



Exclusive Bonus Scene

WOOD AND WIRE

A purple spark beneath your skin,
where silent currents start –
not loud, not bright, not reaching out,
but steady as your heart.

When doubt pulls shadows through your mind
and tells you you're too small,
remember: roots don't chase the sky –
they're what can hold it all.



Seoul. The night of the first concert.

The hotel hallway was finally quiet. The post-concert adrenaline that had kept Daon bouncing off the walls and Hana pacing the floor had finally worn off, leaving the floor to the hum of the air conditioning.

Noah sat on the floor of his room, his back perfectly straight against the edge of the bed. In front of him lay the hard, black case of his bass guitar.



He hadn't bothered to turn on the main lights - the glow from the city outside painted the room in sharp angles of silver and shadow.

He ran a hand over the scuffed surface of the case. It felt solid. Safe. Like a shield he could always retreat behind when the world got too fast.



A soft knock at the half-open door made him look up. Jae stood in the frame, holding two paper cups of tea. He looked as exhausted as Noah felt, his tie loosened and his sleeves rolled up, but his eyes were sharp.

"I believe, everyone else is finally asleep," Jae said quietly, stepping into the room and offering one of the cups.

"Saw you're still up."

"Thanks," Noah murmured, taking the warm cup. He didn't slouch or lean back. He just held the cup carefully with both hands.

Jae sat down on the armchair near the window, letting out a long breath. He didn't push for conversation. He just sat there, comfortable in the silence, sipping his tea.



It was one of the things Noah liked most about him. Jae never demanded words when silence did the job just fine.

Noah looked down at the black case. "I don't know if I belong here," he said softly. The words slipped out before he could stop them, surprising even himself. He hated admitting weakness. He always felt like he had to earn his space before he was allowed to take it up.

Jae lowered his cup. He didn't laugh or brush the comment away. "Why's that?"

"I'm the oldest," Noah said, tracing the metal latch on the case. "But I've been a trainee for the shortest time. Hana has been working for this her whole life. Daon lives for the stage. Mira ... Mira just fits everywhere. And me?" He shook his head slightly. "I haven't put in the years they have. I just play the bass."

"You do a bit more than just play the bass, mate," Jae said gently.

"My grandfather told me to try," Noah continued, his voice barely above a whisper. "When I started playing, he told me I had the light in me. He said I should give the talent a go, that the world would need that light to shine. But tonight, out there with all those people ... I don't know ..."



He thought of his father, the sharp words they'd exchanged before he left for Seoul, the heavy disapproval that still sat like a stone in Noah's chest. You're throwing away your education for a distraction. It's not a real future.

Noah had learned a long time ago how to swallow his feelings, how to keep his head down and just do the work. But tonight, the cracks in his armor were showing. He felt the crushing responsibility of the debut, the fear that he might let the others down.

Jae leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. "Your granddad was a smart man," he said. "He saw it. And I see it too."

Noah looked up, his dark eyes skeptical.



"Listen to me," Jae said, his voice firm but warm. "You think you're just the guy standing in the back because you haven't been in the academy since you were ten. But without the bass, there is no song. You're the foundation. You hold the rhythm so Daon doesn't fly away, and you hold the floor so Hana and Mira can soar. You're carrying the weight for all of them, Noah. And honestly? We should use your voice more often."



Noah blinked, genuinely caught off guard. "My voice?"

"Yeah. It's raspy. Low. It's a perfect contrast to Daon's higher pitch," Jae said, tapping his cup. "It fits. You fit. You don't have to earn your place here every single day. Trust me, Noah. You are one of the Four Lights. Just as much as the rest of them."

Noah stared. Jae wasn't just giving him a pep talk he meant every word. For the first time since he had stepped off the stage, the heavy knot of duty and doubt in Noah's chest began to loosen. He felt safe here, in the quiet dark, with someone who actually saw how hard he was trying.

Maybe, Noah thought, a quiet hope blooming in his chest, maybe my dad will be proud of me someday, too.



"Get some sleep, kid," Jae said, standing up and stretching his back. "Tomorrow is a travel day. Tokyo's waiting for us."

"I will," Noah said, his posture relaxing just a fraction. "Goodnight, Jae."

"Night."



The door clicked shut, leaving Noah alone again. The silence in the room felt different now. Lighter.

With a slow exhale, Noah reached out and unlatched the metal clasps of his case. Click. Click. Click. The lid swung open, releasing the grounding scent of polished wood and metal.

He let his fingertips rest lightly against the thick E string. He didn't pluck it. He just touched it, feeling the solid reality of his instrument.

As his skin met the metal, a faint, impossible light rippled along the length of the wire. It was a deep, glowing purple, flaring for just a fraction of a second before vanishing into the dark.



Noah froze, his breath catching in his throat. He glanced quickly toward the door, suddenly glad Jae had already left. He looked back at the string, his heart beating a little faster.

He wasn't sure he had really seen it. It was probably just a trick of the city lights reflecting off the metal. Just exhaustion playing with his eyes.



But as he closed the case, the lingering warmth of the purple spark stayed with him, settling deep in his chest.

A quiet light, waiting to be used.



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

