

“U NEED ME”

Part 1



https://youtu.be/E_9vy_7zCyE

(Song By: SHINee – 5th Album ‘1 of 1’)

(I don’t care)

Because you saw the real me

I will show you my everything. Yeah.

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



LAX PARKING GARAGE

UNLOCKING the large, black SUV, Daddy Wu stopped at the back trying to hear the girls whispering as Henry joined him to load suitcases.

“So, you don’t want him to sit in back with you? Why not?” Trying to be nice and give her sister free reign to pursue this blossoming friendship with the Idol, IlSeok’s eyes turned scanning him up and down, handing MinSeok his bag. *He was cute enough. Talented, famous, nice body. She could do worse.*

“I don’t know.” Dropping her eyes, Keis hesitated, her mind awash with conflicting emotions.

“Comon. You seemed pretty excited when you found out he was staying at Suni’s. I’ll take shotgun, it’s only for an hour.” Satisfied she’d made the right decision, IlSeok moved toward the front grinning inwardly. *It was no secret, Keis was awkward around the opposite sex. So, if she couldn’t get her to come out of her shell any other way, then she’d force her, dammit!*

But, MinSeok had other plans . . . “IlSeok!” he called out flatly, “how about we let Henry sit up front with me?”

He wanted more of an opportunity to chat with him man-to-man, and currently this was his best opportunity. The girls would have to understand. And, why in the world was his daughter willing to give up her precious time with Keis in the first place? Was she playing cupid? Dear God . . . that’s all he needed.

Her fingers already curled around the door handle, IlSeok cocked her head at the determination in his words. Sighing loudly, she motioned the approaching Henry to take her place.

Leave it to Daddy to put a monkey wrench in the situation. From the way they’d connected in the airport, obviously he wanted the guy all to himself. She wasn’t stupid. Being an ex-Idol himself, it was what happened every summer there were young Idols or Trainees in town. Let him have his fun, her matchmaking could wait.

Relieved at the outcome, Keis leaned against the warm leather, watching Henry bounce eagerly into the front.

Swiveling immediately, he casually leaned one hand over the seat, winking playfully at her blank expression. *What was her problem anyway? They’d already been holed up together for over eleven hours.*

A sly smile directed at IlSeok he made a bold suggestion before MinSeok slipped in beside him. “Hey, maybe you can give me a tour of the city later, and we can do dinner at the beach or something, huh?”



What the fuck? Hearing him go straight for the jugular, Keis cringed. Here was IlSeok literally throwing him at her, and in reality . . . he wasn’t the least bit interested. Why was she surprised? As soon as IlSeok entered the picture, the boys went ape-shit. After putting up with his insufferable ego he didn’t realize her declaration of incompatibility between them had merely been a failed attempt to bait him. She was more than lame at flirting and even worse at hiding it.

Mentally smacking herself in the head to help dislodge ‘SooMin’ and her typically meek, forgiving attitude, Keis saw a frown cross IlSeok’s face. In the span of a few seconds, (despite the flush of crimson making its way up both their cheeks) the sisters chimed in together, declaring boldly, “I . . . SHE . . . HAS a boyfriend!”

Squeezing Keis's knee IlSeok snipped pleasantly, "Thanks anyway Henry, but since we're practically neighbors for the whole summer, I'm sure we'll ALL be getting together soon, my boyfriend Sungjae practically LIVES at our house, huh Keis?"

She certainly DIDN'T want to be trolled by this Idol, especially not knowing the circumstances. Standing up to him on her sister's behalf was the only way to go.

"Yeah, okay . . ." Buckling his seat belt, Henry snorted his disapproval to a friendly 'group' encounter. Turning away in frustration he folded his arms abruptly in silent protest. *So, the sexy IlSoek Wu, already HAD a boyfriend. And, just his luck, it was the Yook's son, Sungjae.*



"We ready to go?" Revving the engine, Daddy Wu popped in a CD, anxious to be on his way. Not having heard the date request and oblivious to Henry's overt awkwardness, the only response he received was a muttered 'uh huh' followed by silence.



STILL a good half hour away, the older Trot icon was used to blaring K-POP music and hearing the scores of Trainees and Idols he'd driven over the years, attempt to impress him. But, Henry's multi-faceted talents, and pitch-perfect voice was a welcome breath of fresh air.

Stroking his ego, it only confirmed the fact that he'd made the right decision in quietly assisting the talented teenager through his debut into 'Super Junior-M', from behind the scenes.

Noticing Keis in the rear-view mirror, eyes already closed, head turned into the open window, obviously she was tired and off in her own little world. He thought she might have stayed in the present for at least a little while longer, especially for IlSeok's sake. But, in the end . . . her sister was familiar with the drill . . . and that was his Keis, more concerned with her music, books and fantasies than those in her reality.

And, what was up with IlSeok anyway? Glued to her phone, she'd been texting furiously off and on ever since leaving that morning. What was so damned important? Sungjae of course.



WHERE the hell was he? And, why wasn't he answering? Did he not GET it? It had been days since their 'encounter' on the beach, and still no final word from him.



Frowning into the cell screen, IlSeok debated whether or not to give up. They would be at his house soon, she could always pull him aside and pick his brain then. Anything to get out of this stuffy vehicle, swarming with Daddy and Henry's male testosterone!

One last try, and then she was over it. No reason to disrupt Keis's first day back because of his ridiculous attitude.

ILSEOK: SUNI, 4 GOD'S SAKE. ANSWER ME!

Laying the phone in her lap, she squeezed her eyes impatiently, desperate to have the situation over and done with. It wouldn't be long and Keis would be asking questions. Questions she wasn't prepared to answer yet. The ding of the response startled her. *FINALLY.*

SUNGJAE: WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT U HAVE 2 DOG ME ALL MORNING OVER? I'M BUSY. AREN'T U COMING BK FR LAX?

ILSEOK: Y, BUT I WANT 2 MAKE SURE U REALLY UNDERSTAND WHERE I'M COMING FRM B4 WE GET 2 UR HSE.

SUNGJAE: NOT HOME.

ILSEOK: U AREN'T GOING 2 B THERE WHEN WE DROP HENRY OFF?

SUNGJAE: N.

ILSEOK: WHAT ABOUT KEIS? SHE'S LOOKING FORWARD 2 SEEING U. SHE'S BEEN HARPING ABOUT IT EVER SINCE SHE GOT HER TICKET.

SUNGJAE: I CAN SEE HER TONIGHT. UNLESS U DON'T WANT ME 2 COME THEN?

ILSEOK: SUNI, UR MY BEST FRIEND, COURSE I DO.

Best friend? Yikes, she'd seriously stuck her foot in it this time. Slapping the side of her head IlSeok wished she could knock some sense into her own brain. Waiting patiently for a response, there was nothing forthcoming.

ILSEOK: SUNI? U STILL THERE?



HENRY turned his attention to Mr. Wu. “Considering my status sir, I was honored to be asked to attend workshops. I’m anxious to get my hands on some future Idols.”

“Well, we’re excited to have you on board, son. It’ll be a great opportunity for everyone involved.”

Poking IlSeok in the ribs, Keis grumbled loudly from the rear, “EVERYONE WHO? Wasn’t MY class supposed to be first on the list for sign-ups? Isn’t that the main reason I’m here? Nobody told me HE was going to teach too. Can’t believe I have to compete with Idol-envy for God’s sake.”

Flouncing back against the headrest she shut her thoughts against the vision of a room full of excited students, wanting only to be in the presence of the GREAT Henry Lau, ‘Super Junior-M’s’ Idol extraordinaire. That meant, going forward she would have to challenge him on his own court. The piano. Basking in the satisfaction that would accompany the final show-down she smirked, knowing eventually her time would come.

Not missing the hissed add-on, Henry chuckled under his breath, “Sounds like someone’s jealous. But, it’s cool. And, I still appreciate the compliment sir.”

MinSeok shook his head. The mild-mannered girl from only half an hour ago was whipping herself into a competitive frenzy right before their very eyes. *What had Henry done (other than be present) to spark this fierce transformation?* “Mmmm, I don’t think he’s here to take a workshop Keis. He’s just here to assist. Right Henry?”

“Right. I’ve got other rehearsals and schedules. Especially with the concert coming up next month.” *SO! Little Girl was teaching a workshop? Maybe he was right about her multi-faceted abilities.*

“Better watch out Henry Lau . . .” IlSeok quipped sharply. “She might seem like a push-over, but when it comes to the piano . . . she’ll wipe the floor with you.”

Piano? Pursing his lips Henry focused his attention on the passing scenery. Suddenly their lengthy conversations on the plane all made sense. Clearly, she hadn’t been exactly forthcoming about herself, her life OR her future by omitting the name of her famous father, MinSeok Wu.

Oh, he would give her a run for her money at the keyboard all right, and in the process, tame her sharp, witty tongue (confirming the fact she wasn't about to lay down and take any shit). Oddly enough . . . he liked that about her.

