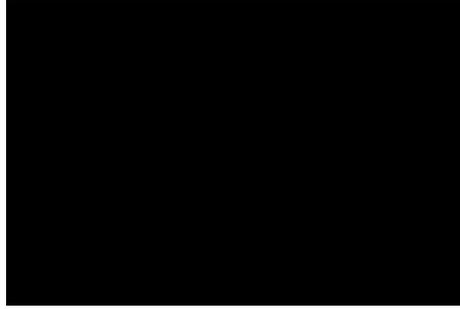


“PURPLE LINE”

Part 1



https://youtu.be/_1OIO3cYpzo

(Song By: TVXQ/DBSK)

Purple line let me set up my world (my world)

Where no one has walked this way

Now, in my own different method,

no one can follow me

(Lyrics Sung By: TVXQ-DBSK)



WU KITCHEN – MALIBU BEACH, CA

ILSEOK spotted Keis as soon as she meandered into the kitchen. “Wheee . . . sexy mama in the house,” she whistled playfully, “I know it’s gotta feel good to shed that straightjacket you always come here in.”

“What do you think? Tan or not, I’m still pretty freaking hot, huh?” Squinting at her sister’s wide-eyed expression Keis twirled, arms out, releasing the mild tension of the reveal.

Reaching into the refrigerator for a water bottle, IlSeok coughed slightly, “Course you are. Who is it always tells you, you have so much more potential. I like what you did with your makeup by the way. Looks good for a change, natural.”

Rising up she studied Keis momentarily. It was extremely unusual for her to morph directly into a relaxed, more attractive version of herself without first experiencing the makeover shopping

trip. The ‘unveiling’ of Keis Wu (so to speak) had always been a traditional MUST before hitting either the beach or the pool in anything less than full, black spandex.

“So, I take it you heard the music over at Coco’s too. Sort of hard to miss, huh? Want anything special to drink while I’m in here?” Keeping her tone light, she bit her lip, waiting patiently for Keis’s response. Sensing by her sister’s level of excitement, she was going to want to check out the action, not just lounge around the pool napping.

“Yeah, how ‘bout an energy drink? We’re going over, right? Surely, we can sneak past the watchdogs and make it happen?” Keis giggled, referring to bodyguards, Muscles and Baldy.

Not that it wouldn’t be fun to have the tall, attractive Muscles following her everywhere. He was a hottie to say the least. If he’d have been in Korea, she would’ve lied and told everyone he was her boyfriend, but here . . . they would all know it wasn’t true.

“Yeah, I guess. But, sneaking around the posse’s gonna be tough, especially with all four of them on duty. Not sure why Daddy’s bumped up security today. But, whatever.” Biting one nail, it was hard to forget SungWoo creeping around the dark beach only days ago. Surely the bastard had already left, and Daddy couldn’t possibly have known about it. Baboon might be a bully, but he wasn’t stupid.

“SO,” she concluded, “if we’re going, better start thinking of a good excuse if we get caught, ‘cause I’m pleading the ‘fifth’. I just got off being grounded for something assinine.”

Slamming the refrigerator door, IlSeok flicked the back of her sister’s swinging ponytail while handing her a drink. To look at her you wouldn’t know she was the REAL rebel. The girl who hated being followed when she visited, always trying to get away undetected. In S. Korea, the two of them often managed to sneak away from Keis’s unsuspecting security duo, Tango and Cash. Here, it usually wasn’t as easy.

However, despite the on-going drama she desperately wanted the remainder of today to be about normalcy. *So, what would a harmless hour alone at their favorite beach hangout do to put them at risk? No doubt Skippy would be there, among others. Let Keis have her fun.* Startled out of her thoughts, she felt a nudge to her bare shoulder.

“Call Suni, since we missed him at the house. Maybe we can all hang out.” Trying to be casual Keis sauntered outside, immediately rummaging through the poolside cabinet for a bottle of sunscreen.

“Ahhh, maybe later. He told me he’d bring Henry over tonight. How about we just make it you and me for now.” Following her, IlSeok headed toward the array of suntan products as well.

Dropping the water bottle on the table under the cabana she slipped out of her white t-shirt, squinting up into the sunlight. “You gonna wear a cover-up? You know how you burn. I’m really not diggin’ a run to Emergency on your first day.”

“Nahhh, it’s okay. I’ll be fine.” Propping one slender leg on the chaise lounge, Keis squirted lotion up and down her calf. *Surely, they wouldn’t be gone long.* Trying to decide how to bring up Henry’s question of a date earlier, and her sister’s ambiguous reply, she waited through the awkward silence between them. Sister and Suni’s relationship had always been touch and go, but she certainly didn’t need it following her into the summer again this year, (especially, not on the heels of Idol Asshole).

“So, I’m not dear Seok. I heard you tell Henry Suni was your ‘sort of’ boyfriend. What’s up? Are you fighting again?” Switching to her other leg she paused, seeing IlSeok’s face change significantly.

“Ummm, I wouldn’t call it fighting exactly.”

“Oh really? Well, either it IS, or it ISN’T.” A slight flinch to IlSeok’s jaw told Keis she’d hit a nerve of some sort. “I thought Suni would’ve at least been home when we got there. It’s not really like him to ignore me like this. I mean we haven’t seen each other since Christmas.”

Turning, IlSeok dropped into the chair beside her, taking a moment to slather oil up and down one (already chocolatey brown) thigh. *What sort of an excuse could she give without spilling the whole sorted story? This definitely wasn’t the time or the place.*

“Well . . . You know Suni. He’s always busy doing something. And, anyway . . . I figured you were tired, so he offered to come over later.”

“Hmmm. Okayyy if you say so.” Head down, concentrating on finishing her lotion, Keis continued, choosing her words carefully.

“I guess Henry thinks you’re pretty cool.” Her voice suddenly waning, she shrugged her shoulders attempting to sound nonchalant. “But, it’s no biggie, I barely know him. I guess I shouldn’t have been surprised he asked you out, considering.”

Her words telling her it didn’t matter, Keis’s heart beat faster than normal at the remembrance of Henry’s bold date request. *That was supposed to have been for her.* Rattling on to cover her uneasiness she added, “Besides, after thinking about it, he really isn’t even your type, and you ‘did’ turn him down . . . sort of.”

Hearing the sounds of music, children laughing, and the surf against the shoreline melding together, IlSeok stood sighing loudly, wiping both hands on her towel before tossing it across the back of the chair.

“You’re right all the way around. Henry was totally out of line coming on to me like he did, especially with Daddy practically in the front seat already. I’m really NOT interested. But, hey take a run at him if you want. He’s pretty cute and look at you. You’re already Keis Wu. The summer’s young. Never know what might happen.”

Scanning the yard area for the bodyguards before heading toward the stone steps leading down to the beach she motioned for Keis to follow.

“Come on sexy mama. Besides Henry, there’s a whole other world out there full of hot guys itching to get their hands on a tall, curvy Korean girl in a pink bikini. Go show ‘em what you got.”



SEOKY was right, as always. Focused on the sun glistening across the blue water Keis pattered anxiously behind her, feeling the familiar crunch of warm sandy kernels underfoot. Anything could happen once she crossed over into the world of Malibu Beach in its entirety, leaving the pitiful Jang SooMin behind.

“Look, Seok I’m a bird! Brrrwaakkk, brrrwaakkk . . . brrrwaakkk . . .” Squawking like a sea gull she flung both arms out, relishing the whole beach experience as she wove in and around her sister. “Maybe someone’ll feel sorry for me and toss me a hotdog.”

Laughing at the expressions of the other beach-goers IlSeok, swatted Keis's small butt as she pranced around, apologizing loudly for her ridiculousness. "Sorry, first day on vacation. Not from around here. No beaches where she comes from."

"Awww, party pooper. Gotta give away my secrets right off the bat." Bottom lip stuck out, Keis readjusted the ties of the skimpy suit, quirking her mouth lazily. Changing the subject, she grabbed IlSeok by the elbow, bumping into her playfully as they walked. "SO, tell me how mommy and daddy are doing. Really? They seem happy."

Skipping around the sunbathing bodies of a young girl and her mother, IlSeok grinned eyebrows raised. "Oh they're good alright. A little TOO good sometimes (if you know what I mean)."

"Mmmm, yeah . . . okay. I get it, don't need to elaborate." The trek to Coco's quickly shortening Keis shook her head, not wanting to hear the details of her parent's sex life.

Spotting a trio of surfers about to hit the water further in front of them, the new (adventurous) sister got a split-second urge to try something new, spouting out, "Hey, I think I wanna tackle surf lessons this year."

"What? Holy shit. You got a temperature or something?" Holding the back of her hand against Keis's forehead, IlSeok cringed. "You'll kill yourself. Remember the boogey board? Didn't you break it in like a million pieces? Matter of fact, I think it's still in the back of the pool house somewhere. NO. I forbid it. Everyone else will too."

"Oh geez." Blushing, Keis did remember the Saturday she, Suni, Seoky and Val had taken to the surf, hoping to teach her how to ride the boogey board. Her mind on other things like 'Skippy', an unfinished novel, and how she looked in a wet suit, proved to be her ultimate downfall. If she was going to make her mark, she had to find a niche somewhere.

Every year the surfers emerged from everywhere. Some new, some old, and some local. "OMG sis. Look at them. How is it they just seem to get hotter and hotter. That's why I wanna learn this year. Dear God, that tall one looks Hawaiian. Bet he can tear up a wave. Maybe I could get him to teach me how."

Pretending she was perched behind her sister on a surf board, she grabbed her behind the waist digging her hips into IlSeok's backside muttering in her ear. "Here baby, just a little to the left. I got ya'. Concentrate now. Don't worry about what I'M doing."

"Ewww, get your mind out of the gutter and get that 'thing' away from me." Jumping off to one side, IlSeok rubbed the shiver off her arms frantically. "He's not even cute and he's not a local either. He wouldn't teach out here. You know this is Skippy's beach."

"Humph, guess I can hit HIM up for some lessons then. He's the best around anyway." Darting away, Keis came closer and closer to the threesome, wanting desperately to wave at the sexy Asian-looking surfer.

Trying to avoid a game of beach volleyball in their path, IlSeok skidded up behind her, hair flying in the light breeze, pointing at one dark, long-haired, muscular body leaning down to shove his board into the water. "He's the only one I MIGHT be remotely interested in. IF I was single. And, only 'cause he's practically naked with those low-riders on."

"Oh, so now whose mind is in the gutter?" Jostling IlSeok, swaying without moving her feet, Keis crossed both arms around herself, standing her ground only several yards away from the small group. "Let's hang out for a minute and we'll have a birds-eye view once the surf hits him."

Moments passed, as the shimmering bodies glided out, waiting for the wave to break. From the girl's vantage point on the sand, it was difficult at best to make out their features, but as soon as they curled into the wave, ran the pipe and bounded in, high-fiving and laughing, IlSeok recognized the young man's face.

"SHIT. I know him."

Trudging out of the water, tugging his pants up in embarrassment, he spotted the two staring at them. Waving he hollered above the noise.

"Hey, Seoky. Who's your hot friend? Does she surf? If not, send her my way, I'll teach her a thing or two."

Hearing his offer to set her on the road to surfing freedom, Keis flung one hand in the air. "YES, YES, PLEASE."

“Oh my God. Shut up.” Hissing at her enthusiastic response, IlSeok stepped in front of her, blocking any further view from the boys, beginning to make their way toward them. “Nooo, out’ta your league Steven. This is my model friend Bianca. She’s only here for a few days, AND she doesn’t swim.”

“Whaaattt? Why’d you tell him that?” Bottom lip pouted out, Keis stomped one foot at missing her chance to finally do something exciting.

“Cause he’s a douche bag, that’s why. One of Suni’s cronies. Lives in L.A. and only comes here once in a while when he scoping out chicks. Damn, for being nearly 20, you’re so f’ng naïve sometimes.” Pulling her on up and around the surfers, IlSeok dismissed them with a wave, focusing her attention on the large crowd of mostly bikini-clad females gathered up around Coco’s small eatery and gift shop.

“I can’t believe you told him I was a model. I’m definitely not THAT good looking,” Keis mumbled, barely audible in the background as they walked.

“Stop it. you COULD be a model. Sometimes I hate you with your big boobs, tiny butt, and damned creamy white skin. You’ve got the look Korean guys love. We need to dig out that one-piece when we get back. Not so sure I want the competition this year,” IlSeok chuckled.



THE closer they got to the surf shack, the easier it was to see there were several ‘SM’ vans parked on the beach, lighting equipment, and cameras set up, with scores of professional looking men and women darting about, talking to the locals.

Stepping up behind a wall of truly tall, tan, model types, Keis craned her neck to see what was happening on the other side.

“Oh my God Seok. Looks like ‘SM’ might be making a video or doing a photo shoot,” she announced clapping in excitement. Back home, the Chairman didn’t allow her on set when ‘SM’ was filming anything. “I can’t believe Daddy didn’t tell us, he can be so secretive sometimes.”

“You know I really don’t give a shit. Something’s always going on down here. Remember, ‘Back Street Boys’ came last summer to film ‘Unbreakable’? You were holed up in your room

with your novel hunk and didn't wanna come down even long enough to get an autograph. Whew, I'm glad that girl's finally gone."

"Yep, me too." Gazing out over the sea of bodies swarming around in the late afternoon sun SooMin elbowed her way up behind a few giggling girls perched behind a roped-off stage area. "I can't believe this doesn't interest you just a little bit. It's so cool. See anybody we know?" Standing on tip-toe she checked to see if she recognized Jazzy, Val or anyone else in their gang of friends who might be watching the filming, but they all seemed to be strangers. "It's still early let's stay and watch."

