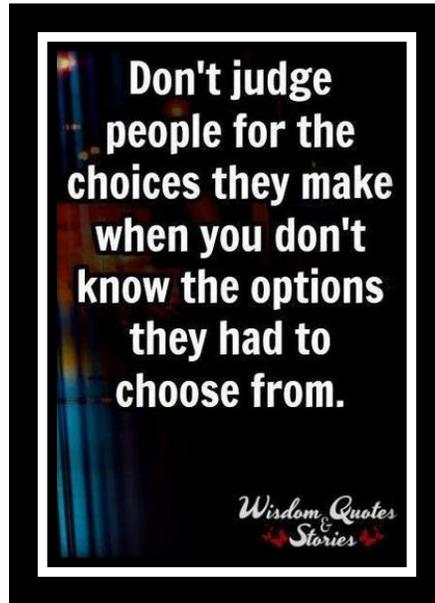


CHOICES



MARCH 12th, 2017 – 11:30 A.M. – SAFFRON’S RENTAL



ONCE again, Maud had come to Hyun Joong’s rescue by insisting he stay at Saffron’s rental house in town, close to the hospital. Considering how limited his English was he agreed without argument. Entering the house for the first time, Joong observed the open floor plan, modern furnishings, and tight kitchen, looking straight out of an issue of “California Living” magazine.

Dropping his overnight bag next to the dining room table, he strolled to the hallway, ignoring the first door on his left, purposefully entering Saffron’s private sanctuary.

The sunlight bouncing off the gray colored walls, highlighted the jade colored brocade spread, draped across the bed. *Definiately not Saffron’s taste. Violet was her favor color and like Saffire she preferred light, airy, fabrics. No, clearly the ‘Debutante’ slept in this room.*

With apprehension, he seized her silk robe, admitting even it didn't look like something she would wear. He'd always pictured her in his best, white button up, confiscated from his closet two years ago. Expecting the scent of coffee, butter, and the spice she was named after, he crushed the garment his face. However, Chanel No. 5 assaulted his senses. Irritated he tossed it aside. *That's what she would wear in the corporate world . . . Ian's world.*

Scanning the room with unbiased eyes, he noticed other oddities . . . two diamond encrusted watches, a laptop, and more hair products than he'd ever owned. Two years was a long time. It seemed his Saffron had stepped back into her old life with ease. *Maybe JJ was right about more than one thing. It was too late for them.* Ruffling his hair in frustration, the hours of no sleep; sudden husband status; and return of the fiancé had him doubting the love and promises they'd initially made to each other.

Then, out of the corner of one eye, he saw the Saffron he knew and loved. Snorting, he parked on the bed, digging in the small bag for a chocolate, unwrapping and popping it into his mouth. Godiva chocolate wrappers littering the nightstand beside him, complete with reading glasses, and the paperback, *'Fifty Shades of Gray'*, reassured his heart that hidden under her stark corporate façade; was indeed his precious 'Hani'.

Yawning, he tried to ignore the growing panic on the edge of his conscience. As what happens with lies, they tend to grow, getting more complicated the longer they're kept alive. Hopefully, this one wouldn't bite him in the ass when she finally came to and woke up.

If he ever needed advice, now was the time. Lifting his eyes to heaven he whispered, "Could use some help here, Uncle." Waiting in the silence, he realized (for better or worse) this time he was on his own. Rolling the candy foil into a ball and pitching it back into the bag, he shook his head. *No, he wouldn't think this way.*

"Fine, I'm sure all Ian can do is get me kicked out of the hospital for impersonating a husband." Stretching out on her bed, he snuggled into her soft down pillow. A power nap was what he needed. After that . . . a shower, some food and he would be ready to deal with Ian's bullshit.

UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL HALLWAY

THE clock was ticking down the time it would take for the media to catch up with all the current details of the accident. Scratching his head nervously, the balding Hospital Administrator Mr. Nam, backed away from the elevator at the sight of his long-time friend and benefactor, Kyong Ryu, striding purposefully in his direction.

Hand outstretched, palms sweaty with anticipation of what was to come, they shook momentarily, bowing in respect, despite their close, personal relationship.

“It’s a firestorm out there Kyong. Reporters coming out of the walls.” Rolling his eyes, Joseph Nam realized they couldn’t slip from under the belly of the beast with this one. Ryu was too well-known throughout the business community and at ‘SM’ L.A. to sweep this incident quietly under the rug like he was prone to do with everything else. “Word is the Press is climbing all over Saffire’s Conservatory, Saffron’s new café, and even beginning to show up at the girl’s respective residences. Surprised you haven’t had one or two show up at your place yet.”

“Then, let’s handle it . . . and quickly.” Motioning the man toward the balcony staircase Kyong was privy to the fact that upon he and his families arrival had come a multitude of well-wishes in the form of flowers, cards, gifts and online messages. With the hospital already beginning to be over-run with friends, colleagues and students, lending their support, the inevitability of the media was sure to follow.

Still nervously twisting the bottom of his coat jacket, Mr. Nam’s face was flushed with embarrassment. “Before we do that, can you fill me in on the family dynamic?” He didn’t want to pry into their personal business, but they were acquaintances and the gossip was more than tangible, raising concern about how much to disclose to the groveling reporters. “I’ve heard there were two Korean husbands, AND a fiancé?” Shaking his glistening head, the short, stout man hesitated, “What do I tell them? They’ll eat me alive if they get a hold of that information.”

Kyong frowned. *What was it about this man that always seemed to get under his skin at the slightest indication of misplaced allegiance? Both his nieces lay comatose, one possibly at death’s door, a toddler without her mother, and here Nam was . . . questioning whether he should throw a bone to the media wolves regarding their damned relationship status. Maybe it was time to begin supporting a different hospital!*

“We’ll hold a press conference.” The business mogul side of him kicking in automatically, Kyong glanced down at his silver watch, the wheels turning in his head. “I’ll get with my Assistant, and talk to the rest of the family. We’ll prepare the statement, you just make sure the conference room is ready and available by 4:30 this afternoon, or we won’t make the 5:00 news. No need to do anything else but call the doctor in charge and round up the bulldogs. We’ll handle the rest.”

Wanting to turn away at the very thought of letting the spineless man (who insisted on burdening him with what he called ‘friendship’) handle anything, Kyong patted Joseph’s sloping shoulder firmly, a half-smile plastered to his face until he could exit the vicinity.

SAFFRON’S ROOM

DROPPING to Saffron’s bedside, Ian blinked into her two blackened eyes, noticing how unattractive she looked, even resting peacefully. “She looks awful . . .” Glancing over at Sandra hovered on the other side, clutching her fingers in despair, he tried to show a modicum of real emotion in front of her mother. “Do you think she’ll fully recover?”

This wasn’t his cup of tea. Hospitals, illness, IV’s, sobbing, praying . . . he was a man of little emotion. Surely, the puffiness and bruising was only temporary, and before long she would be sitting up in bed, looking fresh, perky, and ready to go home. That was how he would have to envision her. If not . . . his days by her side would be long and tedious.

“I would hope so.” Squeezing her daughter’s finger’s slightly, Sandra was baffled by Ian’s seeming lack of concern. He hadn’t touched Saffron, leaned over to kiss her, or shown any true affection toward her whatsoever since arriving. Unlike Hyun Joong, who the nurses said held a constant vigil in her room from the moment she’d arrived, leaving only for necessity’s sake, and even sleeping with his head on the side of her bed.

Who was this devil Ian to have gotten under her daughter’s skin yet again? And, why had she not stepped in sooner to stop it? She wanted to hate him desperately for even attempting to gain access to Saffron’s fragile heart, but knowing a secret she couldn’t yet tell, she closed her eyes

against his oddly silent presence, wondering when the show would begin, and the water-works would start. He would be taken care of in the end.

“What if she doesn’t come to?” His voice quivering questionably, Ian suddenly dropped to one knee, gripping the corner of the crisp, white cotton blanket. *He’d laid everything on the line for this girl . . . AGAIN. And, now . . . she could neither speak nor respond to his questions. At a loss he wondered, what if she opened her eyes, and asked for his nemesis, Hyun Joong? Like he didn’t already look the fool?*

“Don’t say something like that Ian. She can hear you.” Newly irked at his insensitivity, Sandra wished he would just get on with it, slobber over her for appearances sake, and get out. Only then might she be able to tolerate him.

“Mmmm . . . that’s right. I’ve read about being able to hear what’s going on around you when unconscious. Okay then.” Smiling up into her mother’s emotionally drained face, he patted Saffron’s still arm convincingly, “I love you my dear Saffron. You need to get well, and come home soon, we have a wedding to plan.” Then, sniffing away a well-rehearsed tear, he finally bent, kissing the top of her red head before announcing, “I’m off to see Sienna. She’s being released soon. You coming? Sandra?”

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

STRIDING purposefully down the hall, reaching for his cell phone, it wasn’t but a few seconds later, when (head bent to contact his Executive Assistant), Kyong ran directly into Ian, coming out of Saffron’s room, Sandra on his heels.

“What the hell!” Bouncing off to one side, Ian clutched the man’s shirt sleeve to keep from losing his balance on the slippery, tile floor. “Watch where you’re going.”

“YOU WATCH WHERE YOU’RE GOING!” Kyong barked back at Ian’s tall form, their loud interaction reverberating through the emptiness.

Pulling up short before shoving him out of the way, the elder man knew (at least in this case) outside of their previous business dealings, he and the brash millionaire were going to have to

find common ground. The future of his girls was on the line, and he needed his cooperation, not to blow the lid out of the water, moving forward into an important press conference.

Desperately attempting to avoid yet ‘another’ confrontation with Ian at the helm, Sandra skidded between the two men, an evident look of displeasure clouding her already tired face, hissing loudly, “Stop it you two. This is a hospital!”

Still in corporate, decision-making mode, Kyong grumbled at her interference, lowering his voice significantly. “Sorry, yeah. Well, don’t go anywhere. Either of you. We need to take a minute to talk. If you haven’t already noticed, the press is chomping at the bit to get details on the state of the girl’s health . . . Among OTHER things.” Suddenly ignoring Sandra he squinted piercingly into Ian’s clear blue eyes drawing in a deep breath. “I assume you already know what I’m talking about, right?”

“Of COURSE. I’m not some bumbling, S. Koran-Idol-idiot. I see what he did. The son-of-a-bitch rolled right in here and took over. Granting HIS permission to see my very own fiancé, like I’m some sort of outcast! What a crock of shit.” Recalling Hyun Joong’s smug words to the young nurse outside Saffron’s room only served to refuel the fire of Ian’s previously, out of control temper.

“Ian, I thought you were over this.” Wringing her hands, saddened by his harsh words, Sandra hated he was still proving to be an arrogant, self-centered, asshole, even in the light of tragedy. “And, that’s no way to talk about poor Hyun Joong. Maud and Serae both said he’s been a God-send since the accident. Yes, he was here when you couldn’t be. We should be thanking him not causing more trouble. Not to mention he’s so incredibly worried.” *How in the world was she going to get through to the thick-headed SOB, that her daughter had never voiced any decisions about marriage to him? Ultimately, it was Kim Hyun Joong, she’d always wanted to be with.*

“POOR Hyun Joong? Wowww, THANKING HIM? I should THANK him for swooping down and telling an entire staff of hospital workers that he’s my fiance’s husband? On what planet? Or, is there something else I don’t know? It’s pretty clear he’s gotten to you too, huh Sandra?”

Spouting off just to hear himself, Ian wasn't sure why the presence of Kim Hyun Joong disturbed and confused him quite so much. *After all no matter WHAT was being spread throughout the hospital . . . Saffron obviously 'hadn't' had time in the last 48 hours to marry the fool! It had all been a ridiculous ruse allowing the Idol access to her immediately following the accident. And, why did everyone here think he was over-reacting?*

“Get over yourself Carver.” Just when Sandra was sure Kyong was going to side with the love of Saffron's heart Kim Hyun Joong, his next statement stabbed her like a knife to the gut.

“You aren't here to mince words with an old flame. You're here to support Saffron. I scheduled a press conference for 4:30 this afternoon. It's our responsibility to come up with a statement. Administrator Nam is taking care of the Doctor. And, for once LEAVE your damned ego out of it! If you're the fiancé then stop fucking whining and act like one. That's all we need, is for the Press to get wind of the rumors running rampant through this place about the Idol being Saffron's husband.” Flustered at Ian's inability to focus on what was important, Kyong shoved one finger into his hard chest, deliberately.

“Always acting like such a BIG MAN. This isn't business, and Saffron isn't a client. She's laying in a hospital bed incapacitated, and no matter what I might think about you personally, she needs someone strong by her side.” Not waiting for even a peep of a response from the startled young man, he blurted through his next phrase, “I thought that might be your bumbling, S. Korean-idiot-Hyun Joong, but when push comes to shove, his schedule requires him to return to Korea and leave her, and you aren't going anywhere. Are you?”

WHAT? Stunned by Kyong's sudden acceptance of Ian's fate as Saffron's so-called fiancé, an already exhausted Sandra nearly fainted dead away. Attempting to hold herself up against the wall, she tried in vain to come up with something else to say in Hyun Joong's defense, but it was obvious neither man was interested in listening.

Staring across at the face of Saffron's (now, Uncle Kyong), Ian burst out in loud applause, chuckling under his breath.

“Good show UNCLE Kyong. Almost as good as her father would’ve done, had he been alive to do so. But . . . you AREN’T her father . . . now ARE YOU?” Poking back at the chest of his latest enemy, he watched the elder man back up until he was pinned against a large cement pillar.

“DON’T ever underestimate my love for her. EITHER of you, and I’ll take care of my end of the press statement, my OWN way. If I’m not mistaken . . . Sandra aren’t you and I the ONLY two who have complete control over this situation? Not sure why your ex-husband here thinks he has the right to be involved OR the make-believe husband for that matter!” Flipping Kyong’s tie in dismissal, Ian floated around him haughtily, avoiding the urge to punch the wall as he stepped away, throwing over his shoulder, “I’ll let you know when I get something written up.”

Going forward, if ANYONE ELSE got in his way he would make sure they regretted every second of their decision. ESPECIALLY, KIM HYUN JOONG . . .

SAFFIRE’S ROOM

IT was more than Junsu’s heart could take. The longer he sat by Saffire’s bedside the more emotional he became. Kyong was still gone, and the room was beginning to close in on him. He never imagined he would be lost in the way her eyelids blinked unconsciously, or jump at every whoosh of the breathing machine. So still. She was sooo, perfectly still. He needed air. Coffee, soda, water . . . anything . . . or the vigil would end badly.



Apologizing to her silently, he slipped out the doorway, making a beeline down the hall toward the waiting area and drink machines. Pausing to get a Coke, he sucked in a series of long, deliberate breaths hoping to clear not only his lungs, but his heart. Sitting on a multitude of things he wanted to disclose, including secret thoughts and emotions he’d kept hidden for years, made him fear they were about to spill forth from like the gushing waters of a broken dam.

He’d never wanted to let her go. Not before, during, OR after JJ. What did she see in the father of her beautiful daughter that HE couldn’t replicate no matter how much he longed to?

Contemplating his course going forward he stepped out from behind the half-wall of the snack area, still no more certain of his fate than before.

Up ahead, two young CNA's, one holding a massive plant, filled with balloons, the other, one hand on a blood-pressure machine hovered at Saffire's open doorway. Their uncensored conversation, riding the waves of silence through the halls of the empty VIP wing was hard to miss.

"I feel so bad for her, don't you?" The tall girl with the plant, hiked it closer to her chest, glancing over her shoulder at Saffire's still form.

"Why?" Her voice carrying, the other young woman tapped the side of the machine lightly. "I'm no expert, but there's nothing to indicate her condition is permanent. She'll come to soon." Hesitating, she licked her lips cautiously before continuing, "I DO know one thing though . . ."

"What's that?" Leaning in, the first girl's eyes sparked with curious anticipation.

"She's one lucky chick. Three of the hottest Asian guys I've ever seen walk the halls of THIS hospital have been in and out of her room since she got here. Damn, I don't know which one to focus on first."

"Wow . . . Asians huh?" Stepping closer to the sink by the open door, the girl sat the plant down before returning to her co-worker.

Heads together, their giggling seemed almost fangirlish to Junsu, waiting them out before descending on down the hall. *Why was it that no matter what was going on, or where they went they were the subject of scrutiny as Idols, not people with lives and emotions like everyone else? Wanting to interrupt he held back, realizing he wasn't prepared for this type of a confrontation.*

"Yep, you know I don't really follow KPOP stuff, but since you do . . . Word has it that a tall, 'to die for' Idol guy named JJ was hanging out in her room right after she was admitted, AND . . . not only that . . . Stevie from Admin told me he's the father of her little girl over in the Children's wing. Saw the birth certificate and everything. How'd you miss hearing about it?"

“Ohhhh, what the hell? I’ve been off for three days. Wow-wow-wow. JJ, hooking up with an American girl and having a baby? Are you f’ng serious?”

Hearing her typical fangirl response, and quiver of excitement, it was difficult for Junsu to discern which piece of gossip disturbed her more, JJ dating Saffire, or being Sienna’s father.

“So, you’ve heard of him. Well, you probably know the other one too then.” Satisfied she had her friend caught right in the middle of her web of gossip, the dark-haired girl smiled broadly, flicking the rubber ball of the blood-pressure cuff coyly. “HE’S A BABE TO BE SURE.”

“Tell me, tell me.” Hugging herself lightly, the pretty blonde’s eyes rolled with an envious gleam. “Damn, I’m jealous, you get to see him.”

“Of course, I did. His name is Kim, uhmmm . . . Joong something. Han Joong, Hand Joong. I can’t remember those odd Korean names. Hard enough keeping track of the other employees who work here.” Raising one eyebrow she toyed with the decision to spill the remainder of news she was privy to.

“KIM HYUN JOONG?” Squealing with delight, the young woman’s face flushed excitedly her feet literally coming off the floor.

“Shhhh, keep your voice down. You wanna get me in trouble? I’m not supposed to be telling you any of this. It’s highly confidential.” Clapping one hand over the other girl’s mouth, the CNA smiled. “If you can keep it to yourself, I heard that the two Idols are secretly married to the Ryu sisters.”

“WHAT . . . MARRIED?” Mumbling through her fingers, shocked to find out Idols she’d never dreamed of meeting were not only in the hospital, but married (and one with a child) the girl’s demeanor accelerated to a fever pitch. “NO WAY. You’re joking. If that’s true, it’d be all over the Internet by now. Stuff like that just doesn’t stay secret.” One hand on her hip the recipient of classified, hospital information pumped her friend for even more juicy information. “Besides, where are they now? So far, I’ve been here since last night and haven’t seen either of them, even once.”

“I don’t know about the Joong guy, but the other one, JJ’s gone back to Korea. Stevie said he stopped in last night to sign the little girl’s release papers before he left. Pretty sure he can’t just hang out here waiting for something to happen.”

“Well, nooo, probably not I guess. Listen, I gotta go. Nurse ‘crabby’ is beeping me downstairs to the gift shop for another delivery. Keep me posted will ya?” Grinning, she slipped the large pot off the countertop, disappearing inside the room, only to return moments later, darting off down the corridor, merrily humming a popular JJ song.

“Okay!” Turning around the other girl called out at her retreating figure, “In the meantime, I’m gonna keep an eye out for that third hot guy in uniform that keeps hanging around.” Mumbling to herself, “Damn, I just LOVE a guy in uniform. Think I need to find ME a Korean boyfriend.”

Stepping unnoticed, out of the shadows, by the time Junsu had meandered quietly down to the open door, they were both gone.

Married. JJ and Saffire had married before he left? How was that physically possible? She was in a coma. Unable to say, ‘I do’. What the hell was going on?

HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM – 4:30 P.M. – PRESS CONFERENCE

STANDING rigidly between Kyong and Sandra, Ian felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise. This was the last place he’d expected to be only 48 hours after proposing to Saffron. Used to boardrooms, conferences, and the art of the deal, he struggled with whether his original plan to speak as Saffron’s fiancé would serve any real purpose. Their names and faces were already plastered all over the Internet, along with those of . . . yes . . . Kim Hyun Joong, Kim Junsu, AND even Kim JaeJoong. None of them were exempt from the backlash of press coverage.

As the doctors’ monotone voice droned on, the sweat began to trickle down around his temple, slipping unnoticed onto the top of his dress shirt. Currently, this was as much his community as Chicago was, the café opening just a few days past. He had to hold it together. His composure, his anger, and most of all his integrity. If the café was going to survive this misfortune, for Saffron’s sake, he couldn’t buckle under the pressure.

“That will be all for now. No questions. Thank you.”

One large hand in the air, the grey-haired doctor hushed the rise of voices and hands, begging for one more tidbit of gossip or news that could send them off down yet another rabbit trail. But, it seemed they would get none.

SAFFRON'S RENTAL

A refreshed Hyun Joong entered the kitchen searching for food. Coming up short, he spied the faded yellow crane he'd made for Saffron the last night they spent together. *How could he have missed it earlier? Perched next to a gold framed picture of Saffire and Sienna on the breakfast bar, the baby sported a pink frosting smile holding a #1 candle in her small fist. Did Saffron miss this big milestone in the child's life?*

Besieged with emotions, what else had he and JJ missed in the tiny girl's life? Picking up the crane he smiled at the wilted paper bird. *Hani had brought it from Korea . . . why? Was it the same reason she'd written the letter? If so, he had to believe she still loved him. Maybe her mother would have the answers he was looking for, after all, Maud did say she'd reconciled with her parents. Now he was sure this was a message from her father.*

“I get it Uncle . . . don't worry I'll take care of them until JJ comes to his senses. Crazy bastard.” Gently kissing the worn yellow bird, he set it back in its place of honor, now more determined than ever to perpetrate the ‘husband’ story until his Hani woke up. Hating the silence pressing in on him from all sides, he struggled to make sense of the TV remote, lucking out accidentally as it flipped on to a local LA news channel.



Hearing the girl's name, he forgot food for the moment, making his way to the screen, curious about the reported details of the accident. In what looked like a press room was a man at a podium. Standing behind him, Kyong Ryu, and Ian Carver wearing a haggard and worried expression.

Raking the hair off his forehead, Hyun Joong understood little of what was being said. Surely if anything had changed the staff would have notified him.

Almost as if they'd heard him, the phone in his pocket buzzed. The hospital. More specifically, the floor nurse in charge of Saffron's care. Apologizing for not contacting him sooner she'd just started her shift and texted the minute she'd heard about the publicized, press conference.

“Shit!”

He had to get back to the hospital. Thanking her he clicked off the TV checking the time. Maud wasn't due back to pick him up for another twenty minutes. Deciding he would catch a taxi, Hyun Joong opened the front door, halting at seeing the panel van, the letters, ‘KABC Channel 7 News’, blazed across the side, parked across the end of Saffron's driveway.

Shutting the door, he clicked Maud's number hastily. “Auntie, I need to get back, there are reporters outside the front door. Come now, and pick me up down the road.” Stashing the cell, he seized the backpack he'd found in her closet, along with a coat, and slipped out the sliding glass patio door.

CONFERENCE ROOM

RELIEVED it was finally over, Ian let out a cleansing breath, undoing his tie, struggling with the top button of his shirt as he rushed for the side door. He could've stayed true to his original threat and tossed the Press a denial of everything already reported, but no mention in the Lawyers statement had been made of either ‘fake’ husband Kim Hyun Joong, or even he himself as the scorned fiancé. Best to let sleeping dogs lie.

Stopping momentarily to guzzle a drink from the nearest water fountain he barely noticed the familiar face of the reporter who'd so happily taken pictures of he and Saffron's engagement at the Opening days earlier.

Photographer in tow, the young man darted toward Ian's bent back, leaving him no room for escape as he rose.

“Mr. Carver! Just a few questions for the record sir. Please.” Jostling for position the photographer grinned behind the camera, knowing he had the tall, surly looking businessman right where they wanted him.

Caught off-guard Ian frowned, his eyes shifting from side-to-side, anxiously seeking a cordial way out. But, trapped between the Press leaving the room, and the water fountain he bucked up slowly, straightening his shoulders in preparation for the onslaught. *THIS hadn't been on the agenda. What was the idiot doing? He hadn't agreed to any questions, or statements. He was here to support the family, was he not?*

“Just a few. And, nothing personal!” Clearing his throat, he prayed the man would take pity on their situation and stick to the basics.

“Sir, about your daughter. How is SHE doing?”

DAUGHTER? Dear God, of course . . . the happy threesome at the café, Sienna between them. If he'd done his homework he'd know she belonged to Saffire. Realizing the camera was already rolling, Ian mumbled through his answer, purposefully ignoring the reporter's misstep in calling Sienna, his daughter.

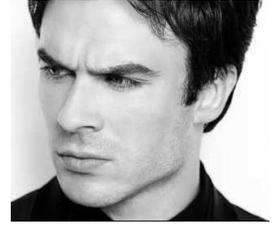
“She's doing well. I believe she'll be released this evening.”

“And, your fiance's sister, Saffire Ryu? There wasn't much elaboration on her recovery at this point. Why was that?” The young man, his face pinched and serious was obviously digging for more than had been revealed only moments ago. It was time to shut him down.

“She's stable, just as reported. Please, we're all tired, and it's been an exhausting few days.” Turning away Ian's head throbbed with the beginnings of a migraine. He hadn't had one in years, not since the last time Saffron had told him in no uncertain terms to, ‘Go to hell’.

Dealing the final blow, the short reporter with the large nose and thinning hair called out after Ian's retreating figure, “What about the rumors that your fiancé is already married to a S. Korean Idol by the name of Kim Hyun Joong? Where is he tonight?”

Stopping dead in his tracks, Ian swung around in the middle of the still crowded hall, hoping with everything fiber of his being he'd not heard the question right. As the bodies around him parted, the red of the photographer's light could still be seen beeping from behind the stout body of the man in question.



Wanting to shove the large, black microphone down the man's throat, Ian put one foot forward before glancing at the questioning faces on either side. He was suddenly the center of attention, and NOT in a good way. He wasn't closing a successful deal, ordering around a subordinate, or even bragging about his accomplishments in the business realm. He was being made a fool of. The one thing in life he hated the most. If he didn't choose his words carefully, between Saffron, Kim Hyun Joong, and this idiot stranger of a reporter, he would be the talk of every social media site in, not only the U.S. but the world.

Cracking a half-hearted smile, the fisted hand at his side dropped casually. "No comment . . . SIR!" was his final statement as tipping a final good-bye to the camera lens he stalked away.

* * * * *