

# “MY DESTINY”

## Part 1



<https://youtu.be/UZMZz17Kl8A>

(Song By: SS501)

Cause I'm back, though I collapse here  
Even if I run out of breath, I won't stop

(Lyrics Sung By: SS501)



## VIDEO SHOOT CON'T - MALIBU BEACH, CA

“**KEIS!** What the hell, I know I said have fun but, come on.” Attempting to lower her voice so the woman waiting for an answer wouldn't hear her protests, IlSeok yanked at her sister's bare arm. “We're so exposed out here, I'm sure Skippy's already spotted us, and God only knows who else might be here that would squeal on us. Not only that, we both know Daddy would have a fit if he knew what we were up to.” Coming closer she hissed cautiously, “especially, without our . . . you know . . . protectors.”

“For real? A minute ago it was okay to go off without them. And, what does it matter who else see's us? It's not like I'm here undercover or anything.” Grinning, Keis's rebellious side began to give way even sooner than she'd anticipated. *Now, when push came to shove, Seok wanted to fold and play the innocent.*

“Well damn. All we were gonna do was walk down to check things out. You just got here for God's sake.”

“SO.” Disregarding the objection, Keis mumbled under her breath, “Jesus Seoky, loosen up, you talk about me. I’m starting to think YOU worry too much about stuff. What happened? Cause, you’re usually up for an adventure. Besides, we’re already front and center. Come onnn, let’s just do it.”

Without a second thought, she swiveled back, announcing confidently, “She’s just a little camera shy. But, we’re in. What do we have to do?”

Returning the girl’s perky smile (satisfied she’d found just the right duo) the young assistant responded promptly, “Well, the concept is, a beach-front concert, just like this. Our Idols unexpectedly spot their ‘Ideal Type’ in the crowd of fangirls and single them out. Annnddd . . .”

Hoping to sweeten the pot, she zeroed in for the kill. “I just got the go ahead from my Producer to scope out the extras for a couple of girls that fit just that description. He wants locals, says it’s more believable and sells to a broader audience. Sooo, if you’re willing, I can sign you up right now. It does require a little more interaction after the concert with the two leads, Kim JaeJoong and that one in the center . . .” Pointing upward she emphasized, “Kim Hyun Joong.”

Her back prickling with sudden uneasiness, IlSeok’s eyes shot over toward the small makeshift stage surrounded by women.

*This lady wanted her to be the cheesy ‘Ideal Type’ to some random Idol she’d never even heard of? Clearly clueless . . . sister Keis was all in. But, why? Something about her was off.*

*Only a few hours into her arrival and already she’d broken most all of her own self-imposed, ‘steer-clear-of-all-guys-but-Suni’ rules. #1. She’d left the house in her ‘dreaded’ bikini; (without a makeover; spray tan; her novel ‘or’ the advice that resulted from it). #2. After trying to maul her on a pretend surfboard now . . . #3. She was pouncing on the opportunity to be in this damned video.*

*Oh, the road to retribution was lonnnnggg and tiresome. But, IlSeok loved her to the ends of the earth. And after all, Keis was inexplicably . . . Keis . . . Attempting to find her way in the lost and lonely world of Jang-Ville, (the Chairman’s own version of hell). Who could resist her often times nerdy, little girl charms, daring and rebellious or not?*

The light-skinned American woman tapped her foot impatiently at the athletic one’s slight cock of the head toward the stage and agitated, ‘bored-with-the-whole-situation’ look. In her line

of work, she expected the usual reaction of squeals; jumping up and down; and incessant fangirl chatter.

However, the mousy-headed, tag-along in the pink bikini, was another story entirely. It was hard to miss the way her ample chest heaved with revelation, as she sucked in her breath, both enormous blue eyes flying open at the mere mention of 'TVXQ's' Kim JaeJoong.

"JAEJOONG? THE . . . HERO . . . JAEJOONG?" Fisting her hands open and shut, Keis fidgeted nervously, biting her lower lip to keep from screaming out loud.

*Now, they were talking. Currently, one of the most sought-after Idols in KPOP, all the way from back home in Seoul, in her 'summertime' back yard.*

"Yeah, in the flesh." Realizing, the impact it was having on her, the P.A. coughed lightly, nodding toward the stage again, hoping in turn to get a rise out of the lethargic looking companion. "And, let's not forget Mr. Sexy there, Kim Hyun Joong. He's from the group, 'SS501'."

Disappointed at still not getting much of a reaction she added convincingly, "They're right up there on the charts with 'TVXQ'. VERY popular right now." Sighing, she tapped her pen against the clipboard hoping to influence them by acting rushed. "SO, decide quickly girls, I'm on a tight schedule. This could be the chance of a lifetime. Wouldn't we ALL like to become stars overnight?"

But, once again . . . instead of it breaking IlSeok down, Keis was the one whose temperature continued to rise.

Growing up in the shadows of 'SM' entertainment, this Chairman's daughter knew all the up and coming KPOP groups, (including 'SS501'). But, truthfully . . . it wasn't the popular Kim Hyun Joong she was interested in. She lusted after being JJ's GIRL. Her memories of the seductive, muscular, young Idol and the way he'd eyed her up and down at a fan meet months ago, still burned fresh in her (overly-sexual) mind. *But then again, why would he remember her now? Back then, in a crowd of hundreds, she'd been a nerdy, pathetic, mess, by the name of Jang SooMin.*

This year, daring to hope she could finally compete in the big leagues of Malibu, she sized up her (more than attractive) sister . . . head erect, bronzed, and confident in her own skin, boasting her favorite, fire-engine, red bikini.

*Face it. Seoky was a beach goddess, always had been. So, reality was . . . why in God's name did they want HER, especially for the likes of Kim JaeJoong? This was her struggle every summer. No matter how much Seok encouraged her, bikini and big boobs or not . . . she was still a skinny, pasty white, Asian mix, with dullish, crappy hair and so-so looks. Where was the confidence she'd darted into the downstairs kitchen with only moments ago?*

“Wow. Are you SURE you want both of us, and not just her?” Nodding in IlSeok's direction, the question flew from her mouth to the assistant's ears before she realized what had actually been said.

“Of course. I want both of you. Together you really stood out from the crowd. And, in case you haven't noticed . . .” Lifting the back of Keis's ponytail the woman fingered the mousy brown strands thoughtfully. “All these other girls are mostly boring, bleached-out blondes. I expected as much. With a different color hair, a little more make-up and a spray tan, I honestly think you'd be just JJ's type.” *Hell, how much more did she have to squeeze? This chick's enthusiasm was running hot and cold like a damned water faucet.*

“If you'd rather not, I totally understand. Sometimes, girls can be sort of overwhelmed by him.” Back-peddling to cover herself if they refused, she followed up on the sudden uneasy vibes she seemed to be getting.



A strained silence rose between the trio as they stared at each other, waiting for one of them to say something or make the first move. IlSeok, (fearing the worst for herself if Keis bailed), finally nudged her shoulder slightly, leaning over to whisper . . . “What the hell kind'a question is that BIANCA? Model . . . remember? You heard the lady, you're just JJ's type.”

*If agreeing to do this video was what it took to put sister's self-esteem issues to rest and help her come into her own this summer, then obviously it had to be done.*

“It's cool let's go for it.” Grabbing Keis's sweaty hand for reassurance, she hissed, “You're Bianca, so I'll be Skyler, and dammit, we'll be awesome. The sexy; elusive; Clarke sisters. Every guy wants us, right? Hero JaeJoong . . .” Flinging her head toward Hyun Joong on stage, she grinned, “and even HIM.”

“Really, you’ll do it?” Eyebrows raised, Keis was shocked to hear Seoky agreeing to be sexy and elusive in a video with someone other than boyfriend, Sungjae. “What about Suni? Think he’ll care? Maybe you should call him first.”

“Shit, don’t worry about Suni. He’ll live. And, yeah . . . really. After all, like you said, it’s just a short video, what’s the worst that can happen? Now, shush before I change my f’ng mind.”

Trying not to eavesdrop, the P.A. watched their interaction curiously. “I take it, it’s a go, huh ladies? Satisfied by their demeanor she’d convinced them, she smiled broadly.

“Come with me then, I’ll need you to fill out some release papers before we get started.”

Motioning them along she pressed through the sea of suntanned bodies, expecting them to follow. Pausing at the side of the stage area, she readied herself to take down names. “SO, you two friends?” *Certainly the boss would love them no matter what.*

“No, actually we’re sisters.” Snickering politely out of hearing range, IlSeok could see disbelief rising on her face.

“SISTERS? Oh my. Ummm, you don’t really favor each other that much. But . . . that’s awesome. In fact, EVEN BETTER. Names?”

Pointing at IlSeok, a twinkle formed in Keis’s saucy, blue eyes. “She’s Skyler and I’m Bianca . . . Clarke. We’re the Clarke sisters.” Feeling an air of superiority settling over her, meant her confidence was returning. *Bianca. Yeahhh, she liked it.*



**REALIZING** what was about to happen, the ebb and flow of noise around them, coupled with the gentle slapping of waves against the shoreline only served to intensify Keis’s eagerness. Seoky had agreed, and by God they were going to be video stars. To hell with her pounding afternoon headache, spurred on by little sleep and too much caffeine. She was on the verge of being the sought after girlfriend of none-other-than, Kim ‘freaking’ JaeJoong.

Purposing herself to get to the bottom of her sister’s bi-polar attitude, the more pragmatic IlSeok nodded to the made-up name, unable to keep from running the gambit of possible upcoming scenarios through her head, involving Daddy; Suni; the absentee body guards and last, (but surely not least) the upcoming shoot.

Flashbacks of summers gone by, under complete lock-down for some hair-brained scheme she and Keis had concocted out of boredom, made her insides twinge uneasily. However, only a few seconds later, concern flying out the window, the rush of the upcoming adventure became so exhilarating she found herself quivering with anticipation of being Skyler Clarke, understanding full well why Keis loved pushing the envelope the way she did.

