

“SATURDAY”

Part 2



Being bored of my daily routine, my tired heart

They have all gone faraway

(Lyrics Sung By: Henry Lau of ‘Super Junior-M’)



4:00 A.M. - SOMEWHERE OVER THE OCEAN

WHERE had the time gone? And, where was she? Music still blaring in Henry’s ears, the seat beside him was empty, leaving him only to surmise that his flying partner had booked off to the rest room. Arms folded against the chill of the drafty cabin he sighed.

“Let me take that for you, I brought you another.” The stewardess’s soft, sweet voice accompanied her light tap to his shoulder, reaching for his half-empty Coke can and snack wrappers.

“OH, thanks.” Startled out of his thoughts he nodded appreciatively, allowing the pretty woman access to his trash. Flirting shamelessly with his eyes, her next comment caught him completely off-guard.

“Your girlfriends’ on her way back. She’s really a cutie. Such a personality. Hope the two of you have a good time in L.A.”

MY GIRLFRIEND? OH, HELL NO. There it was . . . the inevitable assumption that the two of them were a couple. Did she really look like someone he would be involved with?

Poised to comment, about that time ‘cutie-pie’ girlfriend re-appeared, hair pulled back in a sleek, saucy ponytail, glasses removed, boasting a smattering of shiny gloss across her lips. *What’s going on ‘Little Girl’? It’s the middle of the freaking night!*

“Ohhh, here she is now. You look really nice honey.” Smiling, the stewardess crinkled her nose, placing a tender hand on SooMin’s shoulder, adding in a perceptive whisper, “behave you two.” Eyeing them one last time she sauntered away, headed back toward Economy, throwing over her shoulder quietly, “If you need anything, you know where to find me.”

Painfully aware that Henry was staring, SooMin fumbled with her makeup case, reaching for the overhead bin. Blushing she stuffed it inside her travel bag announcing matter-of-factly, “I ummm, thought I’d freshen up a bit . . . long flight. Sorry if the stewardess woke you. I asked her to bring you another drink.”

“No, no . . . it’s okay. Thanks. How about you, did you get a snack or anything?”

“Nahh, I have a late-night binging habit. Trying to quit. I’ll be fine till breakfast.” Repositioning herself comfortably, SooMin searched out her romance novel, tucking both bare feet up under her legs, attempting to spread the blanket back into its original position across her knees.

Reaching over to assist, Henry gripped the edge tentatively, cringing when she threw him a sinister (yet playful) look. “Yikes calm down. Just trying to help.”

“I know.”

“Well, since you didn’t get anything, I’ll share.” Popping the top, he held the frosty Coke out toward her snickering, “Go on its okay. Idol Assholes don’t have cooties.”

Taking it shyly she noticed he was finally smiling engagingly, dimples popped, eyes twinkly in the dim lighting. But, seconds later, it all came crashing down around her.



“The stewardess called you my girlfriend,” he stated reclining back in the seat, twisting his stiff neck. “Crazy, right?”

Unable to come up with a quick response, SooMin handed back the soda, trying not to show the disenchantment on her face. *So, you didn't notice how I look, and now you don't think I'm girlfriend material, huh?*

Blurting out, "Do you even HAVE a girlfriend?" she knew she shouldn't care. It was a stupid question, even though a civil conversation wouldn't hurt. After all, he was sort of famous.

"Huh? Oh, hell no. Well, not right now anyway, just coming off a nasty break-up. Girls don't understand, being an Idol is a full-time job. It's hectic."

"I suppose," she acknowledged, knowing exactly what he was talking about. It was literally impossible for Idols (new or seasoned), to find time for their own relationships and lives.

"How about you? Got a boyfriend?" Pausing he thought about her cantankerous attitude, and unfiltered language. Probably not. "Are you even OLD enough to be in a relationship?"

"Just how old IS old enough? And, NOT that it's any of your business but NO, I don't currently have anyone special in my life." *I thought maybe YOU could be my boyfriend, at least for the summer. You just can't see the real ME. I'm actually fun, sexy, outgoing. I could be the perfect girlfriend, if you'd just give me a chance.*

Eyebrows raised, Henry clasped both hands around the back of his head, attempting not to seem smug. "I dunno, Sixteen. Of course, for me it was like ten, but I'm a guy, we're different."

"Sixteen?" *Are you crazy?*

Sitting up straighter in the seat, SooMin wasn't sure if she should slap him, or give in to the burning desire to plant her lips firmly into his, just to prove she wasn't some whiny child. *Pssshhh . . . sixteen my ass.* But, the reality was, she'd never kissed anyone before, so he was probably right . . . in her case it was more like nineteen.

Worried he'd guessed too old, Henry flung his eyes in her direction. Had he gone too far with this 'Little Girl' who could very well be a child?

"SHIT, you aren't like . . . underage or anything are you? I mean you would've told me, right?" Considering he'd already been highly inappropriate at the onset, now she didn't seem that concerned anymore.

"Well, maybe . . . maybe not. But, com'on, do I really look THAT young? Even with makeup?"

Still facing him she slumped back further into the reclining seat, reaching into her pocket for a stick of gum to ward off her nagging late night nicotine habit. As the wrapper came off easily, she stuffed it in her mouth, chewing lazily, eyes focused on his contemplative face.

“I don’t know, sort of.” *You can’t be over seventeen, you look and act like a baby.* “Okay then, if you’re older, how much?”

Liking the fact she’d made him sweat SooMin popped the gum loudly, forcing a large bubble between her straight white teeth. “You don’t wanna try one more time?”

“Not really, but okay.” Watching the it grow larger and larger Henry began to think that now, she would smell deliciously of bubblegum, making it even harder to resist her girlish charm. Guessing high to appease her, he spouted out, “Eighteen.”

“Nope.” POP! As the sticky orb bit the dust, the thin pieces floated about her glimmering lips.

“Okay, I’m done. Just tell me. I’ll be nineteen in October.”

“Geez, party-pooper.” Still freezing under the thin blanket, SooMin reached up turning the air vent more to his side, finally blurting out, “I’m already nineteen but, I’ll be twenty in July. So, that makes me your Senior.”

“WHAT? No way.” Without waiting for a response, he rattled on exasperated, “Why are you f’ng with me right now? You know damn well who I am don’t you? Did you think I wouldn’t remember running into you at ‘SM’ the other night? Your kind of hard to forget.”

Realizing she’d been caught at her own game, SooMin turned away slowly, the smirk rising from her lips.

“Okayyy . . . so I lied by omission, big deal.” Eyebrows raised, she reached for another swig of his soda, her ponytail falling forward against her flushed cheeks. “Yes, I know who you are Henry Lau. ‘Super Junior-M’s’ newest violin and piano playing phenomenon. But . . . I’m NOT lying about my age, honest.” Taking a deep breath, she bit her lower lip twisting in the seat her insides doing flip-flops.

“I have an excuse. I’m a Cancer. Moody and complicated.” Knowing she’d finally rendered him speechless, she giggled in satisfaction. “Welcome to my nightmare.”

“Is that right? Well, that’s no excuse. I’m a NOT so complicated Libra, who doesn’t like liars, even by omission. And, maybe I don’t want to be part of your nightmare.” Amused, arms folded across his muscular chest Henry waited for her response.

“Hmmm. Too late. But, it’s okay. Libra and Cancer aren’t a great match if you’re not on the cusp. I’ll bet you aren’t. So, we’d NEVER be able to date. Whew, FIRREWORRRKSSSS . . .” Her knowledge of horoscopes giving her pause, SooMin found herself wondering, if they weren’t compatible, then why was she so drawn to him?

After hearing her comments about their ‘non-existent’ dating status, and admitting she was complicated, Henry reared up in mock frustration. “Wowww. I don’t remember asking you to date me.” *Incompatibly nerdy, or not, she DID have BALLS.* “All I did was ask how OLD you were, you offered up the rest.”

“You forced it out of me.” His sudden easy mannerisms and relaxed conversation had caught her off guard, forcing her walls to come down.

“Yeah, well . . . guess what? It doesn’t matter that we’re NOT compatible.” Still kidding with her, he shook his head. “You are definitely NOT my type.” *That makes it even worse that I’m attracted to you.*

“GOOD, ‘cause you aren’t mine either.” Forced to delve back into her vision of a blonde headed boy chasing her across a sandy beach, now she found herself conflicted. *Do I even HAVE a type?*

Pausing, Henry crossed his muscular legs underneath himself, getting comfortable. “Now that we got that squared away, I guess I do owe you an apology for not staying to help out the other night. Not one of my better moments. Sorry.”

“It’s whatever. You just startled me is all.” Accepting his apology gracefully SooMin noticed he still looked puzzled. “What? I said it’s okay.”

Unable to hold it in any longer Henry finally blurted out the one thing that had been bugging him every since he’d recognized her before sitting down. “I SAW you come out of a practice room at ‘SM’. You’re a trainee, aren’t you? Are you going to the workshop in L.A., or what?”

Mr. Henry Lau was no dummy. SooMin knew it was clear they WOULD probably run into each other at some point over the upcoming months. Did she want to pursue this crazy idea that

she might get a jump start on a summer romance with ‘Idol Asshole’? He was prickly to be sure, but no matter their compatibility factor he was an up and coming star, (the likes of which no ordinary female would willingly kick out of bed).

Known for having the patience of a saint, she studied his perfect features hoping maybe after her usual ‘Malibu Barbie’ transformation he would see her in a different light. More her age, sexy, willing and available. At the very least, she could try.

“Yeah. But, it’s not why you think.”

“Then what? It’s for up and coming Idols isn’t it?” *Surely, she had ‘some’ sort of talent other than composing, and probably piano.*

The question hung in the balance, never answered . . . because right at that moment, the plane hit an air pocket dipping suddenly. Her hand flying down to Henry’s arm, SooMin gripped it fearfully.

Feeling her panicked grasp, he reacted without thinking grabbing her back, his large, warm hand over hers, long slender fingers clutching her safely. Trying desperately to ignore the electricity shooting through his insides, as her terrified eyes met his, he smiled reassuringly. *Even scared out of her wits . . . she really was disgustingly cute in that pony tail . . .*

“Whoah, that was intense,” she whispered, pulling out from under his tight grip, in embarrassment. No matter what she read in her novels, or how sexual and arrogant Henry was . . . underneath the flippant persona of Keis Wu, she was still the good Korean girl, Jang SooMin, (klutzy around boys and apprehensive about ‘skinship’).

“Yeah. It was . . .” Responding quietly, his smooth voice trailed off, now a bit self-conscious himself.

Buying herself time to re-group and rein in her overactive libido SooMin used her unfinished song as an excuse to stop conversing. Digging out her work pad and diary she lifted them in Henry’s direction.

“Welll . . . I’ve got something I need to finish. Can’t sleep after that anyway, you know?” Groping in the seat pocket for her glasses she slipped them on bending toward the pad, blindly studying the notes in front of her.

“Yeah, sure . . . no problem, I have stuff to do too.” If she was done talking, then so was he. Digging for his earbuds, Henry turned his IPOD to the latest song he was working on, and eyes closed, leaned back to rest.

Watching from the corner of one eye, SooMin heard him humming nonchalantly to the song in his head. Just like his sexy Americanized voice, it was smooth, melodic and easy on the ears. Hoping he would sing and play the piano one day just for her, she put away the pad, turning instead to her diary.

Finding a blank page, she wrote across the top . . . SAT. MAY 2007. ON THE WAY FROM SEOUL, TO L.A. SITTING BESIDE ‘ASSHOLE’ HENRY LAU.

Not knowing exactly when he drifted back off Henry woke to the sun blaring in his eyes through the small airplane window. It had to be morning. Glancing over at SooMin, scribbling furiously, it looked like she hadn’t moved or slept a wink from the last time he’d seen her at 4:00 A.M.

“Hey.” Reaching over he jogged her shoulder lightly, letting her know he was awake.

“Hey, yourself.”

“What’cha writing?”

“Nuthin’ important.” Responding bashfully, she slammed the book shut, resting her hands atop it protectively as if she didn’t want him to know what she was doing. Trying not to stare, he looked as good waking up as he had before dozing off, (cap gone, hair mussed only slightly from being crunched into the corner of the seat).

Sighing a deep breath, she could almost ‘feel’ the sexual energy emanating from his side of the large bucket seat. After a night beside him, if she wasn’t careful he would be the first step toward her immediate journey back home. She prided herself in being discreet but, Father wasn’t Daddy Wu, and as much as she despised his iron-clad rules, playing with Idol fire (out in the open) might actually get herself burned.

But sadly, like she’d just written in her Diary, Henry Lau didn’t seem interested in her right now. Maybe he should go back to being rude. It was better that way. This nice ‘Asshole’ was harder to read . . . easier to fall for.

Turning away, she spotted the breakfast cart coming down the aisle, smelling deliciously of bacon and fresh coffee! *Ahhhh, a good hot dose of caffeine, that's what she needed.* The Coke high was already waning, and the day was just getting under way.

The perky, blonde stewardess stood beside her, trays in hand readying herself to put them down. Winking at Henry she smiled broadly at SooMin her voice sickeningly sweet and bright. “How’s our cutest couple on board this morning?”

