



Exclusive Bonus Scene

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TOUR

“Born apart yet bound together, they would shine brighter than the shadow’s grasp. The first would sing clear as the morning star. The second would beat steady as the earth. The third would heal with gentle harmony. The fourth would thunder deep like a distant storm. Alone, each light would flicker. Together, they would blaze. And only their chorus, rising as one, could drive the Shadow King into silence.” – Fragment of the Sharded Lullaby



Seoul. 2 14 AM. The night before the very 1st show as a band.

Hana stared at the ceiling of the hotel room, listening to the quiet hum of the air conditioning. Tomorrow night, they would debut.

Her chest felt tight, a tangled knot of excitement and sheer terror. She had worked for this for ages. Years of grueling trainee evaluations, countless hours of dance practice that left her muscles burning, and endless vocal drills until her throat was raw. And now, the moment was finally here. But she wasn't stepping onto that massive stage alone. She was stepping onto it with three strangers.



They had only met yesterday in Manager Jae's office. He wasn't Korean, but he had been nice, smiling wide and talking fast as he handed them their future. Would he even come on tour with us? Hana wondered, staring into the dark. She was going to be away from home for a long time, starting tomorrow. Did the others feel scared, too? Did they even like her?



A muffled, rhythmic thudding interrupted her thoughts. Tap-tap-tschk. Tap-tap-tschk.

It was coming from the adjoining door that connected their room to the boys' room.

Hana sighed and reached out, clicking on the bedside lamp. The warm yellow light spilled across the room. In the other bed, a rustle of sheets broke the silence. Mira sat up, her hair pulled into a messy bun, blinking against the sudden brightness.

"You're awake too?" Mira whispered, rubbing her eyes.

"I can't sleep," Hana admitted, pulling her knees to her chest. "And apparently, neither can they."



Tap-tap-tschk. Tap-tap-tschk.

Mira offered a small, tired smile. "Should we go tell them to keep it down?"

Hana nodded. They slipped out of bed, padded barefoot across the carpet, and knocked lightly on the connecting door. When the drumming didn't stop, Hana pushed the handle. It was unlocked.



The boys' room was a chaotic mix of open suitcases and the remnants of a late-night snack.

Daon was sitting cross-legged on the floor, right in the middle of three empty pizza cartons. He had his heavy headphones clamped tightly over his ears, his eyes closed, aggressively drumming two ballpoint pens against the cardboard boxes. He was completely oblivious to the noise he was making.

In the corner armchair, Noah was sitting perfectly still. He hadn't even changed into pajamas. His arms were crossed, his legs stretched out, and his bass case leaned against the wall right beside him - like a shield. He wasn't sleeping he was just watching Daon with a quiet, unreadable expression.



Noah noticed the girls immediately. He gave them a tiny nod, then reached out and tapped Daon's shoulder with the tip of his foot.

Daon jumped, his eyes flying open. He ripped the headphones down to his neck, his default grin instantly flashing across his face. "Oh! Hey! Did I wake you guys?"

"You're drumming on a pizza box at two in the morning," Mira pointed out gently, stepping into the room.

"Was I loud?" Daon winced, rubbing the back of his neck. "Sorry. My brain is doing flips. First tour. First concert. I swear, I tried closing my eyes earlier and immediately heard the bass drop of our intro."



Hana couldn't help but smile. The tightness in her chest eased just a little. She walked over and sat down on the floor next to one of the pizza cartons. Mira pulled her cardigan tighter around her shoulders and sat down beside her. After a short pause, Noah stood up with a quiet sigh and joined them on the floor, sitting cross-legged on the edge of the circle.



There they were. Four kids - who had been solo trainees for what felt like forever - sitting in a hotel room in the middle of the night, surrounded by cardboard boxes and the quiet before the storm.



"Do you guys think," Hana started slowly, tracing the logo on the pizza box with her finger. "Do you think we're really ready? I mean, yesterday we were just trainees. Tomorrow we're supposed to step out there and be a band."

Daon stopped twirling his pen. His restless energy vanished for a second. "I don't know. I've been waiting for this my whole life, but now that it's here, I mean, it's huge."

Mira pulled her knees to her chest, looking around the small circle. "We don't know anything about each other yet," she said softly. "I hope we'll be friends. It feels right, somehow. This sounds silly, but like we already do know each other. Never mind."

She looked down, suddenly shy.

"But you're right," Hana said quickly, catching Mira's eye.

"It's weird, isn't it? We just met, but sitting here ... I don't feel like I have to pretend."



Noah rolled one of Daon's discarded pens between his fingers. His voice, was low and gentle, when he finally spoke. "We don't have to force it. We don't have to act like best friends. We just have to listen."



"Listen?" Hana asked.

"Yeah." Noah looked right at her, his gaze steady and grounding. "On stage. When you sing, I'll listen and match my bass to you. Mira fills in the melody. Daon gives us the heartbeat. We don't have to figure it all out tonight. We just have to trust the music."

Hana felt a strange, warm hum rise in her chest. It was an inexplicable feeling of safety, wrapping around the four of them like a blanket. She didn't know why, but looking at Daon's bright energy, Mira's gentle warmth, and Noah's quiet strength, she felt anchored.

Daon grinned, the spark returning to his eyes. He lifted his pen and tapped it lightly against the pizza box. Tap.

Then against the carpet. Tap.

Then against the box again. Tap.

"The heartbeat," Daon said softly. He started tapping a slow, steady rhythm. Boom-tschk. Boom-tschk.



Mira closed her eyes. After a few seconds, she began to hum a melody. It was the bridge of their opening song. Her voice was soft, but certain.

Noah gave the smallest nod. He didn't hum, but he tapped the deep, carrying beat of his bass against his thigh, perfectly locked in with Daon's rhythm.

Hana looked at her three bandmates. The fear of tomorrow was suddenly gone, washed away by the sound. She took a deep breath and joined Mira's melody. Her voice floated over the rhythm, clear and bright in the quiet room.



For just a moment - you could have sworn the air in the room grew a little warmer. A faint hum seemed to echo from the walls, as if the music agreed with what they had said, binding them together with an invisible thread of sound. ... When the song faded, a deep, peaceful silence remained.

Daon lowered his pen. "Okay," he whispered. "That was . magical."

Mira smiled, opening her eyes. "I think we're gonna be okay."



"Noah stood up slowly and stretched. "We're ready," he said quietly. "Go to sleep. Tomorrow will be a long day."

Hana stood up too, feeling lighter than she had in months. She walked back toward the adjoining door with Mira but paused to look back at the boys' room. Daon was already packing away his pens, and Noah was settling back into his chair.

They weren't just four trainees anymore.

They were The Four Lights.

And starting tomorrow,
they were going to light up the world.



Not every moment is written in the books...
Some are hidden between the lines.
Have you found them all?

