

“PURPLE LINE”

Part 2



The world is black & white
Each other's beliefs are like south and north,
Don't listen to the world,
you too can face each other with a different image.
I want to embark on a different road,
I want to draw a different world.

(Lyrics Sung By: TVXQ/DBSK)



MALIBU BEACH - VIDEO SHOOT SITE

NEVER one to shy away from drama or intrigue, SungWoo swiped his sweaty brow, feeling the grit of salt against his hairy wrist. Fast approaching the chaotic gathering of people he chewed the side of his tongue nervously, hoping to catch a glimpse of HyeSu and SooMin amongst the twittering females hovered in front of a small stage area.

Contemplating the pros and cons of yet another spur of the moment decision, he acquiesced back to why he'd scraped his earlier idea of a home visit. He would never have access to SooMin either now or in the future if she knew he was tailing her.

Knowing HyeSu wouldn't squeal, he wasn't so sure about the object of his true affection. She would run right to the Chairman about what he was up to, and that could mean certain death to his long-term goal. He would have to move undetected through the crowd, and take what he could get.

Head down he slithered against the side of a small changing tent to the left of the stage, allowing him the opportunity to see the scores of faces head on. And, sure enough . . . there they were. Nearly front and center, HyeSu's dark hair shining in the sun beside his 'beauty'.

Seeing her again immediately brought an ethereal glow to his flushed face but, gripping the material of his shorts pockets, it turned to immediate disgust, as his eyes raked over her (nearly naked) bikini-clad body.

Gritting his teeth uncontrollably, he chocked down a grunt, anger welling in his gut. *What was she doing in that infernal piece of string she called a bathing suit? Every guy on the beach was probably raping her with their eyes even as he watched. She needed a towel, a cover-up . . . SOMETHING! Fucking HyeSu, it was all her fault. She'd always been the loose, party girl. Now, she was out trolling for someone to stick his innocent SooMin with for the summer.*

His mind reeled with possibilities, (even going so far as to wish he could oust her to Jang so he'd drag her back to Seoul where she belonged) the fact remained, he'd given his word to HyeSu. If she ditched the boyfriend, they were all safe. *FUCK, his hands were virtually tied. There HAD to be another way.*

Feeling alone, in a surrounding sea of happiness, he could sense his lunch rising in his throat. He couldn't stand here watching her expose herself one more minute or he would be sick. *Where could he go to get away?*



“**SEOK** pssst, over here. No one's looking.” Lifting the side of the thick braided rope blocking off the press area from the mass of gathering fans, Keis darted underneath, holding it up for IlSeok to follow.

It didn't matter that Skippy stood off to one side, smirking at the two of them sheepishly, barely able to contain his laughter. *Why wasn't he surprised that the two Wu sisters were already gallivanting around Malibu beach only hours after Keis's scheduled arrival?*

Deciding he would wait them out and see if they got caught before heading over to assist, it only took a few moments before a tall, pleasant looking young woman, smartly dressed, clipboard resting in one arm, scooted in between the two sneaky intruders, smiling broadly. Her expression telling him his little set of spies were probably in safe hands, he returned to the bar, figuring when things died down they'd come over to say hi.

“Excuse me, you girls local?” The ‘SM’ employee’s eyes were bright, as she glanced from one to the other unashamedly raking them in from top to bottom. Didn’t matter that they were breaking the rules, headed under the ropes probably looking for an opportunity to get closer to the newly popular Idol Kim Hyun Joong, parked center stage.

“Busted.” Frowning, IlSeok tried desperately to slink back behind Keis’s pasty, white body.

Hesitating but, unafraid, Keis responded in a loud, clear voice. “YES. We live right down the beach there.”

Clucking her tongue at the ensuing madness, the woman glanced behind her as the ropes gave way, and the remaining crowd began swarming the stage. Swiveling back around to face them it was clear these two were interested enough, but obviously not ‘obsessed’ like the rest of the fangirls.

Tugging the arm of each girl off to one side to make her pitch, she cleared her throat raising her voice an octave higher, to be heard over the squealing.

“So, ladies we’re in the process of filming a music video today. As you can probably tell, it’s a beach party scene, and right now we’re looking for locals to help us out . . . you know . . . be ‘Extras’. Interested? No pay, but I guarantee it’ll be fun.” Quirking one eyebrow, she waited them out.

If it went well, the producer might consider her for the next shoot. It was worth a try. The one with the nice tan and good body would be perfect alongside Hyun Joong.

Glancing over at him looking in their direction, she was positive he would think she was stunning. The other one needed some work, but mostly just hair and a quick spray-tan. Interestingly enough, with her bone structure and striking blue eyes, it would only take makeup to bring out her unconventional beauty. She would be a good contrast to the pretty and sexy Kim JaeJoong.

Not even waiting to hear more, IlSeok stepped around Keis barking, “NO,” just as Keis bobbed her head enthusiastically, speaking up without hesitation, “YEAH, SURE.”



STILL hovering off to one side of the stage SungWoo, arms clutched around his stomach gripped against his skin tightly, making red marks through the thin cotton shirt. *Now what the hell were they doing?* About to give up and make his way to the other side to see them better, a volley ball came sailing through the air, smacking the tent beside him, careening into the side of his head unexpectedly.

“OH MY GOD DEVIN!” A young woman in a bright yellow tank top and jean shorts watched her little boys face fall as she reprimanded him harshly for acting carelessly. Rushing over toward SungWoo, hands out to snag the wayward ball, she apologized profusely. “I’m so sorry. Oh geez. He didn’t mean it honest. It was an accident, I promise. Are you hurt?”

Rubbing his now throbbing temple, SungWoo peered at her through his dark sunglasses, glad she couldn’t see his eyes, showing his real reaction to the embarrassing incident. He hated children. And, everything that came along with them, from their sniveling noses, to their bratty attitudes.

Not only that . . . now, as the crowd parted, allowing the clipboard lady to pass by with none SooMin and HyeSu, the attention was being drawn toward him.

“I’m good. No big deal.” Grumbling, “Keep track of your kid next time,” he raised one hand to shush her before noticing the Producer’s assistant staring at him as he moved away and into the restaurant crowd.

Dammit. Stupid brat. If the girls had seen him . . . but, so far nothing seemed out of place. Should he stay put? He could see the activities from here. What were they going to do next?

