. He was feeling old.

Chuckling he sauntered over, inspecting her as he went. “Did a nice job on our ‘Kitty’, still purrs like a feline in heat,” he stated, complimenting his boy’s hard work.

“Thanks, did my best, considering. But, really dad? Purring like a feline in heat?” Laughing along with him, Suni shook his head at the way his father described the van.

“Anyway, after the first bonfire this weekend it’ll be the last time I take her out. It’s no secret Seok doesn’t like to be seen in our little beauty.” Running his hand across the hood, he and JunSo stood side-by-side, each remembering their own good times.

“Heyyyy, it’s cool. She’ll keep. Your mother was the same way. Said it was a party van, not for good girls. And, we all know your mother was a ‘good’ girl.” Snickering, JunSo winked, certain his son had already racked up plenty of mileage in the vehicle as well.

“Dad please, TMI . . .” Grimacing, Sungjae covered his ears, blocking out the notion of his parents having sex in what was now considered, ‘his’ van.

“Comon boy, you’re only young once, only one more year of high school then you’re off to college, different environment, blah, blah, blah. You know the drill. I love little Seoky. And, don’t get me wrong, she’d make a great wife, but, you’re gonna meet a lot of new people, and so is she. Doesn’t sound to me like you’re ready to settle down quite yet. If you two are meant to be . . . she’ll wait.” Slipping an arm around his son’s shoulder they strolled back through the house and out by the pool.

Accustomed to the soft lapping of waves on the beach behind the property, and hot sun blaring down on the white deck stone, JunSo squinted into the light without his sunglasses guessing the boy had something on his mind he wanted to share. Grabbing two frosty beers out of the poolside mini bar, he flopped down on a chaise lounge. Offering one to Sungjae, he popped the top on the other, raising it to his own lips.

There were times the sensitive, curious, young man went straight to his mother with questions about life and love, (and probably better he did), and then other times, he held out for the kind of advice only a father was capable of giving. Waiting patiently, he sensed today it was his turn.

Laying his head back against the spongy chaise pillow Sungjae took a moment to savor the icy cold liquid careening down his parched, throat.

Where to begin? He hadn't asked for this predicament. It just sort of crept up and bit him in the ass. He also knew his parents loved Seoky like a daughter. But, considering the circumstances, (if push came to shove), he doubted whether she would wait for him to finish college.

Then what about Val? At just the mention of her name, he couldn't help thinking about what she might be doing right now. He'd snuck in through her bedroom window two nights ago with every intention of breaking things off between them, but typically one thing led to another and the conversation never materialized before he left.

Taking in a deep breath of warm, salty sea air, he twirled the beer bottle in his fingers expertly. "So . . . dad. Since we're out here. Can we talk?"

"Sure son. Spill it. What's on your mind?"

"I'm kind of confused right now, 'cause most of the time I think Seoky's pretty perfect. I mean, it's no secret she's smart, good looking and doesn't let me get away with any shit. I need someone like her in my life, and I shouldn't even be thinking of looking at anyone else . . . but . . ."

"But?" Crooking his head sidewise, Mr. Yook's pinched face said it all. "Is BUT'S name Val, by any chance?"

Shrugging his shoulders in embarrassment, Sungjae's eyes fell. *His dad wasn't stupid. He knew he wore his heart on his sleeve. Damn. After last night's growing-up talk on the beach, he knew he had to quit stalling and decide. If he had to do it right here, right now, in order to keep Seoky, his only choice was to give up Val. But, could he?*

"Dad? Has it always been mom, or did you ever have to choose between her and someone else?" he finally asked curiously. *Did the men in the family always have this problem? Maybe womanizing was a disease.*

Studying his son closely JunSo knew Sungjae was up to his ass, with petite, curvy Val, and although she was clingy and obsessive, he somewhat understood why she was still hanging around. After all, the apple didn't fall far from the tree.

“Sungj . . .” His response was to the point, “Of course there were choices, but eventually I followed my heart and it lead me straight to your mom. Every f'ng time.” Peeking, over his shoulder at the back door (half expecting his wife to come out), he leaned over as if harboring some grave, dark secret.

“Don't tell your mother I told you, but she scared the shit out of me back then, so I listened to my friends. I turned my back on her and got involved with other women. You can probably guess the results. I ended up making some really bad decisions.”

Sitting back, he shook his head, grinning. “Didn't matter though . . . the little spitfire waited me out. Even told me when I got tired of fucking around to call her. You know, it was the first and last time I ever heard her cuss.”

Deep in thought, Sungjae swallowed hard, peeling the label off his bottle, listening with one ear to his father's answer. That all sounded well and good, but still unable to read his own heart he felt like he was being flung up and down on a damned seesaw. One minute he wanted Seoky, the next, Val.

“So, mom really said ‘fuck’ huh?” he asked, a grin spreading at the notion of his mom being somewhat of a rebel.

“Yeah, don't mention THAT to her either, or your old man will be out in the garage sleeping in ‘Little Kitty’ alone.” Both laughing at the proper Mrs. Yook cussing blatantly, JunSo sobered taking another long swig of beer. “We've had our issues Sungj but, I've never once regretted marrying your mom. She's everything to me.”

Glancing at the sincerity in his dad's eyes, Sungjae knew someday he wanted to have what his parents did . . . a long, loving marriage. But, right now . . . honestly, he just wanted to mesh the two girls together, taking the best attributes from each one to create the perfect woman for himself. It was stupid, and he knew it.

“So, is mom your soul mate?” *Was there even such a thing? Keis seemed to think so. Babbling every summer about that ‘one’ special person out there chosen by Fate. He didn’t see it.*

“Yep, sure is. She announced the very first day we met, ‘JunSo, you’re going to marry me before the year is out.’ I didn’t believe it then, but damn, if she wasn’t right.”

“Humph. Is that so?” Wondering why he hadn’t asked this kind of advice from his dad before, Sungjae weighed the notion of some worldly entity perched in the heavens deciding who he did or didn’t end up loving in his lifetime. *Why did it sound so . . . so . . . incredibly weird?*

“So, this DOES have to do with your feelings for Val then, huh?” JunSo asked. “Never known you to worry about soul mates. Maybe you ARE growing up.”

Pausing, Sungjae stared down at his worn, white tennis shoes. “I guess. I mean don’t get me wrong, I love IlSeok dad, pretty sure I would marry her today if she wanted to, it’s just sometimes I get the feeling she’s somewhere else emotionally. I don’t know. I might be imaging it . . . but, it’s almost like I’m racing against some mysterious guy and he’s winning. Val on the other hand, is always there when I need her . . . it’s confusing as hell.”

Laughing heartily, JunSo raked one hand through his thick, dark hair, “Course it is. Gotta quit thinking with this,” he warned, grabbing his own crotch. “You’re lucky, you got your mother’s brains and soft heart. Start using them, the rest will fall into place eventually.”

Sungjae cringed. *It was definitely time to switch gears.* Figuring he’d need about four more beers if his dad was going to start with the sex talk again he nodded agreeably, putting on his, ‘I’m-too-grown-up-for-this-discussion’, face.

“You’re right, I’m going to try acting more mature. For Seoky.” Pulling out his phone Sungjae glanced down, reading a message from Val, before stuffing it into his back pocket.

Reaching over, JunSo rested one hand on his sweaty arm, “Sungj, do yourself a favor, make those changes for yourself, not some woman, no matter who she is.” Sighing as they rose, headed inside he added, “But, whatever you decide, you’re a good kid and we love you.”

Sungjae tugged the sweaty T-shirt over his head, every muscle groaning with protest at the hard night he had spent carousing with his friends. At eighteen, he suddenly felt ancient. He’d

lived hard and fast for the last few years, now it was time to stop being an immature teenager and grow up. Pausing, he looked at his father appreciating the fact that he always made time for him, hoping he would be as great a parent someday.

“Gotta bounce dad, thanks for the beer. Need a shower, and a nap. Gotta look fresh and cute for my girl tomorrow.

“Well, steer clear of your mom, unless you want the ‘no partying lecture’. You know how she carries on about her only child being just like his father.” Gently turning the latch, JunSo peeked in making sure she wasn’t around before shoving Sungjae through the door in front of him.

Smiling, he gave his dad a pointed look. “What’s wrong with being like you dad? You’re cool,” he reassured him, bounding up the back steps. Entering his room, he wiped his sweaty face with the T-shirt . . . smiling at Val, sitting on bed waiting for him.

