

“BEEP-BEEP”

Part 2



I know your heart was shaking
The heart racing times were gone
My heart aches, I can't even sleep

(Lyrics Sung By: BTOB)



BONFIRE CON'T - MALIBU BEACH, CA

ONLY moments after her rendezvous with Suni, Val stood in the open doorway watching him pull IlSeok in for a kiss. Sighing, she'd always been (and still was) envious of her best friend, who could have any boy in school she wanted.



“Why did you have to choose the one I WANTED?” she questioned silently. It wasn't fair.

She and Suni had been inseparable since kindergarten, (when he'd told her she was 'his girl'). Punching her legs mindlessly the memories washed over her, her eyes blurring with unshed tears. Now, more glaring than ever . . . after all the years she'd invested, she was only an after-thought.

Despising Soeky even more for taking him away she turned her pointed thoughts to the boy she loved instead. *You're the one I should be hating right now Suni. But, it's okay, I've already*

forgiven you. She's always had you under her spell. Don't worry, we'll have our time. I'll make sure of it . . .

She didn't want to party anymore. Like so many other occasions, she couldn't bear watching them together, only able to focus on the physical pain in her own heart. Regardless, it was impossible to continue hiding her feelings for him.

Mumbling, "You don't love him enough Seoky," she turned away for a refill from the inside keg. Filling a glass, she downed the bitter, cold beer, hoping to God, she could drink away the image of them kissing.



LEAVING the commotion behind, Sungjae followed closely at IlSeok's heels, watching her skip in and out of the surf on the way to the secluded cove and their usual spot on the rocks. Still tipsy, she tried unsuccessfully to ignore the presence of an already pounding headache, staring out over the small white caps in the glow of the moonlight. Warring with her emotions she felt his arms curl about her waist. Hoping to keep the mood light she kicked the water up around them playfully.

She had to get it together. All or nothing. One thing she DID know . . . when they were alone like this . . . her determination to keep him from pulling her under his sexual spell was always challenged.

Flipping out of his grasp his animated face in the moonlight dared her to excite him the way she always did, his cheeks rosy from the alcohol. But, as much as she might've wanted to, the threat of SungWoo hovered in the darkness, the stark memory of inappropriate photos blasting her senses.

Stepping back into the soft, dry sand at his side, she smoothed down her windblown hair, ready to confront her ultimate decision head on. Taking his warm hand she ran one finger down the visible veins between his fingers, her voice quiet, but resolute.

"Suni, we need to talk."

Releasing her, he grinned ignoring the seriousness of her tone, throwing both arms about her unsuspecting body. “In a minute Seok. I’ve got something to share first. Let’s go sit.”

Attempting to tug her toward the large boulder that carried the carved initials ‘I&S Forever’ nestled inside a heart on the top, IlSeok realized that coming here had probably not been the right choice after all. *Forever was a very long time. And, tipsy or not . . . she wasn’t sure she could convince this young man at her side that his ‘forever’ was about to end. Since this was their last ‘official’ date, she wished he would’ve just taken her home. Because, after tonight, there would be no more late-night swims; sleepovers; or hanging out . . . period. Suddenly it seemed as if losing her boyfriend wasn’t nearly as devastating as losing her best friend.*

“Ummm. I’m good right here. We’ve been sitting for a while.” Her excuse lame, (but necessary to keep her out of his arms) she wriggled away, casually crossing both hands behind her back. “So, what is it? You sound excited.” Staring off over his head, swearing she saw movement in the trees her heart quickened.

Was the scumbag REALLY following them? For what reason? He obviously didn’t trust she would do what she’d promised.

A slight scowl suddenly emanating from her lips, she cleared her throat, focused back on Sungjae’s perplexed expression.

“Well . . .” Overwhelmed with the anticipation of her response, he backed off slightly, digging through his shorts pocket. Hauling out a folded envelope he shoved it toward her eagerly. “HERE . . . LOOK. I was going to wait, but hell, I just can’t.” Watching her take it from between his fingers his eyes danced. *She was going to flip out. He just knew it.*

In the time it took to open the envelope and scan the words in the light of the full moon, IlSeok concluded that despite SungWoo’s disgusting display of perversion and arrogance, his timing was impeccable.

Here was proof her worries about breaking Suni’s heart might be over before they’d barely begun. He’d received an early acceptance to Harvard. *Now, he could go his way, and she could go hers. Ultimately, wasn’t that what she’d been contemplating these last few months anyway?*

“ISN’T IT AMAZING?” Nearly jumping out of his skin, Sungjae snatched the letter from between her fingers shoving it carelessly back into his pocket. “I was trying to find the right time to tell you. I figured first bonfire was it. SO?”

Feeling better about her upcoming announcement, IlSeok sighed wrapping both arms around his neck to congratulate him, “It IS . . . Wow, I’m so happy for you.” Wanting desperately to shower him with compliments about his good grades, exceptional attitude, attendance and determination to get what he wanted in life, she couldn’t seem to choke out the words.

Chuckling, he kissed her forehead appreciatively, never questioning her silence. Rambling on eagerly he even dismissed the cringe of her body weight as she stepped away.

“Now we can get married, rent an apartment off-campus, and guess what? I’ve already ‘GOOGLED’ all the good dance schools in the area. God, I can’t wait. It’ll be just like we talked about.”

Forcing herself to meet him eye-to-eye, IlSeok looked up. “Stop Suni. I know you’re excited and so am I, but . . .” Her voice trailing off into the lapping waves and music still emanating from Coco’s she dropped her head again, regretfully. *It was one thing to break up, but another to dash his dreams of a life they’d talked about having one day, together. Obviously, this wasn’t going to be as easy as she’d originally thought.*

“But, what babe? You want to pick out your own dance school? That’s cool. I’m an idiot.” Playfully thumping the side of his head, it was becoming clear she might be frustrated that he’d gotten his acceptance before her.

Waiting her out, the sound of rustling footsteps behind them caught his attention. Turning slightly, he reared up expecting to see one of his friends, (girl in tow) sneaking into the bushes for a late night, make-out session. Curiously there was nothing except IlSeok’s loud ultimatum jarring him back into the sobering reality of the moment . . .

“SUNI. Pay attention. I said, we have to break up!” *Was she loud enough? Firm enough to command the attention of the ghostly SungWoo, creeping through the trees practically in plain sight? He’d always been one card short of a full deck. This just proved it.*



THE camera clicked every half second, catching the exchange between the dark-haired couple. Chuckling, SungWoo stared through the lens at them battling it out by the rocks. *The little bitch was doing a pretty fair job.*

Finally, being able to use the ‘boyfriend’ to blackmail her into living up to their contract should solve his biggest problem . . . But, in the end . . . he bet she was playing games (like always) maybe even using the Chairman against him in the process.



Unconsciously rubbing his right shoulder, he cursed her figure in the darkness quietly. “Shit, I should’ve known better than to turn my back on you. Touché. Lesson learned.” Adding under his breath, “she’s really gonna do this thing right now little man, better watch out, Bitch - 1 . . . boyfriend - 0.”

Grunting satisfactorily, it wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world, reading about a local boy washed up on the beach with a knife in his back. *That would solve his problem INDEFINITELY. But . . .* Tucking back against the rough tree, he shook his head in mock discouragement, still betting she would eventually fold. None-the-less, her loud proclamation over the sounds of the ocean, reminded him she would do anything he asked if it involved her precious sister SooMin, only giving him yet another sinister idea.



LIKE a swift punch in the gut, Sungjae weaved into the wind (uncertain if he’d heard her right). “Break up? Why would you say that?” His mind frantically searching for another option he blurted out, “Well then fuck Harvard, I can go to Southern Cal. Nothing’s set in stone, but you and I.”

“OH MY GOD . . . SUNGJAE YOOK,” IlSeok’s tone escalated out of her own aggravation. “I don’t care about picking out my own dance school. Shit, it’s not even about that. It’s about YOU, and if you want to go to Harvard, then screw it . . . GO.” Clearly, he wasn’t grasping anything she was attempting to convey. “Why in the hell would you stay here for me? That’s just stupid.”

Reaching out he cupped her flushed face, the inflection of his voice dropping tenderly, “No, it’s not stupid. You’re my whole life babe, you know that. I don’t understand what the big deal is. Like I said, I can go anywhere.”

“It’s a HUGE fucking deal.” Objecting she seized his hands almost harshly, “I shouldn’t be your whole life . . . Seriously, I can’t handle that.” Finally, the truth. Flung out between them like dirty laundry. If SungWoo was indeed ‘taking notes’, she hoped he’d gotten what he came for and would finally leave them all alone.

“Sungjae, please listen to me.” Motioning him to walk with her, she sighed (emotionally and physically drained) the faint laughter from Coco’s a stark reminder that others still considered them a couple. “I want to go back to S. Korea for college after I graduate.”

The catch in his breath deafening, she blinked nervously swearing she could hear the pulse of every blood vessel in her body pumping life to her heart. *Was he going to say something?* When he finally did, she wasn’t the least bit surprised at his reaction.

“WHAT THE FUCK ILSEOK. Korea? When the hell did you make THIS little decision?” Arms raised in frustration, he ruffled his hair, remembering what he’d told his dad . . . ‘she always seems to be somewhere else emotionally.’ *So, she’d been contemplating this for a while?* “ANSWER ME DAMMIT.”

Reaching over he gripped her shoulders, fighting the inability to gauge the blank look crossing her face. *Dear God, he was going to puke.*

Standing her ground, IlSeok knocked his hands away, “How DARE you yell at me. Fucking go home and sober up. This is exactly the kind of shit I have to deal with from you. We DON’T belong together anymore, PERIOD.” Stomping off she could hear him kicking up the pebbly sand in his haste to reach her.

“SEOKKK, pleaseee, I’m sorry I shouldn’t have yelled. I just . . . can’t we TALK about this?” Catching up in two large steps, he jumped around blocking her path, his fractured breathing proof he’d never expected this explosive outcome from an innocent stroll to the cove.

Halting (without turning around), IlSeok clenched both fists, reiterating her position. “You know what Suni, NO, we can’t just TALK about this. I made up my mind last year when I went to Korea.”

“Last year? Oh my God . . . when were you going to tell me that?” Knees weak, Sungjae shook uncontrollably, not knowing whether to scream; cry; yell some more; or lay down and give up.

“I don’t know, soon . . . I guess . . . now.”

“So, where does that leave US?”

“US?” she blurted out, (about to be swayed by the panic and crack in his voice). Visions of them skinny-dipping in the ocean; kissing under the palm trees; and tickling each other squealing with laughter; came to a grinding halt.

The alcohol waning from her blood rapidly they were replaced instead with the memory of sleepless nights, drenched in an unending pool of tears after finding out he’d cheated. Added to that . . . the humiliation of watching him with Val earlier, while Lolita mocked his true commitment to her.

“There’s never REALLY been an ‘US’ Suni. There’s only been you and me. We can’t go on like this and I can’t take watching you disrespect me around my friends anymore with your cheating and lying . . . even tonight.”

Now she truly WAS beginning to believe she understood her lack of control where he was concerned. He fed off her need for attention. Maybe they both did. The perfect high school couple. Worse than a B-rated movie. It didn’t work there, and it wasn’t working here.

Exhaling forceably, Sungjae rolled his eyes in disgust. “You’re f’ng kidding me, right?” “I thought we’d gotten past all that. This could be a new start for us, couldn’t it? IlSeok can’t you at least turn around and look at me?”

“No, don’t want to. And, starting over doesn’t change anything. We’ve tried that. It’s time to go our separate ways.” Stuffing her toes further into the sand she studied the grains sifting over the top of her foot.

“Fuck that. Shit, you really think I’m going to give up that easily? I have relatives in Korea too you know. I’ll go to school there. Together in a new place with new friends will be good for us. And, I’ll be better I promise. I love you Seok . . .” *Obviously, she’d drunk too much. After a good night’s sleep and seeing her sister, she’d forget all about this ridiculous conversation.*

Not wanting to argue further, IlSeok left his endearment hanging in the air, breaking into a light trot to remove herself from the situation. *He wasn’t getting it. And, even in Korea . . . there would be no new places OR new friends. It would be nothing but the madness of the mansion, studies, and sleep. The Chairman wouldn’t allow anything else.*

Successfully leaving him behind, she observed a lone figure jogging along the shoreline, his long hair blowing in the late-night breeze. As he angled his head around, she squinted, trying to make out his face, surprised at hearing the wind whispering in her ear . . .

“I’m the one. I exist only for you . . .”

