

GO FUTA

K-Pop Idol Diaries
Volume 2

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Dear Diary, The time to prepare for our debut is running out. Although I've focused on preparing myself mentally, I think it's my physical state that I needed to pay more attention to...

Upon receiving the shocking news that we were scheduled to debut a week ahead of time, we set up an emergency meeting with our manager the following day to get more details as to what happened, and come up with a battle plan to ready ourselves in just one week.

As we gathered around the living room anxiously waiting for Mr. Jung to arrive, I could feel more than just angst coming over me – I could also feel signs of a cold. I woke up with my entire body aching, and my head congested, which I attributed to being out in the pouring rain with Shine the night before. How ironic that the moment that had me feeling like I was on Cloud 9 could now make me feel like I was about to collapse...Regardless, I decided to keep my condition to myself, not wanting to cause any more concern than we were already feeling.

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Right on schedule, we heard a loud knock on the door. Knowing who was on the other side, Shine rushed to open the door, letting in Mr. Jung.

“Good morning gentlemen,” he greeted as he entered. “Oh, I mean *lady* and gentlemen – still getting used to the new SKS-7 dynamics myself,” he laughed off his mistake. How have you adjusted so far, Gigi?”

“Um, I believe I’m adjusting alright,” I answered as convincingly as I could, choosing to spare Mr. Jung from my drama filled week. I could hear faint sighs of relief, which I imagined came from Rocky and Cray-Z for sparing them too.

“OK, good to hear,” Mr. Jung responded gleefully. “And how have rehearsals been?” he asked, turning his attention to Shine.

“I’d say Gigi is picking up the choreography pretty well,” answered Shine. I thought we were ahead of schedule, but after that call...”

“Right, right,” Mr. Jung nodded understandably. “Well, that’s what we’re here to discuss.” He took an empty seat on the sofa next to Bae-oppa, making himself comfortable for what seemed to be a long explanation. “As you may know, MVNet’s Next Big Thing special showcases three new idol groups per week. Well, unfortunately, there was a conflict with the scheduling.”

“What kind of conflict?” asked Michael.

“Well, apparently there was an emergency with one of the groups, and as a result, they were unable to make their scheduled appearance, which threw rescheduling into chaos.”

“And I’m guessing we’re paying the price,” said Rocky, both his tone and face irritated.

“Yes, I’m afraid so,” Mr. Jung confirmed. “MVNet worked with them and delayed their appearance for another week, but through random reshuffling, our appearance was shifted up a

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week to take their place.”

“And we couldn’t decline?” Rocky questioned. “I mean, our group kinda got a random reshuffling itself.”

“I know it sucks, but the execs already agreed to it. I guess they figured what was one week? Either way, not much we could do at this point other than to put in overtime to make sure Gigi is absolutely ready.”

“As Shine mentioned, Gigi has already gotten the hang of the choreography, so I’d say we’re in good shape,” said Bae-oppa.

“That’s good to know,” Mr. Jung sighed in relief. “How about the rap?”

“What rap?” I asked, taken aback by his question.

“You know, your rap for the song,” he replied, seemingly confused by my confusion. “You mean to tell me you haven’t worked on a verse for the song yet?”

I stood silent, unsure of what to say – I was completely unaware that I *needed* to work on a part for the song. I looked to Shine to speak up for me, figuring that he must’ve known something about this, but perhaps forgot to fill me in amidst all the chaos.

“Um,” Shine spoke up, “I just had Gigi focus on the choreography first since I figured that’d be the hardest part and would take the most time, but I guess we’ll have to work on that sooner than I thought...” He looked over to Cray-Z, who appeared deep in thought. “Cray, have you thought about a part we can assign to her, or where she can be added?”

“I’ve been thinking about it,” he replied, looking towards the ground. “I mean, obviously she can take Rocky’s former line distribution, but not his lines.”

“Nor would we want her to,” Mr. Jung stated. “If we’re going to have a sole female rapper in a former boys group, we’re gonna

need her identity to shine through in a big way as our major differentiator. I'm sure whatever Gigi writes will be amazing and will give you all a shot at being the next big thing."

"Right," said Shine, nodding along. "We'll work with her getting that started ASAP – like today."

"Good. Any other questions about the Next Big Thing?"

"No, I think it's pretty clear what needs to be done," Shine replied after a brief pause allowing anyone to speak up. "I'll handle everything from here."

"I can always count on you," said Mr. Jung, placing his arm around Shine gratifyingly. "I trust everything will go smoothly in your hands, Shine. Keep me updated, and I'll be in touch in a few days to go over interview prep."

"We have to prepare for an interview?" asked Bae-oppa.

"For the Next Big Thing," Mr. Jung clarified. "There will be an accompanying interview following your performance, but I don't want to overload you all with too much information right now. Let's focus on one thing at a time, and that's the performance. OK?"

"Sounds good," said Shine. "Don't worry about us – we'll be ready!"

"Alright, I guess I'll leave you guys to work," said Mr. Jung, rising from the sofa. He headed for the door, giving us one final thumbs-up as he walked out. "Fighting!"

With Mr. Jung gone, the seven of us were left with an unimaginable amount of pressure. Every single one of us looked stressed, as if the reality of what we were up against had sunken in. Shine had displayed some confidence around Mr. Jung, but soon after he left, his demeanor immediately changed – it was obvious he was feeling the pressure more than anyone.

"What are we gonna do, hyung?" Michael and Jordan asked

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nervously.

"I don't know," he answered glumly, slumping over the sofa where Mr. Jung had sat. "I mean, there's really nothing else we can do except put more time into rehearsals. And now we have to set some time aside for Gigi to add a few bars to the song..."

"You don't have to set aside time for me," I offered, sensing his stress levels rising. "I can just whip up something after hours and have it ready to show by tomorrow."

"No, I wouldn't want you to work by yourself," he responded. "I was actually thinking you should work with Cray-Z on this."

"What?!" Cray-Z and I both exclaimed in disapproval. "You want me to work with... *him*?!" I added. Surely Shine was aware that Cray-Z and I still didn't get along. If this was his way for us to get closer, now was not a good time.

"Well, Cray-Z produced the song, so he would be the most suited to make the adjustments on where your lyrics should go, and help you come up with something that fits the song," Shine reasoned.

"I don't know," Cray-Z protested. "You're the leader, so you're probably better suited to approve her lyrics than I am."

"C'mon Cray, you really are the best person for the job," Bae-oppa intervened. "Besides, Shine has his hands full with choreography and everything. You have to do this for the good of the squad."

"..." Cray-Z turned away, refusing to respond, although it was evident that his answer was a strong *no*.

"Well, would you?" Bae-oppa pressed further, not accepting Cray-Z's lack of response.

He sighed deeply, realizing, along with myself, that there was no way out of it. "Alright, alright, fine," Cray-Z surrendered. "I'll work with her after rehearsal..."

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“Thanks, Cray,” said Shine, rising up to give him a hug. “Although I wasn’t giving you a choice,” he laughed mischievously.

“Yeah, I’m sure,” said Cray-Z, rolling his eyes.

“Alright, now that that’s settled, let’s get back to the choreography,” declared Shine, collapsing back to the sofa. “We only have 1 week to get everything perfect, so we’re gonna have to spend more time at rehearsals – at least four extra hours each day.”

“Four extra hours each day?” Michael and Jordan repeated in disbelief, which is what I’m sure all of us were thinking. “But hyung, we’re already rehearsing 10-hour days as it is,” Jordan pleaded. “Can we really add more?”

“I know it sounds rough, but we’re losing a whole week,” Shine argued. “We have to shove in as much time as we can.”

“I guess we don’t have a choice then,” Michael conceded, burying his chin under the palms of his hands.

Our morale had returned close to zero. Just the thought of 14 grueling hours straight of rehearsal – with Shine yelling most of it – was enough to make our dire situation feel even more so.

“Chin up guys,” said Shine, attempting to motivate us. “Just think about it this way – after this week, it’ll all be over. If we can get through this, we can survive anything!”

“You’re right, Shine,” said Bae-oppa optimistically. “Let’s head to the dance studio and knock this choreography out of the way – we don’t have much time to waste.”

Realizing the truth of Bae-oppa’s words, we made our way to the dance studio without a moment’s hesitation – the countdown to our debut had officially begun. On our way there, I couldn’t help being consumed by the thought of everything I had on my plate. I had to endure 14 hours of rehearsal, and immediately after that, work on a rap with my arch nemesis

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Cray-Z – all while fighting off a cold. I knew this week was gonna be a killer figuratively, but at this rate, I figured it might be literally.

Once we arrived, we wasted no time lining up in formation – already used to the drill. However, unlike the regular routine, Shine hesitated starting the music, leaving us standing in silence for a good 10-15 seconds. I glanced over at Michael, trying to gauge his reaction and determine whether I had missed something. He returned a glance, shrugging his shoulders to signal his own confusion – something was clearly off.

“Uh, Shine,” Bae-oppa finally spoke up. “Are we gonna get started?”

“Sorry about that,” Shine responded. “I was just thinking about starting off differently today.”

“Oh,” said Bae-oppa, flustered. “What do you mean?”

“For these past rehearsals, I’ve been focusing on everyone looking perfectly in sync, but now I want to spend more time going over everyone individually,” Shine explained. “If one of us looks bad, we all look bad, so I think I’ve neglected checking on how everyone looks by themselves.”

There was plenty of mumbling following Shine’s announcement – the most audible being, “*he’s going overboard again.*” Looking over at everyone, I could tell no one was too fond of this idea, but with Shine as the leader, it was clear no one would object.

“So,” Shine continued, “I’ll watch each of you perform the entire choreography one-by-one and then I’ll provide feedback on what needs improvement.”

“Should we be expecting you to stop us mid-performance?” Rocky moped.

“No, I’ll go easy on everyone today,” said Shine with a laugh.

“So, who wants to go first?”

“...”

As expected, no one jumped at the opportunity. Fortunately, Bae-oppa raised his hand, taking one for the team. “I’ll go first,” Bae-oppa voiced his acceptance. “Maybe to make it easier, we can go in the order of our ages.”

“I agree with that, Bae-hyung!” Jordan was quick to shout as the maknae.

“I bet you would, Ji-hu,” Michael responded, not as enthusiastically.

“Thanks Bae-hyung,” said Shine. “We’ll go with that. OK, let’s get it!”

We moved aside, leaving Bae-oppa to show us what he was made of. I was excited, seeing as how I had never gotten the opportunity to watch either of them dance individually – except for Shine, which I could never forget. When I had encountered Shine, he modestly admitted that he believed Bae-oppa was a better dancer than himself – now I could judge for myself.

It didn’t take long for me to see exactly why Shine thought Bae-oppa was superior to him in dancing. From the moment the music started, I was captivated. Although I was more than familiar with the choreography, Bae-oppa brought such an elegant, yet powerful force to each of his movements, that it was as if I were seeing the dance for the first time. His expression was relaxed, as if he were completely in his comfort zone. I wanted to check out Shine’s reaction to Bae-oppa, but found that I couldn’t look away. I didn’t want the performance to end, but once it did, the one thing I could think of, besides how amazing Bae-oppa truly was, was that I was glad *I* wasn’t going after him.

The room erupted in applause, causing Bae-oppa to blush

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as he took a bow. It was obvious everyone around me was as impressed by that performance as I was – the question was, was Shine included?

“How was it, Shine?” Bae-oppa asked through a heavy breath, using the bottom of his shirt to wipe the sweat from his face.

“How was it?” Shine reiterated, building suspense. “I thought it was...flawless.”

“Oh, thank you!” Bae-oppa shouted, grinning from ear to ear at his achievement.

“Your poise and energy were incredible,” Shine continued. “But I guess I can’t say I’m surprised – you’re our best dancer after all!”

“I appreciate that,” Bae-oppa replied bashfully. Taking a final bow, he rejoined the rest of us on the sidelines, allowing the unlucky individual set to follow him to take center-stage – Rocky.

“Alright Rock, you’re up,” Shine called for him.

With a heavy sigh, Rocky dragged himself to the center, radiating nerves that was absent from Bae-oppa when he took the stage. “Don’t compare me to Bae-hyung,” Rocky requested.

“Alrighttt,” Shine promised with a chuckle. “Just try to match the same energy.”

“Heh, you make it sound easy,” he rebutted.

Once again, the music played, and Rocky began his performance. Despite the tension he was exhibiting moments before, once the music started, it was as if he flipped a light switch, and it was entirely gone – demonstrating his showmanship. He didn’t possess the same poise as Bae-oppa, but what he did bring to each of his movements was swagger. The intensity of his face was piercing, which sold a bad-boy persona that I’m sure he was going for. Just like with Bae-oppa, I was enthralled

and didn't want to look away, but I wanted to gauge Shine's reaction this time.

I turned to Shine, and to my surprise, he didn't look the least bit impressed – in fact, his face didn't show anything. I figured he must be using a poker face to mask his impression, because there was no way he couldn't be even a little impressed. Now I was glad I didn't look away from Bae-oppa's performance, as I'm sure Shine would've had the same blank face. The only way to know what Shine was thinking was to hear from him after it was over.

Once the music finished, it was as if the light switch flipped again, and the nerves emerged again on Rocky's face as he turned his attention to Shine. "Lay it on me," he said anxiously.

"Certainly," Shine replied. "First off, well done, but I do have some notes. I know one of the main aspects is the Gloving, but that doesn't mean you can neglect the footwork – it was a bit sloppy, so pay attention to that next time. Also, I know I brought this up before you started, but make sure to keep the energy up throughout the entire performance. I know it's only rehearsal, but I want every routine to be as if we're on live."

"Noted," Rocky responded, his tone dejected.

"Good job overall," Shine remarked as Rocky headed off to rejoin us on the sidelines. "Let's see, next is..."

"Me." Cray-Z answered for him. Without hesitation, he strutted towards the center with an eagerness to show what he was made of. "Alright, let's get it."

Within seconds, the beat dropped, and Cray-Z began doing what he does best – perform. As much as I didn't like him, I had to admit that he was born for this. He had a commanding stage presence that demanded attention and all eyes on him. Like Rocky, he emanated swag with every movement, though with

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a more subdued intensity. I could tell he took Shine's notes to heart regarding performing as if we were live, as he gave teases such as winking and playfully licking his lips as if there were an audience of fangirls among us. I was certainly intrigued, and was curious to hear Shine's critiques, as I myself couldn't find anything to criticize – and I hated the guy.

As the track faded, Cray-Z took a bow, rising with a smug grin that revealed he was pleased with his performance. "How was that?" he asked, almost rhetorically.

"Well, you certainly put on a show," Shine praised. "But one major critique – are you afraid to thrust or perform body rolls? Because those moves in particular were stiff and lacking precision."

"Stiff?" Cray-Z questioned skeptically. "Are you kidding me? I performed it exactly like I always do."

"I can see what he means," Bae-oppa affirmed Shine's criticism. "You just have to give it more... how do I say this? *Oomph*."

"*Oomph*?" mused Cray-Z.

"Bae-hyung, why don't you show him what '*oomph*' looks like?" Shine suggested teasingly.

"Uh, sure," Bae-oppa agreed. He headed to the center and stood next to Cray-Z. "So, during the hook, when we do our body rolls, you don't wanna rush it – you really want to feel the music and kinda roll like this..." He proceeded to demonstrate what a true body roll looked like, which was...slow and sensual. I had to turn away, sensing my face flushing, but I could definitely see the difference between Bae-oppa's body roll and Cray-Z's – there was definitely more *oomph*. "Now you try."

"OK..." Cray-Z accepted warily. Mimicking Bae-oppa, he re-demonstrated the body roll – with his eyes shut tightly and his face redder than mine had been. I chuckled at the sight,

causing him to crack open his eyes to scowl at me. “Like that?” he asked Bae-oppa for approval.

“Yeah, like that,” Bae-oppa approved with a thumbs-up. “Except maybe look more confident and less unsure.”

“Alright, I’ll keep that in mind,” Cray-Z commented before walking off to rejoin the rest of us.

With Bae-oppa, Rocky, and Cray-Z having completed their performance evaluations, I realized that the next person to go up was myself. Without waiting to be called, I headed over to the center to get my turn over with. Just from the simple task of walking across the room, I could feel how lethargic I had become in such a short amount of time, which I wasn’t aware of watching the previous performances. Now I was concerned – I hadn’t even begun my routine, yet I already felt about as exhausted as after a full day of rehearsal. *Perhaps now would be a good time to let them know I’m not feeling well*, I thought to myself with an extra deep breath.

“Don’t be nervous, Gigi,” said Shine, mistaking the root of my nerves. “Just perform as if everyone’s on stage with you.”

“Right,” I nodded. Not wanting to psyche myself out, I took another deep breath and cleared my thoughts of anything but the performance ahead of me – I was determined to get through it no matter what.

Without further delay, the music started, and I began my solo performance. I did my best to make up for my fatigue by expending more energy for each move. However, in spite of this, I could tell I might’ve appeared sluggish in some areas. My mind was so focused on keeping my energy up, that I made a couple of mistakes on the choreography, which I couldn’t quite play off. Needless to say, I wasn’t satisfied with my performance, but I was proud that I was able to endure to the end, which I

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questioned was even possible earlier.

“Good job, Gigi,” Shine commended rather graciously. “You made it through. I can tell you were in your head a lot, so just try to relax. Next time, I wanna see more confidence and energy. And, I’m sure I don’t have to point out the few mistakes you had in there, so pay attention to that as well.”

“Got it. Thanks,” I replied. Grateful for having gotten off easy, I hurried back to rejoin the rest of the members.

“Michael, you’re next,” said Shine, gesturing for him to come forward.

“Me already?” “he responded apprehensively. “Um, can Ji-hu and I just go together? I mean, we are the same age after all.”

“I don’t know...” Shine subtly rejected. “I know you guys are twins, but you’re also individuals, and the camera won’t be capturing you both at the same time at all times.”

Disappointed, Michael turned to Jordan, looking for him to speak up. “I don’t mind going with him, if you can watch us both together,” said Jordan. They both looked to Shine with the same puppy-dog expression – conning him through aegyo.

“Aww alright,” Shine caved in. “Just this once, boys!”

“Thanks, Mom!” Michael shouted, pumping his fists. “C’mon, Ji-hu.”

Getting their way, they both frolicked to the center to start their performance. Now there were two dancers to focus on, but in a way, it was like watching one – they were just so identical, it was like they were mirror images. They both possessed the same high energy and charming demeanor, which was quite mesmerizing. I had to examine really hard to see a difference, but it appeared to me that Michael had a bit more confidence in his movements, which made sense considering Jordan’s the shy one. However, if that were the case, it confused

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me as to why Michael was the one who requested that Jordan perform along with him, and not the other way around... Was he asking for Jordan? That didn't seem to be the case with the way he looked to Jordan. Regardless, they were quite a force together on stage, and placing them separately wouldn't do them justice.

As the performance ended, they both took a bow in unison, and then faced Shine to receive his feedback. "Were we good, Shine-hyung?" asked Jordan.

"Yeah, you both did really well," Shine replied. "Your energy was elevated the entire time, and you were perfectly in sync. However, same as Rocky, you both need to pay more attention to your foot work. And Jordan, there were times where you looked a little unsure in your movements, which stands out when you're next to Michael, so try to relax next time."

"Oh, ok," said Jordan with a nod.

"We'll improve next time," said Michael, patting Jordan on the shoulder. Wrapping their arms around each other, they walked away from the center and rejoined the rest of us.

"Well, I guess that's it for the individual assessment," said Shine, glancing at his watch to assess the time. "I suppose we can take a break and resume in 10 minutes? Afterwards, we'll go back to the group performance, and hopefully, you all address the feedback I gave you."

Returning a nod, everyone scattered away to unwind for the short amount of time we were given. As for me, I headed straight to the restroom to try and manage the cold I feared was getting worse. I began running the bathroom sink faucet, splashing the cool water on my face to relieve my rising temperature, in addition to filling my hands with the water to drink. I had brought some medicine along with me, and even

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though it would be another hour before my next advised dose, I didn't think I could afford to wait any longer and went ahead and took it early.

Staring at my reflection in the mirror, which appeared more than a little haggard, I gave myself a pep talk to conjure up some strength to make it through the rest of the rehearsal. I must've been doing a good job because I was indeed starting to feel optimistic about my chances of surviving the day – talk about a placebo. I was so focused, that I had completely lost track of time, and the next thing I knew, there was a knock on the bathroom door.

“Hello?” I shouted, the door remaining shut as I stood in front of the sink.

“Hey, is everything OK?” a voice called out, which sounded like Bae-oppa's.

“Uh, yeah,” I pretended. “Why? Is the break over?”

“Yeah, about a minute ago. But you've been in there the whole time, so I was starting to get worried...”

“Sorry, it's just girl stuff...I'll be out in a minute.”

“Alright. If you need a little more time, just let Shine know, OK?”

“Will do.”

Satisfied, I could hear his footsteps scurry away. As tempted as I was to request more time, I could feel the medicine starting to take effect, so I decided against it. Gathering my things, I exited the bathroom and rejoined the group, who were sitting in a circle in the center of the room.

“There you are,” said Shine, standing up as I approached. “Are you good?”

“Yeah, I'm fine,” I reiterated, placing my bag on the ground. “Let's start.”

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“Perfect,” said Shine. “Now that everyone’s ready, we can move on to the fun part – performing together. I already gave you feedback based on how you performed individually, so now I want you to apply it while in a group.”

Without fuss or delay, everyone rose to their feet and began lining up in formation. After a count of three, Shine started the track, and we began our performance – or more appropriately, our first attempt. Within seconds, we were interrupted by Shine, who didn’t look too pleased. “Sorry to cut in so early, but Gigi, you’re lagging behind,” Shine explained.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I said, both surprised and embarrassed to be the first of us to mess up. “I’ll be more careful.”

He nodded, accepting my apology. “Let’s start again – from the top!”

Another countdown ensued, and we were on to our second attempt. Never one to make the same mistake twice, I made sure to be in-sync with everyone this go around. I was also extra careful to incorporate the feedback from my individual performance. Thus, when the music stopped suddenly after just making it to the chorus, I knew there was no way *I* was the culprit.

“Uh, Cray,” said Shine, revealing the one responsible for our interruption. “Didn’t we talk about not shying from body rolls? You’re still shying.”

“What?” said a stunned Cray-Z. “But I added the ‘oomph’ Bae-oppa suggested.”

“Yeah? Well add more of it,” Shine countered, receiving a deep eye roll from Cray-Z in return. Paying him no mind, Shine began a new countdown, commencing our third attempt. Seeing how things were playing out, I decided to conserve my energy and hopefully blend in with the group well enough to

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mask it. After making it to the bridge, I was beginning to think we might actually complete a full run-through, but alas, the music stopped prematurely – causing me to believe I had been caught.

“Michael,” called Shine, to my relief. “You keep looking over at the person next to you. I don’t know if you forgot some of the moves, but it’s too obvious.”

“Huh? Are you sure?” asked Michael. “Cause I don’t think I was looking over at anybody..”

“Unless you actually mean me...?” Jordan spoke up hesitantly, his expression guilt-ridden.

“Whoops, I knew that,” Shine attempted to save face with a laugh. “Sorry – I must be tired.”

“You’re tired?” Cray-Z scoffed. “We’re the ones who should be tired after having to repeat a run-through every 10 seconds while you sit back and scrutinize us.”

“Yeah, and scared too,” Michael added. “With the way you’re stopping us, I’m starting to think it may be impossible for us to perfect this in under a week.”

“..I’m sorry,” Shine apologized after a brief pause, his voice low. “I’m not trying to be hard on you guys – I’m just trying to push you so that we’re more than ready for our debut next week. I know it’s gonna fall on me to make sure everyone’s perfect, and I admit that freaks me out a little, but that’s why I want us so bad to succeed. So please trust me, and bear with me for just a little while longer.”

“We trust you, hyung,” said Jordan.

“Yeah, we understand,” Michael chimed in. “We’re trying our best, but we’ll do better.”

“Thanks, MJ,” said Shine, a smile returning to his face. He then looked over at Cray-Z anxiously, hoping to hear from him.

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“Yeah, I get it,” Cray-Z mumbled, his face aimed towards the floor.

“Cool,” said Shine, giving Cray-Z a slight nod. “So, let’s get back to rehearsal. Let’s take it from the top – again!”

Again. That word was shouted at us over and over again. Shine admitted he would be pushing us to our limits – but he was *really* starting to push it. From relentlessly dissecting every minute detail, to turning off the air conditioning to improve our stamina, Shine didn’t let up on us one bit throughout the whole ordeal. At one point, he even “*watched*” us with his back turned, (somehow) keeping track of how well we were in sync by listening to our movements. Of all the rehearsals I had endured, this was without a doubt the most physically and mentally exhausting of them all, and once it was over, I never wanted to hear the word *again*...ever again.

I was so relieved to make it out of that rehearsal alive, especially with my sickness, that I could’ve collapsed on the floor right then and there. But then it dawned on me – rehearsal *wasn’t* over – not for me and Cray-Z. Shine had ordered the two of us to work together to add a few bars for me in the song – which neither of us pretended to be thrilled about. Thus, as everyone keenly flocked back to the dorms, I was forced to stay behind with *him*.

End of chapter preview. Buy Vol.2 on Tuesday, October 26, 2021 to read the full chapter!