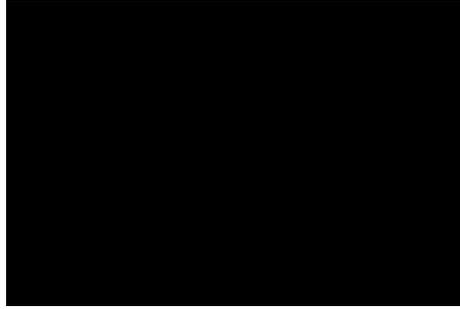


# “BREAKING NEWS”



<https://youtu.be/Hn6CS1BgVcM>

(Song By: SHINee – Japanese Release)

Go on make your history

Always change the destiny

The scoop that will content your wish

(Lyrics Sung By: SHINee)



## AFTERNOON - MALIBU BEACH COVE

**MUCH** like the beaches of JeJu Island in S. Korea, sun, wind, surf and sea spray collided through the senses of the two trainees perched at the water’s edge for their first official photoshoot on American soil.

Seasoned model Minho, (usually on point, knowing the importance of being prepared for anything) bounded up beside an already, fading Key. However, this time, they were both at fault for focusing too much on girls during the flight and not enough on resting up for the impending shoot.

“Kibum, bigger smile.” The young Asian photographer pointed one finger toward his own broad, toothy grin. “Like this. You’re in Malibu, come onnn . . . they dyed your hair blonde JUST for this. You’re a smokin’ hot ‘Blonde Beach Baby’ . . . so get into character and run with it. The girls here love you foreign guys. I heard you’re a swimmer, ye? Look like you can’t wait to grab a boogie board and hit the water”.

“Aniyo, (NO) skier. I’m a skier. Big difference.” Glowering at the feel of Minho, rubbing one wet arm up and down his forearm facetiously Key barked, “YAH, bastard. Get away, you’re clammy.”

“Aigooo, I’m the cool surfer, dude. Like them.” Ignoring Key’s remarks, Minho rolled his head toward the trio of surfers behind him, sniffing in a long breath of salty air. “Mmmm, just need my board.”

“You wouldn’t know what to do with a surf board if someone shoved it up your ass.” Snickering, Key tossed his head to one side, thrusting both hands inside his pockets, attempting to command more presence in the shadow of the expert model.



Disregarding the inconsistent attitude of the somewhat hesitant blonde teen, the determined photographer readjusted the telephoto lens, motioning them toward the frothy whitecaps.

“Okay, okay, boys, enough chatter. Just a few more shots and we can break. I know we’re all tired and hungry. Coco’s, around the cove there has some great seafood. How about a little brotherly water play to finish up? Minho, since you’re already wet, go splash around in the waves. Beach Baby, you follow along. Selling the image, sells the brand. Remember what they taught you, fan service . . . lots and lots of fan service. Gotta give ‘em what they want.”

“Ye, ye . . .” Smiling through his grumbles, Key winced, knowing to comply with the photographer’s suggestion meant ultimately ending up as a sacrifice for Minho’s immature sense of humor. *Did the man not realize who he was dealing with? This was like throwing chum to the sharks. He, being the chum . . .*

After quick consideration of his future Idol status (whatever it might be) he dug deep, remembering the scores of fans who had waved them off at Gimpo airport before departing to L.A.

Clearly, (muscular, tan or not) he had an image to uphold, just like Minho. So, with the camera clicking around them, the decision was made NOT to let ‘Mr.-Competitor’ best him in the final few moments of the shoot.

Game face on, putting aside his aggravation, he sprinted off toward the waves, Minho in hot pursuit. In a last-ditch attempt to make an impact, he stopped on a dime, scooping up a handful of sand. *This would get his attention. They wanted water play, by God they'd get water play.* Flinging it haphazardly in his friend's direction, his loud cackle could be heard over the sounds of the surf behind them.

“Ohhh, hell no!”

Eyes dark with annoyance, Minho snatched the surprised blonde by the arm, determined to continue making it look like fun. Swinging him into a vise grip against his broad, muscular chest his perfectly pasted on expression revealed nothing. *Don't let them see you sweat Minho, this is YOUR area of expertise, Bummie's not gonna beat you here.*

Pivoting to face the camera, as (the howling) Key's feet came up off the wet sand he proceeded to drag him backward into the cold water, mumbling through his teeth, “Stop kicking and SMILE, you little shithead. Think I'm gonna let you get away with that?”

Running from side-to-side around them, unconscious of the water splashing against his bare feet, the young photographer shivered greedily at the interaction playing out through the camera lens.

“Ohhh, nicceeee, keep it up. That's what we want. Two hyung's enjoying their Malibu vacation together. Doing what guys do. Happy, stay happy and excited. You're about to be involved in a summer music video.”

Minho's face was still energetic, but his clenched jaws told the cameraman ultimately, he was pissed off at Key's little prank. Having been privy to this between trainees before, despite the boy's high level of competition . . . the shoot was a rousing success.

“Ayyyy, good job guys. That's a wrap. Come on up.”

Watching them bound out of the rolling water, soaking wet, pushing and shoving each other more playfully now, Key and Minho headed around him, bowing and nodding politely in thanks, as an assistant with large beach towels, met them halfway.

Knowing what it had taken to get them through the tedious shoot he was grateful for their professionalism and cooperation, despite the fact they'd just come from a long overseas flight. Just one of the many reasons why he loved his job so much.

Grinning in satisfaction he high-fived each of their damp hands urging the rest of the crew closer to the base of the rocks. "Great. Come over and check these out."

Bending in, they studied the playback of the photos intently. "Yahhh, look at that one. Daebak (AWESOME)." Whistling low, Key jogged Minho's damp arm gently, giving a thumb's up to the others around him.

Even in the middle of their waterfront tussle, instead of giving in to his emotions, Minho had managed to keep his composure, playing only to the camera. Hating to admit this was what made his hyung the professional, still, it was no secret Key was jealous.

Eyes forward, Minho acknowledged Key's compliment teasingly. "Gamza (THANKS) Beach Baby. You were cool too, even though you were a whiny little shit about getting wet. Is it the hair, or is that where BABY comes from?"

*Only Minho could take a perfectly good compliment and turn it into something demeaning.* Refusing an answer, Key smiled through the laughter, unable to resist removing his hat, to carefully smooth over his damp hair. However, there was no denying the fact the pics were amazing and they DID look oddly at ease.

Throwing his towel back to the assistant, he turned away dropping his sunglasses down over his sensitive eyes. Relieved that the remainder of the day would consist of relaxing in the throes of a make-believe beach party, with scantily clad girls, and good food, he couldn't help noticing a stocky, lone figure, trudging closer and closer up the beach in their direction.

"What'cha looking at hyung?" Standing tall, Minho slipped one arm about Key's damp shoulder, studying the area he was focused on.

"That man coming toward us. I swear it's that creepy Ahjussi from the airport. I never forget a face. Photographic memory, remember? Damn, do you think he's following us now? Shit hyung. Maybe he knows we're staying with the Wu's." Fear painted across Keys defenseless face, visions of the sinister looking man doing something illegal crossed his mind yet again.

“Oh, for sure.” Nodding, Minho shook the water from his long hair briskly. Key’s vivid imagination was running rampant for the second time that day. No wonder he journaled. “Maybe he’s going to kidnap us. Ooooo . . . we’re probably worth at least a million won, (APPROX. \$1,000 US DOLLARS) to someone, back home, ye?”

“Stop it, I’m serious.” Slapping him soundly across the arm, Key backed up as the man came within hearing distance. Seeing his dark, beady eyes, and sly, crooked smile there was something so suspicious about him . . . even just walking the beach, he appeared to be up to no good.

Muttering, “Hello,” SungWoo bowed his head, acknowledging the two young Asian’s shivering in the wind at the water’s edge, with the small film crew around them. Seeing their outfits, he could only deduce they too were probably involved in some way with ‘SM’s video shoot.

“Annyeonghaseyo.” Returning the gesture of respect, the boys moved marginally as he lumbered away. Greeting the trio of surfers much the same, he kicked into a slow jog continuing on down the beach.

Unable to take his eyes off the retreating figure, Key bit one fingernail nervously announcing “Damnnn, he’s scary.”

Laughing out loud at his friend’s apprehension, Minho flicked the back of his leg with the wet towel. “So, are you sometimes, ‘Beach Baby’.”

Bounding away, not waiting for the response he knew was forthcoming, Minho high-fived the photographer again for managing to capture such great photos. *He was satisfied. His first shoot on American soil had been a success. His mom would be proud.*

## **BACK AT THE WU’S**

The scoop that you’ve been waiting for

So high so I set me free

More to glory touch the mystery

Leap over this era, breaking news

(SHINee’s Breaking News – Japanese Release)



**WITH** the day already half over. MinSeok was off to ‘SM’, and sadly, Amanda had also been called away for an unexpected appointment, postponing Keis’s anticipated annual shopping spree with she and IlSeok.

Hearing loud music from Coco’s down the beach Keis dropped her notepad and novel on the side table, wandering out the double French doors of her second-story bedroom. Just as she’d left it last summer, she was finally back in the temporary refuge of this house, and especially this room.

Flooded with fond memories, she leaned over the balcony, breathing in the salty air, face upturned to the warm penetrating sun. Concentrating on the booming bass from blocks away, and cackling sea gulls overhead, she closed both eyes letting her hair sway gently in the mild breeze. Unfortunately, per Father’s orders, this would be her last summer until she was through with college.

Now however . . . unpacking could wait. All she wanted was to skip the day’s previous drama, unwind and revel in the excitement of being back. Tired or not, it was time to snatch an energy drink, head out and have some fun. No fading into the woodwork this year. Anxious to reveal the most startling integration of SooMin and Keis yet, she hoped everyone wouldn’t be too shocked.

More than ready to allow her sexier, more carefree side to emerge, she drifted back inside taking stock of her unusually, neat room. Dropping to her knees in front of the white dresser it was time to find her old pink bikini (Seoky’s favorite on her).

*It was risky with her pale skin, and mousy hair but, what the hell! She was ready to play in the big leagues. This summer, the standard black one-piece was out of the question.*

Rummaging through the drawers, randomly tossing socks and underwear around, her frustration level rose. *Where WAS it?* Pulling out the hideous one-piece, she tossed it aside, moaning disgustedly, “Yuuckkk, you need a one-way ticket to the trash can.”

As it plunked to the floor behind her, a flashback of last summer popped into her head. Timid and shy, she’d tiptoed downstairs to the pool, wrapped like a mummy in a massive beach towel.

Scared to death she'd peeked out the sliding glass doors, making sure no one else was present but Seoky before ever setting foot onto the patio.

At least until after makeover day, that had been the ritual every year. *Well not this time.*

Finally spying it clear to the back corner, stuffed behind a pair of white tube socks, she grinned in success. "All right Keis girl. You're a grown-ass woman. If it's any indication what happened with Henry, you CAN'T be intimidated. You came here to prove yourself. At the piano AND everywhere else."

Stripping down, she stepped into the tiny suit, winking at her curvy reflection in the dressing table mirror, pleased with the results. Reminded of how back home, she flaunted around her room alone, admiring herself in new sexy underwear sets, it was satisfying to know at least undergarments were something no one had control over, but her. Drawing her long hair back up into a ponytail, she pinched both cheeks to renew the diminishing color.

*Ahhh, what would Idol Asshole think if he could see her now? Revenge was sweet. By the time she finished with him, not only would he be bested by his own arrogance, he'd be panting after her like a love-starved puppy.*

It was time to go. Fist pumping the air on the way out the happy sound of her voice reverberated through the upstairs hallway.

"Fighting . . ."

